

Intrigued

Alpha Jaxon POV

We're prepared for their arrival. This Alpha Maxwell and his son Damien from the Crescent Moon Pack are arrogant. It astonishes me that they arrive with just the two cars, one that had them and the other with a few warriors who look as though it would take very little to defeat them. My interest is peaked, however, when not only does the Alpha and the son step foot out of the car, but an omega as well. This omega is different from any other that I have seen before. Her hair is unique, I guess would be the best way to describe it. A gorgeous blue color that stands out in the crowd.

It unsettles me, to see her looking so thin and peaky. She looks half-starved and is that a dog collar around her neck? I want to growl and it shocks me. Why is my wolf so angry on the girl's behalf? What is causing my wolf Grayson to act this way? I try to question him, but he refuses to answer and I frown, even as Alpha Maxwell offers the bag they are carrying to me. I take it, watching the girl look away, her expression pale, and check it. It does have Alpha Rowan's head in it. Alpha Maxwell offers up some ludicrous crap about loyalty and I nod, pretending to buy it.

I motion towards Callum, my beta who is standing to the side. He walks over and I hand him the bag. "Dispose of it" I growl "and then come meet me in the study with refreshments."

He nods and walks away without hesitation. My other men stand there at the ready, but I'm not threatened by this other Alpha. He looks weak. So does his son. I study them a moment and then gesture at them.

"Follow me Alpha Maxwell, Damien. Your maid may come too, but your men will need to stay here" I told him firmly.

He motions at his men to stay. He shoves the girl roughly so that she's forced to walk in front of him, causing my anger to flare. She remains tight-lipped and I force myself to turn, walking into the packhouse and leading the way to the study, seating myself behind the desk, while the Alpha and his son seat themselves, the girl standing there awkwardly.

Alpha Maxwell rolls his eyes "Sit down Riley" he snaps.

The girl looks uncertain and then quietly sits at the other available chair.

Riley. Her name is Riley. My wolf decides he likes the name. Riley makes no sounds though and stares down at her hands. Is she nervous? Afraid? I don't like the idea of her being afraid, but I also know that my appearance can be quite frightening, especially the scar on my cheek. I trace it with one finger and see her eyes dart towards me. She swallows hard. My eyes lower to the collar again and once more anger spikes through me.

"Why do you wear a collar?" I ask her softly.

Her lips part as she tugs on it, but she doesn't answer, only shakes her head. I grow angry at her lack of response. How hard is it to answer a simple question? Surely she cannot be that afraid of me? I let out a frustrated growl and saw her jump "Answer me."

"She can't Alpha Jaxon. She can't speak at all, she's mute" Alpha Maxwell hastily steps in "and she wears the collar as a punishment for misbehavior."

Misbehavior? Is this how he treated omegas at his pack? By putting dog collars on them and shocking them into complicity? I stared at the Alpha, trying to determine if he was a monster or just needlessly cruel. Even I would not go that far and I was ruthless by reputation. My hands twitched, wanting to yank the dog collar off the poor girl who was glancing to the side as though she was embarrassed, her cheeks slightly pink now.

"Do you punish all your omegas like this?" I asked meaningfully, leaning forward and glaring at Alpha Maxwell, who looked a bit nervous now.

As he should be. He's on my territory and in my home. His son was quiet now, glancing around the room in awe, as though impressed by the amount of wealth that was prevalent. There were expensive paintings and knick-knacks.

"Only those that require it" Alpha Maxwell answered me as I stared at him, sensing he was lying "this girl in particular is deant in nature and tries to ignore my instructions at every turn."

This girl was so dainty that a harsh wind would blow her over, I thought with a hint of scorn. I was having difficulty believing she was that difficult to manage.

"Perhaps your leadership skills need improving" I suggested drily, offending the other Alpha who looked ready to explode, before he bit his tongue and leaned back in his chair.

"She looks innocent, but looks can be deceiving" he muttered "it would be wise not to underestimate her Alpha Jaxon. She's capable of anything this one and requires close monitoring at all times."

I wanted to laugh at how absurd he sounded. But he sounded serious, glancing at his son who was nodding solemnly. The girl just glanced down at her hands again, twisting and wringing them together. She looked apprehensive and worried, her eyes darting around the room. Was she afraid of something? She looked concerned and even frustrated. How annoying it must be not to be able to talk.

"May I ask what happened to her that she can't talk? Was she born with that inaction?" I asked with curiosity.

I saw Alpha Maxwell shoot a warning look at his son when he opened his mouth. Damien promptly closed it.

"I'm afraid she's been that way since she was born. She can read and write but not talk. A shame but considering how she acts it's probably for the best" he added callously.

For a moment I was certain there was outrage in the girl's eyes. Outrage and a look of pure fury. It was gone just as quickly and I blinked, wondering if I had imagined it.

"Does she have any family?" I asked, and Alpha Maxwell looked confused.

"Family?" he repeated "I don't understand, what is your interest in my servant Alpha Jaxon? I don't mean to be presumptuous but most Alpha's don't show such a fascination when it comes to omegas."

I scrambled to come up with a reason "I can sense she has no wolf and merely wanted to know if she was a hybrid or if she merely hasn't received a wolf."

He relaxed. "She never received a wolf. She's useless" he said scathingly as I gripped the edge of the desk tightly with my fingers, my knuckles turning white "always has been. She's lucky she wasn't killed at birth" he added and I wanted to roar, as my wolf began to snarl and growl in my mind.

Calm down Jaxon. I don't know what's going on with myself, but to show any curiosity in the omega at all is to show vulnerability. She's a servant, nothing more. Nobody important. Nothing special. Your wolf is going crazy, for no damn good reason and you need to pull yourself together. Where the hell was Callum and what was taking him so long? I could pull my Gamma Cody in, but he was outside keeping a wary eye on the warriors and I was hesitant to do so. I could manage these three if any of them tried to attack, but I wanted Callum in here if only to dispel the tension and see for myself if he was interested in this girl as well.

Maybe there was something about her that would cause Callum to be intrigued as well, I thought gloomily. The idea of Callum even speaking to her made my wolf growl so viciously that I almost leaped out of my seat. Grayson had never acted this way before.

"Your pack is very impressive Alpha Jaxon" Alpha Maxwell complimented me, his voice smooth as butter "I can only admire the amount of dedication and commitment it must have taken in order for you to grow your ranks and territory to such a large number and size."

"It is hard work," I said tightly "and it takes devotion and care. You are only as strong as each pack member and if you don't run your pack consistently, you risk losing all respect."

He was silent for a moment. I glanced at the girl who was staring quietly at me. My eyes softened "Our omegas are hard workers and earn money for their services. Each pack member is valued for their skills and what they can bring to the pack."

"You pay them?" Alpha Maxwell sounded incredulous "how do you make yourself wealthy if you pay the most useless of the pack to serve you?"

I opened my mouth, ready to retort with a vile insult when the door to the study opened and Callum entered, with a tray of drinks in his hands. He placed them carefully on the coffee table. "Sorry about the long wait" he apologized with a wide smile, glancing at me and frowning slightly "I was delayed. What have I missed?" he asked in a low tone, as I sighed and rubbed my forehead.

I sensed this discussion was not going to go smoothly with Alpha Maxwell and Callum could not have picked a better time to walk in and disrupt it. I waved my hand at the table "Please, have your servant hand out the drinks" I said tiredly.