



Ravaged Captive (Wren's Song 4)

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Category: Erotic, Romance, Fantasy, Suspense, Horror

Description: The ultimate sacrifice...

Drenched in wealth and power, Caspian holds my city by the throat. No man or woman denies him, not even me.

But he owes me a debt I intended to collect.

Our trade was fair—my submission to his pack for the lives of my wards.

Pleasure, willing female attention, affection, he's starved for such things. Starved for me.

And though he may have tricked me into his bed, he will never have what I know he longs for most. My heart.

Not so long as he holds the lives of my family hostage.

Ravaged Captive: Wren's Song Book 4 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

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Chapter 1

Soft, reverent.

A kiss was pressed to the sensitive skin behind the spent mouse's earlobe. And though he was rarely delicate, another followed the juncture of her jawline and neck. Caspian's lips raking down the line of her throat until he set his teeth over the most vicious of his claiming marks. Biting down, a full body shudder left him loudly purring. The First Alpha relived the pinnacle of his victory over his captive Omega, teeth punched forward until his panting prize went stiff.

Slender neck in his mouth, the scent of familiar female, of her cum-laced slick, and just a soupçon of blood.

It was splendid.

So was her tiny taste of pain.

She should not have hidden herself in the Warrens. She should not have dared to deny him what was his.

But she trembled even in her pleasure. She starved. She thirsted.

She stank of equal parts shock, desire, anxiety, and resolve.

Teeth digging again into his claiming mark, Caspian could feel more than the distant flicker of her emotions—he could also feel her sudden swamp-thick mortification.

“I thought I was your new little girl.”

Eyes lifting, mud-brown irises slid over what had set the female into such a state.

Kieran.

Kieran and his doll.

The new female dared a territorial whine. An Omega call for attention.

Time and time again, Caspian had seen this scene play out. New little girls held the foolish belief upon joining the ranks that their novelty held power. They hissed and scratched until a few months in the pen broke such undesirable behavior. Or made them more cunning.

Blue eyes narrowed in animosity, curled lip—the doll with her bleached-white hair and soft pink dress was a long way from cunning.

With a snarl, Kieran turned on the female glued to his side, the one he had been fucking for the past week. “You were ordered never to speak!”

Bought and paid for, the Omega should have known better than to argue. “But...”

The little female with wet eyes and aghast expression, the one who stumbled when Kieran shoved her in warning, turned her attention back to Caspian’s mouse.

At the female Kieran had made her up to mimic.

And fat tears fell.

They were nothing like the tracks on the mouse’s dirty cheeks. Despite the forward

thrust of her lip and the jumping of feminine shoulders, the act smacked of disingenuity. Not even Rosie pulled that move.

Fake tears were the work of less domesticated whores.

And the interloper's antics were clearly upsetting his mouse.

Nameless aggravation buzzed under Caspian's skin. It mutilated the bliss of knotting the mewling Omega, and stole away a portion of his triumph.

Purr pouring over his mouse, the one that had let her know that he might be savage, but that he would not hurt her, warped into a deadly growl.

Theatrics cut short on a sniff, the doll dropped her eyes to the ground and wisely took several steps back.

Intruding female silenced, Caspian's attention returned to filling the hungry cunt wrapping his cock. Rocking his hips, distracting the pretty mouse from her cringing embarrassment, it didn't take long before she lowered her lashes.

Such good behavior altered the First's vicious growl into something almost tender.

After a pathetic cringe, the Omega's internal muscles clenched, squeezing Caspian's aching cock. Grinding his knot in a twist of muscle, the female's greedy pussy managed to suck his balls bone dry, syphoning out one last, lingering spurt.

Pinpricks of pleasure gathered in the Alpha's drained sack. Sensations merged like crashing waves that broke in an erratic throb, pumping his engorged knot to a greater mass—cock kicking, eyelids drooping.

The extended groan that spilled like honey, rattled loudly—a week's worth of pent up

sexual tension draining right out of his dick. Pulsating in the rhythm of his pounding heartbeat, Caspian's knot held fast, even though his body would need time to prepare fresh sperm.

This knot, this fuck, was about so much more than cum. It was about domination.

About punishment with forced pleasure.

Ownership.

Need.

He needed to keep her pinned to that table no matter how much her little legs kicked, no matter her grunts and frustrated sighs... no matter unwanted intrusions. No matter her shame to have another female glare at the sad picture she made.

He would keep the mouse knotted until she knew what she was.

His.

Fuck credits and a year's worth of water. That's not what she needed. Caspian would drown her in enough of him that water would be nothing. And money? He'd get her body addicted to the only currency that mattered between Alpha and Omega. And if she ever tried to hide from him for a week again, he'd have her chained to his goddamn bed. He'd fuck her until she forgot her name.

He'd revel in Toby working her ass, in Kieran shoving his dick between her parted lips.

She'd know nothing but pleasure until she purred incessantly. Until she clamped those lavender eyes on him and gave him the attention she'd dare denied hiding

herself away.

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He would make her need him.

“Who brought her in?” Kieran lacked the deference this moment deserved, the Second’s voice growing dangerously loud. “What bastard had her all this time? Why was I not told?”

Unfurling from his crouch, no longer eye level with the heaving mouse, Toby put his body between the Omega and Kieran’s doll. “No one had her. My sunshine survived on her own.”

Rage, so unlike Kieran’s standard cynicism, left the Second red-faced. “She hid from us?”

The abrupt shake of his head, the elegance of his accent, Toby laid it on thick. “She didn’t know Caspian placed the bounty. She snuck in thinking the guards at the gate would throw her back into the mud.”

Mask of indifference snapping into place, only the tick of Kieran’s cheek betrayed his undiluted anger. And in that moment, it was directed at the Alpha blocking his view of the little female bent over the table. “For you?”

Caspian didn’t need to see Toby’s face to know a sly smirk twisted his lips. “I am her mate.”

Hackles rising, a vein on Kieran’s neck began to throb. “The same mate who threw her out the door with no credits, no clothing, and left her to rot in the Warrens. Spare me, Toby.”

Finger rising, Toby pointed right at the doll and ignored the slander in place of spitting insults of his own. “Just what the fuck is that? Some kind of joke? You dressed that slut up to look like my mate!”

“She was a gift for Caspian.”

