

Chapter 111 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

Bailey POV

I gripped the man by the throat, ignoring the fact that his eyes were bulging and that the other elders were standing there shocked out of their minds with anger growing on their faces. He looked incensed as he clawed at my hands, nails drawing blood as my fury coursed through me. I couldn't think, I couldn't focus, except on the mind-numbing fact that my mate was gone and that this bastard probably either knew where she was or had something to do with it. I glared down at him, my Lycan surging to the surface, prepared to tear him limb from limb and damn the consequences. Thomas looked on in the background, Damien moving to defend me from any others that would attempt to intervene on the Elder's behalf. I tightened my grip, listening to the sound of him gasping for breath with satisfaction as I narrowed my eyes.

"Where is she?" I spat.

He looked confused. I gave a growl of frustration and shook him in the air, daring him to shift, to give me a reason to end him. He bounced wildly up and down, his limbs flailing like a rag doll.

"Where is she?" I repeated slowly and with deliberate emphasis.

"King Bailey put Elder Michael down" another Elder interjected, sounding scandalized, "I don't know what you think you are doing, but you are overstepping your authority, and we would be well within our rights to detain you for doing this" he added as I turned my head and glared at him.

He looked at the mutinous expression on my face and fell silent. Damien rose a brow "I don't think King Bailey is caring about the rules or about propriety right about now. He wants to know where his mate is, and I want to know what's happened to my sister" he said calmly, "and I would suggest you tell us sooner rather than later before your elder ends up dead."

"You wouldn't dare," another elder gasped, sounding shocked we would even dare to suggest doing such a thing.

"Oh I dare" I snarled "try me. I want my mate" I roared and gripped him tighter as the elder stared at me, "I know you know where she is."

"You're wrong" wheezed Elder Michael, clutching at his throat, "why would any of us have any idea where your mate is?" he asked in desperation "The last time we saw Queen Riley was when she stormed away from us. We haven't seen her since" he protested weakly.

"Elder Michael is telling the truth. We have nothing to do with the disappearances" A woman elder objected, looking at the group of them with concern. "If they are missing, then shouldn't we be out there searching for them instead of fighting among ourselves?"

A snarl from Elder Michael. I flung him to the ground, hearing his body hit it with a heavy thud, allowing my frustration to get the better of me. The elder stood, his eyes blazing.

"You go too far, Bailey" he spat as I glowered at him "I feel that the role of being the Lycan King is too much for you to handle. I move that we strike you from being the leader" he declared.

"Elder Michael, that is an unprecedented move. It would require a challenger for his role for a start", another elder objected, sounding shocked, "and while I know that King Bailey has gone a bit overboard, it's understandable he's upset about his mate."

"He has gone beyond our laws and traditions. This is just the tip of the iceberg." Elder Michael was furious ". He continues to go about unchecked and will only cause more chaos. As for a challenger, I nominate Alpha Jaxon. I am certain he would make an excellent king and leader of the pack. He has a sense of what is right and what is wrong" he sniffed, drawing himself up as I clenched my hands into fists.

"Bailey, you need to calm down and try to think this through. You're giving them exactly what they want, an excuse to get rid of you", Thomas moved up beside me to murmur in one ear "they're using your irrationality and recklessness to prove your lack of leadership skills in the wake of their decisions."

"I don't care" I muttered, "all I care about is Riley", I exhaled loudly, feeling stubborn.

"Do you think Riley would want to come back and find this happening? Do you think she would want to discover you stripped of your title and banished because you weren't able to keep yourself under control for her sake?"

"Thomas, we've tried the polite way", I turned my head, ignoring the elders "and it hasn't worked. Riley could be dead right now for

"She's not dead", Thomas's voice was calm, while Damien tensed behind us. "You would have felt her death through the mate bond, all I know" my voice cracked slightly, "and these bastards know something."and you know it. You would have felt the agonizing pain as it severed. She's still alive and that's something to be grateful for, at least" he said, "because it means you still have time to find her."

"What if I don't? If they don't spill where she is, I might not get there in time" my voice was urgent "You know her condition Thomas". I was very hesitant to utter the words about what the condition was, in case I was overheard "You know how vital it is to find her."

"I'm aware" he said, pausing, "so all I have to say is this. Whatever decision you make today", he nodded at Damien, who was slowly nodding his head in agreement. "I will stand by you but make sure you're making it with a clear head. I'll take whatever punishment they throw at us, whatever consequences, because I refuse to acknowledge anybody but you as my King Bailey" he shouted out loud, causing the elders to gape at us, "and there will never be another King who deserves the role as much as you do."

"I concur" Damien shouted back in agreement.

"We agree" Callum and Cody shouted in unison as they walked up, "and it's disgraceful that you would even consider Alpha Jaxon for the position" Cody sneered at the elders, who looked taken aback by the objections they were facing.

Had anybody ever dared to question their motives before? We couldn't be the first to do so, could we?

"Treason" babbled one elder "mutiny. How dare you speak like that to your betters?" he snapped.

"You haven't earned my respect" Callum's voice was ice-cold. "The only person who has is standing right in front of me and that's my King. I won't acknowledge anybody else."

"The nerve," another Elder hissed, "you are nothing more than pups. What do you know about the real world and politics?"

"I know enough to know that what you are doing is wrong. I know that you're protecting somebody who doesn't deserve it", Callum's voice continued, "and we all know you're full of bullshit."

Gasps of outrage all around from the use of such a derogatory word towards them.

"I've had enough of you" Elder Michael snarled, "and all this pathetic finger pointing. We had nothing to do with the Queen's disappearance and, by god, you are looking at not only a trial but a challenge for your position King Bailey. Control your men, lest it continue to become a confinement in the dungeon for the lot of you."

"So freedom of speech is now punishable too" my voice was steady as I regarded my men. "Or is it only when people speak in opposition to you?" I asked.

"Enough of this farce" an elder growled, but I was done listening to them.

Thomas could see the look on my face, he saw the expression on it change swiftly. I was through trying to negotiate with them, through speaking to them and trying to get them to listen. I was

tired of their constant complaints, their constant playing the victim. They were cunning but also manipulative, and if they were going to challenge me for the title of King, did I really have anything to lose? I was one of the strongest, most powerful Alpha's out there. It had been a long time since they had seen me in my Lycan form. It had been a long time since they had faced me when I had shifted. Part of me had held back, kept myself under wraps, always tightly controlled and leashed in a sense. But now it was time to let loose. It was time to let the Lycan part of me free. My Lycan was angry, it wanted Riley. We wanted Riley. We wanted answers. Answers they weren't prepared to give.

"Oh shit" Thomas muttered, quickly herding Callum and Cody behind him and motioning for Damien to join them "everybody stand back" he urged. "I think that Bailey has finally lost his mind."

I let out a ferocious growl that had the ground practically shaking.

"That was impressive" Damien smirked to Callum and Cody.

"That was nothing" warned Thomas "You haven't seen his full power or what happens when his Lycan takes control."

"How bad could that be?" Cody whispered.

"Think utter chaos" Thomas replied grimly, "and then multiply it by a hundred."

"Shit" Callum whispered in fascination.

"King Bailey, control yourself" an elder ventured to say, the group slowly beginning to back away, even as their eyes darkened in preparation to make the shift themselves, perhaps recognizing the danger they were about to face.

Control myself? Control myself? I had done nothing but control myself. My eyes darkened. I gave my Lycan control. He gave a twisted grin as my body began to slowly shift, one limb at a time, my bones cracking and adjusting, fur growing on each limb, my teeth growing into sharp canines as I let out another roar, my nails growing into claws. All I could see through my Lycan's eyes was pure red. I could feel his hatred, his contempt for the elders. It was surreal. Like being a passenger in my mind, but I had done this before. My Lycan was bloodthirsty and desperate for a kill. I granted him permission and watched, along with the other men, as he began to lunge towards the elders, who began to shift into their own wolf forms in a frenzied panic. My Lycan was not merciless, nor was he known for his compassion. Another reason for being King. His ability to dominate, to beat other creatures, not just shifters into submission, was well known, but perhaps forgotten by those idiotic men who spoke about their ideals and dared to think they could take my title away from me. If they thought it was going to be as easy as a simple challenge, then they were in for a surprise. I watched in slow motion as my Lycan began to head directly towards the elders, his body so fast he was practically a blur while they attempted to scatter and my men shifted, preparing to defend me if it came down to it. If I had to hurt them in

order to get my answers, then so be it. They only had themselves to blame for what was about to happen. I was done being nice.

Broken

Chapter 112 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

Riley POV

I'm out. The first thing I do is head back towards the cages. The ring that was in my pocket I picked back up off the floor and repocketed for some strange reason. I made my way carefully down, knowing that in order to free Marigold and Tiana I was going to need help and that meant freeing the poor creatures from the cages below. As the lift door opens, I tense, expecting there to be some sort of outcry, or some sort of protest, but the scientists are so busy with their research they don't even look up. My eyes are gleaming as I take in the scene, my mouth opening automatically as my siren side surges to the surface, her anger rising, the sound halting all those walking in their tracks, causing them to go into a trance while I move closer to the cages, a haunting melody filling the air as I weave my voice throughout the room, coaxing the cages to open, the doors unlocking as I stare at them, the creatures sitting up in shock, their eyes beginning to focus as the doors swing slowly open.

Rage fills me. I turn my attention to the scientists as creatures begin to poke their heads out of the cages tentatively, some with wary eyes on me. My voice grows louder. The scientists are still dazed, but now my tone changes. It's no longer haunting, it's angry, it's filled with vengeance, and it's dripping with venom and hate. I let my voice express without words what I feel, letting my song speak for itself, blood slowly beginning to trickle from the scientists' ears. They aren't innocent. They've all taken part in torturing these poor races, these poor creatures in the cages. They've been complacent in hurting them, keeping their silence as they performed their vile research and tests, brutally wounding them without a care in the world. No more. I refused to let them hurt yet one more creature with their hands. Blood begins to spurt out of their noses. Creatures begin to shuffle slowly towards me as I continue to stare at the scientists, my eyes narrowed, my song beginning to turn dark and violent. I was here for revenge and to ensure these people never made it out of this compound. They sank to their knees, their faces contorting into expressions of pain, even as they stood lost in my spell and then, with a big gasp, they gave a last breath and collapsed on the ground, unable to draw oxygen as I shut off their airways and let them die.

