

Love

Chapter 51 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

King Bailey's POV

She's beautiful. So beautiful that I'm in awe. I never expected her to be able to transform and now as I stare at her wolf, in full lycan mode, it's all I can do to keep up with her as we dash through the forest, her wolf playful and teasing as she leaps and frolics in front of us. My lycan is amused.

Her wolf is playing games with us. Snow is gorgeous though he comments should we let them win?

Wouldn't your pride be hurt if we did that? Besides, since when do you not want to show off just how fast and powerful you really are? Are you telling me you would let her win for the sake of it?

You're right he grins wickedly let's show her what we're capable of.

We spring forward, surprising her wolf as we bound fast, our form becoming a blur. She gives a small yip and follows behind. To our shock, she keeps on our trail with ease as we press on, and we continue to run, leading her to the edge of a cliff and then halting in our tracks. She slows and walks up, both of us looking towards the sky where the moon is shining brightly overhead and I shift, back to human form, sitting on the edge of the ravine, Riley doing the same.

"It's beautiful up here" she breathes, looking down at the scenery, where it's just acres and acres of beautiful forest and a gorgeous view of the night sky up above us.

"I come here to think sometimes," I tell her.

She turns her head and looks at me "I wouldn't have pegged you as being a romantic."

I chuckle "Sometimes when the stress becomes too much I go for a run and we almost always end up here. It's calming" I muse, glancing down below "and it's enough to make me realize just how lucky I have it compared to some."

She yawns and leans against me "Snow says it's pretty" she says drowsily "how is it that I didn't know I had a wolf until now?"

I had been wondering that myself. I cleared my throat "Is it because I mixed my lycan blood with your own? Did it somehow give you the extra strength needed to shift?"

She blinks at me "That's what Snow says. I just never thought I'd ever shift into a wolf you know" she shrugs, a wide smile on her face "and now I can. It's amazing" she breathes.

She's amazing, I think to myself studying her. The moonlight makes her blue hair glisten and her eyes are like big bright jewels as she gazes up into the sky. She's beautiful. Like a goddess. I wrap my arm around her waist as she snuggles against my shoulder. I can hear her heart beating. It's fast and it makes me grin to myself.

"I wonder if this broke the mate bond" she mutters.

I frown. "Mate bond?" I enquire "you're not talking about our mate bond are you, because I hate to tell you but this would have just strengthened it" I teased.

She giggles "Not our mate bond. The one I had with my first mate, the one that refused to accept my rejection. Would it have severed it?" her tone is hushed.

"I don't see why it wouldn't have. Now that you are marked it should have killed whatever bond you had left. If anything he would have felt the pain of you and I um" I pause and try to phrase it delicately "making love" I finish and see her eyes widen.

"Good" her tone is fierce "bastard deserves nothing less."

I chuckle. "You're a bit vindictive" I kiss her on the forehead.

"You have no idea what it was like" she protested.

"No, so I have no right to judge you," I told her solemnly as she relaxed against me "but there is something we might need to discuss further along the line."

She looks confused. I try to think of a way to phrase the words and give up "you would have been highly fertile during your heat. There's every chance you might have gotten pregnant."

I wince. I feel like I've just blurted it out brashly. She blushes and then puts a hand to her stomach.

"You think that I might have gotten pregnant" she whispers, her body trembling slightly.

"It's a possibility" I corrected as she looked down at her stomach "and neither of us discussed what you wanted."

I felt bad about that. I had just made the assumption that when it came to children she would want them. It wasn't right to assume. I should have asked. Riley looked a little stricken. She furrowed her brow. "Well um," she stammered.

I took a deep breath "Whatever you decide you have my support although I would like children in my future."

There, I laid it all out. She looks surprised and then her eyes widen some more "oh, oh my god you think I would" she gasps "no, no, no" she shakes her head in denial "if there's a child I would want to keep it."

I relax. But she's not finished yet "But I don't know the first thing about being a mother" she bites her lip "and what if they turn out to be half siren or half lycan or a tribrid?" her voice is rising in panic.

I laugh. "I don't care if they are any of those things. We'll research it. I've never heard of a male siren though" I said thoughtfully considering it "only female ones. So maybe if we had a daughter..." I trailed off as she began to understand "as for the half lycan is that such a bad thing?" I asked.

"No," she said instantly "I just don't want our child to be feared because of who they are."

"They won't be. Not in our pack" I assured her "our pack is different remember? It's not prejudiced. Nobody fears you" I added as she bit her lip.

"That's true but then again, I haven't exactly been formally introduced as your mate" she murmured.

"Would you like to be formally introduced? There is a ritual" I said as she sleepily nodded "it's nothing more than a formal ceremony but if it would make you feel better? We could have a party afterwards and make it a celebration" I added, liking the idea. "In fact I bet its a lot like your Luna Ceremony's."

"That sounds fun" she yawns and I can see her eyelashes fluttering as she fights back sleep.

I'm guessing that shifting and then going for a run has used up whatever reserves of energy she had. I'm impressed she made it this far from the pack let alone managed to stay awake this long. Another testament to how strong her wolf was.

"We can invite other Alpha's to celebrate and you can get to know some of the neighbours and luna's."

She sleepily nods. I fight back a smile. She's so adorable. She almost falls backwards and I catch her as she yawns and begins to fall asleep in my arms.

"I guess that it all caught up to you huh" I whisper as I get silently to my feet and hoist her higher, cradling her against my chest as she snuggles against me, dead to the world.

Be careful with her. She's weak as a newborn pup chuckles my lycan heaven knows how long she'll be out before she wakes up. I have a feeling it might be days he warns.

That long? A shifter will normally only take one day I protest as I begin to walk slowly through the forest.

She's not a normal shifter and that transformation took a lot of energy. She had to use some of her powers to do it. I can't wait to see a pup in her belly he commented wistfully she's going to make a wonderful mother to our pups.

Can you tell if she is? My tone was curious.

Nope, too soon to tell. I can only hope my lycan informs me with a sigh.

I begin to jog towards the pack house, keeping my grip tight around Riley so that she isn't jostled too much. She murmurs sleepily as she lies there. I sigh. Her hair almost looks like it's glowing in the moonlight. It fascinates me. How could people be so fearful of something so beautiful? Of somebody so innocent and loving? Her first mate was an asshole I concluded, who had no notion of the treasure he possessed. Riley had done well to get away from him, I thought with a shake of my head, the bastard really hadn't known what he had. Imagine being so afraid of someone you wouldn't accept the mate the moon goddess had bestowed upon you! Foolishness. His loss was my gain, I thought smugly, as the pack house came into view. Each day Riley impressed me even more, not because of what she could do, but because she continued to give me a glimpse of who she was inside and that was the girl I was falling in love with, not the siren and not the wolf, The girl.

Loyalty

Chapter 52 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

Alpha Jaxon POV

"Fuck" I cursed.

The pains continued to plague me. Amber was unrepentant as she stared across the room at me, a sneer on her face. "It serves you right" she spits out as I glare at her "how could you have marked me and considered keeping your fated mate!"

Somebody had ratted me out to her. I scowled "Who cares? You got what you were after. You weren't exactly complaining when I marked you, were you bitch?" I snarled.

She tosses her head, her hair cascading down her shoulders. There's a haughty expression on her face. "Look where that's gotten me" she sneers as I stare at her stony faced "shackled to you and

made the laughingstock of the pack. Nobody listens to a thing I say" she snaps, turning around and placing a hand on her hip "everybody despises me and I'm meant to be their Luna!"

"Maybe if you weren't so heavy-handed with the omegas and treated the pack members with respect you wouldn't be," I said between gritted teeth "but according to Callum and Cody..."

"Oh those so-called friends of yours," she said sarcastically rolling her eyes "why aren't I surprised that you're taking their sides?" she pouts and it's not a pretty look.

"I'm meant to be fighting Callum in a duel tomorrow in case you've forgotten," I say evenly, wondering what had attracted me to this girl in the first place "So I would hardly say that we're acting as friends towards each other at the moment."

She scoffs "Oh please, as if you're going to go through with that. It's nothing more than two boys flexing their muscles and trying to outdo the other one. Pathetic" she exhales and shakes her head.

"Watch your tongue" I hiss fed up with this bitch's attitude "I may have made you the Luna of this pack, but that doesn't mean I can't take it away from you. I am the Alpha and you will respect me" I roar.

Her eyes glint. "Respect you?" her voice is mocking "your own pack doesn't even respect you right now. Unless you kill Callum" her voice is shrill and indignant "they are always going to see you as weak and pathetic."