Rolling back his shoulders, limbs going loose, Toby grew ready to do more than verbally spar. “A gift that you happened to hide away and fuck for a week straight?”

Kieran, in a rare rage, shouted, “You didn’t go to her that night. I’m the only one who went. I found Jax’s house ransacked, her things gone. She didn’t even have a working door.”

That stopped Toby short. “Then why did you leave her there?”

“The same reason you did!”

Jaw unhinging, Caspian pulled his bloody teeth from the mouse’s neck and bellowed, “Enough!”

Second and Third both turned battle-ready eyes his direction, and both dropped their gaze to where Caspian’s knot no longer plugged the world’s sweetest cunt. Fluids flooded between his body and hers, soaking his trousers, seeping down her trembling thighs to splatter the floor. Filthy, the mouse stank, but rinsed with his sperm, her cunt was fucking pristine. Packed full of Alpha cum, of his softening cock, of her sweet, delicious slick.

Mesmerized, as if the entirety of the argument with Toby had never taken place, Kieran muttered, “I’m next.”

Subdued, but far from tame, the mouse dared to wriggle as if she had a right to get

up.

Caspian returned his teeth to her throat, bit down just a touch harder, and harder yet, until the woman whimpered.

There were few things more beautiful than the sounds his silent mouse could make: The screams of defeated enemies. The constant rush of water he controlled.

Tongue raking the skin pinched between his teeth, Caspian changed his mind. Her answering nervous purr was more beautiful.

Wise of the female to appease him considering his mood.

He wanted her docile, accepting like the good little mouse she was.

Kieran dared announce his claim louder. "I'm next, Caspian."

"No!" The doll again. She rushed forward and hung on Kieran's arm, the sobs choking her voice authentic when she brushed the material on her shoulder aside to show a fresh bite mark. "You mated me."

And as if the air was not already crackling with tension, Toby began to cackle. Louder and louder it grew, maniacal and nasty, until the male was wiping tears from his eyes. "You fucking bit her?"

More laughter.

Grinding his molars, Kieran brushed the clinging woman off and snarled. "I'm Second. I fuck Jax next."

"This... this, Kieran, is fucking priceless." Toby clapped his hands, cackling. "Let me

guess; you bred her. Is that little doppelganger pregnant?"

Hand falling protectively over her belly, the toy's eyes went wide.

As if it were nothing, Kieran brushed the idea off. "She wasn't in estrous. Just high."

The girl, voice thin with disbelief, muttered, "I wasn't in estrous?"

Rounding on the female, Kieran grabbed her by the stuff of her dress. "Didn't I tell you never to speak?"

"It... it wasn't real?"

"Christ." Kieran bellowed over the railing. "GUARDS!"

Weapons drawn, three of Caspian's favored Alphas ran up the stairs. The gaping doll was cast into their arms, Kieran shouting to take the damn female and toss her in the pen.

Under Caspian, the mouse began to bang her hands upon the table, the struggles tearing her soft skin on the First Alpha's teeth.

It was Toby who put a hand on her head, who warned as gently as a killer might, "Be still."

Reluctantly, stinking of anger, she obeyed.

Caspian nuzzled her matted hair, relieved the distraction paled with the fading shrieks of the doll.

Cock slipping from her saturated channel, Caspian flipped the waif on her back,

collared her bleeding throat with his hand, and leaned down close. Ignoring the aggravating males, meeting the mouse's eyes and making sure she understood every fucking word, he said, "Next time I lose my temper, I forbid you from returning to the Warrens. You'll go to the big room and you'll lock the door."

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That flicker of defiance glowed like an ember in lavender eyes he'd mourned. Those lovely eyes said what her lack of voice, what her manner, never would. That he had been the one to cast her out in the first place.

That all they had suffered over the last week was at his hand.

And that they would never speak of it.

Caspian sealed their unspoken pact with a lingering kiss, draped over her naked, filthy body. And then he gave her a gift.

He whispered a truth at her ear. "I missed you, pretty mouse."

Chapter 2

How could something cause pain yet still feel like home?

Caspian's warm breath fanning her cheek, Wren's pelvis free of a knot her body had not been quite ready to handle, she shivered, gnawing hunger eating her belly.

Yet did not feel misery as she should.

Perhaps it was the Alpha purr he poured upon her flesh. Maybe it was the smell of familiar male. That had to be what drew her nose to his vulnerable throat. Not that she sought comfort from this man. Not that she longed to be held properly.

Deep breaths, instinct drove her to find solace in his scent, to saturate her cells in it,

to forget the stink of the Warrens and the aches in her bones.

If he'd offered her water in that moment, she would have lapped it out of his palms like a dog. Food of any sort, she'd swallow past a gritty throat to fill an aching belly—so long as he'd been the one to place it in her mouth.

Even here. Even on display.

Having not shaved since last she'd seen him, Caspian's cheek bristled with the early growth of a beard. It scratched at her skin when she'd thrown an arm around his neck, rubbing her cheek to his in search of more scent.

Familiar, warm, steady, and powerful.

Guts churning, her skin buzzed as if she'd been drugged.

Or was that the fading remnants of panic, all of it washing away the more lightheaded she grew?

Had it not been for the hand poorly finger-combing her hair, for the little zings of pain each time a knot caught, Wren would have fallen asleep as she was.

Naked. Splayed on a work table where any with a view of their Alpha's terrace might see. Clinging to a monster.

Filthy and caged by the arms of a dangerous man.

God, she was thirsty.

Licking at her own drying tears in an effort to soothe her parched throat, a pink tongue darted, traced, and came back tasting of salt and dirt.

Hooded, mud-colored eyes took in the way she worked to swallow, and the entirety of Caspian's demeanor shifted.

The rare softening of his expression cinched crudely into the hard countenance of a leader. A remorseless killer. Eyes glazed, he reached between their bodies and cupped what still spilled from her womb, lifting the slippery pearlescent fluid and bringing it to her lips.

The offering was less about domination and more about Alpha impulse, not that it mattered. Wren swallowed what slid from his palm to her mouth.

She sucked his fingers as if she might find another drop.

Exhausted.

Shaken.

Starving for so much more than food.

A lovely, soft enticement of noise—so unlike any offering he'd made before—preceded another sip of slick-laced cum. Feeding her more of their shared fluids, Caspian held her eyes.

The male didn't blink.

“Don't interrupt them.”