The only scientist not present was Gerald. My song petered down and then stopped. A fae gently touched me on the arm. "Words cannot express my thank you for freeing me" he said, as I stared

sadly at his torn wings, at the dried blood that remained instead. "What can we do to assist you?" he asked, even as he stood there, practically swaying on unsteady feet.

I suspected it had been a long time since he had eaten or had proper nourishment. "Leave" my voice was barely a whisper "While you can. This compound will be gone before too long. I only ask that you help my friends if you see them before me. My friend Marigold and a child by the name of Tiana are somewhere in this building. Once I have them, I will be taking down this building and anybody left inside of it," I warned.

"Good", a vampire said bitterly, "we too have to find somebody. Our prince had been taken along with us, and we haven't seen him in days" he added.

I fingered the ring in my pocket and slowly withdrew it. The vampire's eyes narrowed. "Where did you get the ring of our prince?" he demanded icily.

"I'm afraid that your prince is dead" my voice was sympathetic. "This ring was on the floor of a room that was for killing. I picked it up by instinct. I am sorry for your loss," I added, handing the ring to him as he examined it with an expression of grief on his face.

"It is my fault. If I had not dropped my guard and allowed us to be captured..." he began.

"It is no one's fault but these elders" I snarled as he fell silent and eyed me warily, "who had no right to do what they did to any of you," I added at the small group who had clustered together protectively "you should all get back to your packs. Work together to leave the building. Alpha Jaxon is no longer a threat," I added lowly, "but I have no idea who still remains in this building and how many more elders might be here."

The vampires shot each other looks that were both menacing and malicious. "I don't think they will be hard to handle", the one holding the ring in his hand said with a vicious curl of his lip, "the king will have to be informed of his son's death. I hope you find your friends" he added, beginning to head towards the lift.

"Thank you" A Lycan lumbered past me, its eyes suspiciously shiny.

"Your friends are no doubt in one of the rooms behind reception" another ventured to guess. "Come with us."

"The lift can't hold all of us. I'll take the stairs", I motioned towards the fire exit that I had failed to see the first time and gave a wry grin "be safe, all of you."

"You too, siren. We owe you a debt of gratitude" the vampire called, putting the ring in his pocket, "and we won't forget what you did for us today. Tell us your name so that we might find you again one day" he added, stepping into the elevator.

"Riley" I said loudly, drawing myself up "The Siren Queen."

His lips curled into a grin before the doors closed shut, taking them all. I ran for the stairs.

It didn't take long to get back to the main floor. Surprisingly, the fire stairs weren't guarded. I got to the main hallway and began to bang doors open. I could see the other races up ahead, heard shouting as the Elders and scientists were swiftly dealt with. I slammed the door open to a room, blinking my eyes to adjust to the brightness of the light. I saw Tiana and Marigold both in a cage, collars on their necks. I gave a low growl, surprising the Elder who had been sitting on a chair and eagerly looking towards a computer screen.

"How did you escape" he managed to utter, before my eyes glowed, and I lashed out, my claws getting him across the neck and causing blood to spurt out everywhere.

I was lucky, taking him by surprise. I heard a strangled noise and looked to the corner, to see Gerald sitting there, motionless.

"You left the scalpel and scrubs for me. You saved me" I said, fixing my gaze on him, "so I won't kill you. Leave now, while you can. I don't know why you betrayed your people, but I thank you". I dipped my head slowly, aware that Tiana and Marigold were watching me.

I had the remote for the collars in my pocket. I picked it up and touched the button, freeing Marigold and Tiana from theirs. The collars clicked open and fell to the ground. Gerald passed me a key. I used it to open the cage, Tiana flinging herself into my arms with a sob. I gave a low growl as I took in the needle marks where she had had blood taken from her. Marigold also had the same marks.

"I'm so glad you're here" Tiana sobbed, while Marigold nodded gratefully, "I was beginning to think you were never going to come," she added with wide eyes.

"I swapped their sedative with a placebo," Gerald said softly "I won't be leaving the building."

"You'll die" I warned, stepping back.

"So be it" he shrugged "What I've done, been forced to do, it can't be undone. It haunts me" his voice was low. "I can't stop the nightmares, can't stop seeing their faces in my mind. I have seen evil in its truest form. Death is the very least of what I deserve."

I had the sense it wasn't worth arguing with the man. He had made his decision, and it wasn't made lightly. There was such a look on his face it was difficult to describe what it was. A mixture of pain and grief. I saw him look at Tiana with remorse on his face. No doubt hurting a child went against his very morals. I hugged the girl and looked at the man, nodding once. If he was determined to die, then I would not stop him. I pointed to the collars. "Get them", I rasped as Marigold and Tiana looked at me. "We're going to need them," I added.

There was a grin on Marigold's face as she bent to retrieve the collar. Tiana looked bewildered as she did as asked. Gerald passed over two more remotes silently. Marigold pocketed them. We headed into the hallway and were greeted with chaos and destruction.

Bodies. Several in the long corridor. Blood splattered the walls, the floor, the ceiling. White coats fluttered to the ground torn and ripped. The furniture was broken. As we gingerly made our way to reception, we could see gouges in the walls, artwork destroyed, the doors leading out broken and almost torn off their hinges.

"Whoa" Tiana said, holding onto Marigold's hand tightly, while Marigold did her best to prevent Tiana from seeing too much "look at all this mess."

"We have to get out of here, but how are we going to get back?" I pondered and then saw the keys on the reception desk, the receptionist long dead.

I reached past and plucked them up, examining the keys. We headed out to the garage and I pressed the immobilizer. A car immediately made a noise to the left of us, and we moved, practically sprinting to the car which happened to be a normal run-of-the-mill 4WD. I could see several other cars missing and surmised that we weren't the only ones pilfering a car. Tiana hopped in the backseat. I started the car, and we drove slowly out, heading down the dirt track and then pausing. I got out of the car. Marigold joined me, Tiana climbed out. We held hands, staring at the building. The only people in there now were dead or about to be. I opened my mouth and began to sing. Marigold's joined me in harmony and after a pause, Tiana's voice joined in. Dark and filled with malice, we watched as our song began to do its work, the building slowly beginning to crumple right in front of our eyes until almost nothing but a large pile of rubble remained. Anything the building contained, any secrets, any data, any vital information, was now lost forever and it would stay that way. Nothing could be retrieved from that disastrous pile. We stopped, getting back in the car silently. It would only be a matter of time until the elder's realized their compound was gone. I intended to get back home before that happened.

Malicious Compliance

Chapter 113 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

King Bailey POV

Kill them. Kill them all. Leave their bodies littered on the ground and let their blood stain the forest floor, my Lycan roared inside my mind as we fought, the battle becoming intense. The elders might have been older, but that didn't mean that they weren't skilled or experienced at fighting. In fact, they were more agile and more skillful than we had given them credit for and as they lunged and clawed, snarled and snapped their jaws at us, we kept our heads, focussing on protecting each other's backs, the elder's doing the same as they kept their formation and ensured it didn't break. We were all injured. I could see the blood staining all of our fur. Thomas was

injured, his front paw limping slightly as he dodged and weaved between them, his snout tinged with crimson red blood that wasn't his.

Already the fight had gone on longer than anticipated. None of us were prepared to give an inch. I dodged a sideswipe from one of the elders just in time, my Lycan counteracting with a swipe of his own that sent the elder's wolf flying backwards with a small howl of pain that filled my Lycan with satisfaction. Another one leaped on the back of me and I bucked, sending it flying into the nearest tree trunk. Its small yelp indicating the amount of pain it was feeling. Callum and Cody were keeping in time with each other, in sync, as they attacked and dodged numerous attacks, while Damien used his power to keep us safe as best he could while trying to keep his own body safe from becoming a chew toy for the shifters.

The sound of my mate's voice had never sounded so bittersweet as it rang across the ground, filled with anger, venom and rage.

"Stop this fight at once."

Mate? Mate is here my Lycan was pleased, hesitating slightly. An elder took advantage of that, swiping its claws across as my Lycan jumped out of the way just in time. We glanced towards our mate, to see that she was standing there, her eyes blazing, the orange tint around the blue of her eyes more intense than I had ever seen it, water beginning to swirl like a mini tornado around her as she was ignored by everyone else. Tiana and Marigold stood behind her, their mouths gaped wide open in shock. This was not what they had been expecting when they had come back to the pack. Riley shot her hands out, sending water flying everywhere, causing a stream to go between us and the elders, effectively halting the fight.

"Stop" she shouted "and shift back now" she growled menacingly.

My Lycan reluctantly gave me back control of my mind, reassured our mate was safe. As I shifted into human form, my men did the same, our bones cracking and adjusting rapidly, until the five of us stood there naked, glancing at each other warily, while the water continued to stream. We saw the elders do the same, grimaces and scowls on their faces. Riley let the wall of water down, causing everybody to look at her. Elder James looked shocked. "How did you..." he spluttered, and a vicious smile came over Riley's face.

"How did I escape that compound you put me and the others in?" she looked deliberately back at Tiana and Marigold, who looked peeved. "I think maybe you should be more worried about what I'm going to do to you, Elder James" she whispered, a strange looking collar in her hand as he gulped and looked desperately towards the forest.

"Run and give me a reason", Riley prompted, as I looked at my mate in amazement. "Give me a reason to kill you right now," she threatened.

"You're bluffing. It's against pack laws to kill an elder" another one dared to say.

Riley's eyes still blazed as she walked deliberately towards us all, her eyes focussed on the elders, her lower lip curling in disgust. The elder's trembled at the expression on her face. Her hand reached out and gripped Elder James around the throat as he gasped and clawed at her. She put the collar around his neck and clicked it closed. A malicious smile came over her face.

"Riley" I said quietly as she turned to me, "what does that do?" I had a sense it wasn't anything good.

"It installs obedience" Riley said dismissively, her hand digging into her pocket, the scrubs she was wearing loosely clinging to her body, a remote appearing in her hand.

Elder James's eyes bulged open. "Don't you even think about it" he threatened.

Riley pressed the button. He made a strangled sound and sank to his knees in front of the others, wincing in pain.

"You see" Riley continued while the other elders went silent, "the elders here had a research facility that had all sorts of interesting data on creatures such as vampires, sirens, bear shifters, you name it" she said, narrowing her eyes and glaring at Elder James with hatred. "It appears they've been conducting research on different species for quite some time. Even killing them," she added, as Callum and Cody shot each other glances and Damien's own expression turned chilling."

"That collar was on you" my voice was hoarse as I put the clues together "he made you wear it."