I wince. She has no idea what she is talking about. I can't kill Callum. As angry as I am with him, I wouldn't go that far. It's bad enough that I would be making him a rogue. I never intended to take his life during the duel. I could, but I wasn't going to and she knew that.

"You would have me kill a friend to show the pack that I'm ruthless" my voice is even but my hatred began to course through my veins.

"I would have you kill him to make an example out of him" she corrected me, moving closer and narrowing her eyes "to show the pack that you are as ruthless as the rumors say. That even friendship isn't enough to save somebody from having to obey you and the rules that you've established."

I look away. Part of me is filled with contempt towards her but another part of me understands where she is coming from. It would make sense to kill Callum and show the pack just what punishment they would receive if they were to question either my or Amber's ruling. But Callum had been my friend for years. I wrestled with my conscience. Amber poked me in the chest.

"You're an Alpha, you don't have the luxury of friendship or of establishing close bonds with pack members" she hisses, her lips curving into a twisted smile "that's the price you pay for being a leader. It's the price you pay for being a good leader" she amends, trailing her finger down my chest and then bringing it up to my lips "so you have to decide what kind of leader you

want to be. A mediocre one" she pauses and I narrow my eyes "or the kind that makes people fearful to even mutter your name out loud."

I let out a low growl of frustration. Her words are becoming more entrancing to me.

"How can you be so callous?" I ask.

She smirks "It's simple. You get close to people, and they hurt you. But when you're in a position of power, you can hurt people as much as you like and they can't do a damn thing about it. I'm training the omegas," she told me harshly "to respect me. A show of what you're willing to do to somebody who has always been loyal up until lately is going to prove to them that you have my back as well. I want them afraid. I want them all afraid."

She was so cold. It was a marvel to me. My wolf was not in agreement.

Being a good leader does not mean making everybody bow down to you. If you kill Callum, you are killing off one of the few links of friendship you have left. This woman does not have your best interests at heart. You should never have made her your chosen mate. You should have accepted our real mate. Now you are filling your head with fanciful ideas of forcing your mate to help us and of ruthless endeavors of taking over other packs. What is happening to you he growls.

I ignore him. He can continue to protest as much as he likes but I'm the one in control. It's my pack and I'll choose how to run it. Amber smiles at me, sensing that I'm beginning to weaken. "Jaxon, honey" she purrs, placing a hand on my chest and smiling seductively at me as I fight the urge to cringe, still not fully attracted to her as I once was "think about it this way. Great leaders are made, not born. I'm here to help you. What good would your mate have been if you weren't willing to accept her? I'm here now and I want only the best for us both and for the pack. I'm willing to do whatever it takes to make our pack the strongest not just in the country, but the world" she breathes, her eyes lighting up with excitement "just picture the wealth we would have, the resources, the connections. Far superior to any other pack. We could establish our own laws and nobody would ever be able to fight us on them. Not even those pesky elders" she purred.

I liked the sound of that. I had never liked that the elders continued to butt their noses in everybody's faces. I exhale slowly and begin to nod as Amber looks at me satisfied. She's managed to get through to me. She's managed to overturn any protest I might have made. She had made so many excellent points that I couldn't remember what we had been arguing about. My wolf let out a low growl of frustration that I pointedly ignored. Screw him. I put up a block before he could spit out his annoyance towards me.

"Very well then" I say pausing, the pains in my stomach and my abdomen beginning to fade "I will take your information under advisement woman, but gods" I scowl as she smirks at me and turns away "keep your mouth shut for now. I have no more desire to hear anything more" I groan, staggering to the bed as she eyes me "All I want to do is lie down and rest."

I wanted the pains to go away. Why was I being plagued by them? Because you haven't accepted your mate's rejection my voice inside my mind mocked me. I gritted my teeth. I still wasn't going to. I wanted Riley. I wanted her back. I craved her. My wolf desired her, despite her rejection of us. It was her we thought about at night, not Amber. It was Riley that we dreamed about. It was Riley that we thought about in our private moments and her image that we masterbuted to in the shower alone. We were slowly becoming obsessed with the woman who had run from us and been denied. She filled our every waking thought and haunted our dreams. Amber had no clue thank gods or she would be even crazier than she was now.

"I'm going out" Amber muttered crossly.

I closed my eyes and turned on my side. I was certain she was heading downstairs to annoy the omegas again but I was through caring. Either that or she was having an affair, again not my concern. Once I had Riley back in my arms, back in my pack, Amber would be disposed of as she would no longer be useful. Her father would not be pleased, but I was certain that I could arrange a tragic accident to send Amber on her way to see the ferryman. I begin to breathe slowly in and out, my thoughts on the duel. Tomorrow I was going to kill a friend and to my surprise, there was no remorse or apology in me. Just a determination to show everybody not to mess with me any longer. It was time to start cutting the links of pack members who would try to sway me from my path. Callum would just be the beginning. Soon, the pack would be getting culled and only those that were most loyal would be remaining.

Minus

Chapter 53 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

Alpha Jaxon POV

It's a bleak-looking morning. The sun has barely risen in the sky, the air is cold and the wind is soft as the pack members gather around me. I stand at the front, my hands up in the air, an arrogant expression on my face. It was time for my duel with Callum. I speak as the pack members begin to mutter amongst themselves.

"As Alpha, it is my responsibility to uphold the laws and the morals of our pack. Callum, the Beta of this pack, has betrayed my trust and been challenged to a duel as a result of that betrayal. I call upon him now, to fight me and I declare that this will be a fight to the death. There will be no mercy granted to the loser."

Eyes widen. "That's nonsense. Since when do you kill your pack members?" one shouts out loud "You've always just banished and made them rogues."

I glare "That changes today. I will not have those who go against me, go on living with a chance to come back and take me out in the future. I have been merciful before yes" I acknowledged while Amber stood beside me, her eyes glinting as the pack members began to look mutinous "but I now know how foolish that was."

"But..."

"But nothing" I roar, causing the pack members to step back, their faces awash with fear and anger "I am the Alpha of the pack and what I say goes. Anyone who does not like this new directive of mine is welcome to fight me as well and lose their lives if they want to step forward."

Glances amongst the crowds. Furious expressions. Looks of distaste and contempt but nobody dared to step forward and challenge me directly. I give a crooked grin, as Callum strides forward, a neutral expression on his face.

"So you would kill me?" he said heavily as Cody gripped his arm, desperately shaking his head "Your own friend?" his tone is mocking "I guess I know where I stand. Behind that bitch you call Luna" he sneered.

"How dare you" Amber begins incensed but I hold up a hand and silence her.

"Are you ready to begin?" I snarl as Callum glares at me defiantly "Only one of us gets to survive this fight" I growl.

Callum eyes me. He shakes off Cody's warning hand. "Cody," he says grimly as my other friend listens in disbelief "If he's willing to kill me, then it won't be long until you're next" he warns "You should think about leaving."

More mutters amongst the crowd. I begin to strip my clothes off as the pack members back away, preparing myself to do battle. Callum is slower, folding his clothing neatly and placing it in a pile. He's not rushing, the coward. Amber is shaking her head and rolling her eyes.

"She has you wrapped around her finger, doesn't she?" Callum asks as we face each other.

"I am my own man" I snap but he just eyes me with such disgust I almost recoil.

"You are going to look back with regret one day Jaxon and it will be too late," he said finally as I growled at him "You're going to lose everything because you've listened to her. I hope this is worth it" he added.

I shifted into my large black wolf, the pack members giving out cries of alarm while Callum did the same. His wolf was large, not unusual for a Beta, and was a large silver wolf. I bounded towards him, determined to gouge his side, but he moved first, sending me flying backward several paces.

"God how pathetic. Don't let him beat you" Amber shouts in exasperation.

I ignore her and tackle Callum, only for him to get the better of me, sideswiping my side and causing me to breathe heavily. Fuck. This was not going as I had anticipated. I give a ferocious growl and jump, landing atop him as he bucks and flings his head, before he deliberately smashes me against the trunk of a nearby tree causes me to wince in pain. I fall with a heavy thud. Callum turns and faces me, his eyes glinting. There's a look on his face. A look of hate. I almost flinch but then I gather myself and bound towards him. He kicks out and hits me mid-air, causing me to yelp and fall. Shit that hurt.

He wasn't even winded. How could this be? I am an Alpha wolf and he is merely a Beta. This should have been an easy fight. I should have had him on the floor in pieces by now. I let out a snarl, snapping my jaws together. I manage to get a hit in, causing him to howl as blood trickles from the wound in his side. Finally. I managed to score a hit but at the cost of injury myself. I gnash my teeth together. He lunges and then snaps his teeth around my leg, yanking hard and causing it to break as I howl out loud, falling to the ground in agony.