It sounded distant, that voice. As did the small scuffle preceding, “Get your hands off me, Toby.”

“My mate needs water, food, a bath before she can handle more.”

“Caspian!” The Second’s call was dripping with anger.

At the sound of his name, brown eyes that had mesmerized her into a slack, purring mass snapped out of their trance. Slicing his attention to the side, Caspian said nothing.

He didn’t need to. The threat of his gaze was more than enough.

Fearless in his approach, Kieran shook off Toby’s grip. Chillingly cold, he staked his claim. “As Second, she’s mine now. Toby has no right to fuck her, feed her, or even look at her until I give the nod.”

Lips pulled back from gnashing teeth, Toby snarled like a wolf. “Watch yourself. She’s my mate! Claimed!” Snapping from angry to manic, a nasty laugh cracked through the air. “You have your own now. Go play with her.”

The meanness of his grin stole any beauty from Kieran’s face. “You made the deal, Toby. This female is for the pack until Caspian doesn’t want her. You agreed to third rank so long as you are allowed to keep her when that day comes. Until then, back the fuck off or forfeit the Warren’s rat totally.”

At the slander, Wren found the strength to turn her head.

Toby stared down at her with something so honest, it seemed unnatural. Adoration, a brief flash of victory, all wiped from his gaze when his eyes left her face to land on Caspian. “Boss, she can’t have eaten in days. She needs water or she won’t make slick. If he fucks her now, Kieran will damage her.”

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Warmth disappeared, the pleasing weight of male leaving her ridiculous, draped on the table like tossed aside leavings. With him gone, a modicum of dignity returned.

Rising to her elbows, legs noodly and vision swimming, Wren tried and failed to get up.

The slip and subsequent oomph that followed when her head banged back against the tabletop was not missed by any of the males.

Males who stared, each intense in their own way.

Kieran broke the silence. “I’m not the one who damages females, sir. Nothing I might do would kill her.”

Throat working, a vein in his temple pounding out a fast rhythm, Caspian turned his back on her. And it looked as if he staggered. Tucking away his flaccid cock, the First Alpha snarled, “If I find a single fresh bruise, or the mouse is returned to me in any state other than pristine, Kieran, I’ll hold you down while Toby fucks you with his mangled knot in any sick way the bastard can dream up. I doubt you’d survive it.”

As if to test his First Alpha’s resolve, Kieran made a grab for the reeling Omega. Female swept up over his shoulder, ass up, her leaking pussy exposed for anyone he might walk past, he brushed by the pair and carried her away.

Long past mortification or any kind of rational sense, Wren closed her eyes to it all, oblivious if a single soul saw her shame—yet painfully aware that such a display was not unusual in Caspian’s pipeworks.

Chapter 3

Had the walls not been solid concrete, they would have trembled from the force of Kieran slamming the door. Despite her full-body jolt, Wren saw nothing of this—her nose to the Second's back, weak arms hanging limp.

Conserving her strength, she didn't even raise her head.

After all, there was no need to view the room to know where they were. The musk of old and new sex permeated the air, cloying and tart... telling.

The big room.

And it reeked of fresh and clotted fluids.

Scent markers of Kieran's cum left her nose to twitch, while the saccharine smell of Omega slick left it running.

As if the wave of scent hit the Alpha just as hard, Kieran froze. Chest expanding on a deep breath, he brought her to slowly slide down his front, silently daring her to break eye contact once he'd caught her gaze.

Hard muscle, chest almost as broad as Caspian's. Male. He made certain her body felt the differences between them and didn't seem to care about the smears of dirt and fluids she'd left in her wake.

He might not have even noticed, glaring as he was.

So much anger lay naked in those green eyes, the threat of violence simmering on the surface. And what did he see in her gaze?

Wren could not even begin to imagine.

A brave Omega who had come to demand restitution for her boys? Probably not. Her body had yet to fully come down from Caspian's influence. Most likely her pupils were still partially blown. Open invitation as far as Alphas went.

But did he see how world-weary she was under the haze?

How thirsty? Starved? Lonely?

Did he see that she was frightened, but not of him?

Or did the Second Alpha only see a nameless Omega to expend his personal frustrations upon?

The silent back and forth between them ended when her toes touched ground. Under her, was discarded laundry.

Something moist.

The distraction was all it took to snap her out of the foolishness of meeting, of challenging, an Alpha's gaze.

Lowering her eyes, she couldn't help the sound that escaped her lips when she saw what he had placed her upon.

Familiar fabric she had loved, rescued from rot, and sewn into her best dress. And it was covered in another woman's slick. Crusted, as if used repeatedly to wipe a spent cock upon.

Crumpled and discarded.

He'd had his new mate wear it. Wear her dress when Kieran had thought she was dead. A mate that had been made to look like her. Who had been ordered to be silent.

And though she should have shored herself up better, been stronger, her heart broke a little for Kieran in that moment.

These were not the actions of an ambivalent male. Her loss had caused him grief.

Grief expended foolishly, if the state of the room was any indication.

This male had no idea how to feel. None of the Alphas did. But Toby was correct; Kieran was the most broken.

And now he would break her in retribution.

While he did it, he'd crave empathy, he'd secretly scream for compassion. He wouldn't understand why he felt the things he did, and he would blame her for the discomfort of wretchedness.

This man, the one who had spent a week fucking a stranger who looked like her, was beyond saving.

And that—that one horrible notion—was what made her eyes sting.

Before he might see and misunderstand, Wren stepped back.

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Her foot never landed. Wrist caught in a flash of male grip, Kieran held her still, pinned her with the anger in his tone. “Where do you think you’re going?”

Each gaze a little more naked, more exposed, their eyes met again.

She let herself really see him, not just his position as Second Alpha. Deeper than his physical perfection, under the chiseled lines of his face and the cocky arrogance he used as a shield, he was bare.

No longer brilliant, the male’s green eyes had dulled since last she’d seen him. Bloodshot and sunken, he looked even more tired than she felt. Sallow, unsmiling. Miserable.

A creature—if the astringent smoke and the lingering scent of rotting food in the air were any indication—determined to self-destruct.

What haunted his gaze was a look she’d seen enough times to know. That look he thought he hid behind disdain and narrowed eyes.

Heartbreak.

It was the look all children abandoned to the Warrens had etched into their features before it sunk in that they would never get out. Most died still wearing it.