I lunged towards the elder, Damien and Thomas, moving to haul me back. "Don't Bailey. He and the others used Alpha Jaxon's knowledge to create these new collars to make sirens obey their every command. It shoots electricity through you if you try to sing" she said, pressing the button again as Elder James wheezed in pain, "and you can control it via a remote to make it even more painful."

"Bastards" I roared, "you want to lecture us on rules and protocol, and you're breaking every rule that I can possibly imagine?"

"It's imperative that we discover what each species is capable of and form a defense against them" one of the elders sniffed, looking unapologetic, "since when is ensuring the survival of the smartest and superior species seen as a bad thing?"

"Marigold" Riley smiled pleasantly at the woman who had made the comment, "put the collar on the elder please, so that they may feel the effects for themselves."

Marigold moved swiftly, putting the collar on the woman who tried to put up a fight only to stop as she saw Riley's eyes begin to darken.

Riley pressed the button down and held it, causing the woman to shriek in pain before she folded, collapsing to her knees on the grass and sobbing.

"Does it hurt?" Riley's voice was cold "because that was nothing in comparison to what you've doled out to others in the name of gathering research, I'm sure" she added with sarcasm.

The woman flattened her lips and refused to speak. Riley pressed the button, aiming it at the woman. Her eyes widened as she screamed, clawing desperately at the collar, Riley refusing to let go, while the woman's screams grew louder and louder.

"Stop" another elder begged.

Riley slowly and deliberately let go of the button. I stepped beside her, feeling mutinous. Just seeing what the collars were capable of, of what Riley might have had to endure while she was missing, was enough to make me break.

"Take the collar off" Elder James said, "you've made your point", he added.

"No" Riley's voice was soft as she glared down at the elder, "you left me at the mercy of a man who tried to rape me and had no compunctions about it" she growled.

"Who?" I asked, turning to her "he left you with Alpha Jaxon, did he...." I couldn't bear to finish the sentence.

She shook her head. "I killed him before he got the chance."

I moved so fast that even Thomas and Damien couldn't stop me this time, grabbing Elder James by the neck and twisting his head so that his neck broke. I dropped his dead body to the ground, while the other Elder's gasped.

"Do you know what you've done?" one cried, sinking to his knees and looking at Elder James with sorrow.

"Do you?" I snarled. "It's clear as I stand here that your very existence is a joke, one that needs to be seriously disbanded and all of you should be placed on trial for what you have done. "

"I agree" Riley said, as Marigold and Tiana nodded, "it's not enough that we trial them with just shifters either, but we should invite every creature or race's leader to stand witness against them."

"Would you start a war? Take us prisoner for doing what we believed was right?"

"I know that this is but a small portion of you", Riley's voice was even "some of you died in the research facility when I crumpled it to the ground and there are others in the place you call a pack. But what you've done cannot be undone. The trauma you have others experience at your hands is unthinkable and more difficult to imagine than anyone could believe. The difference between right and wrong is clear, and you ignore that to further your own agendas. You are selfish, disgusting and repulsive". Riley's voice was dark.

"Do you think it will be a simple matter of overturning the elder's? We are sure to put up a fight" the woman whispered from the ground. "How much support do you think you'll have from the other packs when you start killing us?"

"You overestimate your influence. I guarantee that not only will I have the support from other packs, but there will be plenty in the crowd who want to see you dead for what you've done" Riley's voice was icy cold as she looked over at Thomas, Callum, Cody and Damien. "Take them into the dungeon and restrain them with silver. Treat them like any other prisoner. They have no status or power here. If they resist" her voice went low, "kill them."

She strode over and took the collar off Elder James, looking at the crowd of elders who looked as though they were debating whether to shift and run.

"Anybody who tries and runs will be killed by my siren song, and it won't be a pretty death, it will be excruciating and painful", Riley warned.

"Siren bitch, you'll get yours" the woman wearing the collar sneered.

Riley's eyes flashed, and she let out a long shriek, the woman's eyes widened as blood trickled from her nose and her mouth, before her head exploded, sending brain remnants everywhere. Several elders screamed in panic.

"Anybody else want to try me?" Riley growled.

The elders went quietly after that. I saw Marigold turn to Tiana so she didn't look at it and then subtly begin to drag her off while I rushed to hold Riley in my arms, embracing her tightly.

"I missed you" Riley breathed, sniffing my scent "I was so afraid I wouldn't see you again" she admitted lowly.

"So was I, to the point I was going to kill them all if they didn't divulge your whereabouts" I mumbled into her hair as I lightly stroked it.

"We have a lot to discuss" she said quietly as I closed my eyes, relishing the moment with her.

"Yes, starting with where you have been all this time and how you managed to make your way back here."

Fairy Tales

Chapter 114 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

Riley POV

We had gotten back to the pack just in time. Bailey would have killed the elders, but not before there had been casualties on both sides. It looked as though the fight was going to become more bloodshed than anything else if we hadn't intervened and, while I wouldn't have cried to see the elder's losing, the thought that Bailey might have been injured in the melee or even my brother Damien had been enough to cause me to suck in a breath sharply. Now as I sat with my mate, embraced in his arms, I relished the feel of his skin against mine, the tingles running through my body, a familiar comfort as he placed a hand on my stomach, a worried expression on his face. I knew what he was going to ask, I could see it in his eyes even as he opened his mouth to say the words I anticipated.

"The babies" he said quietly, looking down at my stomach, his expression grim "are they, did they..." he trailed off unable to finish the sentence, fear present in his eyes.

My wolf spoke quickly in my mind, our pups are safe. I can sense them and while they were in danger, that has long passed, and now they rest comfortably in your womb. Rest assured they are safe and well. Our pups are strong, like their mother and father, and I have no doubt that their powers will be just as amazing when they are born.

"Our children are fine" I assured him, placing a gentle hand on his arm as he exhaled in relief. "Thankfully they didn't harm them back at the compound."

At the reminder, his expression contorted into one of fury. "I cannot believe that they have been experimenting on different races all this time and keeping it secret" he scowled, "let alone that they had the nerve to take Tiana right from under us. Their arrogance is astounding", he declared with a frown, "and their justification for doing it is skewed."

"It's a miracle that nobody else found out what they were doing. I guess they managed to take so few at a time that nobody was able to put two and two together, at least until they were foolish enough to take a vampire prince and kill him. No doubt the Vampire King is going to want his revenge," I told my mate with a hint of sadness, "to lose a son so horribly, I cannot even begin to express how devastating that must feel. I expressed our condolences, but I fear that was not nearly enough."

"I cannot imagine either," Bailey told me, shaking his head with a solemn look on his face "I have already reached out to his pack but do not expect to receive a reply right away. I would not be surprised if I was blamed either for not having knowledge of what the elders were doing, as king, it should have been blatantly obvious."

"It was not your fault. How were you to know that the elders could be capable of such duplicity or be so conniving?" I protested as he smiled sadly at me "they even kept the truth from you, because they knew what your reaction would have been."

"Still they can't blame you" I said thickly, but he merely shook his head, a wry smile on his face.

I understood his logic. As King, he should have been aware of what was happening under his very nose. But the elders had kept this under wraps for many years. It was entirely possible they had been doing this long before Bailey had come into the role of King.

"If I have to become a scapegoat, then so be it" Bailey told me seriously, "but I would hope that they would be willing to understand what's gone on and be willing to move forward and form a pact that nothing like this ever happens again, to any creature or race, no matter who they might be."

"I think that is a wise decision" I said, thinking back to all the frightened faces I had seen back in the cages, the looks of despair, the pleas for help with their eyes.

It would be a long time before I failed to see those haunting expressions in my dreams. A very long time, if ever.

"This should have been discussed between the leaders of the races before now", Bailey mused "I guess none of us ever thought we would have to decree such a thing. I guess it shows how naive all of us were," he added.

"Not naive", I corrected him as he smiled "trusting."

He hugged me tighter. "When I think about how I could have lost you or how I might never have found you again" his voice was muffled against my shoulder "I get so angry that all I can see is red."

I patted him gently on the shoulder, causing him to pull away slightly and look at me. "But I did manage to find my way back, and I did manage to escape."

Thanks to a scientist called Gerald who had given up his life and died alongside the building, rather than live with the knowledge of what the elders had forced him to do. In the end, he was noble enough to allow me to survive and free the others. His sacrifice had not been in vain. It was a shame I could not convince him to join me and live to see what he had managed to save in the end. I sighed. His memory will remain with me forever.

"Everything is such a mess" I said, leaning my head on his shoulder as he stroked my hair. "What do we do now? You've invited all the leaders of the races, but how long is it going to take them to respond? Not to mention, it won't be long until the other elders arrive, looking for a fight and trying to free the ones we have in the dungeon" I added, looking into his eyes.

"The vampires are quite far out, so it's a trip, along with the bear shifters and fae. I would expect it to take at least two weeks or more. As for the elders, it will be days if we're lucky before they come here, demanding that we set the ones in the dungeon free. It's not going to happen, but it's also better than us taking the fight to them. If they're angry, they are less likely to be able to control themselves."

I smirked. "Well, it's hardly likely that they have sirens on hand in their packs, not if they kept them locked up at the compound."

"No" agreed Bailey tiredly, "my dungeon might be overrun by the time we've gathered them all, but I don't think killing them is the answer, not when the other leaders have the right to say what they want to happen to them. Our race or the shifter race", he amended quickly, "was the least affected and therefore should not have the last say."

I silently agreed. The fae had their wings torn off and ripped, the sirens were forced to wear collars that silenced their voices and spread pain throughout their bodies. Vampires were experimented on and blood taken without their consent. So many have been killed in the name of science. I felt tears prick my eyes as I thought about it all, remembered that room stained with dried blood, the vials carefully labeled. It had been so clinical, so cold and yet, had reeked of desperation and tears of those who had died, unable to free themselves from the restraints as they were prodded and probed, drained and sedated. I felt nauseas, swallowing past a lump in my throat. Anger rose through me as I tried hard to keep it under control, my siren voice attempting to lash out, to sing them all to sleep and never wake up.

"I know what you experienced is something I can never take away from you", Bailey's voice is sincere, filled with sorrow, "and I'm sorry for what you suffered at their hands. I wish there was something I could do" he said in frustration. "Some way to take those images out of your mind or wipe away the memories so that you never have to see them when you close your eyes again."

