



# Branded Captive (Wren's Song 1)

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**Category:** Erotic, Romance, Fantasy, Suspense, Horror

**Description:** Wren can't sing like a bird. She can't speak at all.

The Alpha kingpin and his pack didn't buy the Omega to hear it talk.

Branded Captive: Wren's Song Book 1 is a dark, sinister Omegaverse Reverse Harem tale for those with twisted tastes and a love for unabashed bad boys. Complete power exchange dominates these pages, as do THREE smoking-hot Alpha antiheroes.

**Total Pages (Source):** 28

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 10, 2025, 6:36 am*

## Chapter 1

“Accept my seed, Omega.”

The breath wafting over her cheek was rancid, but it was the last thing Wren might take stock of when that thing was cracking her pelvis in half. She had done as she'd been instructed. Remained docile when the man had yanked her legs embarrassingly wide over his thighs. She had even ignored the thick thatch of coarse salt and pepper hair on his chest scratching her back when he hoisted her up.

He'd growled as her mother told her he would, and torn through her barrier with one impatient yank of her hips. Unable to scream, Wren had only arched her spine, head thrown back on his shoulder. The Alpha, either oblivious or uncaring for her comfort, grasped her hips, bobbing her up and down his veined cock three times. With the fourth rude shunt, he'd clawed at her softer places and driven her down until her ass cheeks slapped against his lap. Immediately something ballooned inside her aching guts. It pressed her bladder to the point Wren was certain she'd dribbled more than a little piss on her buyer, continuing to expand until squished bowels, organs, and jangled nerves all screamed for relief.

“Damn you, Omega. Take my seed!”

Take what where? She didn't understand what she was supposed to do now.

At her back, the stranger panted, shifting beneath her as if he too were extremely uncomfortable. When she failed to perform, his irritation quickly translated into anger. The stink invaded Wren's nostrils, it made her skin buzz.

Angry Alphas killed.

Angry Alphas must always be appeased.

Staring forward across the dimly lit, yet finely appointed space, Wren inhaled and exhaled on the count of three. There was nothing to be done about the stinging stretch where her legs were hooked over the man's spread thighs. He had not offered to take her to a bed or even asked to see her build a nest. No, the couch in his fine house's receiving room had suited his purpose well enough.

Examine and test the stock.

Fuck the virgin with her father on the other side of the cracked door.

The man who'd brought her to sell listening to this. To the Alpha's strained breaths, to his grunts and wheezing.

Her father was listening to her failure.

Wren forced herself to look down. She had not seen the Alpha's cock before he'd shunted it unexpectedly into her, or even had a good look at the male. Her eyes had been downcast when they arrived, lest her father strike her for insolence. She had disrobed for inspection. She had moved as commanded and not resisted when the Alpha yanked her to the nearest seat.

And her father had exited the room to listen so he might claim full payment for what transpired.

Payment for... this. Wren stared where only the root of an Alpha cock was visible stretching her labia beyond imagining. There was a little blood, far less than she'd anticipated considering the sting. The red spread with their fluids, matting the hair

that peppered his swollen ball sack.

The knot in her belly gave an angry pulse, expanding again in a bid to ruin her completely. Gnashing his teeth, the Alpha almost whined against her neck, his balls thundering in twitching pulses. They too expanded, the skin under all that coarse hair growing shiny and white from the stretch.

“Fucking Omega...” A meaty hand left her hip, landing on her belly as if that might force her even further down his meat. But there was nowhere else to go. She was tied to him by that pulsating knot spreading agony in her guts. From the way he fought to speak, how his breath hitched in a whine with each breath, the Alpha was in as much pain as she. “You have one purpose. Milk my fucking cock!”

If that knot kept banging against her pubic bone, she was going to be sick all over his rug. Stalled, unsure what it was he wanted from her, Wren thought the wisest course was to remain still and wait.

It was the wrong choice.

“Your freak daughter is failing to comply!” The snarled shout was directed to the cracked door.

The meek response was never the tone Wren’s father took with her. “Have you... umm... stimulated her, sir?”

Wren’s new owner turned his head, yelling so sharply the girl flinched. “Of course I have! She belligerently refuses to bring me to orgasm. My fucking knot is full. Gah—” Slick with sweat, the Alpha squeezed her tighter, caught in a waving cramp of his own. “I’ll have your goddamn head for this, Carson!”

“Wren, honey.” Through the cracked door, her father sing-songed, “Relax and take

his seed. Show this illustrious Alpha you wish to serve as his mate.”

I wanted to sign that I didn’t understand, to reach out for the man who’d brought me here to sell me. But he could not see me.

## Page 2

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My potential mate roared, “SEND IN HELENA!”

Another door in the chilly room opened, a woman in a vivid robe rushing forward. “How can I serve you, my Alpha?”

“Bend over the desk and wait for me!”

Wren watched the woman quickly strip, viewing another naked female body for the first time in her life. With no preamble, the pretty brunette bent at the waist, the globes of her ass presented, her cheek to the wood.

Beta female parts were on display.

Cruel fingers reached for Wren’s stretched labia, the Alpha yanking at the sensitive flesh as he grunted and threw her forward with his weight. His ballooning testicles doubled in size, the man groaning with the worst sort of agony.

His pain was nothing to hers. The knot that was meant to tie them together in life was deformed by his tricks until it could be pulled free of her body. Wren was dumped on the floor, hand pressed between her trembling legs as she wailed.

From the corner of her eye, she watched the Alpha scythe his cock into the waiting female, wrecking her with the madness of his need to release. Unlike Wren, the Beta gave him immediate relief, the Alpha’s cry earsplitting.

Bowed over, curled in on herself, Wren shut her eyes to it all.

When her father was called forward, even then she refused to rise to meet his gaze. Naked and shamed on the floor of a stranger's house, she sniffed, wishing she couldn't hear the terrible things that were said about her.

“Was she not trained?”

“My wife took great pains to explain what would be expected, sir. You have my humblest apologies that she failed, but if you are not going to take her as your new mate, you still owe for the tearing of her hymen. She will be harder to sell intact.”

Of course her father would try to weasel credits from this man...

The Alpha gave an incredulous laugh. “Your mute albino freak might be pretty to look at, but she is the worst fuck imaginable. If you think I'd expose that cunt to another Alpha in this city, you're wrong.”

“You owe me one-thousand credits for her virginity!” Her father never once came to her defense, never offered her comfort, he only tried to squeeze what he could from a far richer man. “The contract was clear. No matter the outcome of the first mating, a fee will be paid!”

The sound of ice hitting the side of crystal, the pour of liquor. Far calmer, the Alpha took a long sip. “The contract,” a smile in his voice, the Alpha purred, “is null and void if the merchandise is defective. You get nothing, Carson. She will be tagged and dumped in the Warrens and you will leave here grateful to be breathing.”

No! Ignoring sore muscles and the screaming pain between her legs, Wren scampered to her father and wrapped her arm around his leg. Signing frantically, she begged him for mercy.

He looked down at his pale, violet-eyed child, deadpan as he said, “I should have had

you euthanized at birth.”

## Chapter 2

The bones in her back cracked splendidly when Wren straightened from a low crouch. The city might be enjoying the heat of summer, but the Warrens were always ice-cold—the kind of chill that locked up muscle and joints. And with that chill came disease-riddled damp.

Medicine was damn expensive.

Even now there was a rattle in her lungs. But it wasn't the killing kind. A good day or two in a dry room and she'd cough up the phlegm and be right as rain.

Would it be nice to peel out of mud soaked boots and let her toes de-prune? Yes, but that would have to wait. She had sloshed down to the pump-yard for a reason more important than clean air and dry socks.

Coughing into her fist, she worked out as much of the lung rot as she could. Once she dropped down into the pipes, she couldn't risk so much as a wheeze. Not until she found the one called Caspian.

It was a hard enough life in the Warrens without men like Caspian intruding to make it all the worse. His syndicate offered honest work. His lackeys tempted those new to this hellhole, those who had yet to learn better, with food and a dry bed, roping them into slavery.

Wren spit on the name.

She'd spit on the man if it wouldn't mean her neck. And where would that leave her boys?



Dead.

Villains, powermongers, and innocent fools were cast into the muck every day. To people like Wren, it was nothing... changed nothing. Honestly, at this point, it was hard enough keeping little bellies full without having to give a damn about the men who came and went.

City scourges and cracking walls. Sinking buildings and floating bodies.

Nothing and no one was going to change the Warrens.

But that was beside the point.

## Page 3

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The land sunk deeper every day; staying ahead of the bog was all that mattered.

And love.

Family.

Family mattered most.

Wren would drag hers away from Caspian's Syndicate kicking and screaming if she had to. She knew the scoundrels well enough. Alec and Mikael had simply gone down the pipes for the laughs...

Gone down and never came back.

Both were crafty little monkeys, capable and knowledgeable of the channels. Both had the skill to slip away unseen if they'd been spying or dumb enough to steal from Alphas. But they had not returned.

Street kids knew better than to fall for the rumors of Caspian's power. The boys had lived their whole lives in a constant state of circumspection, and did not need food or shelter beyond what their family, what Wren, might provide. Unless one of the shifts had sunk the city's monumental skyscrapers deeper into the Warrens' muck and drowned them while they played.

To even think it...

No. They would be here with Caspian.

They had to be.

And Wren needed to know if they were prisoners, or simply wanted to play with the big boys for kicks.

And so she waded through the mud, aware that a single tremor might change the drift of rotting refuse and suck her down like it did so many every day. She went into the dark, flipping up her goggles once the sun was doused by metal tubes.

The sun had never been her friend.

Perhaps that's why she had thrived in the Warrens since her father had dropped her here five years ago. All the way down here, the buildings were too tall to offer more than the hazy afterthought of light.

Every day the city sunk a little deeper. And every day up top, they built higher and higher to escape the inevitable mud.

The very mud that was fighting to suck her boot from her foot.

In the distance, Wren could hear the sound of rushing water, a sign she was closer to the pipeworks than she'd thought.

She wanted to pretend it was nothing, that she wasn't afraid. But she was. Alphas put things inside a body and tore them out. Alphas were the reason her right cheek had been tattooed with the symbol for defective merchandise.

Wren had never met a single one without a black heart. And those condemned to the Warrens were the worst of the worst.

A pinpoint of light showed the outlet of her stagnant pipe, the roar of rushing water

warning her that trouble lay ahead. Creeping, mud up to her chin, Wren counted to three, over and over, and refused to think of anything beyond the fact her boys needed her.

A room so bright with electric light that she had to lower her goggles to see anything at all. Astounded, she took it all in, failing completely to accept what she saw. Hundreds of men moved through ancient drainage systems. A rough looking bunch; men she would not like to see following her down a dark alley.

Men marked with the dark print of a hand over their mouths—Caspian's mark—held forbidden tech. Weapons. Circling the workers, less guard and more taskmaster.

What the hell had her boys gotten themselves into?

And yes, they were here. As were many other children Wren had somehow never seen before.

Frowning, she leaned back on her heels, mud squishing in sodden socks. Many of the little ones looked scared. Alec and Mikael were among them, dirty... well, they were always dirty... but drenched through. Mikael was clearly sick... hacking where he lay sweating despite the cold.

But what left her jaw gaping was why they were wet.

Fresh water poured from the walls, raining down upon the workers as if it were cheap and easy to find.

Clean, clear water.

She was so screwed.

Sucking in a deep, mist-drenched breath, Wren scanned the aqueducts and saw the kingpin himself. Like all Alphas, his size was intimidating. Caspian: ugly, brawny, vicious...

She'd once heard a rumor that he wore a coat made from the skins of his enemies. At the time, Wren had laughed. Seeing the beast now, she wasn't so much as cracking a smirk.

It was flesh colored, if flesh had been tanned and stretched. A patchwork of various shades sewn with skill and absolutely disgusting.

### Chapter 3

"We have an intruder wading through Pitchfork Canal 7, sir."

Caspian refused to look away from his data relay. There were more important items on the agenda than another starving asshole stumbling down to see things not meant for their eyes. "Kill them."

Kieran radioed the order. "That is an affirmative. Shoot the—" The relay cut him off. "What?"

Lowering his arm, Caspian looked to his subordinate, annoyed with the interruption, and cocked a brow.

"It seems, sir, it's a child." More radio babble chimed at Kieran's ear. "He's approaching the boys on the third floor now."

They turned in unison to look over the rim of the pipeworks, and found the intruder marching boldly toward the child laborers. A rather exuberant gutter rat jumped up upon seeing him, waving both thin arms in the air. More boys took notice, many

leaving their posts to rush over and see who'd come to play.

## Page 4

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Their enthusiasm was short-lived, the mud soaked stranger wrenching one of the children by the ear until most of them scattered. It would have been funny had that same man not reached down for another boy, hoisting him over his shoulder like a sack of flour.

This one who thought to steal his workers, was blatantly shuffling off with two.

“Have him brought here.” Caspian leveled the command at Kieran just in time to witness the figure approaching of his own accord.

Under the shadow of a hood, the shine of wide eyes betrayed the stranger’s anxiety. The interloper shifted the weight of the coughing child on his shoulder, the drape of his clothing catching on... well, well, breasts.

It was a woman covered in all that mud, not a young boy at all.

And she, in all her infinite stupidity, was looking him right in the eye.

Caspian smirked, noting he was not the only male to take notice of what had crept into their midst. There were shifts in posture in the men around him, murmurs...

Raw meat. A mud-caked Warrens rat who probably smelled of rotting towels and tasted of sewage. Not worth throwing to his men.

This weakling she-rat was struggling up the stairs, trying to manage the weight of the limp child—dragging along a second, less obedient boy in her wake.

And what did she see when she looked at him? Caspian's smirk grew meaner. She saw the male who was going to end her for daring to touch his property.

And still she marched, huffing for air by the time she reached his platform.

Just as he thought. A Warrens rat dressed in her finest rags, dripping with refuse and stinking of the shit she'd waded through. A hood covered whatever tangled—likely lice infested—mop she might have, but it didn't cover the mark on her cheek. Defective.

Stark black ink on snowy white skin. Just as her lashes and eyebrows were snowy white.

They looked clean against all the filth, framing eyes an impossible shade of lavender.