Alec had been unable to smile for years.

Mikael still harbored a ghost of early pain.

Those they trusted most abandoned them—whether through death, through deceit, or through neglect.

A fraction of Kieran's past was known to Wren, and that small sip had been more than enough for this man to be intimately acquainted with those sticky, unrelenting feelings. But for an Alpha of his stature to indulge them...

He was in agony.

For the rest of her days, Wren would hate the woman who had birthed and abused this male. The female who had essentially created the monster unleashed on the city.

Hate was infectious, yet there was nothing to do for it. She'd already spent years hating those responsible for throwing her kids into the mud.

And though she was not a violent woman, she'd slaughter every last one of them if they tried to harm her kids again.

Including this man who had slipped her boy a healing boost. She'd kill Kieran with her bare hands if he set so much as a violent finger on Alec... who was so much like him it turned her stomach.

There was nothing to do for it.

Not while both of them were trapped and haunted by what they were, how they had failed, mistakes they had made, and what life had fashioned them to be.

She was a mother, and he was an abandoned child who'd grown up loveless.

She was Omega. Kieran was Alpha.

It could be that plain and simple.

Tall as he was, staring down his nose at her in an obvious stance of superiority, Wren chose not to reach upward and stroke his hair the way that quieted his thoughts.

She might have squeezed his shoulder, touched over his heart.

Instead, her fingers brushed the buttons of his shirt, fumbling to undo them while still holding a burning gaze. An intake of air, held, was the male's only response before her hands slunk between fabric and flesh. Skimming fingertips over the rippling muscle of his flank, she hooked her arm around his torso, and pulled herself closer.

The hug was selfish on her part.

Wren needed his support, his superior strength, and a moment to prepare herself.

She was so filthy next to his freshly scrubbed skin, and though she knew it was no fault of her own, she felt ashamed.

He should have been the one ashamed, bringing her here to use her in the ruined nest of another woman. He should have been ashamed for dressing up his doll in her handmade frock.

He should have been on his knees begging her to forgive him.

But they both knew it would be her on her knees. Sucking him off. Being mounted from behind. Forced to kneel.

She held him tighter.

Kieran didn't purr, not while he exuded the acrid stink of impending violence, so she

did. And the light rumble offered her some small measure of comfort.

Like his warmth.

His presence.

The fact he had yet to tear her away.

Had she the ability to speak, she would have whispered secrets to him—shared those little private moments that made this hellish life bearable. She would have comforted the broken child who worked the limbs of a man's body. She would have rebuked this recent behavior, and broken the fogged pipe stinking of spent drugs she could clearly see lying on the bed.

Having made the Warrens her home, Wren didn't miss the black dust he'd packed it with, the burn marks on furniture and blankets where he'd set it down after sucking poisoned air deep into his body.

The worst kind of drug to dull the greatest type of pain.

And high, he'd bitten that girl.

A thing she knew the male regretted, and that the doll would most likely suffer for.

Cheek to his chest, Wren held him all the harder and took in the chaos of the room.

If a space might reflect the owner's mental state, the big room was Kieran from head to foot.

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Filthy.

Used.

Scattered with leavings.

Her shoulders shook and the male shoved her away, barking, as if the tone might hide the tremor in his voice. “Drink water first. There’s food over there.”

Stacked trays, old plates, half-eaten things the population of the Warrens would be desperate to eat, moldered atop the room’s desk.

She stared at it but made no move to walk through the mess.

“What? Do you want me to hand feed you, or something?” Anger brought the wrong kind of light to his eyes. “Move!”

It wasn’t just that she didn’t trust her legs, she didn’t trust herself at all. Wren stood her ground.

Or she would have had a wet cough not stolen her forced bravado.

Before she might compose herself, he had her by the elbow. Rushing her through the carnage, he dragged her into an equally messy bathroom, and bent her over the sink.

Without being told, she angled her head under the spout, sucking down cold, trickling water between rattling pants of breath. Somewhere between the fifth swallow, the

clump working its way from her lungs broke free.

Spitting it against the basin, she saw the same thing Kieran did.

Blood.

That's what broke him.

“You'd rather die in the Warrens, choking on shit, than be here?” His question, though spoken softly, was so very angry.

And instantly, so was she.

Pushing off from the sink, letting bloody phlegm swirl down the drain in a parade of clean water, Wren wiped the back of her mouth on her arm.

Yes, his life had been hard.

But she'd lost her family.

She'd lost her innocence.

She'd lost her home.

And she was going to slowly lose her life to mud and fetid air.

No one—NO ONE—wanted to exist in the Warrens

Chest heaving, Wren turned her back on him and went back to swallowing water.

Gathering her ratted hair in his fist as if to hold it for her to drink, Kiran held her skull

under his power.

He could have flung her across the room for her insolence. He could have stoppered the sink and drowned her in the basin. But he just held tight, watching while she sucked down water like an animal.

And then his fingertips traced over the healing scratches on her back.

Scratches he had put there fucking her against the wall of her home, knotting her atop a pile of refuse, and pinning her down in the night to keep her warm.

Chapter 4

Skin pricking, stomach near bursting from the amount of water hastily guzzled down, a shiver passed over Wren.

It was his touch. The way the edge of blunt nails dragged down her spine. How he released a possessive low hum under his breath.

Kieran intensified the awkward moment, his words distant, as if he spoke to himself. “Is what Toby claimed true? Even though they cast you off, you came back for your mates?”

Both Toby and Caspian might have marked her, both might have possessed some sort of intention toward her, but neither was a mate. A bite mark didn’t make a mate.

Love, trust, and mutual respect did.

Toby may have wanted her forever, but Wren suspected that any Omega female might have served his need to bond. Yes, he’d taken the time to learn her language. But he had also used what she’d taught him to manipulate all those around him. He’d

beaten her boy, and he'd lied.

It had been his hand that had flung her into the mud before his guards. Where was his kindness then? Where was his mercy? How about his love? Wren almost snorted at the thought.

Delusional male; one she was so angry with, she had no idea how she'd stomach his body rutting into her.

And Caspian? The First Alpha had already told her he'd set her free upon estrous. This half-formed bond was just some experiment—an oddity for the First Alpha to experience between knotting the myriad of women in his pen. More importantly, unlike Toby, Caspian would not have bitten her had she not excited him in the frenzy of her violence. He truly didn't want her, not when it tarnished his infamy.