"Bailey" my voice is gentle, "even if you could, I wouldn't let you," I told him as he looked at me confused. "Our experiences and our memories are what shape us into the person we are today. To take those, would mean you would be taking what is me, in essence, changing my personality and my uniqueness. I will never forget, for as long as I live, what I saw in that compound and I don't want to. I have to remember it, because I, as Queen, must ensure that this never happens again. I have to be compassionate, not just for my own kind," I told him softly, "but for every race out there. I want to be remembered for the good deeds I accomplished rather than the bad ones. I want to be remembered as the queen everybody wanted, not the one who failed her people."

"You amaze me, you know that" Bailey's voice cracked slightly. "When I knew we were mates, I knew that you were going to change things for the better. I had no doubt that you were the one for me, none whatsoever" he said, taking my hand and kissing the palm of it as I relaxed and smiled at him. "I knew you were going to turn my world upside down and make me all the better for it."

"I was surprised that you accepted me so readily" I breathed as he hovered inches from my lips "but now I'm glad that you did."

His lips swooped down and kissed me lovingly, my arms reaching up to wrap themselves around his neck, my eyes closing in bliss, my body humming in delight as he deepened the kiss, leaving me moaning as I felt his tongue caressing my own, pulling back as I gasped for air and panted.

"I love you" he told me, "now and forever, Riley."

"I love you" I whispered as he began to pick me up and sweep me off my feet, cradling me against his chest, bridal style, his eyes darkening slightly with lust.

I felt my own body beginning to respond to him.

I missed him. My body craved him. It had been so long since we had been intimate, in that way. I stroked his arm with my fingernails, feeling my core beginning to throb between my legs as I became aroused. I saw his nostrils flare slightly as he began to walk determinedly towards the stairs. We glanced at each other, communicating silently without words, and he held me tighter against him as I snuggled against him, making our way towards the bedroom without interruption, where we proceeded to show each other exactly how we felt without needing to use words. I loved him as only I knew how, and he did the same, leaving us both collapsed in the bed in a haze of desire, satisfaction and the type of love that one only ever reads in fairytales and never dreams they would discover for themselves.

Inevitable

Chapter 115 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

Bailey POV

The sound of our bedroom door bursting wide open had both Riley and me sitting upright in haste, clutching the bedcovers hastily to our chests in a futile attempt to cover our nudity as Damien stood there panting, his chest heaving, his eyes quickly sliding away as he blushed and looked resolutely towards the ground. I gave a low growl, wondering what had caused him to come bursting into the room like that, thinking it had better be some kind of emergency, while Riley blushed and looked at me in confusion. I glanced at her and then back at Damien, feeling somewhat peeved.

"Damien, I trust you have a good reason for interrupting our sleep and almost giving us a damn heart attack" I snarled.

He had the good sense to look slightly ashamed. "Sorry about that" he said sheepishly, running a hand through his hair as I glowered at him, "but I thought you should know, the elders are on the way, they've been spotted a few miles out from the territory and well" he paused looking grim "there's a large number of them. It looks like they've brought their whole pack, and it's clear they've come looking for a fight."

I shot to my feet. "We suspected it wouldn't be long until the elders arrived demanding to know where the prisoners were" I murmured as Damien turned his back and I began to hastily grab some clothes.

"It might not be that" Riley said, also climbing out of bed with a wary glance at her brother before grabbing some clothes from her dresser "I destroyed their research lab, remember" she reminded me, "no doubt news of that has reached them as well. They are angry because we've taken something away from them that they've hidden for so many years."

"Either way, this isn't going to be a negotiation" I told her, putting my shoes on and waiting for her to finish dressing. "If they are here, it's because they want something, or it's to fight us."

"Idiots" Damien snorted with his back turned, "as if they have a hope of hell in winning with sirens on your side."

"They might be arrogant enough to think they still stand a chance or that we might stand down because of their positions" I told him as Damien turned around, both Riley and me now fully dressed. "You have to remember that they haven't been challenged before, not by anyone. This is all new territory for them, and they don't like to be questioned about their authority."

"Should have thought about that before holding other races hostage and performing sick experiments on them," Damien said bluntly "I have no sympathy for them. In fact, I hope they all die horrible deaths," he added.

"Where are Thomas and the other men, Callum and Cody?" I asked, heading towards the doorway.

Damien smirked. "Who do you think spotted them? Thomas was the one to sound the alert and contact Callum, who then contacted Cody and then Cody told me who...." he trailed off.

I glared "None of them thought to mind-link instead of having you burst into the room while I was naked?" I demanded frostily.

"Oh yeah" Damien rubbed his chin "that would have been far easier. Thomas was too far away to reach you, but I guess maybe Cody could have" he said unhelpfully as I shook my head in disgust, heading out of the room and down the stairs.

"Never mind" I muttered, resigned.

Sometimes shifters have a tendency to forget about the mind-link and think like humans. I can't become engrossed in something that is irrelevant now. For heaven's sake, they could have used their cellphones as well! Morons.

"What are we going to do?" Riley asked, as I turned to her.

"Riley start getting pack members to safety, women and children into the packhouse" I instructed her as she nodded, "even Tiana. I know she can help, but I would rather she stayed behind in case she's needed."

"Of course. I'll make sure the elderly are also safely in the pack house and double the security around the prisoners," Riley suggested as I nodded at her, grateful for her clear head and wisdom.

"Damien" he turned to me as Riley began to rush off, no doubt getting Marigold and some of the other women to help her with her role. "I want you to gather some of the warriors and have them surround the perimeter. Keep out of sight. I don't want anybody making a move unless I instruct you to. I know we can't mind-link" I sighed, a frustration that I couldn't quite keep buried, "but you'll know what the signal is because it will be blatantly obvious."

"I'll make sure that the territory is completely ensconced by warriors" Damien said.

"Good, ensure that Callum and Cody make their way back here. I'm going to need them and several sirens. I'm hoping to avoid a fight all together but..." I trailed off, the implications clear.

I had a feeling that the fight was inevitable.

"You think they'll be too proud to stand down," Damien guessed.

"It's not in their nature to stand down" I told him softly, "Not when their pride is at stake. They know that this is about to create war, but I doubt they realize the extent of our power and they've already underestimated our abilities. If they don't submit, which no sifter likes to do, because it creates conflict within their wolves, then the other alternative is to fight to the death."

"But you'll use the sirens in order to stop them before they can attack" Damien said quietly, glancing at me sharply "won't you?"

"If it becomes necessary, but I don't like using sirens as a weapon. They weren't created as a way to bring down other races and I would rather bring the elders down on my own."

"Riley won't let you" Damien said, looking down his nose at me "and neither would I. While we might not have been born to take out other packs, we know the value of our voices and our powers. To ask us to stand back, when something nefarious like this is going on, is to clip our wings when we would fly. Our loyalty is to you, King Bailey," he told me solemnly, as he began to walk away. "But don't forget that we are able to think for ourselves as well. We aren't puppets that are under your control."

I exhaled as he took off running. I knew that was a warning. I grimaced and headed towards the center of the grounds, watching as pack members, those that were vulnerable, were shepherded into the pack house by Riley and several other women, the children clutching tightly to their mother's hands or held tightly to their breasts. Callum and Cody sprinted towards me, looking quite frantic.

"They're almost here, there's not much time" Cody shouted at the top of his voice.

I waved my arms at the pack members "Move, run" I yelled, watching as the last few stragglers burst into the pack house, Marigold, Riley and two other sirens quickly heading back towards me, standing behind me with frosty expressions on their faces.

"How long?" I began to ask before the question was answered for me, by the sound of furious snarling and growling, wolves leaping out of the shadows and loping towards us with narrowed eyes.

I didn't need Callum and Cody to respond. It was obvious. The elders were here. They formed a half circle, at least several hundred of them, frothing at the mouths, dark expressions on their faces. I refused to be intimidated. A few warriors stood beside Callum and Cody, their bodies tensed for the confrontation. I put my arm out, preventing any of my men from moving forward. So far, the elders had failed to attack and were merely showing their displeasure and the vast number of them that there were.

"Shift" I said loudly, "if you wish to talk, before this becomes a bloodbath."

Perhaps they could still be reasoned with. It was worth a try before there became casualties.

It was the only warning they would get. One wolf glanced at the others and then moved away a few paces, their bones cracking and adjusting, before an elder man stood in front of me, his face contorted into an expression of fury. I knew who he was. Dominic Mathias, the leader of the elder's pack and in charge of them.

"King Bailey" he sneered, as I stood there motionless, "we have come to strip you of your title. It has come to our attention that you have behaved in a manner unbecoming of a man who leads the shifters. You have several of our comrades in your dungeon and I hereby order you to free them now" he added, drawing himself up. Furthermore," he added, looking pointedly at Riley who merely blinked at him, unimpressed by all of his haughtiness, "your mate is responsible for the destruction of valuable elder property and will be put on trial for the massacre of innocent men and vital information that was collected over the course of several years that now remains lost to us forever thanks to her."

The wolves all growled in unison, indicating their agreement. I heard Callum and Cody snort behind me. I wondered if Damien could hear this ridiculous speech from wherever he was standing.

"As of now, your title is no more," Elder Dominic continued, as though I was agreeable, "and you too will be put on trial to await the decision of us elders for the inexcusable crimes you have committed. I suggest that you comply and submit to us peacefully, before we are forced to take drastic measures against you all."

It was almost laughable at how he expected us to simply bow down and submit to them without so much as a word of protest.

Drastic measures? Was he referring to the large group of sifter wolves who continued to snarl and growl at us while Dominic stood there smug, waiting for a reply? Or was there something else that he had up his sleeve? I looked at him, seeing the small smile on his lips, and instinctively knew that this was not going to be as simple as I had imagined. Something was off. Dominic was too smug to be simply overestimating his abilities. He looked as though he knew something we didn't. I glanced at Riley and saw a frown on her face as she carefully studied the man as well. Callum and Cody were silent, their eyes watchful. My men stood motionless waiting for me to answer. Nobody dared to speak a word, the tension in the air so thick you could almost cut it with a knife. Whatever Dominic had up his sleeve, I thought calmly, did not amount to having a siren on his side and could not possibly defeat us. But my instincts were screaming that something was up as I looked at the man who raised a brow, patiently waiting for the surrender that he thought was coming his way.

"Make your decision, King Bailey" he said coldly. "Surrender now, while you are still able to, or die by the hand of the elders who have come here to ensure you never rule as leader of the sifters again."