So that's why she'd been cast into the mud...

A hacking cough unsettled the boy on her shoulder. Easing him down, she held his head to her breast and gave three hard raps to his back. Her second companion didn't seem to notice, the kid staring up at Caspian with awe.

The woman let out a sigh, giving Caspian her full attention.

And said nothing.

She was waiting for him to speak, completely candid in expression as if it was he who intruded on her. Yet those eyes said that she knew fucking well that she should not have been there.

She was frightened, the scent of fear seeping just enough through the muck drenching her to mark the air.



As well she fucking should be! Rolling his neck in a quick snap of motion, bones popped, Caspian releasing a growl. “And you would be?”

Breaking their gaze, she turned to the gaping boy. When he failed to pay attention, she grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and gave him a good, hard shake.

Brushing off her grip, his face went red as he grumbled, “She’s Jax, I’m Alec and that’s Mikael.”

Expressive, earnest eyes went back to Caspian. She nodded.

Arms crossing the span of Caspian’s chest, he sneered. “I didn’t ask the boy, I asked you.”

“Her brain can’t make words, sir. Only sounds,” Alec piped up, throwing his shoulders back in a mirror image of the man before him.

She stroked her hand down Alec’s tangled hair before pointing at the coughing boy clutched to her breast. Then she thumbed at her own chest before moving her hand in a circle as if to signify they were together.

“You wish to take these boys with you?”

A quick nod was offered.

“No.”

His growled reply did not discourage her as it should have.

The female silently assessed, breathed, blinked, and waited.

“I said no,” Caspian repeated himself, a thing he never did and would make her pay for.

Jax smirked, a stifled breath coming forth.

Had she just laughed at him?

Yes. The slow curl of her lips hinted at the beginnings of a smile. Not quite as collected as she wished to appear, a drop of sweat dripped down her temple, running through the grime on her cheek as she began to sign with one hand.

“She wants to trade,” Alec interpreted, clearly dejected at the idea. “But I don’t think you should let us go. I like it here.”

She smacked the kid upside the back of the head hard enough to rattle him a step forward.

“I do, Jax! I like it here!” Pride wounded, the kid threw a glare at his would-be savior. “Look at all the water! We’re allowed to drink as much as we want.”

Fingers flying, she spelled out words Caspian couldn’t begin to grasp. An argument commenced between woman and child, halting abruptly when the fevered boy at her breast drew a rattled breath and said, “I want to go home.”

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The female purred an instant offer of comfort, turning her full attention on the ill child. Smoothing back the sweat soaked spikes of his hair, she cooed, even pressed her lips to his brow.

And there it was. A declaration of her intention.

A fucking Omega. Here.

Purring like a kitten over a raggedy boy in a room full of Alpha killers. Was she fucking mental? “Do you have a death wish, woman?”

In her arms, the boy coughed all the harder until wheezes turned into pathetic sobs.

Violet eyes darted in their sockets, landing on Caspian as if it were his fault the child cried and clung.

She was hardly more than child herself, but... “Is that your offspring, Omega?”

The other boy lost the awe in his eyes, glaring at the Alpha who’d threatened his companion. “She’s Jax! Don’t call her Omega!”

Caspian rounded on Alec, terrible and deadly. “Another word from you, boy, and I’ll toss you over the railing. You can drink all the water you like as you drown in it.”

The woman hooked an arm around the loud-mouthed child, her palm fast against his mouth. With her interpreter silenced, she was left with nothing but those accusing eyes and the ability to nod.

She shook her head no.

“No, he is not your offspring?”

Arms full, she turned her face to display the mark again.

“An orphan dumped here like you were?”

An emphatic nod. There was a magic to the movement of her expression. With a lingering look and a few moments of emotion, she wordlessly said that to give her this child would be in his favor... the little one was sick. Sickness would spread in the damp and weaken his workers.

One quick solution solved this problem. Caspian grinned. “We could just kill him.”

Jax gave a small agreeable shrug, but followed it with a hard look. “But we both know that would be more trouble than letting me take them home.”

“I’ve never seen an Omega rampage. It might be great entertainment...” But not worth the cleanup. Set one into a protective bloodlust and Omegas lost the ability to feel pain, to register fear... to do anything but mindlessly protect their young. She’d die, of course. But so might some of his men.

Dead Omegas, even defective ones, were not good for morale. At least one of the men standing at his back would have a soft spot for a ballsy woman who wanted to keep a couple of kids away from people like him.

She mouthed the word, trade.

Caspian spread his arms, entertained. “And what could you possibly trade to me for the lives of two vagrant children? Water? Credits? Power?”

Tech.

“Salvage?” Caspian was almost impressed with how unimpressive her offer was.

A hint of a smile creased the skin beside the woman’s eyes. Nodding enthusiastically, she hugged her boys tighter.

This Jax was going to be sorely disappointed. Omegas only had one commodity to trade in. Cunt. “Lead the way.”

## Chapter 4

Not once had the ponderous Alpha rocking the sinking planks with his heft offered to help manage Mikael’s weight. Wren hadn’t expected him too, but she had struggled keeping her temper every time he barked at her to walk faster. It was difficult enough to keep one’s footing when every walkway was half-sunken in mud. Harder still to walk those unstable paths carrying a ten-year-old.

He wasn’t supposed to have come with her. Shit. Caspian was the Big Bad with better things to do. But Alec had opened his mouth, like the smartass adolescent he was, and made her truly mute. How could she describe her wares?

The brute didn’t understand signs. She didn’t have pen or paper.

Those rare and valuable things were back in her den where the rot couldn’t get them.

As was everything she owned. Should the Alpha choose to take it all... all of them would starve.

She didn’t even want to think of burying more little bodies in the muck.

Continuing to grip Alec by the scruff of his neck, her fingers tangled in his uncut hair—a leash to keep him from wandering back off to the pipeyard and an early death.

He was going to be the death of her first.

And boy was Alec angry with her for ruining his fun. His anger she could handle. What was really worrying was his embarrassment. Embarrassed teenage boys did stupid things to prove they were men.

The cute, stupid little idiot would get himself killed if she couldn't secure Caspian's word that she owned both children now.

Owned, because that is how he most certainly viewed them.

His syndicate, The syndicate in the Warrens was the one thing you always, always, avoided. Once in, there was no out. They fed off the wretches, kept them poor, kept them addicted, and kept them employed. Enslaved.

Caspian was going to bleed her dry.

He was going to know where she nested.

A man like him had not come all this way for a few dehumidifiers and rebuilt water filtration.

## Page 6

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Gut gnawing anxiety left her sweating. Exactly what she needed when she was already soaked through and disgusting.

The male's callously rattled growl warned, "I don't have all day."

Before she could stop herself, she threw him a glare saying, "Then why the fuck didn't you send someone else to barter on your behalf?"

"I've killed men with my bare hands for daring to look at me that way."

The beast thought this was funny? Of course he did. Sadist.

Picking up the pace, the stitch in her side warped from a minor annoyance to tried and true pain. Mikael squirmed as he coughed, and she felt his weight slip off her shoulder. Head first he went, right down to the planks.

And then the body stopped, forehead inches away from impact.

Wren's ass met splintered wood when her balance failed. Biting back a groan, she gulped down stink-riddled atmosphere and saw just why Mikael seemed to float in midair. The Alpha had him by the ankle, and the brute looked disturbed by the fact.

Clambering to her aching feet, Wren reached out, signaling she was ready for Caspian to pass the boy forward.

The Alpha curled a lip, openly hostile as he snarled, "Your attempt to impress me with your stubbornness has been noted. Move!"

Sorely tempted to make a grab for her boy, Wren fisted her hands. Fear infected her expression, she was even foolish enough to feel her eyes well.

“It’s the cough that will kill him. Not me.” The Alpha turned the child right side up, flinging him over his shoulder carelessly. “March.”

Fast as she could manage in squashing shoes and with a petulant teen at her side, Wren hobbled over the planks, bringing the wolf right to her door.

A hand-hewn sign above read: Goods For Sale. It creaked in the drafts, reminding her to hurry with the locks before even more Warrens dwellers saw just who’d followed her home.

No one would frequent her shop if the head of The Syndicate was seen here.

One lock, two. Five. Seven, and the door gave, Wren falling inward after it in her haste to get inside. Alec rushed past her, Caspian ducking his head to fit past her door.

Like clockwork she slammed the door shut and locked it tight, letting out a breath when the last tumbler clicked. Flipping the switch on the nearest dehumidifier, Wren hastily stole Mikael away from a man she was certain would drop him out of spite.

Zipper were yanked, buttons popped, sodden clothes pulled from a rail-thin body. All done on the entry floor until a naked boy curled in on himself, shivering.

And he wasn’t the only naked child. Alec had stripped to his skivvies, arms out to help his friend to the bathing room. But as he helped his brother, he shot Wren an angry glare.

She was not forgiven.



Wren had much to say on the subject, but kept her lips sealed, so to speak, so she might deal with her guest.

“Your home is”—making no attempt to hide his disgust, the Alpha surveyed what her hard work had achieved—“very clean.”

Well, it had been before the four of them had dragged in an ocean of mud. Considering it was full of dry air and that there was even some decent salvaged furniture, Wren wasn't sure what he had to complain about. Lost wonders she'd personally fished out of the muck were everywhere. Working view monitors, music receptacles, she even had a rickety cleaning bot.

Of course, the boys all had their favorite device, a working game console that might fetch her a pretty penny if she found the right buyer. Unfortunately, kids' entertainment devices didn't sell much in the Warrens.

Kids rarely survived here. Not on their own... and that's how they arrived.

Rubbing heat into her hands, Wren breathed into cupped palms and eyeballed the man who seemed to be stealing the little ones before she could get to them.

Bastard.

“What did I tell you about looking at me that way?”

Throwing back her hood, she signed, aware he would have no clue as to her meaning. “That you'd kill me you vile, disgusting, piece of half-rotted dog.”

The man instead narrowed his eyes. His attention went to the knot of white hair pinned atop her head, his massive hand taking a grip of her shoulder. “I have a feeling you deserve punishment for whatever it was you just said.”

Wren smiled, all warmth and hospitality for the brute as she signed, “Let’s get this over with.”

“Take off your coat.” Meaty fingers started yanking at her zipper, careless for tearing the only slicker she had. “What else are you hiding under the world’s ugliest garments?”

Just because the boys knew to strip and wash as soon as they entered, didn’t mean Wren was going to do the same. But the beast had her out of her covering, spinning and twisting her about until she slipped on the busted tile floor and fell.

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Gaping, she cradled a tweaked wrist, left with a wet flannel shirt that clung to her breasts.

“Up with you.” Caspian caught her as she tried to scramble back, setting the frazzled thing to her feet. With a grip of iron around her arm, his eyes raked over what little he’d uncovered. Then he drew her flailing body flush to run his nose up her neck. “How much do you sell for? You think I would have heard of a pretty, albino whore working the Warrens.”

Slapping at him, she pressed back with what little strength her arms had left.

“Too proud for me?” The man chuckled; it was not a noise of mirth. It was one of vile thoughts and vicious anger. “My face might be a bit banged up, but you’ll scream for my knot like a good little Omega slut. Play nice, and I might let you keep your boys.”

Wren squealed when he licked his lips, poking the tattooed flesh of her cheek. Defective.

Caspian’s brow dipped dangerously low. “Diseases?”

Head shaking, Wren patted his chest in a bid to be set free.

“What’re you doing to her?” Alec—wiped clean, and dressed fresh—with Mikael leaning on him for support, shouted, “She ain’t no whore!”

He eyeballed the boys but made no move to put Wren down. “She got a mate?”

Looking skyward as if it was a stupid question, Alec said, “Who do you think dumped her here?”

“Roll your eyes again at me, boy, and I’ll pop them right out of their sockets.” When the teen showed the wisdom of fear, Caspian demanded more, “Explain.”

“The Alpha gave her a poke and didn’t like her. He had her marked so she couldn’t be sold to anyone else.”

Red up to her roots, Wren looked away, thoroughly humiliated that Alec knew such things.

The bulging arms at her back softened, Wren sliding down a stone-hard chest until her feet hit the puddle of mud on the floor.

The interrogation wasn’t done. Pinching her chin, Caspian watched her eyes very closely. “You’re raw?”

She didn’t understand and it was clear in her expression.

“A virgin?”

Lavender eyes darted to where Alec stood, Wren wishing with all her heart the boys were not in the room.

“He stays until I say so.” The pressure on her chin increased. “Answer me.”

She shook her head no. She was not a virgin.

“Just the one time?”

An embarrassed nod.

“Then you’re raw.” A mean grin broke across Caspian’s face. “And you might actually have something worth bartering for here if what’s hiding under these clothes is as pretty as that hair.”

Wren drew in a deep, shaky breath, blowing it out slowly in a bid to compose herself. All of this had gone so far out of hand, she didn’t have a clue how to unravel it.

“I like pretty things that like me. I like pretty things that obey.” He ran a finger over her jaw, her pink lips, inspecting the merchandise as he enticed with an Alpha growl. “Be a good girl, now, and parlay. Do you want those boys or not?”

Signing carefully so Alec might answer, Wren shared her greatest shame. “The Alpha... I...” How the fuck does one describe what happened that night? “I didn’t know how to take his seed. It hurt him. He hurt me. I’m defective...”

Hearing Alec repeat what she’d shared, Wren began to sniff. Tears tracked through the dirt on her cheek, wiped quickly away.

She flat out started bawling when Alec interjected with, “Is that really what happened?”

Caspian took in her face, roaring, “Silence, boy!”

Silence came, Wren terrified of making so much as a sniff.

And then the air trembled with a bone-deep resonance that wrapped around her like a warm blanket.

An Alpha purr.

“In exchange for the boys, you’ll serve. Please me, and when I grow bored of you, you’ll come home with full pockets and enough fresh water to last a year.” He tapped a finger to her breastbone, leaning down so they might be eye-level. “This is the only offer I am going to make.”

There was no question of if she’d say yes. Wren knew exactly what would happen to Alec and Mikael if she refused.

Eyes wet and heart hammering against her ribs, Wren accepted his offer.

It earned a victorious grin from the smug Alpha, and an even louder purr left to jar the air.