Caspian merely made the best of a bad situation and his slip in judgment—he used her for his personal indulgence, fully prepared to sever ties.

No, she had not returned here for her mates.

Sighing, trying her damndest to dismiss the shudders Kieran's fingertips still drew from her flesh, Wren shook her head.

Still bent over the sink, resting her weight against the basin, she glanced through the mess of her hair. No longer did Kieran cut the image of anger. In fact, he seemed abnormally settled when he met her eyes, smeared in her dirt, as he was.

There was a clarity to his next question that was very unlike the frivolous and cruel Second Alpha. "You could have run away... avoided us, but you came back here. Why?"

It seemed he was expecting a grand statement, but Wren hardly knew where to begin.

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Ran to where? The Warrens was vast, but not endless. She didn't have access to the upper levels or any way out of the city without a great deal of money to bribe the guards at the gate.

Pushing up, Wren straightened and let the man get a good long look at her—bare, dirty, dripping fluids, and clearly unhealthy. It was pointless to sign to him, he wouldn't understand. So, squeezing filth from her hair, she muddied her fingers, and smeared them over the cracked white subway tiles that coated the wall at her back, writing:

My boys.

A hint of evil in his smirk, a flare of light in green eyes. “You think we'd give them back to you?”

Throat bobbing, Wren swallowed, incapable of answering.

“Did Toby lie? You didn't know Caspian was searching for you?”

A single, subtle shake of her head.

“Because he threw you out. You thought he was done.”

A nod.

“And you came anyway...” Crossing his arms over his chest, Kieran cocked his head. “You must have suspected he'd most likely kill you.”

A debt was a debt, yet she'd come expecting it to be her last day. She'd swam through filth anticipating her body would be tossed right back into the sewage to rot. Not once did she figure Caspian would want her back. Turning to the wall, she pressed one hand to her heart, and pointed again at the two words that summed up her entire motivation.

My boys.

"You wasted your chance to be free." Kieran's next words fell with an odd ring. They fell unsure, as if what he shared he didn't wish to. "Before you get your hopes up, know that you won't find your kid here. Alec is gone."

That couldn't be right...

Eye twitched, her breath stopped mid exhale. Alec couldn't be gone! Caspian assured her he'd live, and that was even before Kieran had slipped the boy a healing boost.

Had they disposed of him when she was no longer here to entertain them? Had they hurt him?

"I didn't say he was dead, Omega. I said he was gone." The Second reached out to stop her wobbly forward assault, giving her a rough shake when her stray hand landed a pathetic slap to his chest. "Toby took your boy to the upper levels to serve as a runner for his offices in Council. The psychopath wanted to honor your memory."

Eyes wide and spilling fresh tears, Wren tried to find the world under her feet.

Toby got her boy out of the waterworks? Even though he thought she was dead?

He did that for her.

Upper levels? Clean air. No mud. Food on every street corner...

Head falling against Kieran's chest, Wren began to sob. And immediately the male misunderstood.

"I bet you wish you'd hidden now." Dropping his hold, he let her sink to the floor and stepped back as if she disgusted him.

The fraying threads that held her mentally together snapped. Just like that.

One moment she had a purpose, the next her purpose was served.

Alec was in the upper levels, safe, where he could take care of himself better than anyone might imagine. Even without her, he'd thrive. Now that he was no longer blind to what Caspian could and would do to the both of them, he'd sharpen up. He'd know when to run, and Wren was sure, if that kid put his mind to it, not even the Syndicate would find him.

Her child was rebellious, unruly, and completely underestimated by these bad men.

And Toby had unleashed him upon the upper levels.

Cracking, as if her body was stone and she was about to shed that craggy old skin, the weight just fell off of her.

And she cried all the harder for it. Right there, on the floor. Emotional vomit purged until she began to laugh.

Mikael was going to heal. Alec was safe.

And where did that leave her?

Shouldering a terrible new feeling—gratitude toward Toby.

She appreciated Toby for doing something selfless, felt in that moment a flicker of fondness the insane Third Alpha didn't deserve. Unsure if she'd be able to reconcile how much she loathed him for whipping her boy with how much she adored him for taking Alec from this horrible place, she put her forehead to the floor.

After an embarrassing length of time, her mind ceased reeling, and she was able to push back to her haunches. Twisting so her legs splayed before her, Wren leaned against the coolness of the wall, breathless and... smiling.

This must be what it felt like to die.

A lightness that fooled her body into believing it drifted, not slumped on dirty tiles. She couldn't even smell the mud and shit that she'd crawled through.

Not when out of nowhere Kieran leaned over her, so close that if she turned her head just a touch, she could lay her cheek to his.

Before she might lean into his heat and draw in his scent, the male shoved to his feet. Bracing his legs on either side of her hips, he tore down his zipper, and shoved a fully hard cock past her teeth. Unprepared, Wren instinctively swallowed against the rising water that was moments from escaping her belly, and found his pelvis met her lips.

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In all the times this demon had worked his evil down her throat, he'd never shoved his meat so deep.

Not that she particularly noticed.

She couldn't even comprehend the words he was shouting as he held himself there beyond her ability to hold her breath.

Kieran keened, jaw clenched and teeth exposed in the following hiss.

What shot into her belly warmed soul-deep, shooting zings of feeling from tummy to fingertips. Filled her.

Becoming an active participant to the mauling, Wren swallowed again, and set her teeth to the root of his cock. Should he pull away what fed her, she'd bite down. Hold him until she'd had her fill.

More and more flowed thick and creamy from him to her, bloated her belly, yet still she refused to let go.

Rough fingers pinched her jaw, forcing it apart. "You have to breathe!"

The entire length of him was drawn from her esophagus, slimed with her mucus, and pulsating as it continued to spurt on her parted lips and waiting tongue.

But it wasn't cum.

Thick, viscus, and white as snow. Stringy like taffy.

Addictive.

A nutrient substance rutting Alphas fed their Omegas in estrous when females were unable to eat.

When they could hardly drink.

A substance that would tax the Alpha's strength as he gave his vigor to his female.

Something Kieran could have only been able to produce if he'd been with an estrous high Omega.

He'd force-fed Wren another woman's due. And she, the slut that she was, lapped it down like ambrosia.