Threats

Chapter 116 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

Riley POV

Arrogant. That was the first thought that crossed my mind, while I observed the leader of the elders, the man they called Dominic Mathias. He seemed self-assured, cocky as he taunted my mate, certain that my mate would bow down to his ridiculous demands and simply submit, allowing them to take his title without fuss or consequence. They seemed reassured that their vast numbers were going to be enough to save them, that we would be intimidated into doing what they wanted. We might not have as many as them behind us ready to fight, but that was because we didn't see the need to risk so many lives. I saw Marigold give me a swift glance and I nodded at her, attempting to reassure her. We would not bow down to them simply because they thought their superiority gave them the right. As it was, I could hear my siren voice inside my mind, urging me to sing, to show them all what I was capable of, my wolf also clamoring to do something. It was like being torn in two directions, fighting to keep my composure as I stood proudly next to Bailey, refusing to show any weakness or vulnerability. I would fight to the death if it came to that.

"You seem to be under the mistaken impression that I'm not going to fight back" my mate said to Dominic Mathias, who looked taken aback by his refusal, "or that I would agree to have my title

stripped willingly away from me. I don't know whether to compliment you on your arrogance or laugh at you" he sneered, curling his lip and raking his gaze over the elder with revulsion.

"Do not think that having sirens on your side will save you" Dominic sneered back, before raising his hand.

One by one, several women stepped out of the shadows, cloaked, their faces bowed down to the ground. I sniffed, puzzled by their scent, for a few moments. They didn't smell like shifters. Instead, their scent was of a different race altogether, and it struck me why Dominic and the other shifters had been so arrogant and condescending, why they had looked so confident as they addressed us. They had kept these women back for a reason. I swallowed hard as Dominic's eyes shone with triumph.

"Yes, Queen Riley" he said mockingly as I looked at him directly, "you may be a siren, but your voice can still be silenced by witches" he said, gesturing to the silent women in cloaks "did you think we would come unprepared for such treachery from you?"

He chuckled gleefully.

Witches. We should have known they would have used such a dirty trick. Instead, we'd relied on our voices as the main way of winning this battle. I shot a glance at my mate, but he continued to look unconcerned. Either he was coming up with another plan or he was merely refusing to let the elders see that we were rattled. I began to try to think of a way out of this, but nothing came to mind. I could feel myself beginning to panic.

"So you would rely on the witches to do the dirty work for you" Bailey said quietly, "rather than face us like the cowards you are."

"We are merely using what we have at our disposal", Dominic corrected in an angry voice, "much like you were preparing to do. Or do you deny that the sirens were going to sing their way into tricking all of us into a trance" he demanded icily.

Bailey smiled lazily "I don't deny it" he said, shocking the elder, "but how did you get so many witches to agree to do your bidding? What did you have to threaten them with to get them to do what you wanted?"

"We simply provided them with the necessary incentive" Dominic said dismissively.

"You see nothing wrong with that?" I growled, as he turned his attention to me "threatening other races to do your bidding? Have you no shame?" I demanded, while the witches continued to stare at the ground "your arrogance is astounding."

"Protest all you want, we have you outmaneuvered," Dominic said, "The logical thing for you both to do, is to submit now, before you are killed at our hands and your pack pays the price for your betrayal of us."

So now the pack was being threatened with punishment as well. It wasn't suprising. In fact, I had wondered when he would get around to making that threat. There was no way they wouldn't disband it for what they deemed as Bailey's betrayal of them.

"I'm afraid that's where I have to disagree with your assessment" a voice pleasantly said as we turned in confusion, to see a large group of beautiful men racing up to us, so fast they were practically blurs.

I frowned. The way they moved, the way they looked, their eyes. It was impossible to mistake what they were or rather who they were, still it was fascinating to watch them. The man in front looked almost regal, carrying himself with a confident air, and seemed to be in charge. The others looked towards him for guidance as they immediately situated themselves behind our group, causing us to look at them in surprise. It appeared they were willing to become allies of us immediately in this fight.

"Who are you?" Dominic snarled. "This doesn't concern you or your kind" his lip curled as he eyed the man in revulsion.

"That's where you are wrong" the vampire hissed, his eyes narrowing at the elder, glowing a bright red "Your kind killed my son", he roared, as Dominic took a step back in fright.

Realization dawned. "You must be King Julian" I said quietly as the man turned to me, a small smile appearing on his face.

"You must be Queen Riley" he bowed his head "I owe you gratitude for freeing my men. I have heard nothing but kind words from them, and you salvaged my son's ring which I now wear as a precious memento. It grieves me that I was never able to say goodbye to him, and the knowledge of what he experienced at the hands of those". He paused and looked at the shifters "elders, fills me with nothing but revulsion and anger. Never have I hated a species before as I hate you" he told them as they snarled at him, "and it would do me great pleasure to do away with you all," he added as the other vampire males behind us nodded in agreement, slow smiles spreading across their faces.

"You can do nothing against witches" blustered Dominic, glancing towards the cloaked women, as though trying to reassure himself.

A lazy smile spread across King Julian's face. He turned and nodded towards one of his men. His man moved so fast it was difficult to see him, grabbing one of the witches by the throat and breaking her neck in front of us all. The other witches, moving backwards away from him, were startled.

"Your witches are no match for our speed" King Julian said casually as the man dropped the body roughly to the ground and sped back to join our group, "something you should know considering you conducted so many experiments" he spat.

"We'll take just as many of you out with us" Dominic bluffed, already beginning to sweat.

King Julian wasn't listening. He turned to Bailey and lifted a brow, holding his hand out. I watched my mate shake his hand, both men eyeing each other warily. He then turned to me and took my hand, kissing it to his lips, while Bailey glared at him and I tried not to giggle at the ridiculousness of it, while Dominic stared incredulously.

"You're just as beautiful as they described". King Julian continued to ignore a seething Dominic "and twice as lovely as I imagined. Tell me Queen" he said, while Bailey looked ready to throttle the man who was flirting with his mate, "what would you have us do? How can we assist you?" he said, looking back at the shifters. "Would you have us kill them all?" he asked solemnly.

It was tempting. So tempting as I looked over at the elders who were continuing to snarl and growl, pawing the ground. But without a trial, without public support, it could backfire on us. We needed them alive, or at least a vast majority of them, in order to sway the public and reveal the truth about what they had done. I sighed.

"As much as I would like to have them all die slow and painful deaths" I said pleasantly, watching King Julian give a small smile, "I fear that we need some of them alive at least. We want to give a public trial and want all the leaders of the different races to be present. It's only fair to those who were affected by what they did," I added, as King Julian's eyes went dark for a moment.

"You speak wisely" he said with a slow nod, "Ours was not the only race trapped in those cages in the compound" he sighed, "and every victim deserves to speak about the atrocities that were done to them. There is no justification for what they did, claiming it was for science and the betterment of their own race is nothing but a cop out" he added with a growl, fixing his eyes back on the shifters.

"Even with the vampires, you don't stand a chance of winning" Dominic said, backing away slightly into the shifters who formed a protective group around him. "You'll have casualties, injured men. Are you willing to risk all that, King Bailey? Are you willing to risk the life of your mate or that of your children?" he smirked, "the children your mate carries in her very womb right now?"

Bailey's eyes widened, and he let out a menacing growl while King Julian looked at me in surprise. "Who told you that?" he snarled.

"Never mind how I know" Dominic shot back, "only that I know your precious mate is pregnant. If you fight, I will command the shifters to go directly for her. She won't be safe. Neither will the children she carries. Do you still want to proceed?"

"Coward" King Julian muttered, "To threaten a pregnant woman is about as low and despicable as one can get."

I touched Bailey's hand. "Don't worry about me, this is something we have to do," I told him as he looked at me torn "We knew the dangers going into this."

I saw him swallow hard, saw him glance at my stomach. I saw King Julian nod to some of his men and within moments several of them had surrounded me.

"Do not leave her side" he ordered in a low tone. "Not for anything."

The men nodded seriously and Bailey looked towards Dominic, who shifted into his wolf form, clearly sensing the renewed anger and seeing the violence on Bailey's face. The witches began to raise their hands in unison, their cloaks falling off their faces as they turned to look at my group. The fight began in earnest, as Vampires sprinted towards the witches and Bailey shifted in front of us, heading directly into the group of shifters, King Julian joining him.

Lost Pride

Chapter 117 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

King Bailey POV

The arrival of King Julian was almost serendipitous. None of us had considered the possibility of the Elder's using witches to prevent us from entrancing them with the sirens on our side. We should have, knowing them for the cowards they truly were. As I shifted and shot myself into the melee, my eyes were on one shifter in particular, his wolf in the thick of the group, as I rushed headlong into them, fury coursing through me. I was angry. I was filled with rage. Dominic Mathias had gone too far when he openly threatened my mate in front of her, mentioning her vulnerable condition and instructing the other elders to go directly for her. Bastard. I would have been hesitant to move, had it not been for the Vampire King and his men who had moved to surround her, the look of confidence and assurance on Riley's face the only thing preventing me from remaining by her side, no matter how much I might wish to stay. I had to remember that she was just as capable, even in the condition she was.

As I barreled through several wolves, I landed directly in front of Dominic's wolf, watching from the corner of my eye as several witches were swiftly dealt with before they could so much as make a simple gesture or utter a spell to counterattack the vampires. I would have felt sympathy for the poor women, had it not been for the fact that the fate of myself, my mate and my pack were currently on the line. I didn't have the luxury of being sympathetic as I rushed towards Dominic, swiping his midsection with claws, while several vampire males flanked me, keeping other elders from interfering and turning attention towards them instead. I let out a ferocious roar, intent on destroying the man and also aware of the need to keep him alive, despite my intense desire to see him dead.

Dominic snarled, launching at me. I swiftly dodged to the side, avoiding his attack just in time and rolling out of the way. I turned swiftly and brought my paws up just in time as he attempted to leap on me, swinging my arm and sending him flying backwards into the trunk of a thick tree, his body sliding down and hitting the ground with a heavy thud as he let out a small yelp. My Lycan purred with maliciousness and licked his lips in satisfaction, lumbering over and dragging him by the tail, sending him sprawling across the ground, growling with frustration.

I expected more considering that he's an elder my Lycan snarled, impatient either he's toying with us or all the talk about his power and prowess is simply a bunch of bullshit and ...

Lies spread by a group of men who would do anything to maintain their reputation. I told him, slightly amused, while my Lycan growled frustrated.

Either way, this isn't the fight I was anticipating he sulked.