Son of a bitch, I roared in my mind. He stood there, his tail swishing back and forth in the breeze, studying me. There was a look I couldn't decipher on his face as he glanced down at me. My leg began to heal but then Callum did the unthinkable. I never would have anticipated him doing this in a million years. He did something that I never envisioned. He darted forward and slashed me across the eyes as I tried to stand. My eyes began to water as I growled and my vision dimmed slightly. Bastard. He'd half-blinded me. He grabbed his clothes in his mouth and as I staggered on one leg, he turned and began to run towards the safety of the forest.

Son of a bitch. He'd used a cheap trick to get me while I was down and now he had the nerve to make a run for it! Was he trying to get past the boundary line? I let out a roar while Amber began to shout at me "Get up. He's going to make it if you don't hurry up. Somebody stop Callum from making it to the boundary" she screeched.

Nobody moved. She looked like she was going to throttle anyone near her as I got to my feet, limping and running towards the forest. Callum had a good lead by now and my vision was compromised but I could still follow his scent.

I had forgotten how fast he could move. He was springing forward, his head occasionally turning to keep an eye on how close I was to closing the gap between us. It was difficult. He deliberately bounded over debris, knowing I would struggle to see, and took a route that was hard on my sore leg as it continued to heal. I was desperate to prevent him from reaching neutral territory but by the time we skidded to a stop, it was too late. He'd gone past the boundary and made it. I stopped, growling at the invisible barrier that separated my territory from neutral and him as he shifted back to human form.

I shifted, standing there in rage. "That was a cheap trick you played" I hissed, "otherwise you would be dead by now."

He barely glances at me "I guess I was lucky then fighting dirty" he quips, shaking his head at me "you should know me by now and that I will do everything in me to survive, even if it means going against you."

"You will never be able to step foot on this territory again" I snarled, punching the trunk of a nearby tree.

He chuckles "I have no interest in coming back here. You've lost your mind. You're weak Jaxon" he scoffs "and you've allowed Amber to warp your mind."

"Then where will you go?"

He stares "Do you really think I would tell you?"

He puts his shoes back on and gives me a wry smile "I can't believe you were going to kill me" he murmurs looking slightly devastated "I guess I was wrong about you. I Callum hereby reject the Blood Moon Pack as my pack and Alpha Jaxon as my Alpha from today and forevermore."

I felt something snap inside my mind, felt his mind-link with me break, and howled out loud in pain. Then I felt somebody else cross over the boundary line and scowled. Callum glanced to the side and I growled as Cody joined him, shaking his head.

"You" I spat "you would betray me with him?"

"Callum provided the perfect distraction. I took a different route while everybody was distracted and ran past the boundary to join him. I know he's right. If you're willing to kill him then you're willing to kill anyone. I'm not about to stay and wait until my time comes. I've seen the writing on the wall."

Cody's voice is hard. I take a step back, looking at them both in horror. I try to appease them, aware it's too late. I can't be without both a Beta and a Gamma.

"Cody, I would never have..."

"Save it Jaxon" Cody's voice is filled with disgust "I Cody reject the Blood Moon Pack as my pack and Alpha Jaxon as my Alpha."

Another snap in my mind, another sharp pain in my body as my knees begin to sink.

"You reap what you sow Jaxon" Cody said unsympathetically as he began to take Callum's arm and turn around, his head looking over his shoulder "I pray that you realize the extent of the mistakes you're making but I fear it's already too late. Goodbye."

He and Callum vanish. I sink to my knees on the ground, my eyes wide. Anger floods me "I will kill you" I scream into the emptiness of the forest, my voice filled with rage "when I see you again, I will kill the two of you."

Nothing but silence answers me.

Elemental

Chapter 54 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

Riley's POV

I blink and awaken, feeling like I've been asleep for months, my body feeling like it's been hit by a truck. The last thing I remember is going for a run with Bailey's lycan and then nothing. Had I passed out before we made it back to the packhouse? I'm confused as I turn my head to peer at the spot next to me, the empty one that's clearly had Bailey in it, judging by the smell of his scent which is still there, even as faint as it is.

Between the shift and the run, we used up a lot of our energy. Bailey had to bring us back to the pack house.

Snow's voice is sheepish. I fight back the urge to laugh at how apologetic she sounds.

Where is he now then?

He's on the other side of that door about to walk in....she trails off as the door opens with a creak and Bailey wanders in, yawning, a tray in his hands.

Had he just brought me breakfast in bed? I stare at him stunned as he crosses the room and puts it in front of me. I gape.

"I thought you might be hungry when you woke up. I was starving after my first run" he says nonchalantly as I stare down at the massive plate of bacon, eggs, toast, sausages and hashbrowns in shock.

I was hungry, I had to admit as I tentatively put a piece of bacon in my mouth, almost moaning as it reached my tastebuds, my mouth beginning to water. It tasted so good. Bailey chuckles as he sits and watches me indulgently.

"It's good" I mumble between bites.

"You need to eat more after a run to bring your energy back up and considering that you're half wolf and half siren" he says delicately "I'm guessing that you're going to burn up a lot more energy than most."

"Water" I say out loud as he look sat me confused, my eyes on the water in the glass "Snow said that I would be able to control the element of water. But I didn't get a chance to ask what she meant."

Bailey's eyes widen. "Well can you do anything with the water in the glass?" he asks, pointing to it.

Snow, is there anything I can do to it? Do I have to be in wolf form?

Not necessarily. Because you're siren as well, I suspect you could control the element regardless of what form you're in. Why don't you try making the water bubble or something easy like that she suggests.

How do I do that?

Just stare at the water and concentrate in your mind. Picture it bubbling and see what happens. I'm new to this as well. But you have to focus.

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I stare at the water. Hard. I squint. My head begins to throb. I feel like a moron. I can see Bailey glancing eagerly at me. Nothing. Not a single bubble begins to burst from the water. Maybe I wasn't going to be as good at this as Snow wanted to believe, I thought a bit forlornly.

You're thinking too hard. You keep letting doubts plague you and it's ruining your concentration. You have to believe you can do it, or this won't work. Stop feeling so damn self conscious.

I swallow hard and try again, with Snow's voice echoing in my mind. I was letting doubts plague me. I force myself to push them away and focus on the task at hand. I stare at the glass, narrow my eyes and concentrate as hard as I can. Something shifts in my mind. Suddenly my eyes are like slits and I feel my head clear. The water begins to slowly bubble and froth on top. My eyes widen in surprise. Bailey exhales sharply. The water becomes more violent, some of the bubbles bursting out of the glass as I continue to stare at it. It seems easier to control it now. Bailey looks astonished.

"I never thought I would see anything like this" he murmurs, putting a hand on my shoulder "does it hurt?"

"No" I answer, watching the bubbles go frothy and begin to spit and jump "it's, I don't know how to describe it. It's almost like it's a part of me" I said, mulling it over, "does that sound strange?"

"Not really. Water is part of your siren lineage after all isn't it?" he shrugs "I mean you crave swimming in the water and this is just another part of it."

Time to stop before you waste precious energy again. As you grow stronger so will your ability to control it but now it's time to stop. Focus on the water and make it calm so that it stills.

I stare at the water and will it to calm. The bubbles and the frothing slow down and then halt altogether, causing the water to look the same as before, only, I realize with a slight giggle, there's less in the glass as there are now spots of water on the bedspread where the bubbles have jumped out to. Bailey doesn't seem to mind.

"That was cool" he said enthusiastically as I begin to nibble on a hashbrowns, feeling ravenous "I can't wait to see what else you can do" he added, kissing me on the forehead as I lean against him.

I yawn. "I just slept and I feel tired" I complain as he chuckles "what are we doing today?" I ask.

He looks thoughtful "I wasn't planning on doing much. Is there something you would like to do?" he asks "we could go out to the nearby town and grab a nice lunch together" he added coaxingly.

I stifle a smile "Can you afford to take a day off for that? You are the Lycan king. Don't you have responsibilities?"

He smirks "Don't you think that's why I have a Beta" he drawls leaning closer so that I can see his gorgeous eyes looking right into mine as I try not to blush "so that I can take my stunning mate out for a lunch date? I would do the same for him" he added with a shrug "and he knows it. There's this really nice pub that I think you might like" he adds trying to twist my arm.

"Fine" I grumble "but I don't have much in the way of clothes" I add glancing down.

His eyes brighten "You haven't had a chance to check out the closet or those drawers have you" he points to them while I continue to devour food.

I shake my head "No, why?"

His eyes are twinkling "I had to guess your size, but I'm pretty good at it" he said quickly as I stare at him incredulously, not sure whether to feel violated or not by that statement.