He booped her nose. “I will be back tomorrow. You will be here, clean, dressed in something appealing, or I’ll hunt down the rabid children haunting the Warrens and rip a limb off each one I find.”

## Chapter 5

Everything had been scrubbed until her fingers were raw: floors, the door, clothing, her body, even her hair. Wren washed the day away, lost in the work so she might forget why her feet were stained brown and her home had been sent into upheaval. And between bouts of cleaning, she tended the sick boy curled up on her couch, a makeshift nest built up around him.

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Two doses of costly decongestant, expired antibiotics, filtered water, compresses, and finally... finally he'd slept. Which is why Caspian found her as he did, collapsed over the couch at Mikael's side. Like her boy, she was fast asleep.

A featherlight stroke on her cheek tickled enough that she slapped at the cause, groaning and pushing her face into the cushions.

A firm grip on the shoulder gave a soft shake. "Wake up, little rat. The cat's come to play."

Startled awake, Wren sucked in a quick breath, and jumped to her feet. Tugging the wrinkles from her skirt, she shook out the fabric. Her braid was grabbed next, the elastic tugged free so she might finger comb fresh waves and try to look as presentable as possible.

They had an agreement, and she was going to keep it.

Heart tattooing a panicked beat against her breast, she stood straight, trying to prove she'd followed directions. Clean, dressed in something appealing.

The Alpha was not impressed. Cocking his head, he eyeballed her nicest dress. "Where did you find that monstrosity? Whoever sold that to you did a number on moth-eaten drapes."

Looking down at the simple sundress, Wren frowned.

The sundress was made from old curtains... pretty ones she'd found in one of the

abandoned homes sunk under the waterline. She'd rushed to grab them as water dumped in around her entry point, flooding the formerly sealed rooms. She'd chosen them over old tech she could have salvaged and sold, that was how much she liked them. She was proud of this dress, damnit!

For goodness sake, where did he think fabric for such things came from in the Warrens?

“Look at her cheeks getting pink. You hurt her feelings, boss.”

With a shriek, Wren jumped and grasped Caspian's arm, clinging as she turned to find that two other males stood in the room. Hand to her heart, truly awake now, she looked around for the next surprise, narrowing her eyes on her sealed door, completely clueless to how the three of them had gotten in.

And then a long agitated growl escaped her when her eyes landed on the mud each of them had tracked in. Her clean floor was a wreck and an accusatory glare was leveled at the two strangers before landing upon a stone-faced Caspian.

A Caspian she immediately set free of her grip.

Disengaging, she spread the skirt he found so ugly, pointed at her chest, and mimed sewing it.

The Alpha couldn't care less.

Before he might say anything else, Wren kneeled into a crouch and set her fingers to his boot laces. If he was going to traipse around, he was not going to bring more mud with him.

Behind her, one of the strangers chuckled. “I've seen plenty of women drop to their



knees before you, sir, but never to take off your shoes.”

The taller stranger, the one dressed in khakis and sporting a rather larger firearm, he was the one who spoke. She’d seen him beside Caspian in the pipeworks, remembered the tawny hair and green eyes, but didn’t know who he was. Just as she didn’t know the other one with the shaved head and unhinged smirk.

When she peered up at her guest, Wren saw him wink before saying, “He means they kneel to suck my cock.”

It took her a moment to grasp his meaning. Once she had, she felt her cheeks heat, and went back to work unraveling his laces.

A hand fell to her crown, a hand that weighed heavy against her skull as it stroked. “Sweet and raw in her ugly dress and flowing white hair. You’re not a rat at all, are you, but a little mouse all sleek and silent.”

Already humiliated and growing more nervous with each breath, Wren kept her head down and worked a boot from a large foot. The sock was surprisingly dry underneath, but she rolled it down anyway out of habit, then went to the other shoe.

He let her do this.

Just as he let her lead him to her most comfortable chair. When she went to the other men, men who had failed to follow her shoe removal lead, Caspian grumbled out a firm, “No. All of your attention today belongs to me. They’re more than you can handle right now.”

Turning to face Caspian, she looked anywhere but at his frightening coat. Stubbled jaw marked with scars, a nose broken flat, bent and broken again. Lines by his lashes gave the impression the brute must laugh as he maimed. Mud brown eyes. Cropped

brown hair. Rugged and craggy and not pretty in any way.

She mimed a cup of water, followed by tapping her lips in offering of food.

“You would share your food and drink with me?”

In answer, she stepped over the mud trail and padded barefoot to her cooking corner. Water was collected from all three dehumidifier units, poured into a purifier, and doled out into mismatched cups. Next was quick bread topped with sliced mushrooms harvested from the mud. Carried on a beloved tray she'd salvaged two years back, she marched to Caspian and let him choose which serving he might like.

## Page 9

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He eyed the brownish water and her best food with distaste.

He hated her dress. Fine. He'd dragged mud all over her freshly cleaned floors. Okay. Her food and water were beneath a man who dressed in the skins of people...

Her tray landed on a side table with an irritated thump.

Snatching up a cup and a slice of mushroom topped bread, Wren set it where the boy could reach when he woke. She then took her own portion, perched on an unclaimed corner of her couch and ate.

Caspian's men found this hilarious.

She found them annoying.

And Caspian, as far as Wren was concerned, was worthy of no further hospitality.

When she swallowed the last bit of food and drained her glass, the Alpha unfurled from the chair. "Show me your nest."

Chewing her lip, she put her bare feet to the ground, a worried eye running over the sleeping Mikael.

"Kieran and Toby will keep an eye on your boy." A hand closed around her upper arm, pulling her away as Caspian grumbled, "And they will wipe up the mud on your floor."

The bald one scoffed, “With what?”

Large fingers plucked the ties at Wren’s shoulders, the dress falling down before she might catch it. “With that. Burn it when you’re done so I never have to see it again.”

Wren tried to sign, “Wait,” while one hand covered her breasts and the other reached out to save her best article of clothing. A tug of war she would never win began between them, Wren fighting for her dress, hearing it rip, and already in tears.

The snarling Alpha had it from her, tossing it aside and yanking her from the room just as it landed in a puddle. She was sobbing by the time he shouldered her down the short hall past the bathing area and into the domicile’s only bedroom.

The door was slammed before he gave her a rough shake. “Stop crying.”

With a sniff and a shaking lip, her hands flung about a diatribe that was wasted for all he cared. Rude gestures escalated into flailing arms and more tears. Had she a voice she would have been yelling down the walls. Had she a voice she wouldn’t have been in this situation in the first place.

A slap hit her cheek.

It was a bucket of cold water over the head.

Wren went still.

“Are you done?”

His callousness made her shiver, pink-tipped breasts breaking out in gooseflesh. Crossing her arms over her nipples, she glared.

“Take off your panties. I want to see what I bought.”

Her hesitation encouraged Caspian’s scowl. It grew meaner by the second until Wren hooked her thumbs in her underwear and shimmied them down her legs.

Peeling his vile coat from broad shoulders, the Alpha began to undress. He took his time about it, running his gaze over her body as he went.

Another Alpha had looked at her that way once, appraising, measuring her worth.

The other Alpha had not been nearly this large or dangerous.

Anger turned to terror.

Caspian’s nostrils flared. He took in a deep breath and snapped his eyes to hers. “Do you wish to nest first?”

That... was unexpected.

Wiping sweaty palms down the fronts of her thighs, Wren looked to her nest. The arrangement was pleasing for rest and safety, but not ideal for an Alpha to invade it. He would undo all her work if she didn’t make room for him, so she did. Pillows were moved, fluffed, sorted and spread. Sheets were tucked, blankets arranged until it looked right. Until she felt comforted.

He seemed to understand the moment she’d calmed, the lightest offering of a purr softening his demand. “Invite me into it, Omega.”

He was fully nude when she turned, and her eyes caught on the power of all that rippling muscle. Not a single part of the beast was soft—dipping ridges and rugged bulges—between his legs a stiffened trunk.

There had never been a gesture or signal, but Caspian lowered down and crept into the place she'd made for him. Roughened palms ran over her hips, the male moving her body until her back hit the bedding and his heft hovered over her.

“Look what I caught.” He grinned, shifting so the coarse hair on his chest caught her nipples. “A little mouse. Hmm? And she’s going to spread her legs for me, isn’t she? Yes.” Brushing his jaw against hers, he let his tongue swipe at her drying tears. “Yes she is. My mouse is going to be a good girl.”

His fingers dug into the soft flesh of her thighs, drawing them wide as Wren fought her aversion and reluctantly obeyed.

The lobe of her ear was sucked into a hot mouth. Gasping at the unexpected feeling, her eyes went wide.

This was real. An Alpha was in her nest.

His erection lay heavy on her stomach, wafting the scent of mouthwatering sweetness to tickle her nose.

“That’s right, pretty mouse. Relax for me.” The scratch of his unshaven beard didn’t sting as she would have imagined when Caspian ran his face over her breasts. It enlivened the skin with prickles, soothed by the warmth of his breath when he began to scent her flesh.

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The way his ribs expanded with each rich inhale, it made him grow so much larger. He truly was a beast pinning down a mouse, licking at her nipples until strange sounds caught in her throat.

He changed technique, the rasp of that tongue bringing an itch it failed to scratch. And he, the Alpha, grew more appreciative. The rumble in his chest called her to breathe deep of him, to allow what he willed.

To spread wider.

And somehow her legs obeyed.

The base of his cock slipped against her folds as if it had been coated in oil. It pried its way, balls heavy behind it, to tease and threaten all at once.

The breathless male growled, “My pretty mouse’s tits smell of peaches and taste of cream. What, I wonder, does her cunt taste like?”

He dropped the pitch of his purr and growled.

A vibration, the buzz of anxious electricity, moved under Wren’s flesh, demanding she writhe to its meter.

Hand slipping between them, Caspian replaced the pressure of his cock with that of creeping fingers.

She stiffened when he parted her labia, practically bowing off the mattress when he

answered her retreat with the deepest, most licentious growl a man could produce. It came alive inside her and pushed away what made her Wren.

Head tossed back, distracted by the growing heartbeat between her legs, she answered his demanding call with a soft moan.

“Show me your eyes.”

White lashes parted.

What he found there pleased him, and Caspian gave her a satisfied smile. “Who would have thought my pretty mouse would be so receptive? I’ve hardly touched you and your pupils are blown, slick soaking the sheets under your delicious ass.” Slipping down her body, he took the fingers away until she was left wanting, uncovered in her nest and trying to sit up as if to chase after him.

“Ah, ah.” The flat of a palm settled between her breasts, pushing her down against her nest. “I want my taste. I’m going to lick and suck and bite at this sweet pussy until I’ve drank my fill. And you will lay there like a good little girl and bear it.”

When his eyes tracked from her face, over her spit-shined breasts to land between her legs, the magic was lost.

Another Alpha had pulled her pussy lips apart once, leaning close to inspect and confirm. He’d declared her a virgin before taking her off to the room with a couch.

Caspian’s hand on her chest kept her pinned when the appeal of Alpha purr failed. Try as she might, she couldn’t close her legs no matter how her muscles trembled with effort so long as the male held them open.

She couldn’t stop the shamed flush and panicked noises that squeaked past her throat.



Nor could she repress the full body shudder that bent her spine when a fat tongue rasped delicate flesh from anus to mound.

“Delicious, but naughty.” He spoke as he tongued her, as he lapped and sucked and destroyed all reason. “Bad girl! I told you not to move.” He took a nip at her clit, chuckling when she yelped. “Bad girls get fucked, good girls get played with. Are you trying to tell me you want to get fucked already?”

How could anyone be still when nerves caught fire?

The vibration of his laughter and another of those terrible growls set her wheeling into a place of sensation that stole all sense. He piled more on top of it, flicking her clit with the tip of his tongue until she uncontrollably bucked against his mouth.

Something breached her, something thick and wriggling. It hooked behind her pubic bone and pulled until she screamed. In and out it pumped while flick, flick, flick, went that tongue.

A river seeped from her pussy.

“Mmmmmmhrrmm.” The only sound she could make. Louder and louder it built, just as the tension curled in on itself like an imploding star.

This was how she was going to die. Her legs spread, mashing her pussy into the face of a killer.

Light broke inside her when the male grew rough. She shined, more slick flowed, all of it sucked up in slurps by a rampaging tongue.

“Only. Good. Girls.” The swirl and dance of his tongue staccatoed her clit between words. “Get. To. Cum.”

Insides locked on the writhing digit rubbing inside her pussy, they seized like a vise—sucking upward, milking Caspian’s fingers for a substance they could never provide. The resulting orgasm was indescribable. It tore away everything, left her truly raw and shaken to her hungry dissatisfied core.

But it had pleased the fuck out of the man who had forced it on her.

Grinning, as he licked his lips and met her eyes, Caspian climbed over her spent body and growled, “Brace yourself, kid. You’re about to get fucked like the bad, bad girl you are.”

## Chapter 6

Virgin pussy tasted sweeter than goddamn wine.

*Source Creation Date: July 10, 2025, 6:36 am*

Another Alpha might have bought the mouse and forced in his knot, but no one else had tasted her or fucked her proper. The Beta-drunk Alphas who thought they ran this city hardly even knew where to stick it. They got their rocks off easy and often with their stables of Betas, buying Omegas only for bragging rights and to breed.

It wasn't the first time Caspian had heard of a girl being cast off for failing to come after a few quick thrusts and hard cuff to the face. Most Omegas squeezed in their panic, clenching hard enough around a knot for an Alpha to spurt a load. The privileged males couldn't tell the difference in sensation and had no idea what they were missing.

They didn't know how to tease an Omega into bloom or know how to make a mute one sing.

Caspian might not have been handsome like Kieran, or charismatic like Toby, but he was perceptive in a way most people couldn't imagine. He knew what the mouse needed and gave it so he could take all he wanted and more.

It was utterly selfish and completely delightful.

To see her sprawled sweaty and slick-covered under him, to watch astounded lavender eyes turn black with lust—his cock ached as it pulsated in his fist.

Her nest would be in ruins by the time he was done. He'd paint the walls of her hovel in cum and walk away smiling knowing she'd never get the smell out.