Dominic lunged towards us, snapping his jaws and clamping them around our arm as we impatiently shook him off and then jumped lightly on top of him, stunning him because he stayed immobile before attempting to buck us off as we held on tight and bent our jaws to his neck. I cut his throat, deep but not deep enough to kill, hearing him whimper pathetically beneath me. I saw vampires effectively working to take out elders together and as I glanced towards my mate, I could see that for now she was safe, with all the witches' bodies lying on the ground, while Riley's eyes began to glow, a look of pure rage beginning to show on her face. I gritted my teeth. I knew that look. I knew it well. It always happened just before an explosion of anger on Riley's part. Either she would go too far or she would simply lull them into a trance. I bit down on Dominic's neck, listening to him pant and whine beneath me. I needed him to submit and admit that he had been defeated. Instead, he flopped to the ground and took me off guard, causing me to fall before swiftly taking to his feet and running through the group.

A haunted melody began to sound through the air. Beautiful and poignant, another voice rose to join it in perfect unison. It was enough to bring tears to one's eyes. I felt my body responding, even as I stared towards Dominic, desperate to finish the fight, wanting to ensure he didn't get away while he still had the chance. My body began to shake, my limbs trembling. The vampires looked fascinated towards the source of the sound, towards Riley and Marigold, who were holding hands and lifting their chins, both of their eyes blazing as they stared down at the lot of us, pain and anger mixing with notes of despair and fury. Without thought, my body shifted back to human form and I blinked, coming back to myself in surprise, my body moving until I stood behind my mate, while the vampires, followed by an amused looking King Julian who did the same, while the elder's began to transform into their own human forms, one by one, standing there, looking lost and helpless. This was no ordinary song. This was more. I could feel the air, I could feel the chill that formed as I stood there. Riley's eyes were dark, not simply blue and orange tinged, but so black that they looked obsidian with orange rimmed around them. Her facial expression turned glacial. Marigold's did the same. None of the women looked like their ordinary selves. Their hair flowed around them, while we stood a short distance back, not daring to approach them as the music grew steadily louder and steadily more eerie and ominous. Slowly, the elders began to sink onto their knees, their bodies shaking violently, unable to move, while Riley and Marigold opened their mouths wider, the song becoming more piercing and

dark. I stared at my mate, fascinated and also apprehensive. Riley was unpredictable, or at least her siren side tended to be. It was virtually impossible to tell what she was trying to achieve right now, but I sensed it was nothing good.

I stared stoically ahead, listening to stunned gasps. A scream filled the air. The scream was bloodcurdling. I looked and saw Damien clutching at the grass, his body heaving and shaking, a look of desperation on his face as he scrabbled and clawed at the dirt, only to collapse on the ground, a look of hopelessness on his face, a tear trailing down his cheek as though he'd been stripped of something precious, of something that we could not see. Riley's eyes narrowed. She continued. I watched in awe as more elders did the same as Dominic, clutching at themselves and crying out, until all of them lay there, looking lost and wan, the fight well and truly faded out of them. Riley and Marigold's song began to peter out, slowing, becoming softer in harmony, until their voices faded and then dwindled away, leaving all of us motionless, all of us afraid to speak.

Dominic Cain got to his feet as I moved to intercept him, lest he try to hurt Riley. "You" he hissed, "You abomination. Do you have any idea of what you have done?" he roared, staggering forward and then falling back to his knees "you have ruined us all" he screamed, while the other elders remained silent, staring hopelessly at the grass.

They all looked broken and weak.

King Julian's lip curved up "I like your style, Sirens" he said, nodding approvingly. "A fitting punishment for those so proud of their lineage", he guffawed, "nothing to be proud of now though, is there" he mocked.

I was having trouble keeping up with the conversation and still had no idea what Marigold and Riley had done to the elders, but my Lycan was smug, aware of it and refusing to divulge exactly. Frustrated, I turned to my mate.

"What did you do?" I asked quietly.

I was not about to anger my mate while her eyes remained dark as night. I still had to concern myself with my own survival.

She focussed her attention on Dominic, who was beating his fist on the ground like a petulant child. "I took that away which mattered to them most" she said simply.

I stared. Took away what was most precious to the elders? They were proud of being shifters, surely that didn't mean she had....my thoughts trailed off as suspicion lurked in my mind. I looked at her sharply.

"I took away their wolves, Bailey," she said, as though it was no big deal, looking down her nose at the men who were staring off into the distance while the vampires smirked." I took away the one thing they cared about more than anything. They are no better than humans right now" she finished, and several elders gave a gasp, some of the women sobbing into their hands.

"You've ruined us all" one cried, glaring at Riley hatefully "you've destroyed the very foundation that has helped sifers become the race they are today. Do you think that the other Alpha's and Luna's will stand for this?"

"I think you overestimate your importance" King Julian spoke up, his eyes glittering with mirth as he took in the scene, his men looking to him for instructions, "and I think that a bit of humility will do you some good. While I would love nothing more than to kill you all painfully and very, very slowly", he paused and gave a wicked grin, his canines showing as several elders cowered away from him. "I realize the futility of it. So King Bailey, with your permission, my men will gather these unfortunate" he sniffed, "creatures, and place them in the dungeons to await trial", he concluded.

I looked at my grounds. Some of the elders had been killed, lessening their numbers, but there was still a large number left alive. There would have to be several to a cell, it couldn't be helped, unless we killed a few more, something I suspected that King Julian wouldn't be opposed to if I was to suggest it. I spoke quickly before he came to that conclusion himself, motioning to my own men, Thomas, Callum and Cody, who immediately began to direct the vampire men, who looked grateful for the assistance, while Damien came out and joined us.

"Ah, another siren, although male" King Julian studied him fascinated, "do you sing too?" he asked, and Damien shook his head.

"Sorry male sirens aren't born with that ability."

"Shame" muttered King Julian, with genuine regret.

Riley seemed to gather herself while Marigold looked away, unable to meet anybody's eyes. "King Julian" she said, bowing her head. "It is a pleasure to be in your company. May we offer you something to eat now that this is all over?" she asked.

King Julian laughed "I doubt that you possess the kind of food we eat" he said, eyeing her neck as I bristled, "but I would be happy to come inside your home and discuss what your next strategy might be? I feel like there is a lot to discuss" he added warmly, and I saw Riley nod, before taking my hand and beginning to tug me towards the pack house, side by side with her, the others following along in our wake.

Angelic Arrival

Chapter 118 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

Riley POV

The vampires are a fascinating race. They seemed to be just as fascinated as we were, King Julian studying Damien intently while we sat gathered quietly around the dining table. "I assumed that male sirens existed, for the species would not be able to exist without them, but have never laid eyes on a male one before" the king said, as Damien chewed on a piece of toast, unfazed by all the attention he was receiving from the vampires.

I hid a smile. "To be honest, even Damien didn't know that he was part siren, until I coaxed that side out of him" I said, while my mate sat beside me, his hand resting on my thigh, a sign of protectiveness or perhaps a warning to the other males who would get too close for his comfort.

"Really? That sounds fascinating" King Julian said quietly "perhaps you could tell me about that some other time" he suggested, before drawing himself up and looking at Bailey and me holding hands together.

"I had dreams of my son finding his mate one day" he said, causing all of us to still, his voice filled with grief, "of having grandchildren to hold and to be able to resign my position secure in the knowledge that it would safely be in his hands."

He sounded forlorn. Even though he looked like he was in his mid-thirties at most, there was no way to tell for certain just how old King Julian was. Vampires can live for hundreds of years without aging any further as long as they take care of themselves and continue to nourish their bodies with the most vital thing their race requires to survive. Blood.

I felt for him. He looked down at his hands and exhaled. I reached forward, unable to help myself, and touched his hand, causing him to look at me in surprise.

"I am truly sorry for your loss, King Julian" I said thickly, "and I wish there was something I could do to make you feel better."

He looked amused "My dear, it is not your burden to carry or your pain to bear on my behalf. What you are doing, may not heal me or take the pain away, but it will bring some sort of closure. It will bring me great pleasure to see the Elders face trial for their crimes against the various species. It has inspired me to look over my own people and make sure that something this horrendous, this disastrous, this monstrous" he paused, his eyes beginning to gleam a bright crimson red as his words became more passionate "never happens to us again."

"Does that mean you are willing to sign the treaty between the species?" My voice was low, but my eyes were filled with hope.

A treaty, a pact between the species, to make sure that nothing like this ever happens again. Not only would every species be safe from being experimented on again, but sirens, my race, would be saved from extinction. If we could persuade King Julian to join the cause, to lend his voice and his signature to the legal document, then we stood a good chance of convincing others to do the same. One species had to make the first move, to break away from their group and have the

courage to stand up and do what they believed in. We couldn't accomplish this on our own. We needed allies. Friendly allies. We needed to forge relationships, connections and networks between everyone. We couldn't simply just remain cloistered in our own individual packs anymore, if we wanted all the other creatures to live together in harmony.

King Julian's expression was grave. "I understand the magnitude of what you are asking" he said, glancing at his men who remained motionless in their seats, his eyes still bright red as he paused, looking thoughtful.

I saw my mate tense on his seat, saw Damien's eyes narrow as he stared down the table, saw the way Callum, Cody and Thomas glanced at each other. None of us wanted to speak, lest we break the spell or ruin the atmosphere, the tension growing in the air.

"For too long we've stayed in the shadows, fearful of the repercussions of living freely in our territories, or of the consequences of showing our true numbers and the strength behind us. We've always viewed the elders as somebody to be suspicious of, as well as the shifters as a species", King Julian revealed gruffly, "and as a result we have failed to form any communication or even attempt to communicate with your kind either," he told Bailey, who nodded looking solemn.

"I think we made a grave mistake" he continued, while his men nodded in agreement. We should have been more willing to spread out and acclimatize to different packs. Who knows" he shrugged, looking slightly ashamed, "we might have had more of our kind finding their mates had we done that. We have so many unmated males and females, still looking for mates, that I wonder if they can be found in a different race, a different pack to our own" he said, sighing.

"It's possible. Riley, for instance, is half shifter, half siren," Bailey said quietly, "yet she is my mate and I cannot deny the bond that is between us that makes it evident that she is my mate."

"Yet I have heard that you were not her first mate" I stiffened at King Julian's words, although they were not meant to be cruel, simply a statement.

"Yes". I looked him directly in the eyes. "Bailey was not my first mate. Alpha Jaxon was an Alpha and I rejected him. He could not make up his mind whether he wanted a siren for a mate." I spat out "and he was abusive and cruel. I was not going to wait around. Bailey might be my second chance mate". I paused and looked lovingly at my mate, taking his hand and squeezing it, "but he is the only mate that matters to me and I love him more than I could ever say."