"You got me clothes?" I gasp.

"I got my mate clothes that she needs in order to live in my pack with me" he corrects smugly "so please don't take offense."

I gape at him and put a piece of bacon in my mouth, chewing slowly. He grins "besides now there's no reason to refuse to go on that date with me" he adds with a smug expression.

"I wasn't going to anyway" I mumble, shooting him a look "still what if you guessed wrong?" I complain.

"Trust me, I didn't, not with how I memorized your body" he stares pointedly at me.

The tips of my ears turn pink and my cheeks turn bright red. I swallow and try not to choke on my food.

"Okay, okay, leave me to go get ready" I wave my hand at him, feeling excited despite myself.

He grins "Take your time. I'll go and set up with my Beta Thomas and we can leave just before lunch. Pack your swimsuit" he advises.

I stare "swimsuit? I thought we were going to a pub?"

He grins "we are, but there's nothing stopping us from going somewhere afterwards."

A smile spreads across my face. He pauses and looks at me closely. "Strange" he says slowly as he peers into my eyes "I could swear your eyes are brighter and more ocean blue than what they were before. Your hair" he also adds, with a shake of his hair "it seems different but I can't put my finger on it."

I glance down at it nervously, but it appears the same to me. I shrug. He playfully teases my hair with his fingers and then kisses me on the lips.

"I'll leave you to it then" he whispers "but don't leave me waiting too long" he warns, while I stare at him, my heart pounding "I want to be able to show off my mate in town. It's a shifter only town so you don't have to worry about humans ruining it" he said and my mood brightened.

A shifter only town sounded like fun. I immediately began to rush to the bathroom, humming under my breath. How did a shifter town differ from a human one? I was about to find out.

Transfixed

Chapter 55 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

King Bailey POV

Riley looks relaxed as we head out of the pack and towards the town. Her hair is billowing in the wind, her eyes are sparkling and there's a gleam in her eyes. I touch her hand, feeling the softness of her skin, looking longingly at those pink lips of hers. Just touching our mate is enough to content my lycan and I and we purr, as we begin to drive while Riley cocks her head and stares eagerly out the window.

"How long has it been since you've gone into town?" Riley asks with curiosity.

I frown and think about it. To be honest I can't remember the last time I went into town. For the most part, Thomas tends to or I send somebody to fetch what I want. I give a careless shrug. "I guess it's been a while" I admit sheepishly "I guess I've never really felt the inclination to go but now" I pause and look at her deliberately while continuing to deftly steer the car on the main highway "I have a reason to want to go more often" I wink at her as she giggles at me.

"Where are we going?" she asks.

She has her swimsuit on underneath a casual dress and her eyes are filled with excitement.

"It's a surprise" I grumble.

She pouts. It looks so adorable that for a moment I almost get distracted.

We head to the back part of town and Riley's eyes widen. She sniffs the air and I glance at her. Is it possible that she's able to pick up the scent? I park and climb out and she gets out, still sniffing eagerly. I can barely smell the salt water or the ocean but she's picking it up and I swear her eyes are glowing even brighter.

"I can smell the ocean" she whispers, her voice shaking slightly as she looks at me longingly.

I shake my head at her "We are having lunch first" I tell her firmly as she makes a move towards the direction of the water, "then we go swimming."

She looked slightly disappointed but nodded. I chuckled and gripped her hand, leading her up the carpark and towards a quaint little building that was a pub on the waterfront. "We can sit out and look at the water" I propose and she lights back up.

We head inside and then out onto the balcony, grabbing a table. I hand her a menu and she begins to eagerly pursue it.

"What are you craving?" I ask her as she begins to lick her lips while gazing back out to the ocean.

The water is like a crystal blue and the sand is pale gold. It's gorgeous and one of the reasons I had chosen to go into town. She's practically bouncing on her seat in her excitement.

"Fish," she says quickly, "I really want the battered fish and chips."

She almost moaned. I felt my groin tighten. Damn. Her voice was music to my ears. I glanced down at the menu and then shrugged. I got back up. "I'll go order," I told her as she nodded "do not go anywhere" I added.

"Promise" she whispers still looking out onto the water.

I rush to place the order and come back. To my relief, she's still sitting there. I grab her hand as I sit down and begin to stroke it.

"Just so you know you look absolutely stunning," I tell her as a small smile curves on her lips.

"Thank you but you don't have to say that," she says quietly, amused "I know I'm not exactly dressed up."

"I think you look gorgeous," I tell her honestly "you always do."

Her eyes look suspiciously shiny. She gives me a smile "Well you don't happen to look so bad yourself" she laughs.

I wink "thanks" I growl making her laugh out loud.

The waiter is a handsome young shifter man who brings our drinks and food over, placing them in front of us. I see him eyeing Riley appreciatively and can't help the low growl that comes out of my throat.

"Is there anything else that you need?" he asks her, leaning over and ignoring me.

My eyes begin to flash a dangerous dark black color and Riley looks at me apprehensively.

"No thank you," she tells the man.

My voice is dangerous "Beat it pup, she's taken."

The waiter looks at me and his eyes widen as he realizes who I am. He immediately ducks his head in apology. "Sorry Sir, I didn't know she was..." he trails off.

"Now you do" I snarl.

He quickly heads off while Lorelai giggles to herself.

"You're a little overprotective" she points out.

"If anything I'm underprotective" I growled "if he hadn't been so young, I would have strong-armed him through the window and flung him to the ground below."

She looked a little shocked "Really?"

I stared at her without blinking "Yes."

"Oh," she said faintly "but you didn't."

"He's young and stupid. Not to mention I didn't want to ruin our first date" I said beginning to cut into my steak while Riley began to cut into her fish "I'm sorry it might seem a little much to you, but there's a reason I'm the Lycan king and my Lycan is very protective of his mate" I emphasized.

"I'll keep that in mind," she said weakly, putting her fork to her mouth and chewing, her eyes widening in amazement.

I grinned. "It's good isn't it?"

I had forgotten how good the food was here. Riley enthusiastically bobbed her head up and down, eagerly biting into another forkful. "It's so tender and juicy," she said, moaning and causing my cock to clench "it's really good."

"Do you want some steak?" I offered.

She shook her head and offered some fish. I wrinkled my nose. I was not much of a fish fan. I shook my head and we returned to eating. I glanced out over the water.

"Do you think..." Riley begins and then stops.

"Do I think?" I ask staring at her.

"Are there more sirens out there, like me?" she asked tentatively "do you think?"

I exhale "I don't know. Shifters fear your kind so much they practically wiped your kind out of existence. If there are anymore they are either hiding or too afraid to come out. I can't say as I blame them" I added "I would love to find more sirens or more half sirens but for the moment, I can't say that it's going to be possible."

She looks disappointed. "It would just be nice to have somebody to talk to" she murmured, biting her lip "somebody who understood what it was like."

"I'm sorry Riley, I really am. I can keep looking in the different packs but realistically..." I pause "if I was a siren or half siren, I would hide out in the human world instead which makes it even more complicated to find them."

She nods and absent mindedly bites into another piece of fish. I feel a little awful for her. I look over the ocean. I can see several shifters surfing out on the waves, their arms outstretched, enjoying the sunshine and the calm swell of the ocean. I can see children building sandcastles, using small buckets to create muddy piles with which to create their sculptures. I look at Riley thoughtfully "You have a sibling out there somewhere don't you?" I ask quietly.

"Damien" she says frowning "he ran away though instead of being executed and I don't think, I don't think it's a good idea to try and find him" she confesses "he was always so abusive and mean. I'm glad he's gone" she says and I inwardly sigh.

She had no way of knowing I was on the hunt for her missing brother, wanting to know where he might have vanished to. So far there had been no signs of him. Riley finishes her fish and leans back against the chair, a satisfied look on her face. Her eyes refuse to move away from the ocean. I push my plate away and fight back my grin. She's desperate to get in the water.

"Why don't you go in and I'll go grab our bags from the car" I suggest.

She looks like Christmas has come early. "Thank you so much" she breathes, hugging me enthusiastically "I'll just be down there."

"Don't wait for me" I say dramatically, while she giggles at my expression "I'm just the bag carrier."

She's already rushing out as I make my way towards the car. It doesn't take a moment to grab our bags and shut the trunk of the car. I make my way leisurely towards the ocean, a smile on my face as I picture Riley in my mind who is no doubt swimming by now. I get closer to the ocean and the sight in front of me has me gasping as I stare incredulously and see that shifters on the ocean have paused to do the same while Riley is oblivious to everything. The ocean had just transformed her in ways I never could have imagined. Was it because of the saltiness of the water or was there something else at play?