Her pink little pussy still fluttered against him, soft rolls of her hips spreading him

with all that slippery invitation. Snowy-white skin, head pillowed in soft wisps of hair, puffed pink nipples and a soft smile under lust-drunk eyes. Pretty as a picture, and he couldn't wait to watch her face screw up in pleasure as he pumped her full of thick ropes of sticky Alpha sperm.

The thought alone and he spurt just enough precum to splash her belly and startle the little thing out of her swoon. Good. He wanted her lucid when he tore into that hole, wanted to see the play of pain and pleasure ripple across her face.

Cockhead swollen red, Caspian leaned over her and jerked off until another spurt hit her perfect tits. Fuuuuck, it looked pretty there. Sweet as honey on a strawberry.

Dipping his head to swipe up a glob, he moved to her lips and spit it right on her tongue. Her little choke and successive following hum left him satisfied. She liked his taste as much as he liked hers, which was good, because he was going to cum down that throat until sperm leaked from her eyeballs.

Skull fucking that mouth while Toby fucked her ass and Kieran destroyed her pussy...

Caspian spurt again, catching the sweet stuff in his palm. Again he licked it up and brought it to her parted lips, jamming his tongue deep to coat her palate with his flavor.

He wondered how she'd look with a woman feasting between her legs, if she'd hate it and silently beg him to stop her. He almost hoped so. She'd come so fucking flawlessly despite her disgust, eyes locked on his, cheeks flushed from pleasure and shame.

"Fuck..." Breathless and rattling out a growl demanding submission, Caspian put a stop to the fantasies and looked reality right in her blown eyes.

Mushroom tip notched where the mouth of her cunt suckled with each squirm, he found her resistant when his hips tilted.

Tight and ready to be subjugated.

An inch was gained, Caspian grinding his teeth and straining with the ferocity of his growl.

The call set her still, but left her cunt fluttering only enough that a rough jolt forward buried merely half his length in spasming perfection.

Shouting, he pulled out a fraction of the way and reared back until she squealed. “My little mouse is going to take all this cock and choke her cunt on it!”

The muscles in his ass clenched tight, he drove forward again and fought his way through the last of her body’s resistance. The Omega began to shiver beneath him, somewhat in shock and somewhat in desire, but he was too far gone to notice.

The rut came full upon him, the Alpha mindless in his quest to seed fertile ground. Cunt walls slippery with slick, clenched and rattled as he pounded his dick deeper yet. The wet sucking sound of her pussy, the smack of his balls against her ass, each note stabbed into the base of his cock swelling it bigger and bigger.

He sucked the tip of one bobbing tit so hard the female shrilled. He moved to the other breast to bite and bruise so she’d know who’d fucked her. All the while, paltry scratches from petite hands brought a pleasing sting to his back and arms.

Her body was ready; he could smell it in the tinge of her fear.

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Knot throbbing with renewed vigor to engorge, he ground her down into that sad nest and hooked the sweet spot behind her pelvis.

His every throb would tease that bundle of nerves, edging her closer to true bloom and his own ultimate release.

“Fight all you want, pretty mouse. There’s no getting away now.” No chance of escape. All she could do was surrender to a greater power.

Sucking a kiss from a hissing mouth, Caspian stole a thumb between their warring pelvises to rub careful circles on the sweet little clitty he’d excited into a pert nub. His balls drew painfully tight when she jolted at one touch, boiling seed churning into that which would be a mighty first eruption.

“I’m going to fill you up with so much cum, it will be leaking down your thighs for a week—bloat out that little belly, you’ll be so full.” Violently rocking against her, rubbing his knot in the spot that would make her wail, he watched blown eyes roll back in her skull.

Faster his thumb went until the Omega made the perfect soundless scream.

The clench around his knot twisted like a pair of hands, streaming up his aching shaft to pull the cum right out of his balls. He flooded her with globs of jizz, glorying in her whines for mercy.

The little mouse reared back, legs kicking out in an attempt to unseat him.

Fierce for something so small.

Beautiful in her mindless surrender to orgasm.

A second great volley of seed shot past the knot to spray out the head of his cock, an Alpha roar shaking the walls.

She drew out a third, a fourth, and a fifth burst of pleasure, milking him for all she was worth until Caspian was sure his balls had shriveled to nothing.

“Good girl.”

Bad, bad, dirty, naughty girl. He was going to do such things to her.

A whine on the end of her every breath, his captured mouse's internal wrench began to ebb. The knot bobbed in time to the beat of his heart, trapping all he'd spilled and leaving Caspian thoroughly satisfied.

He hadn't come that hard in... maybe ever... and the greedy male was in no hurry to give it up. Wet, hot heat would stay wrapped around him for an hour yet if he was any judge.

Already tempted to wring another orgasm out of her just so he could make her clench around his impressive knot, Caspian licked at her neck. A purr rattled from him louder than any he'd offered a good fuck in the past, one that put his little captive straight into a stupor.

Free to move her as he wished, he sat back on his heels, drawing her little body with him. With her draped down his thighs he got a good view of her pussy stuffed with his meat. Glorious. That was a stretch she'd feel for days to come, each twinge when she walked reminding her of who owned her now.

Her little clit was trying to hide under its hood. Caspian peeled back the skin and gave the shiny nub a light flick. His Omega twitched but didn't wake.

"Kieran." Caspian didn't need to turn to know his pack mate stood behind him. He'd smelled him from the moment he'd stepped into the room.

Chuckling, arousal in his voice, his subordinate said, "I hope you don't mind that I took in the end of the show? With all that noise, I came in thinking I'd have to stop you from claiming the girl."

"Come here." Voice hoarse and breathless, Caspian waved off the idea as if he hadn't been extremely tempted to bite down on soft skin. "Suck her. I need to feel her come again."

His Second-Alpha didn't need to be told twice. Stomping right through the nest, Kieran went to his knees at his boss' side and buried his face where Caspian held back the hood from the Omega's tender clit.

Though he couldn't see more than the back of his Second's head, Caspian could feel the warm spit and swipe of another man's tongue when it brushed his shaft as he pleased the mouse.

Dazed, she began to arch and buck, still locked tight to a pulsating knot.

Watching for the moment, she realized another partook of her body, Caspian began to rock his shaft inside her again.

Just as she began to peak, her eyes flew open, a ring of violet around huge pupils.

High as a fucking kite on him and already eager to climax again.



Without lifting his head from her nub, Kieran reached out a hand and covered her scream. The girl came even harder than the first time, wringing more sperm from Caspian's cock until he was certain he was bone dry. And still she came and came until tears ran from the corner of her eyes and Caspian had to rip Kieran off.

His Second wiped the back of his hand over his slick-smeared mouth, eyes wild with need as he growled, "I want to fuck her next."

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“No.” Not yet. The little mouse only just had her first taste of what was to come. “You can have Rosie tonight. I’m done with her.”

Watching the distraught Omega, Kieran offered the purr Caspian was unable to create, still groaning in pleasure as he was.

The Second-Alpha’s hand brushed sweat-soaked hair from the woman, admiring what they both knew was a special kind of beauty. “When can I have this one? I want to know what made you roar like that.”

Barely able to catch his breath, little spurts still being drawn from his near empty sack, Caspian gave a lopsided grin. “Fuck Rosie. I’m not ready to share.”

“And Toby?”

“Have him take that boy to a doctor.” All this fun would go to shit if that kid died before Caspian was done with his new toy. “When he’s back, he can fuck Rosie too.”

## Chapter 7

Wren would never forget the sensation of a cork popping—hot fluid spraying out between her legs, irritating stinging skin and leaving a lapping puddle under the blanket.

She’d still been in a daze when that fat snake of meat had slithered from her body, the stroke of a rough-skinned hand down the side of her face Caspian’s only goodbye.

She'd slept like the dead when it was done, waking sore and sticky...

And lonesome.

The sound of the boys' gaming console blared its racket in the front room, encouraging Wren to forget her embarrassment and climb groaning from the soiled nest. Hand pressed between her legs, fingers growing drenched with the lingering taint that dripped out, she limped to her dresser and dug out some clothes.

Soft flannel seemed to scratch such sensitive skin, pants leaving her hissing in pain when pulled them over bruises.

She felt filthy both in body and spirit, biting back a cry when she turned and saw the state of her nest.

Wreckage.

Unwilling to wade through cum-soaked bedding to fix it, Wren turned her back and went to the door.

Forcing herself forward, she breathed through the aching discomfort between her legs and rounded the hall to find it was not Mikael slapping the controller and cursing at the screen.

He saw her the second she saw him—the shaved head Alpha who'd broken into her home with his boss.

The entirety of his carriage changed when she instinctively snarled, the male no longer casual or focused on fun. He moved slowly, lowering the controller and rising to stand. "I'm Toby."

Who cared?

The couch had no Mikael on it. Where was her boy?

“There are books in here, so Caspian assumed you knew how to read.” The voice didn’t match the gruff demeanor or creepy smirk. It was cultured, educated even. The man gestured to the coffee table where his feet had rested only moments before. “He left you a letter.”

That would mean she had to walk closer to this stranger, and that was the last thing she wanted to do.

“Can you read?”

In a temper, Wren signed, “Read this, you fucking scumbag. Where is Mikael?”

“I picked up the read part and the fuck bit. I think it’s safe to say the rest was something you’re going to regret later.”

“I regret every goddamn thing that happened today!”

“Calm down. I’m not here to upset you.” The man held his hands out in a conciliatory gesture, but failed to lose that unsettling grin or the unwavering stare. “You got a raw deal. Have a seat, I’ll get you some water. You’ll read the letter, and that will be that.”

The need to know her boy was okay outweighed her need to stay away from all males forever. Hobbling cautiously closer, Wren snatched the folded paper, backing away as soon as it was in her fingers. When her back hit the wall, she set her eyes to the chicken scratch:

The boy was taken to a doctor in Shirley.

-C

Tossing the letter aside she signed, “Which doctor? I want to see him! Where is Alec?”

“I don’t know what you’re saying.” But he damn well knew what her intent was.

The boys. The reason she pressed a hand between her aching legs and slipped down to the floor until her butt hit cracked tile. They were her reason for all of it and neither of them were here.

Alec had not come home. Mikael was sick... and now missing.

And she had whored herself out...

Taking a second to regroup, to figure out why the room was spinning, Wren closed her eyes and tried to think.

Toby trod across the tile to use her filtration system and pour a fresh cup. When he reached where she’d tucked her head against her knees, he patted her shoulder, murmuring, “Here. You’re lightheaded because you need water. Lots of water. Omegas are special in this way.”

She took the cup expressly so he’d back away, which he did. And then she drank. When it was empty he gave her another.

“I have something for you. It might cheer you up.”

## Page 14

*Source Creation Date: July 10, 2025, 6:36 am*

Rubbing her temples, Wren hardly spared him a look. Still, his smirk became a full-fledged grin.

Reaching behind her couch, he pulled pretty fabric out with a flourish. Her dress.

Her favorite dress.

Pathetic, she stared at it, eyes wet and heart giving a single thump.

He crept forward, dress in hand, until he kneeled where she sat. “Keep it. Caspian doesn’t need to know.”

Tentative fingers stretched out to touch the coarse weave.

Snatching it to her nose, Wren buried her face in something familiar and special, breathing in lungfuls of air that smelled how she had before an Alpha drenched her in his filth.

“Come on.” Careful of the bruises on her arm, he pulled her up. “Let’s get you back to bed.”

Dress clutched to her chest, she stumbled beside him, the place between her legs throbbing. He bore more of her weight than she was willing to admit, going so far as to wrap an arm around her waist. Once back in her room, the ruined nest gave her no comfort. So Wren pushed free of her guide, grabbing a pillow and the only dry blanket in the puddle of cum. Both were dragged to the corner where she plopped down and fell asleep almost instantly.

When morning came, she was shivering in the corner alone without the sound of either boy banging around in the front room.

In misery.

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Managing repairs on the pipeworks, keeping rival factions from gaining even an inch of his hard-won labors, and negotiating with the thirsty powers-that-be tended to keep a man busy, but still Caspian found himself regularly checking the camera feeds recording the Omega's hovel.

Toby had done well with the install; the tiny surveillance machines buried into the crumbling brick had gone unnoticed. Every single room, all angles, were available. Not that he'd needed to access more than two so far.

His Omega had not left the corner of her room in three days except to hobble to the bathroom or to grab more of that bracken she called water.

She had not taken any food. Not even the shit fungus she'd tried to offer him when he'd come to call.

It was starting to piss him off.

He controlled ninety-percent of the water supply to the entirety of Dale City. Everyone who knew his name knew not to fuck with him.

If the pretender Alpha government lording over them from above wanted clean drink, they had to pay. If they failed to pay, he shut off the valves and let the thirsty snobs above sort out new management. It never took long. After all, a human would die without water in a handful of days.

Racketeering was good, honest money.

Caspian had every Alpha in a thousand-mile radius by the balls.

And still that Omega pouted in the corner, clinging to her torn dress Toby had disregarded orders to save for her.

He had fucked her a bit more roughly than he'd intended too, sure. She had fought back in spectacular fashion... but she had also come gloriously multiple times.

What was the issue?

Why had she not repaired her nest or obsessively cleaned? He could still see mud smudges on the floor in the front room. Why had she not come to him?

By this point, the Omega should have been scratching at his door asking for trinkets, credits... affection.

Fuck, Rosie had been begging for his cock after the very first poke. Now that he had set her aside, she was skulking around trying to entice him back. He never went back to an old meal for more than a passing fuck, but he wasn't a total bastard either. The women were allowed to stay under his protection if they wanted to. They were given comforts, food, and clean water. But they also had to serve for the privilege of belonging.

Rosie was exclusively for Toby and Kieran's enjoyment now. When his Second and Third were done with her, the general population would fight over that gnawed bone.

Someday the little mouse would face that too.

Or she'd scuttle back to her hovel a little richer in both credits and experience. Which



might be for the best.

Caspian didn't enjoy the image of her catering to his workers, at least not until he'd supped his fill. For now, she was his. And until defensive instincts ran their course, he wasn't going to share... unless it was for his own pleasure.

The mouse would be lovely, pale and perfect, mauled by his Kieran and Toby.

Eventually. But not yet.

Not until Caspian had gorged.

