

Chapter 11 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

Riley POV

I can feel his eyes on me, see him watching me. Something about this man draws me. I want to touch him, I want to look closely into his eyes, but I don't dare. Not when he thinks I am nothing more than a mere omega. If only I could tell him who I was for real. That I was of an Alpha bloodline, that my father was keeping me secret from the rest of the world, but alas, without a voice, I could do nothing but his bidding and pray for a way to earn my freedom eventually. Or run away. Whichever came first. Whatever opportunity I could take. But something, some instinct inside of me, told me that today was the day that a decision was going to have to be made, and soon. I felt a terrible sense of foreboding, that had started the second we got onto these lands and it hadn't disappeared, it had only grown stronger.

"Have your servant take care of the drinks" he said and his voice was hoarse, tired.

He sounded weary and I wanted to shake my head, wanted to refuse, but my father was already nodding in agreement, gesturing to me. Alpha Jaxon was rubbing his forehead as my father leaned over to the coffee table. He was closest, and then Damien while the Beta, Callum was behind me, unable to fully see what was going on. My father's grin was vicious, and triumphant, as though this was what he had been waiting for. I saw something flash and then my eyes widened as he tipped a vial quickly over one of the drinks, letting two drops of some mystery substance into it, before sliding the vial back down his sleeve. The bastard had been hiding it on his person all along. I couldn't believe it.

I swallowed hard. The vial looked exactly like the one that I had disposed of before we made it to the pack. Exactly the same. Both were identical. Realization dawned. They were planning on poisoning Alpha Jaxon and they needed somebody to take the blame while they took out the pack and kept the Beta busy. That vial had been planted on me so that when I was searched, I would become the scapegoat for the poisoning.

My father spoke, his voice was sharp and impatient.

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

I glared at them both.

My hand trembled with indecision. I didn't want this man to die. I couldn't bring myself to do it. My father's eyes were on me, narrowed, watching my every movement. The Alpha could hardly

get mad if I failed to follow proper etiquette could he? He would probably put it down to ignorance due to my station or perhaps even the upbringing of my father's pack, I told myself, slowly handing the other drinks out to everyone else. I gave the Beta one, my father his, and Damians. They began to sip, confident that none of theirs contained the poison. That left one drink left.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Alpha Jaxon's gone after your Alpha" the Beta informed me grimly as he continued to carry me, informing me as though it might make a difference to me "and we're going to get you some help. God knows what you are thinking, but we owe you," he told me with his eyes fixated on me "you saved his life. Now you just have to hold on so that we can save yours" he added grimly as my head flopped down and my breathing began to slow.

"Poor girl" he murmured, as I felt my body weaken and darkness beginning to surround me "so young and so brave. Alpha Jaxon will avenge your death if it comes down to it" he muttered but his words were of little comfort as I fell into unconsciousness, succumbing to the darkness and aware of nothing more that was happening around me. Whether I lived or died, it was no longer in my hands or was it?