Another

Chapter 56 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

Riley POV

The ocean is singing. I don't know how to describe it, but I can hear it's song, the slow and mournful sound of it as we sit and eat and it's all I can do not to go to it. My heart hammers in my chest and while I try hard to focus on Bailey, all I can hear is the distant sound of the sad music that is filling my very soul. It's heart breaking. It's like the ocean is grieving and my heart feels it's loss, tears pricking my eyes even as I try to pretend that everything is fine. When Bailey leaves to go get our bags from the car, I see the opportunity and run towards the ocean, my body diving into it with a sense of exhilaration and haste.

Best headphones deals

The music grows louder. I dive, feeling the swell of the waves, the beauty of the song bringing me to tears. I feel the salt on my body and the sand beneath my toes. My hair billows behind me as I surge to the surface, my eyes sparkling brightly. I feel renewed. I feel free. I feel different. I

feel energized anytime I go in the water, but, this is like being given a shot of adrenaline and then some. I can see my eyes in the reflection of the water and they have changed, so light blue that they are almost transparent, causing me to inhale sharply. I sense that something else has changed and turn my head, my hair flopping over my shoulder.

My hair is silver, shimmering silver. It trickles down my back. I'm confused. How could my hair have changed so drastically? I put my hand in the water and can hear a voice, a song being sung, and something moving in the water. It's fast. My heart skips a beat. I can feel eyes on us. I see Bailey in the distance as I turn around and swim, further out, seeking something, but I'm not sure what. My excitement grows.

The song grows louder. Instead of being mournful, it's happy and joyful. The tones are more uplifting and upbeat. I tread water with ease, while I hear Bailey shouting something in the distance. I can't hear him. All I can hear is the song and the swell of the water. Something is happening. I can sense it. Something is coming for me and I welcome it. My arms spread out.

"I'm waiting" I shout, my voice loud and booming.

I notice dimly the crowd wincing from the high-pitched sound of my voice.

A large wave in the distance. It's huge and yet I show no fear. I can control the water with a sweep of my hand, but I let it come closer. It's in control. There is somebody controlling the wave. I fix my eyes on it. Anticipation floods through me. The wave grows smaller as it gets closer while the crowd backs away from the shore, some with looks of fear on their faces. I forget about Bailey, I forget about everything as I stare at the wave, willing it to move faster.

The wave dies down to almost nothing and finally, I see her. She's glorious. A young girl with bright silver hair and big orb-like eyes like my own. She can't be any older than seven years old at the most. Her eyes are filled with sadness and grief. Her skin is almost glowing. She stops several feet before me, treading water. I almost expect to see a tail, but she has legs, just like me. We study each other for a moment.

"You sang that song," I said finally as the girl cocked her head at me "you wanted me to come to the water."

"I wanted to make sure you were like me," she said "I saw you get out of the car. Only other sirens can hear the song and the call."

"I heard you, but where is...." I glance at her confused, she's so young "where are your mother and father?"

She falters. Her eyes narrow for a moment, and the sparkle disappears. "Dead," she says with a catch in her voice "she was killed by a rogue shifter who happened upon our cave while we were sleeping."

I close my eyes in sorrow. The girl wipes a lone tear from her eye.

"You've just been by yourself since that time?" my voice is filled with awe.

The girl closes her eyes "I never knew my father" she said quietly "my mother was all I had. When she died, I didn't have a choice but to continue without her. I have kept to the caves and hunted fish to survive. The ocean has helped along with my abilities" she said with a small smile "but it's very lonely."

"Are there more of you?" I ask.

"Not here" she answers gravely "I am the only one who has stepped foot inside this territory in the last few months. I have not felt the presence of another siren, until today when you came."

"Why didn't I sense you? I heard your song but..."

She shrugs "I don't know. Maybe because you're also part shifter?" she glances towards the crowd who are watching silently, a look of nervousness on her face "or maybe our abilities are all different. I never got a chance to ask my mother" she admits, her face drooping.

"What's your name?" I ask, moving closer so that we're almost touching.

I want to hug her, but she's wary and I don't blame her.

"Tiana," she said.

"Tiana" I repeat, "I'm Riley. It's nice to meet you" I tell her and see her crack a genuine smile.

This poor girl has lost everything. My heart bleeds for her. I touch her and see her startle before she moves closer and wraps her arms around me.

"You're warm" she whispers as I hold her close.

"Come with me" I urge, "Come back to the pack with me. You can't keep living out here alone" I added as she pushed back from me.

"The shifters are killers" she cried and I heard a low growl come from my mate.

I glance towards the crowd and notice the beach is empty except for Bailey now.

"Not all shifters" I deny but the girl looks panicked now.

"They fear us" she cries, her eyes troubled as she looks at me "they hunt us down and they kill our kind. It's not safe. They'll kill you too" she added hysterically "you should leave while you still can. You can never trust a shifter's word" she said while my mate heard every word from where he was standing "they lie to your face and stab you in the back. My mother told me" she said, almost shouting "they're nothing but murderers."

"Tiana," I said, moving back slightly as the girl looked towards the shore and my mate "not all shifters or lycans are killers. My mate isn't. He's the king of the lycans" I added and watched her eyes widen "he's not going to hurt me or you. He's helped me. He's saved me. You can trust Bailey" I added, feeling my mate's eyes on me.

The little girl is not placated, still treading water as though she's walking on it. I've stopped moving, using my hand to manipulate the water around me in order to conserve some of my energy. It feels so easy like I've been doing it my entire life.

"The rogue told my mother she didn't deserve to live. He told her she was an, an abomination" she said screwing her face up as tears leaked down her face "he was going to kill me too, but mother distracted him long enough for me to get away."

"I'm sorry Tiana" I whispered, my throat seizing in sympathy "but Bailey won't hurt us. I promise you. Please" I hold out my hand, motioning for her to come to me "Please, trust me. I would never do anything to hurt you."

She hesitates. She looks so vulnerable. She's been living on her own for months, which means she's stronger than any other little girl I know. She's smart. She's independent. I can't just push her. She needs to make this choice herself. I wait patiently as she glances between myself and Bailey. I can see the indecision on her face, can see the conflicting she feels. I smile coaxingly at her "Please honey" I murmur "I don't want you to have to be alone anymore. You called for me" I reminded her gently "you wanted me to find you. Let me help you. Let us help you" I amended looking back at Bailey who nods tightly "you don't have to do this alone anymore. Your mother died saving your life. Please let us respect that by helping you now" I said determinedly.

It convinces her. She wades in and takes my hand. Together we turn and begin to swim towards the shore. The song fades in my head. We reach the shallows and stand up, the water dripping from our clothes. I notice that hers are threadbare, as we step onto the sand. I glance at our hair and see that it remains Silver with one exception, the bottoms of my strands are blue. Tiana's hair does the same. Our eyes remain an almost transparent blue.

"Riley" she whispers before Bailey moves towards us.

"Yes?"

"My mother would have liked you."

My heart broke.

Understanding

Chapter 57 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

King Bailey POV

I'm in shock. I never would have anticipated that we would find another siren at this place, of all places, or that she would call out to Riley for help. I can sense the power she possesses, even as I watch her and Riley from the shore in awe. The crowd of shifters is gone, having been ordered to leave and as Riley and the young girl, who couldn't have been any older than seven years old, walked onto the sand, I hesitated, uncertain of how the girl would respond to being approached by someone like me, a lycan.

Riley holds the girl's hand and gently leads her to me. The girl's hair is just like Riley's now, silver and blue. Her eyes are like big orbs as she stares up at me hesitantly. I can see the pain in her eyes and fear. I'm careful not to make any sudden movements. Whatever this girl has gone through, it's left more than a lasting impression. For somebody so young, she has a sense of maturity that you don't often see in children unless they've gone through something traumatic or been forced to grow up too soon.

"Bailey, this is Tiana" Riley introduces us with a soft smile "Tiana this is my mate Bailey."

The little girl looks me up and down. She doesn't let go of Riley's hand. Instead, she clutches it tighter. She sniffs me and she takes a step back frightened.

"He's a lycan," she says as I stand there, trying not to appear threatening "they are worse than shifters."

"No, no honey" Riley soothes her "Bailey is a sweetheart. He's kind and gentle. Lycan's are often misunderstood as are Sirens," she tells the girl and that's enough to cause the girl to pause and look at me more closely.

"Really?" her voice is shrill but she looks slightly more relaxed now.

Riley nods solemnly "I was afraid of lycans too until I met Bailey. Now I'm not afraid of them anymore."

The girl studies me uncertainly. I try to smile softly at her. "Hey," I say, exhaling "it's nice to meet you, Tiana."