"Your cock is dripping down the front of your pants, boss." Fucking Toby had been enjoying his distraction with the surveillance feeds a bit too much.

Adjusting what had become a never-ending erection, Caspian gave a sincerely vicious warning growl to back off. "Unless you're planning to suck me off, get the fuck away from me."

His Third chuckled. "Never seen you in the rut before. Why not have sweetcheeks brought here and take what's yours until it passes?"

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Because something about having that Omega exposed to any of this felt extremely wrong.

Toby looked at the screen where a curled up mouse slept in the corner. “A lot of pride for one little girl. She hasn’t even tried to fix that sorry excuse for a nest.”

The rejection stung, and Caspian was growing livid. She should have been lying in his scent, crawling to his door, begging him for scraps!

He was going to go over there and fuck her until she knew who owned her. Until every inch of her skin was marked with his cum and bleeding from bites.

No... not bites. Powerful Alphas never claimed a single Omega. That was for the weak. Men like him bred them all, fucked who they would.

Omegas were only a commodity to be traded and shared.

Toby mocked in a whisper as he walked past, “Take her something pretty. Maybe she’ll forgive you for ruining her favorite dress.”

### Chapter 8

It was so quiet without the boys running in and out. Alec wasn’t coming back anytime soon; not until his temper was spent. Wren had come to terms with that, but she hated having ten-year-old Mikael gone.

She hated that not one knock had come to her door. No one wanted her wares now

that the rumor must have spread that Caspian had come to call.

How was she to salvage this?

A person couldn't exactly start over in the Warrens. This was it, there was nowhere to go. And she couldn't afford passage to a higher neighborhood, not for all the kids and herself. And even if she could, there would be little honest work for a woman marked Defective.

How would she feed them?

All valuable salvage was hidden under the sinking, mud-spattered Warrens.

Pointing her toes, flexing them, and pointing them again, Wren counted the cracks in the wall.

This home wouldn't last much longer. It would sink in a year, two tops. Already it was dangerously close to the waterline. A single tremor and she'd be drowned.

The boys deserved better.

In order to provide it, Wren had to get off the floor.

But everything ached; her mouth was cotton, and her eyes could not be trusted. She kept seeing men in her room. First the shaved head invader who'd given her back the dress tucking a scratchy blanket around her. Then the shaggy haired gunman pressing water to her lips.

And now... now it almost looked as if Caspian stood in her door.

"You haven't eaten in three days."

A slow blink and Wren closed her eyes.

“You have not repaired your nest.”

That thing was no longer a nest. It was a cesspool where she’d been used and abandoned. Not fit for rats... or even a mouse.

“Don’t you want to know how Mikael is doing?”

This dream was cruel, cruel enough to trick her into opening her eyes again.

The phantom Alpha had come even closer. “I have brought you food.”

She wasn’t hungry.

“And clean water.”

The water she provided was fine.

The ground grew lumpy as if the foundations were already bursting apart. Soon the mud would rush in and she’d be buried like the kids outside.

Except she didn’t sink down, she rose up.

Thumping against warmth, the frost infecting her limbs began to sting.

“You shouldn’t have left me alone,” her eyes said when they met muted brown. “You wrecked everything I built.”

A warm cheek in need of a shave scrubbed hers. “Even when I’m angry with you, I can’t help but think that you’re a sweet little mouse.”

Her nostrils filled with a spice that perked up her lungs and set her stomach twisting.

Gruff, warm and male, the voice at her ear promised, “If you keep looking at me like that, I won’t feed you first...”

The idea of food sounded lovely. Minced mushrooms on sour bread. Maybe a juicy hunk of opossum.

That was not what a fat finger poking between her lips set upon her tongue once he’d sat.

It was something familiar and heady, seasoned with salt and some kind of herb. Meat that squished without bone fragments or gristle when chewed.

Heavenly.

So damn good that, in her haze, she latched onto the finger that offered savory reward and sucked every last drop of juice away. When the flavor went from meat to man, she spit out the digit and launched her own attack on the carcass nestled in a plastic sack on her coffee table.

Chicken.

God, she had forgotten what it tasted like, gobbling down this impossible dream without thought for manners or consideration for the purring beast who braced her on his lap. Finger in her mouth, licking the juice from her palms, Wren hardly drew breath between swallows—only pausing long enough to wrap her greasy hands around the glass of clear water set nearby.

She ate until it hurt, and then she ate some more.

She gorged until she realized this wasn't a dream, and lacked the will to care that an awful man would mock her for this later.

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She cleaned that whole damn chicken, panting at the boney aftermath as if she were offended it had run out of meat.

And then she began to suck the marrow.

And he let her.

He let her lick and gnaw. Let her stoop over the meal as if she were ready to fight to the death for it. All the while rubbing her back in slow circles.

He even reached past her carnage to lift up a cistern and refill the grease-smeared glass. “Drink more.”

Wren didn’t do it because he’d ordered her. She did it because she was so fucking thirsty and water was hard to come by. The way she slammed the empty cup down on the pockmarked wood said that loud and clear.

Again it was refilled.

But she couldn’t hold another drop.

“Mouse.” A nose nestled into her tangled hair, large hands slipping where they would. “I’m angry with you.”

Too full by half to be anything but satisfied, Wren let him touch and sniff.

“I looked in your storage. There wasn’t any food.”

Yeah... only rich people stored food. Warrens rats fought to find it daily and most of them didn't have to feed two growing boys.

“And your water is shit—distilled until there are no minerals left and hardly wiped of rust from your garbage machines.”

Well, fuck you too.

Glancing over her shoulder, Wren looked the purring male in the eye. He didn't look angry at all. In fact, he looked extremely content to sit on her couch and keep her settled over his thigh.

Simple signs said, “I do my best.”

Though he could not have understood, he nodded. “Of course you do.”

Well, that was...

Her brief moment of respite drained down to her toes. He hadn't come here to spoil her with food and share his water. He'd come here for sex.

He, the man who knew where Mikael was.

And they had a deal.

Reaching for the hem of her dirty shirt, she lifted it up so they might get it over with. Breasts bouncing free, hair disheveled, she pulled it off and faced him.

Mud brown eyes went to pink nipples, a darting tongue wetting Caspian's lips. “Kiss my neck and tell me that you're grateful. Show me that you want me.”



What Wren wanted was to curl up into a ball, digest all this food, and rest. But she obeyed and pressed her exposed breasts to his clothing-covered chest until dry lips met male skin.

She couldn't find it in her to kiss him. It wasn't willfulness, it was...

It was sadness.

He'd asked for a kiss. Wren chose instead to wrap her arm around his neck and embrace the enemy. Cooing and shushing as she would have one of her boys, she nestled. Careful fingertips danced over the tense muscles of Caspian's neck, then dipped under that disgusting coat and kneaded tension away.

She gave him a feast of everything but lust. True attention. Generosity of spirit.

And when his head rolled back against the sagging cushions of her couch, Wren gave him a purr.

## Chapter 9

Caspian hardly recognized the rumbling contentment humming in his chest. It wasn't a purr offered to manipulate and calm an Omega, it was the sound of unadulterated male gratification.

The little mouse had lulled him out of the rut and right into a doze.

And she had kept him in that state by curling up on his lap and finding her own rest. She snored, a little whirring female purr. It was extremely cute.

Soft and pliable and filled with food he'd given her.

His cock stirred, a twitch of pulsing blood engorging tingling flesh. He wanted to be inside her while she made that noise, to feel her touch him as she did before she'd closed her eyes to catnap.

Women didn't touch men like that. Not men like him.

Once or twice Caspian had caught Rosie rubbing against Kieran when she didn't know her owner could see. It was the handsome ones who earned enticing touches. Scarred up men like him had to fuck bitches first to show them what they were missing.

And then sluts spread with enthusiasm for what he could offer, groveling at his feet in a bid for rank.

For the last six months, Rosie had saved all her best tricks for his cock. She'd whispered sweet words and praised him because he was First-ranked Alpha—because he was kingpin—but she would never have played like his mouse.

There would have been no gentleness on a couch. After her meal, Rosie would have swallowed his cock, bobbing up and down as she'd slathered him with stringy spit. She would have fucked him in whatever vile way she thought he might like best.

Done anything.

The mouse hadn't even thought to stroke his dick. She had given pleasure in other ways, while taking comfort of her own. The sour anxiety in her scent had faded into sweet sleepiness. She had even willingly put her ear to his heart just to listen.

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He should not have left a female like her alone for three days after breaking her in.

The sleek, raw mouse needed more than just a meal. She'd needed an Alpha. Otherwise she'd end up like Rosie, vying for attention in a bid to secure rank amongst the kept females.

"Sir, you're needed back at the pipeworks." Since his arrival, Kieran had been watching them as if unsure what to make of the scene. His Second was perplexed, those green eyes women preened for locked on Caspian's Omega.

A masculine rumble thick with contentment said, "It can wait."

Kieran eased closer, leaning forward to sniff the female. "What is she doing?"

Was that a hint of jealousy in his Second's tone? Caspian's dick grew all the harder, the soft bottom butting up against it wiggling in unconscious response. "She's earning another good meal, if nothing else. I'm almost tempted to..."

"To what?" Piercing green eyes darted from the sleeping mouse's face to meet his, Kieran cocking a brow. "Are you... are you smiling?"

"I want you to watch me fuck her." Why did that feel so good to say, and not just in the carnal sense? Caspian wanted the Second to sit and wait, and watch a woman who had purred only for him come apart.

"Can I touch her?"

An instant refusal came to his tongue, bitten back before it was more than a growl. His Second and Third had every right to demand their share, but for once, Caspian was not eager to offer. “Afterward.”

A trace of challenge, a reminder of what they were, led Kieran to narrow his eyes. “Toby will expect to at least lick her clean.”

That was an action beneath First Alpha and even that was more than Caspian wanted to share. Agitation hooked into the slipping sense of calm, leaving his stone-hard dick instantly uncomfortable. “Summon him when you are ready and I’ll leave you to it. See that he remembers his place.”

A handsome grin bloomed, Kieran chuckling. “Still pissed he gave her back that dress?”

Caspian had watched the recorded feed and seen how she’d clung to it for days. Even now, it was moldering in the corner of her bedroom. As punishment, Toby had been pinned and dominated. He had been splashed with his First’s seed and made to swallow. “He had his orders.”

“You know how he gets with women.”

Grave, Caspian drove the point home. “I know he’s killed three of the whores in my pen.”

Kieran shrugged as if their loss was nothing. “Betas.”

“She will see him on his best behavior. Do you understand me?” Caspian reached out, collaring his Second-Alpha in a menacing grip.

The second most dangerous Alpha in Dale City complied without question. “Yes,

sir.”

Kieran’s throat was set free, Caspian running a touch over a milky white arm instead. The fine hairs under his fingertips rose, the mouse stirring. Lavender eyes blinked open just in time for the Omega to hear, “The mouse will rebuild her nest today. Praise her when it’s finished.”

“And if she disobeys?”

“Rape her.”

The Omega’s sweet purr dried up, the air once again soured with anxiety.

Pinching her chin, gentle as a monster might be, Caspian said, “Come now, sweet mouse. You’ll be a good girl for Kieran and Toby, so there is no reason to be afraid. But should my mouse choose to turn into an ordinary rat, she will be treated like one. Understood?”

The girl nodded, swallowing.

He booped her nose. “Feeling better?”

She nodded again, slower as if unsure what he expected.

“I’ve enjoyed the view of your tits for the last two hours, but it’s your cunt I want to see now. Strip. Stand with your legs apart in front of me and pull your pussy open.”

Lavender eyes darted to the other male, but not in eager anticipation. Her body language made it very clear she didn’t want the Second-Alpha anywhere near this.

Shy...

A fierce sense of triumph roiled in Caspian's stomach. His mouse wasn't hoping the pretty boy would play, and it excited him. Stern and hungry for his due, he warned, "He's already tasted your pussy, pretty mouse. And he will again if I order it. Get up and obey me. Spread those cunt lips and let me see."

Climbing from his lap, she peeled her lower layers away. With a deep breath, she faced him full on, legs spread wide, her fingers caught on the sweet outer lips until the ripe inner flesh was on display.

Caspian reached forward, tracing a finger over all he found. Light stimulation, perhaps even the humiliation, brought drops of dew to collect at her opening, easing the slip of his exploration when he thrust two fingers as deep as he could reach.

A twist and a whirl and he pulled them free, holding shiny digits up for inspection. "I don't see any blood. Did that hurt?"

The flash of temptation to lie leapt into her gaze and just as quickly vanished. She shook her head no.

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“You’re healed enough for what I have in mind.” His hand went to his belt, working the leather and the zipper until his pants gaped open and his cock sprang free. If she was surprised by the display in front of the other male, the mouse kept it off her face. Though she did twitch when Kieran settled on the couch beside him, the Second reaching down to free his own growing erection.

“I want him to see how sweet you are to me.” Male hands cupped her hips, Caspian drawing her forward to straddle his lap. “You are going to be a good little mouse and ride my cock.”

Beside them, Kieran pulled at his dick, knee braced so he might see every lovely swell and dip of the girl about to be used.

When lavender eyes went wide, Caspian caught her chin and brought her back under his spell. “Good girls keep their eyes on mine, hmmm? Kieran only gets to watch your body. I’m not in the mood to share your attention.”

Between them, Caspian stroked his girth, moving in time with his Second until a little well of precum glistened at his tip. There was a subtle shift to her hips once the scent of his offering tickled her nose. Unknowingly, she presented.

Kieran choked up harder on his dick. “If you don’t growl, I’m going to. I need to see that cunt flood.”

In a rare concession to a subordinate’s desire, Caspian began a low extended rumbling. That first spurt from her slit doused his cockhead, slick dripping over his jerking fingers like hot fudge on a sundae. Warm and slippery, it sweetened the air.

His Second groaned, leaning close, hand jerking his shaft. He began to sniff and lick his lips, to growl under his breath... to almost whine. “Fuuuuuck.”

Sluicing his cockhead in the slippery mess still dripping from the mouse, Caspian grunted. “Eyes on me, princess. Eyes only on me.”

The lavender burned with just enough anxiety to slow the encroaching pupil, yet her desire bloomed nonetheless.