Immediately buoyed, feeling reason and strength return, the panting Omega met burning green eyes and knew.

Kieran had lied.

Chapter 5

Lightly laughing at a mildly funny quip, Rosie kept her face bright, her smile winning, and let the Alpha who'd pulled her to his lap think he was the only man in the world. Twirling his hair around her finger, easing close enough the sweetness of Omega scent might charm him, she drew in a decent option for nightly protector.

Someone who would keep her out of the orgy in his greed to have Omega cunt to himself.

This game, she'd played it a million times. Same smile, same giggle, different cock.

Play the part, and food and water were available in abundance—as was a sort of safety. The protection of strong males, the comradery of other females who lived and breathed the same sorry life. Everything in the pen was organized and in its box.

But it was a job. Unpaid even.

Generally, Caspian gave his whores everything they needed beyond the standard food, shelter, water. Spoiled them as far as pimps went with clothing, luxury items, even the occasional excursion into the city. He didn't beat them, not unless they had it coming.

But he sure as fuck didn't care about them either.

The male liked holes. Preferred those holes to be of the female variety and trained in how to make his dick cough up cum like a geyser.

And that male was going to hand her off to whichever asshole brought his missing mouse in. Which, considering the Warrens, could be fucking anyone.

And when she was handed off, the future she had tried so hard to build would crumble. Aside from the upscale bride markets, the pen was the nicest place an Omega might whore. Here there was an actual chance she could be sold to some powerful old fart who lived above the smog.

Where she would get to have babies and be safe. Even if the Alpha was weak and wanted nothing more than a sexy nursemaid, he'd be able to afford guards. Life would be comfortable.

But all these years she hadn't been offered in trade. Not while she was one of

Caspian's top girls.

She hadn't been offered anything but more work on her back.

And time was running out.

The mouse was alive; Rosie's days were numbered.

A sense of sadness she had refused to allow herself to feel in all the years she'd been in the pen was knocking on her heart for entry.

So she smiled all the harder, moaned all the louder, and faked orgasms like a fucking pro.

At this point, she could slick her thighs on demand—do the ol' in-out-in-out, and feel nothing. Because she'd had a plan and a future.

Now she had an ax over her head and a replacement who hadn't even had to brave the pen, the males, or the females.

No. Jax only had to contend with three.

Well, Toby was a freak on a whole other level, but still. Three only. Rosie had fucked three guys before breakfast.

After all, those who didn't fuck didn't thrive.

Turn the men down, refuse to participate, and starve.

And it was so much more than the lack of food. The girls would turn on those who took but didn't give. Share the burden of pleasing the males, share the disappointment

and the shame, or get your throat cut while you slept. Ladies didn't get to languish in the pen. Period.

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Those who tried to hide away, the men forgot. Once the men forgot, no one would notice a corpse. In all this water they just... floated away.

And new pussy came.

A gruff, unpracticed purr seasoned the words, “What do you think about that, beautiful?”

Rosie had no fucking clue what the man had said. Not that it mattered, she knew the perfect coy look, the tease of expectant smile he’d want to see at the corner of her lips. She didn’t need to speak at all.

Even Caspian fell for that one time and again.

But before she might make her play, might cuddle closer and put all she was on offer, high pitched, unintelligible shrieking cut through the room’s many conversations.

A spitting, clawing, pale-haired mess of an Omega was dumped on the floor by Caspian’s personal guard.

Rosie’s heart stopped. This was it; this was her end.

The mouse had been found.

And a tear fell, unbidden and strange over a painted cheek before someone as hard-hearted as her might will it away.

What had been loud grew silent, couples in the midst of flirtation, conversation, fucking, stopped long enough to see the white-haired female gain her footing.

Thrusting a tangle of hair away from her face, the girl wobbled forward as if she thought to pursue the very Alphas who'd caged her in. "She can't have him! Kieran is MY MATE!"

The lurch and first beat of a heart kicking back in jolted Rosie forward. Wiping the back of her hand over her cheek before that sorry droplet might betray her to anyone, she gawped—just like everyone else—at the wild thing daring to threaten Alphas.

"My mate will have you killed! Do you hear me? Kieran will murder you for treating me this way!" As if to punctuate her threat, the doll, the very doll whom Rosie had taken such exception to last week, set her marked shoulder on display.

This wasn't a mouse.

The not mouse turned to the room, to the spectators who'd broken character. "She harassed me! Told them I was ugly, that they didn't want me. Claimed I copied her... as if she invented Omegas!"

Oh, and now it was getting good. Rosie might be at her end—she wasn't stupid, she knew exactly what this cunt was blathering about. After all, she'd been recently replaced herself. But there could be something here to work with.

Slipping off the Alpha's lap, Rosie approached, all class. "Who called you that, sugar?"

A breakdown of epic proportions began before Rosie's blue eyes.

"I did everything he wanted." The doll, the fresh meat, fell to her knees and sobbed.

“Nothing she said was true. She slandered me, right in front of him. She told lies!”

The show was glorious, so believable that only a few of the whores laughed under their breath.

But a few was all it took to set the broken doll into another rage.

Again, the new Omega pulled her hair aside to show the mark on her shoulder. And it was true, she stank of Kieran’s spend, her slick, and god only knows what else. “He’s my mate. MINE! She can’t have him.”

“Honey.” And that endearment came like honey, thick and sweet. “No male here is faithful. It’s no fault of yours. I mean, look at you. Pretty as a sunset from the top tier.”

“She harassed me! In front of my mate.” More tears, real ones which said so much more about this female than any of the crazy things she’d screamed.

“Who? I’ll talk to her.”

Wiping her runny nose, the Omega looked up. Those helpless wide eyes had probably got her far in life. “He called me his doll.”

For fuck’s sake. Rosie swallowed, about ready to reach forward and shake the story from this woman. “Did she have white hair?”

“Yeah.”

“And she said things about you to your male?”

Defensive, all claws, the doll hissed. “That’s what I said, isn’t it?”

The laughter in the room grew.

“Cupcake, I hate to be the bearer of bad news.”

“Yeah?”