She smiles and looks down at the sand. Riley looks at me, a troubled expression on her face "Tiana is going to come back to the pack with us. I hope that's okay" she whispers.

I nod. There was no way I would deny bringing a child back to my pack for safety or sanctuary. I glance at Riley and mouth 'her parents while Tiana isn't looking.

Riley's eyes are filled with sadness as she mouths back 'they're dead' and understanding floods through me.

No wonder the girl is so distrustful. I can only imagine that it was a shifter or lycan that killed her parents. I feel sympathetic towards the young girl as I eye her, noting the threadbare clothes she's wearing, the thinness of her frame and the bleakness in her eyes, despite the sparkle. She's gone through hell and no matter how much she tries to hide it, a remnant of it's still there. This girl is brave, braver than some of my men, I have no doubt.

"Are you hungry?" I ask.

She looks surprised and then nods just as her stomach lets out a low growl. She blushes as I chuckle and Riley giggles. "I've been surviving on what I could find or the fish I could catch," she says blushing "but I'm starving. Please don't make me go in there though" she adds before I can suggest the pub, "I'm too nervous being around so many shifters."

I glance at Riley who gently nods. "Why don't we get some drive-through then" I suggest, and the girl's eyes light up.

"Really? Can I have a cheeseburger?" she begs.

I chuckle and nod as I begin to turn and gather up our bags. I throw a towel to Riley and then gently hand one to the girl who wraps it around her. We begin to make our way towards the car.

"We'll get drive-through on the way to the pack and then go home," I tell Riley as she helps Tiana into the car and then climbs into the passenger seat.

"How did you know that Tiana was there?" I asked puzzled "can you sense each other?"

"I could hear her song from the ocean" Riley confessed "but I didn't know it was coming from another siren. But isn't this amazing" she turned and looked at Tiana who was glancing out the window, watching the scenery pass by with excitement "I'm not the only one that's left. What if there's more out there Bailey? What if there's more than we thought there was? Tiana and I could be the key to finding the others."

I glance at her "don't get too excited Riley" I warn her, feeling like a bastard "just because Tiana and her parents managed to fly under the radar doesn't mean that there's a large number of you. I wish it was otherwise, but your kind was eradicated by shifters too frightened to befriend your people. I don't want you getting your hopes up and then having them dashed again" I added kindly.

She looks disappointed. I steer the car through the drive-through and quickly grab some food for Tiana, handing it over and getting back onto the main road. The little girl begins to eat the food ravenously. I wonder when the last time she had a proper meal was.

"Your hair," I say with a sidelong glance, "it's still silver and blue. Will it stay that way?"

She shrugs "I don't know. It's never done this before but I've never swam in the ocean either until today. It's always been in lakes."

"It's the salt water" Tiana mumbles between chewing her food "it changes our hair and our powers are stronger. I suppose because it's our natural habitat or something. At least that's what mum used to say."

I shoot a glance at Riley who looks upset for the little girl. Tiana goes back to eating.

"Tiana, did your mother have any other relatives?" I try to tread lightly "sisters, brothers?"

She looks thoughtful "I don't think so. Mummy never told me about any of them. For as long as I've known it's only ever been me and her."

I would have to ask Riley about the girl's father, I thought frowning and drumming my hands on the steering wheel.

"My mum told me to make my way to Coral beach and somebody would help me" Tiana blurts out and Riley and I are still.

Coral beach? It's at least three days of travel. For somebody like Tiana, it would have been longer and far more perilous as she would have had to go through several territories to make it. If her mother had told her to go to Coral Beach, then did Tiana have relatives she didn't know about?

"Did she tell you anything else?"

"Only that I was supposed to go when I was really desperate. That I had to wait until there was a full moon and sit on the shore and wait. I had to be patient and they would come to me. That's all I know."

I frown. It's cryptic. Riley looks puzzled. "Is it another siren?"

Tiana looks lost "Don't know but if it was, wouldn't they have been with my mother? Why would she make me go there if they could have been with us all along instead?"

I cough "Maybe it's somebody like a friend of your mothers who could help look after you," I say quietly "we should go check it out, if only for your sake."

Tiana shakes her head "I don't want to, I want to stay with you" she says to Riley stubbornly "not some stranger I don't know. That's why I never tried to go there."

"We'll go with you" Riley assures her "okay and if you're not comfortable with whoever it is, you stay with us, no questions asked. Do you understand that?"

I can see Tiana hesitating. She looks at Riley closely as though trying to determine if she's lying. But Riley's face is open, honest, and sincere. She gives a slow begrudging nod.

"Fine but you have to promise that you'll take me back with you."

"We promise," Riley said as the little girl eyed her suspiciously "it's a while until the full moon anyway so we have until then to decide on a plan. That's plenty of time."

Tiana's face turns mulish and she reaches into her bag for another french fry which she tosses into her mouth. I can tell that it's going to be difficult to get her to open up to us properly but I had hopes that she might have information, whether knowingly or not, that might explain a little bit more about the powers that Siren's possessed and anything her mother might have told her that wasn't in the research books. Every little bit of information she could give us would help and would go a long way into understanding my mate a little more.

Nightmare

Chapter 58 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

Riley POV

The terrified scream cuts through the air, blood curdling and loud, causing me to jolt upright, my body immediately tensing as my eyes scan the surroundings for unknown danger. Bailey is upright already and moving, his body almost a blur as he makes a frantic run towards the room next door, almost sending the door flying off its hinges in his desperation to get inside. More screams. I get out of bed and rush in behind him. Tiana's asleep in the bed, rolling over and screaming with her eyes closed. Bailey relaxes slightly and glances at me looking helpless.

"What now?" he whispers.

I sit on the bed and quietly rub her shoulder. She whimpers, burying her face into the mattress while my heart gives a pang. She was having a nightmare. I glance at Bailey whose eyes are narrowed.

"It's a nightmare. Maybe it's about her mother" I tell him sadly.

He runs a hand through his hair, looking sheepishly towards the door which is barely attached to the frame. "I guess I panicked" he admitted lowly.

I try not to laugh at the look of shame on his face as Tiana restlessly moves again and then begins to cry out.

"No, no, no, don't leave me, Mother run, run" she screams.

My heart feels a pang. She's terrified. She's pleading. Her eyes are screwed shut and she's breathing heavily. I quietly pick her up and wrap my arms around her. "Tiana, Tiana" I murmur.

I don't want her to be startled awake, but I don't want her to relive her mother's death either at the hands of a ruthless rogue. No little girl should have to see something so horrifying. I rock her as her eyes begin to flutter open and then she looks at me, tears trailing down her cheeks, flinging her arms around me.

"I saw my mother" she sobbed, as I held her, feeling the thinness of her frame, "I saw her die. She wouldn't run, she wouldn't fight. She kept yelling at me to run" she sobbed.

"Your mother wanted you to live sweetheart" I murmured, as she sobbed into my shoulder "that's why she wanted you to run. You did what she wanted and she would be so happy to know that you're alive right now. She's looking down on you from heaven" I said with a catch in my throat.

"I don't understand why they fear us" she sniffled "am I going to be killed as well? Is a shifter going to kill me because I'm a siren?"

Her question was so innocent, her eyes wide. Bailey looked angry enough to throw something across the room. "Nothing will touch you as long as I'm Lycan king" he growled as the little girl turned to look at him "I swear it. You and Riley are safe, I promise. I will never let anybody harm you" he swore.

I believed him. Bailey would kill anybody who tried to touch us. His lycan wouldn't allow anybody near us. Tiana still looked worried but her body was slowly beginning to relax as she rested against me.

"I miss my mummy," the little girl said, wiping her eyes.

My heart broke for her. "I know honey, I wish we could bring her back but we can't. But she's always going to be with you, even if you can't see her" I promised, "she's looking down on you and she's keeping watch. She knows what you are doing."

She blinks and eyes me. "Do you think that maybe, one day, I'll get to see her again too?"

"Yes" I whisper past the lump in my throat "but not for a very long, long time."

She looks a little more calm now. She sits on my lap and rests her head against my chest.

"My mummy never hurt anybody" she whispered.

"I know, I'm so sorry sweetheart" I murmured.

Sorry for the poor innocent woman who was murdered simply for being something another race feared. Sorry for the mother who fought to desperately save her child. Her bravery would not go unrewarded. I was determined to ensure we looked after Tiana. Her sacrifice would not be in vain, I thought sadly. But it should never have had to be made in the first place. I felt anger sweep through me and fought to hide it. But it was always there, simmering under the surface. The injustice of being judged simply for being something different, enraged me but it also made me more powerful. I would use that when I needed to.