Swallowing as if already gripped by her cunt, he ordered, “Use your hands on me how you did before.”

It took a moment for the mouse to grasp his intent, but then those hands slipped under his coat. He watched her as she learned the shape of his body, explored his superior strength—her cunt dripping out the perfect substance to keep the fist jerking his cock well-lubricated.

“Purr and make your little noises.” The second she did, he groaned like an untried boy, spurting another wave of precum to splash against her pussy and edging her body even further into need.

At his side, Kieran had slowed his pace, the man already fighting back the threat of a knot at the base of his cock. Her smell was just that fucking good.

Knowing his Second suffered just as much as he relished this moment, Caspian took the little mouse in hand. Lined up with that sweet hole, he drew her down until she grimaced and began to push up.

“I didn’t tell you to stop.” Bruising her hips with his grip, he hissed, “Slide down my cock like a good girl, or I’ll shove it into you the way I punish a bad girl.”



Pained noises caught in her throat. She breathed in shallow pants and let gravity impale her on his rod. Ass met his thighs, her lip shaking, but wisely she never closed her eyes in pain.

She'd held his gaze just as he'd ordered, and would be rewarded for it.

He growled again, smirking as he kneaded her hips. In response, her insides marginally loosened, reducing her discomfort and encouraging more slick.

A symphony of confusion and desire burned in her expression, little twinges of pain and beautiful shocks of pleasure inspired and extended at Caspian's leisure.

Cock throbbing in her internal grip, balls already starting to swell in anticipation of a glorious eruption, he drew his mouse closer for a kiss.

Even with his tongue in her mouth, she kept her eyes open, she kept them locked on his as if nothing else in the world existed.

"Fuck me?" Had he just asked her? Was that pleading in his voice?

There wasn't time to decide, not when an infinitely distracting cunt squeezed where he ached and drew up a shaft desperate for friction. Caspian showed her how to move, guiding her hips as he breathed in her air. Once she had the measure of it, his hands wandered of their own volition— arms threading around her back until one tangled in the hair at the base of her skull and the other hooked her closer.

Why had he not ordered her to remove his clothing first? How could he have thought a simple fuck on her disgusting couch would be enough?

Those abnormally white tits should have been slipping over his bared chest, not pressed to his shirt instead. He should have felt her hair trailing over his arms. The

skins of his slaughtered enemies wasn't worthy to brush against her flesh.

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“Ride me faster, circle your hips. Gah...” He choked, gasping when her pussy gave a lurch and slammed down just as he desired. “Jesus, mouse. Take what you want!”

Her hands fisted in his shirt, she bucked, chasing after what drove her. Her need for his cum.

Going to town wringing his own meat, Kieran’s eyes were glued to where the mouse’s pussy swallowed and spit out an angry, red Alpha cock. He was chiming with them a steady, “Yes, yes, just like that. Fuck him as hard as you can.”

Eyes black as Caspian’s heart, completely high on his call, the mouse did. She fucked him.

He just sat back and took it.

The sounds she made would have made an old sailor blush, the squelch and suck of a dripping cunt seasoning the air and driving both Alphas wild.

Slapping down hard on Caspian’s thighs, her body called for the knot, his skin bursting to deliver what she craved. He swelled so hot and so fast that she was caught, the Omega past reason as she squealed and began to lurch. Whatever was happening inside her was heaven on his cock, the rippling suck of her orgasm fierce and violent.

Mouth parted, unblinking eyes stared straight through him. He gave her three massive gushes in such rapid succession he grew lightheaded.

Her greedy pussy demanded more, biting down with such fervor on his knot that he clawed for her throat in response.

“Careful, Caspian!”

Another wave of lava rushed from aching balls, up a pulsating shaft to spray from the slit in his cockhead and batter her insides with foamy seed. Another and another until he was whining with each breath, so far twisted up in pleasure, he couldn’t remember his name.

When he was certain his cock would split like an over-cooked sausage, the squeezing ripple let up. The following wave of euphoria was stronger than any drug he sold on the streets.

In his grip, a pale throat had gone pink, above it bug-eyed and gasping for air, the mouse rode the cusp of a blackout. Stranger still was the unwelcome male who had him by the hair and braced his weight between Caspian’s snapping teeth and the floundering girl’s shoulder.

“Once you claim her there’s no going back!”

Sense cracked through exuberant lust, and Caspian threw her neck from his grip without consideration for how they were joined. She rocked back, arms wheeling, caught by his Second, who still braced a hand against Caspian’s chest as if expecting the First-Alpha to make another grab for her.

As her vision began to clear and huge gasping sucks of air finally made their way into her ribcage, the Omega began to wail. These were the kind of sobs threats and a strong backhand would not crush. She was beyond consoling, completely terrified, and retching up stringy mucus past a damaged throat.

Caspian had never felt a knot retreat so quickly. The wave of cum that splattered his pants when he shifted her off should have given him great pride. Hell, it was more than he'd ever dumped in a female in all his myriad liaisons. Even Rosie with all her tricks had had never drawn forth half so much.

Standing abruptly, fixing up his fly, Caspian looked down at the mess he'd created. The little mouse cowered. "You're not defective." When she failed to raise up her face and acknowledge that she'd heard him, he tried to mollify again, "You're flawless. Best fuck I've ever had."

The petrified thing shrunk further in on herself.

Resting a hand on her head, he fought past his own sense of shock and struggled to create a purr. Offering the closest thing to an apology she was ever going to get, Caspian said, "It wasn't intentional. You didn't do anything wrong."

She stilled under his stroking hand, but it was out of fright, not calm. Unsure how to handle her, Caspian backed up a step. The effect on the Omega was immediate.

She wanted him gone.

"Supply whatever she needs: food, water, new bedding for the nest. If a doctor is required, one will be brought here."

"Sir?" His Second stood there baffled and did nothing.

Roaring his displeasure, Caspian snarled, "Fucking comfort her already!"

A second later he was slamming her door shut at his back, face a mask of outright violence.

## Chapter 10

Wren's mind and body had yet to fully reconnect. Parts of her were twitching mercilessly, firing off residual bursts of muscle cramping pleasure, yet ferocious pain circled her neck and her lungs burned with each breath.

Gasping for air, Wren sobbed.

The Alpha had almost murdered her the moment her body had found an earth shattering completion of spirit. His violence had skyrocketed her elation. The way he'd snapped his teeth hadn't frightened her at all. She'd fed on his frenzy and orgasmed all the harder.

Throat a pulped mush, Wren couldn't help but wish he'd killed her.

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She couldn't live like this.

“Shhhh, Omega.” The one called Kieran stroked her naked spine, his purr gaining strength with each passing minute.

She'd willingly, even enthusiastically, ridden an evil man's cock, while striking green eyes bore witness...

Kieran had taken pleasure in what he'd seen.

Still took pleasure even now if the jutting member between his legs was any indication. It dripped scented fluid, adding to the pool of semen and slick that still spilled from her pussy to smear the floor under her bruised knees.

The longer he lingered and pathetically tried to console, the more his motivation for doing so became apparent.

Once or twice, the hand exploring the curve of her bent spine had slipped over rounded ass cheeks to trail where sensitive flesh still tingled. Though she'd shied, he'd found what he sought, bringing drenched fingers to his mouth. After, a quick suck and a snarled warning when Wren tried to back away, self-preservation kept her still and pliant.

He eased even closer, shifting his body so his thighs brushed her ass. Draping himself over her spine, he sucked in air at her neck and purred. “I could make you feel better before Toby comes to lick you clean.”

What?

“I know how to take a girl gentle. Is that what you want?” The pitch of his voice grew predatory, hungry. “I’ll make you feel good. Comfort you.”

Wren couldn’t have heard him right.

Working to calm down, to gather her wits and find the strength to ignore his bone-melting purr and crawl off, she glanced through her tangled hair and found Kieran was stroking himself again... to this.

To her crying on the floor in a puddle of cum.

The smell of his cock, the subtle musky difference between the last offering of hard dick grew more pungent when his fist milked toward his glans. He spilled for her, just enough to change the scent markers in the air.

He even took that handful and rubbed it on her ass, delving his finger under folded legs, trying to push his juice up inside her.

A new Alpha wished to stake claim.

She should have run off, but the shock of it, of all of it, left her staring and frozen to the spot.

Deft hands went to the buttons of his shirt, Kieran pulling it wide to show a sculpted torso and the raw muscle hidden underneath. Rapacious, he teased the feel of his naked chest against her back, the purr vibrating deep into her frazzled nerves.

Wren closed her eyes.



“I can be good to you, fill you up, ease the sting.” Nose nuzzling into her tangles, he licked at her ear. “Raise up that sweet ass. Good, just like that.”

Why was she moving? How was this happening again?

Face to cold tile, spine arching, knees tucked under her—cum smeared and bruised.

The picture of subjugation.

Kieran didn't bother with a growl, his cock had globs of another man's sperm to offer lubrication. He didn't tease at her like Caspian had done, there was no running of his cockhead over her clit. He just slipped in.

And groaned like a wildcat ready to sup on his kill. “What did you do to him to make him act so crazy? Show me, sweet thing.”

He rolled his hips in a measured stroke, stretching her around his girth until not an inch more might fit. Gyrating his pelvis against her ass, he ran his chest over her back, a full body pet both inside and out.

“What makes you purr?” The whisper tickled her ear, the following nip to her shoulder leaving Wren shuddering. “Do you want me to stroke you, to play with your beautiful tits?”

He may have been asking, but his hands were already doing. Reaching under her, he grabbed a handful of breast, pulling at it until only her nipple was caught in his fingers. He gave it a tweak, rolling the swollen tip until she arched and her damaged throat tried to make a mewl.

A little more of his cock went inside.

“And how about this?” his fingers slipped past her belly all the way to where a little clit peeked from its hood. He strummed her there, drawing out another gasp and cramping wave of slick.

At her nervous cry, he shushed her again. “You’re going to relax and let me take care of you. I know what to do.” A rougher pinch sent the Omega lurching. He caught her tight, pulled her flush, and growled, “I have everything you need.”

Gyrating hips stirred his cock in her channel, the steel-hard length of him rubbing at places a simple shunt in and out would miss.

Her hand slapped the floor. A plea for it to end, for him to finish tormenting her and leave her alone.

The complaint encouraged only more of the same, endless minutes of gentle enticement that left her head swimming and insides screwed up tight. It wasn’t until she actively began to struggle that he broke from his pretend calm and gave her a growl more terrifying than any Caspian had used against her. It left her gushing slick around his intrusion to saturate the thatch of hair at his base and drip down her already soiled legs.

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“Fuck...”

He loved it, telling her so as he growled again and again until the puddle around them grew even larger. Until Wren wasn't sure he could wring any more from her womb.

Sluicing through the river, he began to rock her back and forth. So fucking full of him, over stimulated by the dancing finger on her clit, Wren finally surrendered to his game.

He knew the instant he had won, laughing over her as he shifted from playful to gratifying. Gone were the rolling strokes, replaced by snapping hips and a pinch on her clit.

Voice husky, enunciating between thrusts, he demanded, “Are you going to purr for me?”

No...

She couldn't purr, moaning past an aching throat as she was.

“I can be as good to you as he is.”

Good? Is that what these males thought they were?

Good men didn't fuck a woman on a filth-smeared floor until her knees went numb and her cheek was frozen.

And still her body responded.

She clenched around him until her ass was trembling, Kieran beginning to struggle to spear her. He had to fight convulsing muscles and a weeping slit to force his way in. And from the way the Alpha roared, he gloried in it—pulling back on her hips while thrusting forward with all his might.

He sank in deep.

Deep enough to feed her his knot whether she was ready for it or not.

It ballooned against overwrought nerves, sending her spiraling into a frenzy beyond her mental capacity to process. How had she not had enough cum? How could she feel such need for a frightening stranger just because his cock might kick inside her?

The twisting grip of her internal muscles fixed on that pulsating knot, fastening tight in a stranglehold that ran up his shaft in rippling waves.

All his talk ran dry, the male shouting gibberish as he tried to plow deeper still. Ears ringing from his roars, heart beating against her ribs, Wren sobbed as the first heavy spew was sucked from his cock to flood her cunt with seed.

Yes! This is what she needed to take away all reason and pain.

Another burst of fresh hot seed infiltrated her belly, held in by a still swelling knot.

An orgasm ravaged her body as more and more Alpha offering soothed the hurt, Wren unwittingly gave him what she thought to deny.

She purred.

And he grew drunk on it.

He would not let up, coaxing out rippling pressure from her clit so her orgasm might feed his. He didn't stop until she was pinned flat to the floor, the Alpha still jerking at her back fighting to push even deeper.

How long it lasted, Wren didn't know. She was still crushed under him, panting and high on the most fucked up of sex when Toby, followed by a team of Caspian's slaves, arrived.

Wren was too depleted to care she was seen lying in a pool of body fluids, naked and disgusting. But the man at her back, the one whose knot still twitched inside her, wrapped muscled limbs around her, rising up as far as the knot would allow, to snarl.

All animal, Kieran showed teeth, wild-eyed and vicious. "Get the fuck out!"

The slaves took one look at him before dropping the crates carried between them to obey.

A frowning Toby refused to budge. Not one bit intimidated, he crossed his arms over his chest and let out a low growl in response. "Down, boy. Once that knot lets up, I get to lick her clean."

Chest rumbling, Kieran narrowed his eyes. "I'm going to kill the next man who walks in here."

"Well, if that's the case, Caspian will have five workers to replace later." Toby, didn't seem to care who Kieran might kill. He cared about getting the job done. "He sent a lot a shit over for her, and I'm not going to let it sink in the mud outside."

Kieran kneaded Wren's breast, his attention going back to the knot-dazed female.

“Then get it over with.”

Cocking a brow, an unsettling grin growing on his face, Toby chuckled. “I’m not sure fucking her was the comfort Caspian had in mind. She looks cold and miserable.”

Temper rising, his eyes snapped up. “Get me a fucking blanket then.”

“There’s a doctor outside with orders to see her right away. Will you be able to control yourself and not break his neck, or should I call Caspian and have him come subdue you?”