“If you want to be angry, be angry with Kieran. Hell, we all have been one time or another. He promised me children and a way out of this hellhole.” Rosie pointed to an exotic Beta who’d been here even longer than she had. “He promised to clear Janice’s debts and a job up top somewhere respectful. All of us have been let down by Kieran. Life is disappointment, especially around here.” Not an appropriate thing to announce in front of the clients, but at this point, who cared? Rosie was toast, burnt toast covered in cum jelly with zero fucks left to give. “You’re in the pen now, just like the rest of us. Pick a John and get to work. Cock ain’t gonna suck itself.”

The slight thing straightened her shoulders and squared off against the queen of the whores. “I’m mated. I don’t have to fuck anyone anymore.”

Boy, was this new girl in for a rough go of it. “Suit yourself, doll. But just so you know? The Omega you saw, the one Caspian marked? She’s Toby’s mate. And, sugar... she can’t talk.”

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Tossing her bleached hair, the Omega turned to walk out, screeching again when the guard at the door shoved her right back in. Landing on her ass, humiliated when the Alpha guard barked, “Stay in the pen!” she went wild.

Forearm clawed, a few beads of blood matting the dark hair, said Alpha gave her the only warning that might shut up the whimpers and whines. “And if I hear you sass Rosie again, I’ll throw you to the slaves for the night’s entertainment.”

Chapter 6

Under the warm cascade of clean water, Kieran scrubbed her skin as if he were on a mission to scour off any trace of what had happened in the big room. Every inch of her was washed, rinsed, washed again, until Wren’s flesh was pink from too much friction.

He cleaned her ears as if she were a child, wiped her nostrils free of mud despite her attempts to bat his hand away.

Perfectly capable of cleaning her own body, she tolerated only so much.

But her complaints were weak, unspoken, and considering she could hardly stay standing without his support, pointless.

Soap, shampoo, special cleansers designed specifically for an Omega—every bit of foamy lathering chemicals was used up, even after the water no longer ran brown with dirt.

Yet it would seem that whatever he was determined to get off of her, was more than skin deep.

And Wren, she couldn't meet the male's eyes after what he'd done, how she'd swallowed, and still craved more. Had even dared to fight him under that spray when the urge took him again—when he'd pushed her to her knees and thrust his cock between her lips until she swallowed his full length. Then he filled her belly with sustenance.

Three times so far, he'd invaded her throat.

Three times he'd given her his Alpha nutrient substance.

At each of the interludes, it seemed something had completely come over the male. He practically shook with the need to force his ejaculate down her gullet.

And she was no better, once fed something akin to a drug. A single taste, and Wren went from fighting the Alpha to keep his erection from her lips, to fighting him to keep his cock buried so far down her throat she couldn't breathe.

When he'd filled her, when her face was turning purple, he'd pinch her jaw and pull out, leaving her bent and sputtering, and too weak to drag him back for more.

And then the manic scrubbing began all over again.

Between her toes. Behind her ears. Eyelids. Navel. Labia.

Every trace of Caspian's scent was rinsed from inside her.

Wren had never seen Kieran in such a manic state—utterly focused, grim, determined. Where was the flippant snark, the disapproving looks, the teasing?

This male was someone utterly different.

And to be perfectly honest, he frightened her.

The silence, the roughness of his handling when she failed to turn just so. He moved her as if she were a thing, an item. He ignored how her knees knocked and made her lean into him each time she slipped.

It wasn't until exhaustion won out and she slumped to the floor, refusing to stand no matter how he snarled at her and tried to drag her upward, that he finally stopped.

Whatever he was planning to do, whatever the purpose for the insane washing, she just wanted him to do it and have it over.

The water cut off.

Arms scooped her off the slippery tile, and while she hung like a limp noodle, Kieran took her from the bathroom.

Leaving a trail of water droplets where they passed, the male surveyed the room, and let out a lengthy, irritated snarl. He kicked a nearby pile of old dishes, sending ceramic to smash into the wall, rotting food scattering for the rats no doubt hidden in the piles of garbage scattered/ heaped in the room.

Skin tight from too much scrubbing, Wren ignored most of his grumbled complaints, her attention instead on the soiled nest waiting on the bed. One brush of that soggy fabric would make her feel far filthier than the mud she'd sported over every inch upon her arrival.

Cringing, knowing it was inevitable, she let out a loud breath.

Kieran hiked her up higher in his arms, the swing of his head when he stopped surveying his disaster so abrupt her eyes went wide when they met his.

How he glared.

The man was fucking pissed. Snorting bull, steam rising from his ears, incensed.

Again, this was not Kieran. Not the man who secretly desired to be purred to and have his hair stroked. Not the walking open wound his mother left on his soul. This glaring male was Alpha only.

Lacked personality.

It had to be the aftereffects of whatever drugs he'd inundated himself with over the last few days.

Even with the shower, he looked more animal than man.

Wren signed best as she could one handed. "You need to sleep it off."

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“That first day, you made your nest on the floor. Over there.” Not breaking eye contact, he jerked his chin toward the window. “You’ll make one there now.”

With what? Every item in this room was disgusting.

Stomping over the refuse, he carried her to the least cluttered corner of the room. Before he set her bare feet to the floor, he kicked aside odds and ends, clearing a circle.

Still sopping wet, hair tangled and in need of a comb, Wren shivered once the male stepped back.

“If you move from that spot before I return, I will punish you.”

Nodding, wary, arms around her middle, Wren complied.

And just like that, a fully naked and very wet Kieran charged from the room.

The door slammed, perhaps even more forcefully than upon their arrival, and Wren let out the breath she’d been holding.

Three beats of her heart passed before she disobeyed his order. Rushing from the cleared circle, Wren dashed toward the food trays that seemed the most fresh, grabbing up random bits of abandoned food and shoving them into her mouth.

Taste didn’t matter, texture, or smell. All that mattered was getting something into a body that was running on nothing.

Nothing but Kieran's nutrient ejaculate.

God help her, she didn't want to ever be sucked into the enrapturing high that thick fluid inspired again. It was wrong, so wrong, and if she could get her stomach to stop rumbling, perhaps the male would cease this craziness.

And that's how he found her upon his speedy return, picking through scraps like the Warrens rat she was.

She thought he'd been angry before...

That was nothing to the roaring male running full steam across the room.

Fist in her hair, long fingers down her throat, Kieran forced every bit of food she'd swallowed to come back up. Roughly gagging her despite tears and pleading moans to vomit up every bite.

The already dirty rug was ruined.

Putrid.