She shuddered on my lap. I stroked her hair. She yawned. "You should go back to sleep honey" I told her quietly.

"Don't want to" she mumbled.

Bailey's eyes were hooded. There was a look on his face. I glanced at him. He was mindlinking someone.

"Something wrong?"

He shook his head as I put Tiana back down on the bed and gently placed the covers back over her, gently kissing her forehead as she snuggled against the pillow. I listened to the sound of her soft breathing for a minute before moving, wanting to ensure she was deeply asleep before leaving the room. I joined Bailey in the hallway. He looked grim.

"What is it? What's wrong?"

"There's a feral wolf in the forest" he said quietly.

I frown. "A feral wolf? Are you certain? I thought that was just rumors. Are you sure that it's not another Lycan and that somebody is not getting confused?"

He shakes his head "No. This one is feral. It's killed three of my patrol already. It's too dangerous to allow to go on living. I'm going to have to go and hunt it down. But it's acting strangely."

"What do you mean by strange?" I asked.

He frowns "it's sniffing as though it's trying to track down a certain scent. But everytime someone comes near it it loses control and kills. Either it's trying to find someone or maybe" he pauses and looks at me "maybe it can smell the fact that the pack now has two sirens and it's driving him crazy?"

"I doubt it. If it's feral then it's just behaving weirdly" I say shrugging "but if you think you're going to hunt down the wolf by yourself, you have another thing coming."

"You can't come. What about Tiana?"

"She'll be safe enough in the pack house. Besides, you were stuck in your wolf form until I managed to sing you out of it" I pointed out as he scowled at me "what if I can do the same for this one? What if I could make the wolf turn back to being a normal shifter again? Isn't it worth finding out?"

"It's killed three of my people" Bailey snarled.

"It's feral. Did you kill anyone while trapped in your Lycan form?" I asked him and he stilled.

I sensed he wasn't about to answer the question.

"Tell your men not to approach him" I said quietly "and we can go and track him down. I won't let you order me to stay behind. We do this together."

He still looks hesitant. "If you get hurt" he begins.

"Then it will be my own fault. But you can't tell me that a siren, not to mention someone who can control the element of water in wolf form, can't be helpful. Can you?" I ask and he scowls at me.

"Fine, but you stay behind me and you listen to what I say" he warns as I try not to give a triumphant grin.

He was determined to protect me. I wanted to laugh at him, but he was deadly serious. I nodded solemnly.

"I will do whatever you tell me to. But if the wolf can't be saved...." I trailed off.

He sighed and ran a hand through his hair looking frustrated "then we kill it. It's too dangerous to allow it to go on living. It's a shame, but feral wolves are stronger than the average shifter. If it wanted to take out an entire pack it could. The only thing preventing it right now is that it can sense various creatures from different races here, which is causing it to hesitate, not to mention they aren't fond of Lycans" he admitted ruefully.

"Wonder how it feels about Sirens then" I muttered.

He glances at me sharply "considering that shifters fear your kind, I can only surmise that when feral that feeling is increased immensely. That's why I want you to stay behind me. If it's feeling bloodthirsty and it has a choice, it's going to go for you first" he warned and I nodded as we began to slowly make our way back to the room and he began to mindlink his men.

Could this feral wolf have anything to do with my previous mate? I try not to flinch as that goes through my mind. Alpha Jaxon can't have followed me here. Why would he have? But something inside of me continues to fear my previous mate, even as I try to tell myself that I'm safe with Bailey. Whoever this feral wolf was, I thought numbly, we would take care of it and their identity would be revealed once we'd hunted them down. Until then, I would have to hope that this was nothing to do with me and merely a coincidence.

Overtaken

Chapter 59 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

Bailey POV

A feral wolf. It's the last thing I've expected near my territory. Despite my reassurances, I'm nervous as Riley and I begin to head towards the woods in wolf form. Feral wolves are more dangerous than you can imagine. They've lost their humanity and their ability to rationalize or think logically. Their desire to kill or their bloodlust is increased and they can't distinguish between rogues, shifters and other creatures except maybe Lycans. Lycans they hate. More than anything. I'm not sure exactly why, but it's always been that way. Maybe because as shifters they hate us it's increased when they turn feral.

The woods are quiet. Too quiet. Where are the sounds from the small creatures, the sounds of the birds, the crickets chirping? I glance at Riley uneasily. I wish she hadn't come with me but she'd stubbornly refused to let me go alone. I don't want her to get hurt. My innate urge to protect her is on overdrive. My Lycan is furious that I allowed her to come and he's simmering beneath the surface, raging at me while I do my best to ignore him. Even if I'd tried to forbid Riley from coming, something told me she would have come regardless. Her ability to possibly be able to sing the wolf back into normal form or back to a normal shifter comes in handy, as reluctantly as I want to admit it.

I sniff. The merest hint of a strange scent wafts towards me. It's not easy to make out. It smells like a rogue but slightly different. Instinctively I know it's him. It's got to be him. But it's faint and could be leftover from last night. It doesn't smell fresh. I frown and sniff again, while Riley keeps a wary eye from behind me. My ears prick for the merest sound of something approaching, but there's nothing. I reluctantly begin to move forward, heading deeper into my territory and further in front of where my men had been killed. Each step is filled with trepidation. Everybody thinks that Feral wolves are stupid, but in hindsight they can be highly intelligent as well. It depends on the nature of the person and their personality before they went feral. If they were stupid beforehand, they were likely to be stupid in feral form and so forth.

Riley lets out a soft growl. I swing my head to glance at her and see that her body is stiff and her tail is swishing. She's on the defense. I raise my head to scan our surroundings. Silence. My heart is pounding. I know all too well what it's like to be trapped in wolf form. What it's like to be stuck while you try over and over again to shift without success. To slowly lose all reasoning until you're no longer sure if you're more human or wolf. While I hadn't been feral, I had come close enough that it would have been inevitable sooner or later. If it hadn't been for Riley....I shake my head not wanting to consider what might have happened if I hadn't found her when I did.

The sound of a cracking twig causes me to tense. Riley's head slowly swings back as she looks over her shoulder. It was in the distance but was made by a paw stepping on it. I sniff but the wolf has to be downwind. There's nothing. Not even the slightest smell of blood which is no doubt splattered over his fur from the killings. I turn, feeling wary. Riley steps up beside me and I shoot her a sharp glance, trying to urge her to move back. She refuses. Stubborn woman. I give a low growl and she looks unimpressed. My lycan thinks it's sexy. I think it's exasperating. I'm not used to women who don't obey my commands. Then again, how many men had a siren or half siren for a mate? I was willing to bet not many and those that had, didn't keep them for very long. I was determined to change that.

Another sharp crack as another twig is slowly stepped on. This is deliberate. Intentional. He's letting us know that he's drawing closer. It's almost like a cat that's toying with a mouse. I remain standing where I am refusing to be cowed. If he thinks that this will intimidate me then he doesn't know what I'm capable of. Riley hasn't shifted or changed expression. Soon a foul odor begins to drift towards our nostrils and I fight the urge to gag at how repulsive it is.

It's a mixture of rotten meat, blood and dirt. So pungent that it fills my nostrils and causes me to take deep breaths as it overwhelms my sense of smell. I can see Riley struggling slightly beside me. The blood is the worst. It's the blood of various wolves it's killed. I could pick out the scent of at least five dead wolves or more now. I struggled to keep myself from growling in rage. My paw digs at the ground, my nails gouging the dirt.

One wrong move and you'll be killed, Bailey. For once, don't let your rage overtake you. I happen to like living my Lycan mocks as I grit my teeth.

Shut it. Do you think I'm going to be that irresponsible while Riley is next to us? I'm not stupid. She's our main priority.

Taking care of this wolf is going to be the main priority. You should never have let our mate come with us. This wolf is bloodthirsty. It's already toying with us. This is a game to him. Do you think he's going to show Riley any mercy if he captures her or gets her beneath him?

The thought of him pinning her to the ground fills my mind and enrages me. My lycan is silent for a moment. There is more to this wolf. He seems to be particularly focused on our mate. I can sense his eyes through the shadows and they continually swing to look at her. Almost as though he recognizes her.

Don't be stupid. You're imagining it.

I'm not. I can sense the hatred emanating from him. He has a grudge against our mate. I told you to refuse Riley. Now she's in danger and we have to protect her against him. Prepare yourself. He doesn't want us, although he dislikes Lycan's, right now his focus is on our little mate. We're just in the way.

Fuck. You better be wrong about this I growl, sensing that my Lycan is telling the truth by the concern in his voice and the worry that is filling my body.