“Doctor?” As if he had forgotten the string of purple bruises blooming on her neck, Kieran carefully pulled back white hair to inspect the swelling. Unwilling to let him touch there, Wren winced, turning her face further into the cracked tile pillowing her head. “Send him in. But if I see him so much as glance at her tits the way you are, I make no promises that he’ll survive it.”

## Chapter 11

“Does it hurt when I do this?” Careful fingers manipulated the column of her throat, shifting Wren’s trachea amidst blotchy, purple skin.

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Sullen, trapped on Kieran's lap with his knot still thundering a heartbeat away inside her pelvis, the Omega was not in a talking mood.

Kieran—hardly tolerating the older Beta's presence—hissed and snarled each time the doctor touched her. "She can't speak."

Before the physician had even been permitted to approach, Kieran had lifted Wren off the icy floor, and seated them both on the couch—the knot-locked Omega propped up on his lap.

Had Toby not thought to cover her, the complete wreckage of her body would have been on display.

The old blanket stolen from her demolished nest hung over her shoulders, covering things the workers stockpiling her kitchen and the physician prodding at her neck didn't need to see. But it didn't hide the fact that Kieran's hand worked underneath, fabric tenting, the coarse cotton bobbing where his fingers chose to play.

Unable to wrest Kieran's hand away from her swollen nub no matter how hard she pulled at his hand, he continuously teased her clit so her inner workings might cling to his knot and milk it for cum—with the old doctor right there taking her vitals and stabbing her arm for blood.

"These readings are"—the old man paused, looking for an elegant word—"elevated. I cannot get an accurate baseline until she calms. And judging by her physical condition... I suggest a lighter touch. If you expect to breed her, understand that Omegas who've endured extensive physical trauma do not enter estrous."

“Breed, hmm?” The purring chest at her back expanded. Tapping a new rhythm on her clit, Kieran rasped at her ear, “You want that, sweet thing? You want me to breed you?”

The knot that should have been shrinking swelled even larger.

Wincing, Wren closed her eyes, only to be gathered closer so he could rock his ever-hard cock where he’d already flooded her full of sperm. With the doctor’s cheeks heating and Toby licking his lips as he watched, Kieran turned her head to press a kiss to her sealed mouth. Teasing at her seam, he pushed her past humiliation and straight into another mind-killing release with only a few sure rolls of her clit and few rough bounces on his lap.

He dumped more cum inside her, hissing out an absolutely shameless groan before their audience.

The doctor cleared his throat. “I can give her a hypo-boost to speed her healing, but it will cost you—”

Toby glanced away from Wren’s orgasm-drawn expression to mock the old man. “You know who had you brought here, right? Caspian wants her healthy.”

The physician scoffed. “One hypo-boost is not going to make your Omega healthy. Look at her. She should be in the hospital for malnutrition. She’s hardly in a better state than that boy you dropped off. The same pneumonia infects her lungs. She needs x-rays, breathing treatments, fluids... she’s extremely dehydrated. And growing more so each time you...”

The finger tapping her clit ceased. Kieran wrapped a possessive arm around her middle, the low grate of his query threatening violence should the answer not please him. “Each time I what?”



Considering all the growls and threats on his life, the doctor remained surprisingly collected. “It requires a great deal of fluids for an Omega to endure an Alpha’s attention. How long has it been since she’s had water?”

Water be damned. Wren had been trying to get the doctor’s attention ever since first mention of her boy. When he continued to ignore her in favor of the Alphas, she pulled her arms from the blanket to sign that she wanted pen and paper.

Kieran gave her a warning growl, immediately covering her exposed breasts with his forearm. “Behave.”

She ignored him. Pleading with her hands and eyes for a tool so she could communicate.

With a nervous smile, the doctor produced a pad, clicking open the pen in his pocket before handing it over. “Tell me what hurts.”

The pen moved immediately: Do you have my Mikael? Is he better?

Glancing at the pad she held up, the old man drew his brows together. “He’s improved, yes. But it will be some weeks before he’ll be off a ventilator. If he’d come to me a day later, he’d be dead. He is a very sick child who needs a great deal of care.”

He would have died...

Mikael would have died on her couch if Caspian had not sent him to a real doctor. He still might die if Caspian’s generosity ran out.

How much does his treatment cost?

The doctor said a number so astronomically high, Wren could not have paid it with ten lifetimes of constant salvage. Distressed, her insides went soft, the grumble of annoyance from the Alpha buried inside her ignored. Just as his knot was ignored so she could process the horrible realization.

She must endure Caspian and his men, survive, until Mikael was healed. Whatever it took, because she could see what the physician was not saying. If Mikael left his treatments now, he would still die. The Alpha must not grow bored of her or kill her until it was done.

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Hanging her head in her hands, Wren took an unsteady breath. The pain in her body was nothing, her tattered pride unimportant. All that mattered were her boys. The price for Alec and Mikael was going to be so much more than merely whoring herself out to an evil man and his pack.

It was going to cost Wren her life.

This was debt she could never pay. When it came time to collect, she would be tossed in debtor's prison to work the quarries until her final breath.

Scrubbing silent tears from her cheeks, she went back to the pen and frantically scratched out: Mikael is a good boy, very smart. Get to know him and you'll learn how loyal he is. Hard working. He could help you fetching things you need. Clean. Maybe you could find a safe place for him? Give him work? Please.

Stricken, the doctor looked up from her messy words. "I can't keep the boy."

Her heart sank, but she nodded that she understood. Ten years old was awfully young to be alone and Alec was not as reliable these days as Wren might hope. Something would have to be sorted out before she was taken away. Even this home wasn't going to last much longer before it slipped under the mud.

"You're upsetting her." Kieran was pissed.

The physician could tell his time was up. "A quick injection, ice for the swelling, anti-inflammatories..." Digging in his case, the doctor produced a hypo-spray. "She'll be right in no time."

Wren tried to hand back his precious paper and pen, but the old man waved them off. “I have dozens back in the office. Keep it.”

Dozens... of course he did. He wasn't forced to live in the Warrens where everything rotted.

She wrote him two final words. Thank you.

He didn't spare the paper a glance. With an injector placed against her jugular, he fired the mechanism. A popping sound, an unrelenting knot, and looming certain doom were the last things on Wren's mind. Swimming in the sea of happy drugs, the world was suddenly a much more comfortable place, the warm fluid flowing through her veins making everything okay.

Toby, sounding far away, snapped his fingers in her face. “What the fuck did you give her?”

“Sedation is necessary for the boost to effectively work; otherwise the pain of instant healing may lead to myocardial infarction. The effect will wear off in a matter of hours and your Omega will show dramatic improvement. She'll need rest though and”—the man glanced down at the puddle of liquid soaking into his shoe—“fluids. Give her lots of fluids.”

“Hear that, sunshine?” Playful fingers tapped her knee, Toby's grin huge. “You'll be good as new before you know it.”

The doctor packed up his things, and as soon as the door closed, the smirking Alpha who'd been patting her knee and keeping the blanket from slipping stood. He looked down to find that once again, Kieran was strumming her clit.

Towering over them, Toby pulled back a fist and punched the other Alpha right in the

jaw. “Stop making her cum, you asshole!”

Kieran momentarily listed back from the power of the strike, sitting up with a rage-drenched roar. The knot plugging up her insides shrank in the melee, and Wren was finally set free to slip from his lap right back to the freezing puddle on the floor.

Humming in her full body contentment, certain for once that life was finally good, Wren lay there in a happy heap and watched two of the most massive men she’d ever seen scrap and snarl, destroying her furniture where they fought.

It was funny watching her life fall apart before her eyes, Wren’s hoarse giggle drawing the raging bears to tear their claws from one another and look at her.

“She’s high as a goddamn kite.” Kieran curled an unhappy mouth downward. Collapsing back on the couch with his fading erection slapping against his thigh, he scrubbed a hand over his swelling eye. “You’ll fucking pay for that later, Third.”

“We’ll see about that, motherfucker.” Reaching down to gather Wren up to his chest, Toby was as cocky as a man bleeding from his mouth might be. “I did my job today, you just screwed yours.”

The fight went out of the suddenly placid Alpha, Kieran narrowing his eyes. “Speaking of fucking her, you are not allowed to, Toby. Caspian made that clear. Take her to the nest. Clean her up. Nothing more.”

Grinning down at the listless, softly smiling woman in his arms, Toby cooed, “Ol’ Toby will take good care of you.”

He left his cohort, and lugged Wren down the hall, carrying her into a room that looked like hers—if hers was cluttered with alien furnishings and jugs of water. In the middle of it all was a pile of fluff that even from this distance smelled all wrong. A

new nest. But it was not built from the treasures she'd found in excavation. The pillows didn't smell of her sweat and the two boys she occasionally let cuddle with her.

They didn't smell of her family.

Yet that was where the grinning Toby put her down. Reaching for a pillow, he fluffed it and said, "Should this go here, or here?"

It should go in the garbage. Had Wren the strength, she would have grabbed it right out of his hands and thrown it out the door herself. The bedding wasn't hers. It stank of male sweat and... rolling on her belly to take a deeper sniff, Wren found more than sweat marked the bedding.

Cum.

Someone had sprayed fresh seed all over the unwelcome things. The same scented seed that leaked from her pussy when she sneezed.

"Caspian and Kieran have never tended a female when they're done; they just rush them back to the pen. I take good care of my things. Spoil them." Toby set the pillow aside, grabbing a bottle from the piled supplies. Creeping over the naked girl, he gently rolled her to her back and gave her what might have been a charming grin if something off-putting didn't hide behind his eyes. "Thirsty?"

A drop of water on her sandpaper tongue and Wren gulped for more. Toby held the jug to her lips, allowing her to guzzle at will, sweet as could be when she came up for air. He wiped her face, praised her, continuing the process until her stomach sloshed.

Sated, she flopped back, settling into fabric softer than any she could remember—right on the cusp of drug-laced sleep.

“What a playful ray of sunshine you are.” Water forgotten, hot, searching lips found her sternum, kissing a trail lower. “That’s right, smile for me. Lay back, thighs spread. Now, show me the sign for delicious.”

The man sat back on his heels, watching the flop of her arms and repeating it. “Like this.”

Wren made the sign for yes.

“How do you say no?”

She motioned with a lazy nod of her wrist, laughing so hard at his big stupid hands a wet squish of fluid leaked from her pussy.

“Look at the mess you made.” He palmed the bony protrusion at her hip, tutting as a creamy dollop continue to leak from her slit. “Someone has to clean up that dirty pussy, lick you all better.”

Too tired to pay him any more attention, Wren began to fade into the beauty singing under her skin—riding a high that had grown even stronger now that her thirst had been quenched—almost too euphoric to notice the slippery rasp of a spit-smeared tongue dragging over puffed flesh.

Groaning, she tried to turn away from the attention, but stronger arms prevailed.

Cracking open a lid, she found the shaved head of Toby tucked between her bruised thighs. He caught her eye, his tongue fully extended and covered in cream. Gazes locked, thoroughly wicked, he flicked up his tongue, the gob caught up into his mouth.

He made the sign for delicious.



She signed no. He signed yes.

Creeping over her where she sprawled, Toby pinched her jaw, easing it open in her daze to slowly drip the viscous mixture onto her tongue as if it were a special treat of rare candy.

Crude sounds of distress chirped from her throat until the flavor registered. Ambrosia, better than the chicken she'd devoured hours before. Caspian's cum. Kieran's cum. The spit of a man full of pheromones that spoke of virility. The three of them all laced with the sweetness of her slick.

Gobbling it down, licking at the source Wren swallowed all he offered, opening her mouth readily like a baby bird for more.

He obliged, sucking the fluids from her slit. Every drop relished with a mhhmmmmmm that buzzed against her and left Wren's eyes rolling back.

Lick, suck, spit. Over and over, mouthfuls of slick-laced cum gathered into his mouth so he might share it with her. On it went until his tongue scoured her clean on the inside and nothing was left for him to drip into her waiting, open mouth.

"God, that was beautiful." Lolling her head to the side, Wren found the brown haired, green-eyed man who'd comforted her watching from the door. Kieran sounded fully impressed as he spoke to his friend. "Even Rosie never took to your more deviant habits with a smile."

A loud, final slurp between her thighs and Toby looked up, winking at his feast. "Still hungry?"

Snuggling down into covers that didn't quite stink as bad as they had before, Wren nodded.

Kieran stepped closer, voice firm. “Don’t get carried away. Caspian’s going to want her mouth first.”

“You saw her nod. She’s hungry.” Kisses peppered her inner thighs, Toby chuckling before he took a nibble. “Aren’t you, sunshine? I got plenty you can swallow.”

He bit again, hard enough for pain to register past the drugs. At the sound of her yelp, Kieran flew forward and kicked the Third in the ribs.

Suction broke where teeth met thigh, and a snarling man jerked up his head to hiss. “I’m not done!”

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“You’re done.” Challenge was there in the softness of Kieran’s caution. “If Caspian sees the mark of your teeth on her skin, you’ll be lucky if he doesn’t break your neck. Caught in the rut, he almost claimed her today. Don’t imagine he’ll let you play your games with this one until he’s done with her. If you want to fuck something up, fuck up Rosie.”

“I don’t want his castoffs any more than you do. I want this one! We share, that’s how pack works!”

“Take up your complaint with the big guy, or be smart and wait your turn, Third. You’ve broken too many of your toys for him to trust you with his shiny, new whore.”

Whore...

That was the last word Wren heard in her daze before she finally closed her eyes to them.

The arguments of the men continued. “But I’m hard as a goddamn rock!”

“You heard the doctor.” Bored, Kieran added, “She needs her rest.”

Shuffling close enough for his knees to butt her thighs, Toby growled, “She’s asleep, the Omega won’t even know.”

“Won’t know you poured a gallon of cum down her throat? She’d fucking choke, you idiot.”

The metallic clicks of a lowering zip, and Toby said, “I’ll spray her tits and pussy. She should smell of my mark like she smells of you and Caspian. The boss wouldn’t deny me that.”

A dark chuckle came easing down into her nest. “I’ve never seen you so worked up over new meat.”

“Coming from the man who knotted her for over an hour and would barely let me approach. You’re a fucking hypocrite, Kieran.”

The other Alpha had no answer.

Toby gave a final irritated grumble. “Are you going to help me, or what?”