King Julian bowed his head in acknowledgment. "My apologies if I offended you both" he said, while I shook my head, leaning back in my chair. "I merely find it intriguing and quite hopeful that second chance mates exist. None of my kind have ever had such a situation like that occur."

No wonder he was so surprised by the news. He looked thoughtful. "I will sign the treaty between the races and the packs" he said, looking grave. "But I'm afraid that I will be the easiest of the races to convince. You have years of distrust, suspicion and rivalries to deal with, and I

admire your willingness to even attempt such a monumental feat such as this one, but have you considered the very real possibility that you might fail?"

Silence. Although his words were harsh, his tone was kind. I bit the inside of my lip. I had to make him understand. "It will only fail if we believe it will fail" I said tightly, "but I happen to believe that in the toughest of times, in the most trying of circumstances, the races can come together and forge a new path together that will benefit all the races."

"You are a romantic Queen Riley". King Julian's voice was soft as he smiled sadly at me. "I hope that you don't lose that quality. The world becomes a dark and dreary place when you start seeing nothing but the negative side of it."

I swallowed. Bailey cleared his throat. Thomas cocked his head, but King Julian put his hand up. "My men hear them, although your kind may not yet."

"Hear what?" I asked, confused, although my siren was beginning to hum in my mind, celestial tunes, so angelic it brought tears to my eyes.

Beautiful music that I had never heard before sounded in my mind, while my wolf was uncertain, a little apprehensive. I looked down the table and saw perplexed expressions on Bailey and the other men. I stood up and King Julian smiled.

"There is no need to rush. They will come in their own sweet time" he said, lifting his chin up and sighing deeply "they always did like to make a grand entrance," he added with a slight scowl and a scoff.

Who were they? Why was this music so poignant and so beautiful that all I could do was listen to it, spellbound? My siren was humming in harmony, her excitement contagious. I could feel my body trembling slightly as I clutched at the table, my eyes rising to meet a bewildered Baileys.

Music, reminiscent of a forest, so real I could hear the sounds of a stream, the sounds of leaves falling from trees to the ground. I could practically smell the pine from pine trees. It was unreal. My eyes began to shine, while the men began to stand up woodenly. King Julian looked at us all amused, his men also sighing, rolling their eyes and standing up. He peered at us and then shook his head.

"Haven't you worked it out yet, Queen Riley? Does your siren not hear their sweet angelic music or hear the sounds of their voices calling to you?" he asked.

I frowned. He chuckled. "I guess when you're not used to meeting them or have only met them under different circumstances it can be a bit intimidating" he said, "but if I were to hazard a guess, and I'm pretty certain I'm right, although it's been a few years since I can recall" he added further mystifying me "I would say that the fae are here. Or to be more precise" he said with a long pause, "Her majesty the queen has arrived and decided to grace us with her presence. Why else would we be hearing the sounds of an enchanted forest or such sweet music from out of nowhere?" he asked, and I gaped, realizing he was right.

It all made perfect sense. Only the fae would bring such sweet music to our ears.

My siren hummed. I began to move, towards the front of the pack house, opening the door, with Bailey and the others right behind me. As we poured out onto the front of the house, A woman and a large entourage began to slowly descend from the clouds, her wings spread brightly, shimmering beneath the sun, delicately touching the ground with her foot and then turning towards us, her tiara dazzling on her gorgeous blonde hair as she smiled sweetly at us all.

"I would like to speak to Queen Riley, Queen of the Sirens and savior of some of my people" the lady said, her voice like tingling bells as she stared at our group, her chin lifted slightly in defiance, her wings slowly shrinking into her back until they were gone, and she looked merely human.

My voice was barely a whisper as I stepped forward on quivering legs, feeling intimidated by this beautiful woman who looked too stunning to be real, let alone be standing in front of me.

"I'm Riley" I said as she looked over me, her lips curving into a smile "and you are?" I stammered.

"Queen Titania of the fairies and my entourage. I believe we were expected?"

Titania

Chapter 119 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

King Bailey POV

The fae. Queen Titania herself is here, in the flesh. I'm in awe, unable to take my eyes off her, stepping closer to my mate protectively, while the faery queen holds out her hand to Riley, shaking it gently, her pale pink lips curved into a gentle smile. When her wings proceeded to disappear from her back, it had been like watching magic and as she allowed me to take her hand and gently clasp it, I could feel the smoothness of her skin and how it emanated warmth from within. There was something otherworldly about her, but then that was typical of the fae, or what I had been led to believe. The entourage was quiet, about a dozen fierce soldiers, tight expressions on their faces, hands at their sides as they waited for their queen to speak.

"Queen Titania, forgive us if we seem rude. We were not expecting you for a few more days", I bowed my head quickly, watching as the queen turned to me amused, "and so find ourselves quite speechless for a moment."

"Yes, I'm sorry" Riley apologized hastily while the queen let out a tinkling laugh, the vampires shooting each other uneasy glances "we must appear to be quite rude."

"Nonsense" the queen said warmly, before surprising us all and offering her hand to King Julian, a watchful look on her face. "Perhaps we should have sent back a reply with a more specific date, but by the time it would have arrived, we would have already been here."

King Julian shook the Queen's hand, a wry smile on his face. "Your beauty is just as described Queen Titania, and yet I find you to be even more gorgeous than any other creature I have laid eyes on," he told her.

Riley looked disgruntled by that comment. "I think you're the most beautiful woman in the world", I murmured in her ear, and my mate relaxed as King Julian kissed the back of the Fae Queen's hand and released it.

"Well, I must say that you are a handsome devil" the queen looked at King Julian appreciatively as he chuckled "your species is certainly just as beautiful as I pictured" she purred.

Was she flirting with the Vampire King? Even Riley looked just as bewildered as I did, but the other vampire males and Damien looked highly amused, some of them even chuckling wildly.

"We're grateful that you came" I quickly interjected.

The queen held up a hand. "Before we go any further" her voice turned glacial, her expression hard. "I must express my personal thanks for rescuing those of my kind that were wrongly imprisoned by those that you call elders of the shifter race. They came to me, with wings that were torn and broken, with souls that were filled with pain and despair. They spoke of the one who freed them, of Queen Riley" she nodded at my mate, "of the compassion she showed and for that I am eternally grateful."

Riley looked shocked. "I did what anybody in my position would have done Queen Titania. You should not treat it as though I did something miraculous."

"You put yourself in harms way to save them. It takes a special kind of courage to do that, particularly when your own kind has not been shown the same amount of kindness and grace" she said pointedly, looking at Riley, who flushed. "Unfortunately, even with our powers and resources, I am unable to bring back the wings stolen from them or bring back the dead we lost."

Silence. The vampires nodded solemnly in the background. The Fae Queen looked pensive for a moment, a flash of sadness crossing her face. "I failed my kind, by ignoring what was happening beyond my very nose. I failed to see what was happening, and I failed to take action against those who did them harm. I am responsible for my race, for the very survival of them and their mere existence. To be Queen is to be responsible for everyone, no matter what their status or position may be."

"Then we have something in common" King Julian's voice was dark, "because I too failed my people."

The queen straightened her shoulders. "I wish to see the elders who did this to my kind. I wish to look them in the eyes and see them for the monsters that they are. We have the ability to see into their hearts" her voice was soft, "and while my people are a forgiving sort, we will not forgive them for this."

"They are currently in the dungeon" I said, with an uneasy glance at Riley, who was biting her lip "I'm not sure that all of you will fit," I added, glancing at her entourage.

She glanced behind her. "Leave us" she ordered gently.

One soldier hesitated, but the others turned on their heel and began to make their way towards the grounds, finding the shade of a large tree to sit beneath. Queen Titania's eyes narrowed at the lone soldier left. "Leave" she insisted.

The Fae sighed and then walked towards his comrades. King Julian smirked and then gestured for his men to follow him back towards the Fae. "We might as well get to know each other" he said with a shrug, as I glanced at him suspiciously.

Queen Titania didn't look concerned in the slightest, merely smiling and nodding at the Vampire King, who grinned at her.

"This way, Queen Titania," I said, leading her back into the packhouse and towards the dungeon, the Queen keeping up with my stride with ease, the sound of her soft footsteps padding behind us. As we descended the stairs I heard a small gasp, but that was the only indication the Queen ever gave of any discomfort as we entered, and she looked at all the cells, filled with several elders, men, women, staring blankly out of the bars, the only ones restrained, the few who still possessed their wolves. It was dark and dim in the dungeon, the air smelling moldy and metallic. The Queen wrinkled her nose as she glanced at the prisoners who were silent.

"They look normal" she whispered, sounding shocked "where are there wolves?"

"I took them" Riley's voice was dismissive. "They didn't deserve to have them anymore."

I flinched. Riley's voice sounded cold and callous. I expected that the queen would take offense or maybe be upset by Riley's decision, but instead she nodded, looking at Riley appreciatively. "It is a fitting punishment for them, although not as harsh a punishment they would have received from us" she said in a low murmur, "but I have to admit that I like your style."

Huh. "Bitches." I tensed as I heard Elder James's voice, his eyes narrowed, a glower on his face "you'll get yours" he added with a snarl "all of you will."

"Mind your tongue" Riley snapped, but Queen Titania shook her head and moved closer, staring at the Elder who dared to insult her.

"You" she said quietly, "You knew about the research compound, you participated in dragging some of the prisoners to the torture room," she added as the elder's jaw went slack in surprise, "I can see the images in your mind, Elder James," she continued venomously "I can see exactly what you did, and I can even see how black your heart is. Your heart is nothing but rotten to the core. So monstrous and so full of evil that it's a miracle it continues to beat for you" she hissed. "Yours is a life that was wasted, and when you are gone, nobody will be there to mourn you. Such is the patheticness of your life."

He opened his mouth to say something back and her hand slashed across the air. His lips clamped together, and he made a mumbling sound, unable to open them again. "I find your voice to be particularly unpleasant, and I take offense to being called such a derogatory name by a man such as yourself" Queen Titania continued in a loud voice "I think you should shut up for now" she finished "and believe me, you won't be able to open those lips of yours until I decide I want you to. Even if it means you starve to death or of thirst."

The elder glared at her, but she stepped daintily away and continued to look around. There was a twisted smile on her lips. "So easy" she whispered as I listened to her, a strange expression on her face, "it would be so easy to just kill them all now, right here and bury their bodies beneath the earth where they might never be found again."