I wish I was. Whoever this wolf is, Riley's done something to piss him off immensely.

I give a low growl and move in front of a surprised Riley. The bastard was going to have to go through me first before I would let him get to her. My eyes fixate on the small clearing in front of us as more twigs and branches break. The repugnant smell grows even more stronger and my eyes begin to water from the strength of it. I clench my jaw. A low growl fills the clearing. My eyes widen. I can feel the floor shuddering beneath my feet now. What looks like a shadow is moving through the bushes and trees. Red eyes gleam as they take us in, his tongue licking his lips slowly and with deliberate emphasis.

I let out a snarl. The wolf is slow, stepping into the clearing. He's large. His reedes are glowing as they narrow. His wolf is a silver one but the blood splatters make him almost completely red. He has a sickening grin on his face. His eyes lazily glance up and down as he looks at me and then just as quickly dismisses me, pissing me further off. Instead he glances behind me at Riley's wolf, a wide grin coming over his face, his lips curling back into a snarl, drool foaming from his mouth. He cocks his head. Riley blinks at him, her body tense but I refuse to move from the front of her, which makes the other wolf angry. He growls and snaps his jaws. His body moves forward into an offensive position and I know instinctively that he's about to attack, trying to shove Riley out of the way as the wolf lets out a vicious growl and jumps, his body propelling forward at a pace so fast he's almost a blur, knocking me over and sending me sprawling backwards as he heads directly towards my mate who is standing there, pinned to the ground, like a deer in headlights.

Why isn't she moving? I can feel myself scrambling to my feet, feel myself panicking as I begin to move. The wolf's eyes are firmly fixed on Riley who seems to come to her senses in time to see the wolf lunging towards her. I can't get there in time, it's too late. I'm forced to watch as he attacks my mate right in front of me.

Transformation

Chapter 60 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

Riley POV

It's not my imagination. This wolf is eyeing me. Even though Bailey has gotten between us the wolf continues to stare at me. He manages to get past Bailey and I'm transfixed, surprised, and barely manage to come to my senses as he attacks, just dodging to the side in time before he makes contact with me. It was close. I can hear Bailey's low growl in the background. He's furious that the feral wolf managed to get the better of him but I don't have time to reassure him. The feral wolf lunges again and I kick out, hitting them square in the chest. It's like hitting a brick wall. He just growls in response as I stare in astonishment. His jaws clamp open and shut. There's drool foaming at his mouth. Something about this wolf is familiar but I can't quite place it. It's niggling at me as Bailey crashes into the wolf and sends him sprawling with a snarl.

We could fix this. This wolf is not as lost as it seems. There is the merest trace of humanity left inside of him. He can be saved. The question is, do you wish to save him?

Why wouldn't I want to? If a shifter can be saved, then I want to help. What do I need to do?

You might not feel the same way when you're finished. Remember how you had to sing to bring Bailey back from the brink? How you sang to his humanity, to his other side? You need to connect to your siren side, not your wolf side.

Easier said than done when it keeps trying to attack me I hiss at Snow as I dodge another tackle by the feral wolf it seems to have it particularly in for me and I don't know why I growl.

I think you'll discover that for yourself when you turn him back she says nonchalantly.

We jump as the feral wolf crashes into the trunk of the tree we were just standing in front of. Hurry up Snow hisses.

Bailey lunges for the wolf, causing him to focus on my mate instead. I growl and then begin to concentrate on shifting back to my human or rather siren form. My bones crack and adjust until I'm standing there, naked in the clearing and shivering slightly from the cold. Already I can feel the pain the wolf is feeling, along with its bloodlust and its hatred. A hatred that was aimed at me. It causes me to stand still, shocked to my core.

Move it, sister, unless you want to be a shish kebab my wolf growled in my mind and I quickly ducked as the feral wolf went sailing over head, followed by a furious lycan.

It's instinctual. My mouth opens of its own accord. The song creates itself. A haunting melody that drifts into the air and almost seems to embrace the feral wolf that stiffens when it hears it. Bailey's Lycan glances towards me as the other wolf slows, its head turning to crane and look deliberately at me. I raise my voice higher, feeling the magic entwined in it, pouring everything I have, everything I have to give into it as the wolf's eyes continue to glower at me.

Take its pain and its anger from it and into yourself. Take the rage, the fury, the despair a voice whispered in my mind. This time it wasn't my wolf, but my siren coming to my aid as my voice began to rise even higher and become even more mournful and despairing. The other wolf began to let out a low whine as it sank onto its back paws, shaking its head as though it was trying to fight the music, or what it was trying to achieve.

Bailey's wolf continued to stand behind it, but he no longer needed to attack. The feral wolf seemed to be in some sort of internal conflict with itself. Its head continued to shake and it was emitting low growls, its eyes flashing between red and dark black. Its paws dug into the ground, its nails in the dirt, in desperation. Its fur began to stand on end.

Give it back that what was lost. Remind him of his humanity, of what it means to live. Think of joy, of happiness, of love the voice continued to whisper, the tone of the song beginning to change from dark and depressing to one of a more uplifting and cheerful melody that made the wind swirl around us and the air to grow more cold and the sun to shine brighter in the sky.

I sang. I spread my arms out to the sides, my voice continuing to rise. The feral wolf continued to fight but its struggles grew more and more weak. Its eyes glowered at me. I could sense its confusion and its distress and sought to soothe it. Bailey's Lycan had relaxed its stance, its eyes fixed firmly on me, its head cocked as it watched me with glinting eyes. Leaves began to swirl in the air and drift off in the sky as I gave voice to everything the siren in me begged me to. Emotions flooded through my body and poured out through my song.

This was harder than what it had been like with Bailey. Perhaps because Bailey had not fought the change or the magic so much? My song grew louder, my voice never wavering, as the wolf stopped its struggles and stared at me, its eyes a dull red color. I stepped closer, Bailey's Lycan watching intently.

Give it back its voice. Give it back its heart. Give it back its memory. All that it's lost will be returned the siren promised as my voice rang out crystal clear.

I stepped in front of it. My voice began to quieten. Bailey's Lycan shifted, his body tensing. The other wolf looked up at me, but it made no move to attack. Not this time. I sensed that it was resigned or that I had broken its spirit and gotten through to the little vestige of humanity it had left. My hand began to slowly reach out towards it and its eyes followed my every movement, my voice continuing to fade slowly as I touched its head.

Light. A bright light shot through my hand as I poured my song into him. For a moment I imagined I could hear the sound of a man screaming inside my mind and then all was silent. Peaceful. The light faded. My song diminished and faded to nothing. I removed my hand and stepped back. The wolf's eyes were dark. I moved away quickly. The wolf let out a small whimper. Bailey moved to stand beside me. I heard the sound of cracking and bones adjusting and knew that it had worked. The song had done what it was supposed to do. The song I had used for this wolf was different to the one I had sung to get Bailey's humanity back.

Everybody has their own individual song that is special to them. Only by harnessing and singing it will you bring them back the siren told me quietly.

I turn my head and see the man standing there. He's confused. His body stands there, shaking, with small droplets of dried blood on it. His eyes are dazed and he looks disorientated. Bailey follows my line of sight. For a moment there is nothing but silence as we all regard each other. I hesitate. What do I do? I remember the hatred I felt coming from the wolf, but I also remember the pain. There was so much unspoken in his heart. So much left unsaid. But I can't forget everything he and my father did to me. No matter if he's changed now, thanks to my song, I can't just forgive him like the flip of a switch. It's not that easy. Somehow the fact that he was the feral wolf is not surprising to me in the slightest. What does surprise me is the fact he managed to hold onto his humanity at all.

Bailey clears his throat, but I am the first to speak as the young man looks at me with a startled expression on his face.

"What are you doing here? Do you have any idea how many innocent men you have killed?" I whisper, as he looks ashamed "I should have known better than to use my power to help somebody like you" I spat out.

You were right. I regret helping them. Why didn't the siren part warn me before it was too late?

We don't pick and choose. We help those who need it, regardless of how they have hurt us. Open your mind and open your heart. You felt so much more than just hatred coming from him Riley. Acknowledge the hurt but see what else is lying underneath. The only way you will ever heal is if you and he both talk and work this out together.

Damien's eyes are wide "What just happened?" he asks, staring down at himself "and how did you change me back?" he asks while I continue to glare and Bailey glances between us confused.

"Bailey will explain it to you" I say tightly and turn around "I have better things to do with my time."

I shift and take off running before my mate can protest, leaving him alone with my brother. The last thing I had wanted to deal with was something like this. I hoped Bailey saw fit to put him in the dungeon while I was gone. Right now I needed to be as far away from Damien as possible.