The silence between them filled with the sound of heavy breathing and the dry brush of skin on skin.

Once or twice, guttural noises broke through Wren’s haze, the Omega cracking open an eye to see the muscles in Toby’s neck straining. Staring at her cunt, he kneaded his sack while the man crouched beside him stroked Toby’s cock with a fury.

Four hands worked the oversized shaft, Kieran an active participant in his pack-brother’s pleasure.

Half awake, she watched the skin at the base of the Third’s cock began to swell, Toby pulling his fingers from his balls to grasp it and squeeze with all his strength. “Now, do it now!”

Kieran’s hand flew faster over Toby’s swollen cock, gripping, pulling in a way that had to hurt.

A mist of fluid splashed, Wren's face, Toby fucking into the grip of another man, gushing and gushing, until he had glazed her outsides as much as the other two had coated her insides.

He slapped his hands to her tits, rubbing in his spend while Kieran milked the last spurts of seed from the pulsating dick swinging between Toby's legs.

Her eyes drooped again as his hands smeared and kneaded.

The next time Wren woke, brown eyes—the shade of shiny mud—were inches from her own. She knew those eyes and the beast they belonged to.

Caspian brushed back the cum-crusting tangles stuck to her cheek. “Good morning, pretty mouse. Did you enjoy my gifts?”

## Chapter 12

She was perfection rolled up in his bedding and caked with the marks of his Second and Third. Sleepy-eyed, Caspian's mouse came awake, left languorous by the steady purr drumming from his chest.

Catching a finger under her chin, he tilted back the mouse's head to view the state of her throat. It was still smudged with marks in the shape of his hands, but no longer swollen—almost pretty, the necklace of bruises personal. His mark on her.

He kissed that flesh, the girl going rigid under his lips. “You are delicious smeared in my brothers' scents. They took good care of you, it would seem. As did I.” Pulling away so he might see the effect his attention had on her lavender eyes, Caspian murmured, “Are you grateful?”

A tiny pucker formed between her brows, the Omega clearly considering the

question.

She answered him with sign.

Hidden in those gestures was something less than the praise the Alpha felt he deserved. His purr cooled. “A simple nod would have sufficed.”

The touch of petulance in his tone worked wonders on her expression. She gave a soft, shy smirk.

“Still under the effect of the hypo-boost, eh, mouse?”

Her pupils were set mid-dilation, the way she looked at him drowsy and sweet. It almost tempted him to let her disrespect slide.

“Since you already know what I can do to you”—he traced his fingers over the band of bruises circling her throat—“and since I find myself contented to find my mouse in a nest provided by her Alpha, I’ll give you one more chance to answer the question properly. Are you grateful for my attention and gifts?”

He didn’t get the nod he’d demanded. Instead the Omega put her nose to his neck and breathed him in on a hum.

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The desperate groan in response... Caspian didn't realize at first that it had come from him. Nor could he comprehend why his eyes had rolled back at the feel of her nose tracing his skin. Catching her close to him, the naked filthy thing fitting just where she should, he let her sniff and settle.

Where her little hands began a tentative exploration of chest and shoulders, his gripped all the harder. Somehow the pocket-sized thing coaxed him onto his back, and from the crook of his arm, she leaned up, somber her eyes tracing his features.

He wasn't a handsome male—never had been—even before hard years of fighting his way to the top. But she didn't look at him as if she found him ugly, either.

She just saw a man—one she had set to purring capitulation with a few soft touches and a sniff.

Cupping his stubbled cheek in her palm, she met his eyes.

Didn't she know Omegas weren't supposed to do such things? Had she never learned her place?

Why had he not shaved before coming to her so his week-old beard wasn't between her soft skin and his scars?

The mouse mouthed the word Mikael, and then gave him a very discernible nod. She then took her weight from his side to sit back on her feet and sign. It didn't take a genius to grasp that the sweep of her hands meant gratitude.

The pretty mouse wasn't as high as he thought.

Caspian should not have relished this as much as he did, he should not have let his voice grow gritty with raw desire. "Be a good girl and show me."

Her hands settled gently on his chest, the mouse draping her torso over his bulk. Again their eyes met, hers timid and unsure.

She purred, the light trill of music only for him.

Next, her fingers went into his hair, combing through and tugging until he shuddered. They traveled lower to knead the bones of his neck, to discover the swell of his shoulders, until she could reach no further under his coat.

"Kiss me."

Her purr stuttered, but she lowered her head anyway.

Insulted, Caspian's hand flew to her hair. Taking a grip near the root, he held her lips inches away and growled, "You don't want to kiss me."

It was not a question. She didn't want to kiss him, and he was beginning to suspect she didn't want to be anywhere near him.

Grasping his other hand and dragging it to her throat, the mouse collared herself in his grip.

"You think I'm going to hurt you." Gone was his contented stupor, in its place was budding anger. "I'm tempted."

She nodded, swallowing under his palm, as if that was not the issue. Eyes wide and



pleading, she blinked, waiting as if that one look might reveal her very thoughts.

It always came down to this with bitches. But he would get his, he'd get her purrs and lying smiles, even if he had to pay. Later he'd punish her until she bled for daring to bargain in the first place.

Snarling, he demanded, "Tell me what you want. I'll give it, and then you fuck me the way I want you too."

She reared back, caught around the throat and openly shaken by his words.

"Food, clean water, the blankets straight from my bed were clearly not enough!" Sitting up to tower over his caught mouse, right up in her face, Caspian roared. "Name your price, rat!"

She frantically gestured for pen and paper, pointing to a corner where a broken box stood. When he shoved her back, she raced to it, digging through her goods to unearth a cracked piece of slate and a tiny nubbin of chalk. The scrape of white on black hissed, her hands openly shaking.

She turned the board around, holding it up before her breasts for him to read, "If you kill me, Mikael won't get the treatment he needs to survive. I was only asking you to be gentle."

The Alpha stopped short. Narrowing his eyes, nostrils flaring on a deep inhale, he took in what her scent might offer... calculating. "You think I tried to kill you yesterday?"

She nodded, but using the heel of her hand wiped the chalk and wrote over the smear. Pointing to her tattooed cheek, she showed him her words: I did something wrong.

She thought it was her fault...

It hadn't occurred to Caspian the Omega failed to understand what had almost taken place. Hell, he'd expected she'd be a conceited handful now that he'd almost bonded them forever. But she didn't know, and he had no intention of giving the exotic Omega any power in knowing.

"Come here, pretty mouse."

She set the slate aside and did as he ordered.

Nervous and no longer meeting his eyes, Caspian ran the backs of his fingers over her cheek and jaw. Fragile. He could break her in half with no effort, shatter her bones with ease. Not good traits for a mate. "You want me to fuck you sweet and slow? How Kieran took you yesterday?"

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Of course he'd watched it. Watched it while Rosie bobbed her slut mouth on his cock. He'd come quickly, and he'd come hard. And then he'd come again watching Toby have his fun.

The releases had taken the edge off, but the itch had not been scratched, no matter what Rosie or any of the others he'd had sent in from the pen offered.

He wanted sweet purrs and soft touches from a raw little mouse.

He wanted the blushing girl who nodded her head at his question. The girl who took his hand again and put it around her throat and rose on tiptoe to put her nose back to his throat.

Caspian was more than willing to see where this game was going. "What does my good girl do when I want to fuck?"

She purred, and by God, the Omega met his eyes.

Her stomach rumbled.

The moment was ruined by her obvious embarrassment and his unexpected laughter, but Caspian found no displeasure in it. "There is food and water. I expect you to bathe when you're done. I like seeing their cum on you, but I'm First-Alpha. They get my seconds, I don't get theirs. Afterward, you will build a proper nest to host me and I will be gentle."

If this was gentle, Wren never wanted to know what Caspian considered rough. She'd done all he'd asked, trying her damndest to perform. It had been easier when he'd first arrived, when the tail-end of spectacular drugs had helped keep the edge off.

Food and a great deal of water had dulled the buzz. Sponging her body off with chilly recycled water had cleared the rest of the high. He'd wanted to watch her brush the tangles from her wet hair, slipping his fingers through the dripping tresses as if fascinated with it.

When he got bored of watching her grooming, he took her by the wrist and dragged her back to her room.

He shoved her forward to the bedding. "Build the nest."

Wren had never done so with an audience. It made her nervous. Heck, the freaking hulk of man caught in a continuous growl made her nervous!

Leaning against the wall, he complained. "It's cold in here."

Considering he was dressed in that hideous coat and she'd been kept naked for days, he had

some nerve. Knowing that if she acknowledged his words, if he saw her face, he'd see her spite, she kept her head bowed over her work.

"Don't you have heat? Turn it on."

Before she could stop herself, she laughed. This was the Warrens, not a penthouse mansion.

The brute picked up on her scoff and began to strip. "You have to the count of ten to

finish your work. Ten. Nine. Eight...”

With an angered Alpha egging her on, Wren rushed to place the final touches. He hit one, and leapt upon her. She yelped from surprise, but found instead of mauling, he was pulling blankets around them to wrap them up in one another’s heat.

Twisting under him, gooseflesh rubbed away by over-large hands, Wren sniffed at his neck. It was the only trick she’d found so far to calm herself when the killer was too near. The smell of him and the effect it had on her offered a much needed distraction.

She could reduce him down to the simplicity of Alpha. Not Caspian, the gangster with all power over Alec and Mikael’s future, who shared her with his men, and almost strangled her the day before.

He seemed to like her little habit, the way she would root and pant in air. Stilling, he did the same, inhaling sharply at her ear until his chest puffed and all that warmth whooshed out over her cheek.

It set her skin to shivering, Wren offering a purr in gratitude.

Screwing up her courage, she kissed him just like he’d asked before.

A single brush of her mouth and he jammed his tongue in, chasing after hers until she figured out the rhythm. It matched the hips rocking over her, the Alpha grinding his dripping cock into the soft skin of her belly.

He’d already had her, his men had already had her, there was nothing left to lose since her pride was gone and her cause was fresh. Everything she did was for the future of her family.

She spread her legs and in synchronicity, he crawled between them.

“Did my good girl just offer her pussy?” Sucking a trail down her neck, Caspian set his teeth to her flesh. “It better be wet if she did. Bad girls tease and get fucked dry.”

It was flooded, the nearness of the male as she’d built her nest, his scent, what she knew was to come... all of it having done the job of the growl.

Easing back so he might line up his glans with her slit, the male found the scent wafting up from her was heady with Omega slick. He didn’t spare her a smooth entry, his body seeming to lurch forward once alighted.

*Source Creation Date: July 10, 2025, 6:37 am*

He fucked in hard.

Breath caught, Wren arched and bore it—bore him in that animal, violent spearing all the way to the hilt.

Clenching his jaw, he hissed at the clamp and flutter that had already begun. “Fuck! Don’t you dare come yet, Omega!” He snapped his hips in sure, rough strokes with each word, scything into her belly so deep she lost control. “Don’t. You. Dare. Fucking. Come!”

It was too late. The clench and ripple milked at this cock, leaving her moaning a pathetic breathy purr that called to him to give her what she craved. It was too far gone to stop, Wren distantly aware her body had run wildly free of her mind.

She clung to him, chasing after hips that pulled his cock away and left her cramping around nothing.

“BAD GIRL!”

Why did hearing him say that make her insides squeeze all the harder?

She sprayed out slick where his cock bobbed just out of reach, whining and writhing and denied. When the waves of needy distraction began to pass, Wren found him watching her, hovering so his cock was just out of reach.

“Didn’t Kieran and Toby give you enough attention? Is your pussy really so greedy, naughty mouse?”

Dazed, unsure if she was still coming, if she needed to come, or if she wanted it all to end, Wren made a soft sound of capitulation.

“Come again before I’m ready and I’ll let them both fuck your ass while my knot owns your cunt.” The growl came, unnecessary at this point except to gush a fountain over his swollen cockhead. “Is that what you want, pretty mouse?”

God, was he trying to kill her with that tone? It didn’t even matter what he said, her body responded... and from the smug look on Caspian’s face, he knew it.

“Do you want both of them at one time while I watch?” He groaned out his fantasy, teasing at her fluttering entrance while denying the wriggling Omega what she craved. “While another woman’s mouth is sucking me off?”

The heat in the nest turned ice cold.

Caspian took advantage of her alarm, slipping back in to find her pussy open and as far from orgasm as she could be.

Rocking against her, feeding her his fat dick, he murmured, “You don’t need gentle, little mouse. You need to know your place and I need to enforce it.” When she wouldn’t meet his eyes, he caught her chin and pressed the subject. “Your place is to please me in any way I tell you to.” Running his fingertips over the bruises on her neck, he murmured, “Mine is to make sure this doesn’t happen again. You’ll be grateful if another woman blows me. You’ll purr when I fuck you afterward, knowing she took the edge off—because my pretty mouse excites me to the point I want to wrap my hands around her throat...”

Wren didn’t think it was possible to find there was something lower than whore... but there was.

She cried as he took her gently, until Caspian grew frustrated with her lack of



response and fucked into her with passion instead. It didn't take long for his tricks to fool her body into a mind-numbing release. She gave him what he came for, the bloom of his knot throbbing large and hot inside her cunt, thick ropes creamy white trapped behind it.

While he was contented and purring above her, she lay still, forced to accept what still spurt at random intervals from his dick.

It shouldn't have mattered. Logically she grasped that, but it did.

It hurt.

"It's easier if you understand before you come back with me." He caught her chin, something in those mud brown eyes almost repentant. "This place you live in isn't fit, and I am tired of slugging through the mud just so I can fuck you and freeze."

Then why had he brought all this stuff here? Why were they even wasting time knotted in a nest that was soon to be abandoned?

"You won't lack for attention." Voice hardly above a whisper, Caspian soothed, "Toby is already preparing your room and Kieran demands to share it. Obey them just as you will obey me." His gaze grew unforgiving, his voice sharper than razor blades. "But never forget, you are mine first and foremost. When I call, you come."

She nodded, tears drying up and heart growing hard.

Appeased, the Alpha purred, the vibration catching as another wave of filth ushered from his knot to pool in her belly. As his pleasure peaked, Caspian pressed what might have been a sweet kiss on Wren's slack mouth. "I'll be good to you."