"Queen Titania" Riley's voice was soft "I understand your pain, but..."

"Oh, I know" the queen interrupted, "they are to await trial, for the devastation they have wrought on the various species. I won't interfere with that, although it's tempting," she added, "but if I were to simply kill them, I wouldn't be any better than what they were, would I?" she asked.

"No" I said, looking her in the eyes, "and you're better than that. You won't lower yourself to their level."

She looked surprised and then nodded. "I have seen enough" she said grimly. "I have no desire to remain down here with the stench of these people. Instead, let us go back upstairs" she said with a long exhale and a forced smile, "where there is fresh air and where I might check on my men. The vampire King's heart is surprisingly red and loving, despite it not beating" she added whimsically.

"He is nice" Riley stammered, shooting me a confused look.

I shrugged as we made our way back to the stairs. It sounded as though the Fae Queen was quite fond of the Vampire King already, or perhaps she was fascinated with the species as a whole.

"Let us discuss this treaty or pact that you called it", Queen Titania frowned as we made our way back into the main part of the pack house.

"You would sign it?" I asked as she made her way towards the front door with a look of resolve on her face.

"Did you have any doubt that I would?" she asked as she looked back at us over her shoulder. "I imagine that King Julian has already agreed to add his name to it?" she asked.

"Yes, the Vampire King has agreed to add his name and species to the pact" I informed her as we stepped out into the sunshine, blinking at the bright light.

Queen Titania gave me a broad grin "then by all means, so will the fae. If this is the first step in a battle to ensure this never happens again, to ensure that each and every species is protected, guaranteed to not only survive but given a chance to thrive, then I would be proud to add the Fae to it."

Her eyes twinkled with good humor "Who knows, maybe some of us will find we have mates in the vampire packs. Wouldn't that be fascinating?" she declared, walking towards the group chatting amiably together underneath the large tree.

"She's different" Riley commented in awe.

"Unique" I said dryly, "but now we have two species willing to sign the agreement."

"Four", Riley corrected "I will stand for the sirens, and you will sign for the lycans. Witches and Bear shifters are the last that we sent invitations to and as we find more races, we'll add them."

"Let's hope they come then, before King Julian or Queen Titania become impatient" I said, while my mate nodded in agreement.

Condemnation

Chapter 120 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

Riley POV

"I, as the representative of the Fae race and as their queen, hereby agree to sign this pact and become allies of all those who sign alongside me", Queen Titania announced, signing the papers with a flourish as her entourage stood behind her, their faces wreathed in smiles at this monumental occasion, her long hair cascading down her shoulders.

She stepped backwards as King Julian took her place. "I, King Julian, representative of the Vampire race, sign this pact and agree to become allies with all those who sign with me," he said, winking at me as I blushed and Bailey glowered at the handsome man, who chuckled as he carefully added his signature to the legal document.

Dustin was next, the choice for the bear shifters. A big hulking man, he lumbered up towards the desk, hunching his shoulders and looking awkward as he stepped forward. He had not been easy to convince, but somehow, Queen Titania of all people had managed to talk him around and as I saw him look around the room, it was clear he still had reservations, but he was keeping them to himself as he took up the pen, swallowing hard, a look of resolve coming over his face.

"I, Dustin" he said gruffly, looking hard at us all, "the representative of the bear shifters, do hereby agree to sign this legal document, agreeing to become allies of all the races gathered here and any future ones who sign this document. I add my name in the hopes of creating a better future where we live in harmony and peace, forging a friendship with those who would ensure the survival of all the races."

We watched silently as he wrote and signed his name on his people's behalf.

Sarah was next. A pleasant middle-aged woman, with a brilliant smile and twinkling eyes. We were surprised to have her arrive, but within minutes of her speaking, we had instinctively known the reason. She was the perfect choice for the witches; wise, experienced, clairvoyant and able to read the minds of those she touched. She had insisted on reading us all before she would agree to anything and the future she had seen, or at least one of the possibilities, had brought tears to her eyes. She had blinked tears back and simply stated they would join without divulging what the future held.

"I Sarah, the chosen one for the witches, agree to sign this document on their behalf, tying us as allies to all the races gathered here today and for those who sign in the future, forging a bond like no other and ensuring the survival of all species" her voice rang out loud and clear, her eyes glinting, her facial expression turning determined.

She took the pen and signed her name, bowing her head for a moment, before stepping back and joining the others. She was the only one who had come alone, without an entourage, but she stood there confident, her eyes fixed straight ahead.

Bailey was the next to stand. He eyed the crowd gathered with a solemn expression. "I, as the Lycan King, choose to be the representative of the Lycan race" he said quietly, "I sign this document today on their behalf, to ensure that the atrocities performed by the shifter elders are never performed again on any innocent creature, no matter their race. I signed this document willingly and with my own free will, forging a path that's never before been created, tying myself as an ally to all who stand here in this room, along with those who would sign this paper in the future. I remain loyal to all those who would work in tandem to ensure the peaceful coexistence of our species and who would work together to create a world that accepts us all."

Watchful eyes as Bailey, my mate, gripped the pen with a hard grip and signed the paper with the largest signature of all, declaring his allegiance. A momentous occasion, but there was still one signature that remained to be signed.

I stood up, lifting my chin proudly, my eyes blazing. I met my brother Damien's eyes and saw the pride on his face, saw the small smile on his lips as he nodded towards me, Marigold and the

other sirens beside him. There was a look of relief on their faces as well as hope shining in their eyes. No doubt they had never thought they would see this day. I forced myself to look over the crowd, to meet all of their eyes. "The sirens are close to extinction, hunted and killed without mercy by those who have feared them all these years. The safety of my kind, the very existence of them, falls to me as their leader. No longer, will I allow my people to be hunted, murdered or taken for research purposes. No longer will they hide in the shadows, trying to eke out a living. No longer will they be looked down upon as being an inferior race. As I sign this paper, I do with pride, guiding the sirens to a new future, one where they will be able to live in peace, where they can live freely among the packs, able to mate and reproduce without punitive measures. Children will be given the opportunity that all children are given, the education sorely needed and the chance to further improve their lives. It's a long road ahead for us, but I know that with the help of those gathered here, we will continue to not only thrive as a species, but one day flourish and increase in number.

I took hold of the pen, a smile on my face. I placed it against the paper. I could feel my heart beating in excitement, my siren humming lowly in my mind, my wolf purring in agreement. My hand moved, and the paper was signed. It was done. I let go of the pen, exhaling loudly. Everything that we had been working for, everything that we had been pushing for, had come down to this moment and now it was over. Wasn't it? But there was still one thing awaiting us all, one thing that continued to bind us, one thing that continued to put a darkness over us. Silence. None of us spoke, but eventually King Julian cleared his throat and looked at each one of us.

"We can no longer prolong the inevitable" he said softly, turning to look at everyone, "The Alphas and Lunas are gathered, awaiting us, and we agreed that this would take place today. Now that the pact is signed, and we have become allies, we must uphold our promise and do what we agreed."

"It is time" my mate said, inclining his head and turning to Thomas and his other men, including Damien, "Gather the warriors and begin the process. Bring out Dominic Mathias first" he instructed softly, "as the leader of the elders, with knowledge and the responsibility of his people, his trial should rightfully be conducted first, followed by the others."

Thomas nodded and gestured towards Damien and the others, who followed him silently out of the room. "We must go to the ground", my mate instructed the rest of us, forcing us to begin moving, "Everything has already been prepared. I must warn you though, that this will not be pleasant and no one would think less of you if you were to leave or ask to be left out of this whole process."

Everybody looked at each other but nobody protested. It seemed that everybody was in agreement and wanted to take part in the trials, punishing those responsible for the crimes committed against their kind. Even Sarah's lips were tight, and her eyes had gone glacial. It was a little unnerving, and I shivered as we walked outside, towards the large group gathered in the middle of the grounds, Alpha's and Lunas bowing their heads respectfully. None of them objected to the presence of the other races, having already met beforehand, while Bailey and I had worked hard, communicating with the packs and bringing them up to speed on what crimes

they had done and why they were being put on trial. We had suspected there would be a few objections, but to our astonishment, except for a few Alphas, the vast majority had been in support of us and the other races, coming along to show us exactly that.

"The trial for the elders is about to begin", King Bailey addressed the crowd, "I ask that you remain respectful during it and that you be respectful to the representatives here today from the different races."

Nods all around. I saw several Alpha's looking at Queen Titania with interest and several Luna's looking towards King Julian and Dustin with fascination, trying to hide my grin.

My mate's eyes narrowed. "The first prisoner is being brought out" he announced stiffly.

We turned as we heard his voice, rising in panic "You can't do this, you have no right, let me go you bastards!" he shouted, flailing and kicking as Damien and Thomas dragged him to the center of the circle we created for him, forcing him to kneel with force, his head rising to look piteously at the crowd. Unfortunately for him, they did not return the look, open revulsion on several faces as they stared back at him.

"Don't just stand there and stare like imbeciles" Dominic Cain hissed, "Can't you see what they are doing? Don't you see what an obvious ploy this is to get rid of the elders and the last chance for the shifters to remain in power? Are you all really this naive?" he shouted.

Silence. Several Alphas glowered at him. Luna's turned away, unable to look the man in the eyes. I hid my amusement. Dominic Mathias had been so certain that he would be rescued, that he would be vilified at the trial, but it looked as though that was not about to happen. Not anytime soon.

"Are you all completely blind?" Dominic screamed, trying to leap to his feet and being forced back down by Thomas. "Can't you see what's right in front of your eyes?"

His voice was growing shrill and getting higher and higher. More condemnation from the crowd and silence. There would be no help or support for him from this crowd, not now that they knew the full extent of what he had ordered done.

"Dominic Mathias, you stand here on trial today for the monstrous crimes you committed. You ordered the demise of innocent people, performed scientific experiments that were both deadly and without consent, kidnapping, crimes against humanity, fraud, conspiracy and genocide. You attempted to eliminate a species you deemed a threat, ordering the hunting down and killing of thousands of innocent sirens in order to protect your own kind. What do you have to say in your defense before you are convicted for all of your crimes?" my mate's voice was dark and dangerous.

Dominic Mathias's eyes widened as he looked at the crowd helplessly, his lips parting as he began to panic, his body trembling as he shook in fear, the crowd beginning to look menacing. I

saw the look in the siren's eyes, the utter hatred, and moved closer to the man, feeling my own rage igniting.