

Unexpected Territory

Riley POV

My mouth is dry and my head is throbbing when I wake up. I put a hand to my head, my eyes adjusting so that everything becomes clear as my eyes shoot open and I put a weary hand out, only to touch my brother's hand which he promptly yanks away with a look of irritation on his face. I'm sitting, in a car, and I can feel the vehicle moving as I stare blankly out the window.

My clothes are different. I glance down at myself. I'm clad in a uniform, a maid's one but this one is much more tasteful. The dress reaches my knees and I'm wearing stockings and proper shoes. The material is clean and starched and my hair has been pulled back in a ponytail. While I had been unconscious, somebody had redressed me and I glanced at my brother's stiff prole as he sat opposite me, his jaw clenched. I swallowed hard. What was this? What was going on? Why was there a need for me to be dressed in such a uniform and where were we going?

My father is in the passenger seat while a warrior is driving. He turns his head, narrowing his eyes as he takes in the confusion on my face.

"Finally awake," he says with a certain amount of disgust on his face "Good. For a moment there I thought we might have to persuade you to wake up."

The dog collar is still on me and as I glance to the side, I see the remote is resting in Damien's hand, tightly encasing it. There is a bag sitting between us and there is a smell that sickens me to my stomach, nausea overwhelming me. Instinctively I know what it must be and yet I am shocked that it is sitting there, so casually, as though it contains something innocent and ordinary.

I cannot bear to look at it. There are blood stains on the bottom and while it is safely closed and I cannot see inside, the knowledge of what it possesses is enough to make me want to vomit what contents are left inside my stomach. My brother sneers as he sees the blood drain out of my face.

"Looks like you just worked out what's in the bag. That there, is Alpha Rowan's severed head" he said gleefully as I blanched and tried very hard not to puke "You should have seen the look on his face when he realized that he was not going to get away with his life intact. Stupid bastard never even saw it coming" he chortled, while my father listened from the front seat.

"Enough Damien" my father barked, glancing over his shoulder "If she's sick we have nothing to change her into and she needs to play the part of an obedient servant if this is to work" he admonished my brother who glared at me petulantly, like a child who had been told off for the merest thing.

Why did they need a servant at all? My father glanced at me and saw the puzzled expression on my face. "Alpha Jaxon would expect us to have at least one omega or servant with us. It would be suspicious if we didn't bring one along" he said irritably.

Something didn't ring true to me. If that was the case, they never would have needed to drug me to do their bidding. Even if I had initially refused, Damien could have used the remote on the shock collar until I was forced to obey them. There would have been no need for such subterfuge. My eyes narrowed as my brother shifted in his seat, a look of impatience coming over his face. It wasn't a long trip and by my calculations, we were going to be there any minute. What was I going to do? Take their word on it, or trust the instincts screaming in my head that there was something very wrong about all this and they were lying to me?

My father turned his head resolutely to the front. His eyes were glinting. His lips were curved back into a pleased smile. My brother looked bored. The bag between us rolled slightly and I inched as it got closer to me. Neither of them were looking at me now. My hand began to tremble as I began to feel myself all over. I pulled my feet slowly out of my shoes, tipping them slightly. Nothing. The shoes were empty. I put my feet back in. I subtly felt one leg with the other, trying to find any lumps or bumps in the stockings, but there was nothing in either of them. My hand began to slide into the pocket of the apron, and I felt a lump, but it wasn't in the apron and I stiffened, casting an uneasy glance at my father and brother, before my hand slid below my dress, feeling something tied around my waistband.

Damien turned his head and I paused, leaning back and pretending to be nonchalant. He grunted and glanced back out the window. I quickly untied the item, feeling a small bag in my hand, my fingers finding the zip and opening it. Inside was a tiny glass vial. Miniscule. It couldn't have contained more than two drops of some sort of substance within it. The bag itself was no bigger than my thumb and had been coarsely made from crocheting wool. I bit my lip. How was I going to get rid of this, whatever this was, without them knowing about it? I didn't want it on my person. I didn't know what it was, but I didn't want to get caught carrying anything on me when we entered Alpha Jaxon's territory. They were bound to search us, weren't they?

My other hand slowly pulled the window down a slight crack. I transferred the bag to my other hand, still beneath my dress, and slowly slid it out. Damien was unable to see now, as I slid my hand up my body. My father was busy looking towards the land we were heading to. The bag and vial had been so cleverly placed on me, that if I hadn't thought to check or feel myself, I wouldn't have even known it was there until it was too late to do anything about it. I took a breath and then gritted my teeth, putting my hand to the gap in the window and letting the vial and bag drop out, to the ground, the car continuing to move, my hand quickly darting back to my lap, before Damien and my father could even register I had done anything.

Was I about to get caught? I waited, slightly panicked, for the car to pull over, for my father to shout at me as he went back and retrieved the item, but there was nothing. I had gotten away with it. I quickly put the window back up and relaxed slightly. Damien turned to me with a smirk.

"Try not to piss your pants when you meet the big bad Alpha," he said cryptically "And are you sure this is going to work Father?"

My father smirked, turning his head "Yes. Riley is with us for that one specific purpose and to serve us. Stop worrying so much. We're about to head into their territory. Focus more on what we need to achieve and the importance of our task" he said gravely.

I said nothing. I couldn't speak anyway. My mind ached back to that vial. Was it poison? Was it part of their plan? Why would they have entrusted such a thing to me? Did they think I would poison somebody on their behalf? I couldn't. I couldn't kill another human being.

"Riley, you will stare at the ground and you will say nothing," my father said with a drawl, the car came to a stop in front of a large pack house, surrounded by warriors and one large man who had his arms folded across his chest "not that I expect you to," he said with a light chuckle.

The doors to the car were opened. Damien got out, grabbing the bag between us on the seats. My father got out, along with the warrior and I awkwardly stepped out as well, noting that the large man in the back, was frowning and not at all pleased to see my father or brother. The warriors immediately began to pat us down and I had never been so grateful to have gotten rid of that item as I was right then.

I cringed as I felt their hands on my legs, sweeping upwards. They patted my sides and then I felt hands on my breasts. My eyes widened, even as I looked down at the ground. They were about to sweep their hands between the part between my legs when the large, handsome man spoke, his voice tinged with anger "Stop. That's enough."

Gratitude swept through me, even as the warriors stepped back. If the man at the back was Alpha Jaxon, I was suitably impressed and frightened. He was huge. He looked as though he could easily tear somebody as small and petite as me in half without even trying. I could feel myself trembling, while my father and brother looked completely at ease.

"Alpha Maxwell and I take it this is your son, Damien," the man said, raising a brow.

"It is," my father said calmly.

"Who is the girl?" he demanded.

The girl. Is that all I was? The girl? I stared down at the ground, vehemently aware of the consequences of looking up. "She is an omega and servant to our pack, nothing more. We brought her to assist us" my father said lying with a silver tongue, like the devil he was.

I sensed his eyes looking at me. I tensed. "Alpha Jaxon, please, this is a meeting to discuss a way to benefit both packs" my father interjected, glancing at Damien and motioning him forward "As promised, we have brought you the head of Alpha Rowan to show our appreciation and loyalty to you."

Alpha Jaxon reached for the bag while I turned my head to the side, unable to look.