A string of mucus tying her fingers-stuffed-mouth to the mess, Wren heaved again. Over and over until there was nothing left to lose.

Slimy digits left her aching throat one second, and a resounding slap hit her rump the next. It was more startling than painful, at least at first. As the male continued to rail open-palmed punishment on her ass, discomfort burned into outright throbbing.

"What the hell is going on in here?"

She hadn't even registered the sound of the door being thrown open, not between her own noisy struggles to escape the fire Kieran affected upon her skin.

The Third's shouted fury changed nothing. More slaps fell on her rear.

Roaring with the same strength he used to chasten her flesh, Kieran bellowed, "When I left the room, the Omega disobeyed me and ate old food!"

Boots stomped over the debris, the Third approaching in full temper. "She's starving, Kieran!"

"Which is why I went to the kitchens to grab her something fresh. I brought her clean bedding and clothes." Not sure how he managed to do it, the Second's strikes fell even harder. "And I came back to find her swallowing drug-laced garbage!"

Wren couldn't see it, but she felt it in the jerk of the man who'd somehow pinned her over his lap. Toby had caught Kieran's wrist.

No more slaps fell, still her backside burned as if set aflame.

"She can't take anymore, Kieran." Toby's soft spoken statement wasn't said with anger, which implied something Wren didn't want to consider. "Punish her, but not until she's had food, water, and rest. Hell, let Caspian be the one to do it if you really want to make a lasting impression. But right now, our little Omega is not well."

"The amount of Bliss Dust in that food would have killed even Caspian. It wasn't meant to be eaten all at once."

"Bliss Dust? Shit." With Kieran's fist still tangled in her wet hair, Wren couldn't raise her head, but she did watch Toby toe her pile of vomit. "You got it all out?"

“It couldn’t have been in her longer than a minute.” Kieran’s arm must have been set free, for his hand palmed the stinging globe of her ass, the warmth of his palm increasing the pain.

“If Caspian finds out about this, he’ll do far more than beat her ass red.”

Drugged food? Kieran’s words from earlier didn’t make sense, not after what Wren had seen. Not after his cock had spilled that fluid down her throat.

She wasn’t in estrous. Just high.

Before Wren could hold on to that shard of consciousness, a new sort of warmth sufficed her. The pain Kieran had brought upon her ebbed away, and listless, cloud-soft calm stole over.

Snot thickened snivels dried up. Her every muscle went limp.

When her lashes next parted, the blurred faces of Kieran and Toby hovered over her. She didn’t even know when she’d been turned.

“Sunshine.” The back of roughened male knuckles caressed her cheek, the man speaking as if disappointed in her. “Don’t make us hurt you again.”

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How could anything in the world possibly hurt when everything felt so good? Just the feel of male skin on hers, the smell of potent Alphas, and Wren was in bliss.

“In a few hours you’ll be fine.” A devilish wink, and Toby smirked. “You sure are lovely when you smile, sweet girl.”

The arms around her tightened, pulling her away from Toby’s attention. “It’s not your turn, Third. Piss off.”

Though there was boiling irritation under the Third’s grin, Toby backed off and raised his hands before him in capitulation. “By all means, Kieran. Just, clean her up before you fuck her silly.”

The word fuck and Wren’s insides clenched. The following rush of fluid that rushed from between her thighs obscene.

Toby’s eyes dilated, the male visibly swallowing.

Kieran, still holding her in his arms, straightened to standing and challenged his pack mate. “I’m warning you, Third. I’m not in a sharing mood.”

Grin growing, Toby took a few careful steps backward. “It seems that neither am I. So let’s not scare her by ripping one another to shreds. I’ll go, but only if you swear to me you’ll feed her. We don’t want our little Omega getting in any more trouble with all this garbage lying about.”

Kieran’s low, rusted growl moved through Wren’s every cell. “Oh, I intend to feed

her all right.”

At the door, Toby seemed to be fighting himself to open the portal and leave. White-knuckled fist to the knob, he threw over his shoulder, “While you wash her off, I’ll see that the room gets cleaned. We don’t want another accident.”

Chapter 7

Blinking, the fuzzy glow inundating her line of sight began to slowly diminish. Belly to the warmth of another body, cradled in powerful limbs, Wren’s world came into razor-sharp clarity.

Too sharp, the light streaming in through the room’s windows glaring.

Under her, the musculature of an Alpha shifted—the male registering a change in the limp woman splayed and held over him.

He drew in a rib-expanding breath.

Wren, in tandem, exhaled, the pounding behind her eyes growing.

Her lashes swept down again, attention running over the muscled torso of her living pillow, past his naked hip to a hair-dusted thigh, to see that nothing was right beyond.

Nothing in that over-bright space looked familiar outside of a few sparse pieces of wooden furniture.

The big room.

It had been stripped down to the cement floors. The couches gone, the purple bunting and pillows gone, the garbage gone, the offensive smells... gone.

But one familiar scent did perfume the air, the Alpha markers that undoubtedly belonged to Kieran.

Far more viscid than the mud she'd waded through to enter the waterworks, her mental fog swirled murky, thick, and cloying.

The last thing she recalled was warm water, too much soap, and persistent hands scrubbing overly sensitized flesh. Then this, this stripped room, this extended contact with Kieran who only invited attention if he were the one being cradled. He never cradled, just like he never kissed.

Male lips pressed to her crown, reminding Wren of another time the Second betrayed his character. Her house; how he fucked her in the graveyard and kept her warm against the night's chill.

How he'd covertly given her boy the healing boost and threatened to kill her if she ever told.

This male had threatened her life often, had purposefully given her pain, had degraded her. So what had happened; what had he done? How had she gone from shower to gap in memory? How had the room gone from chaos to vacant?

The beat of his heart under her ear, the constant, sleepy thrum of an Alpha purr untangled her growing rush of adrenaline. Lifting an arm that weighed about a thousand pounds, Wren found moving far harder than it should have been. In fact, the wobbly effort upset her balance and almost sent her slipping bodily off Kieran's chest

Increasing the pressure of his hold around her body, Kieran gave her a warning growl. One that went unheard once Wren realized how incredibly dry her mouth had become.

Sticky, with a metallic residue slightly underlined by the taste of Kieran.

Lavender eyes flowed to the bedside table where a glass of crystal clear water collected enough condensation to drip down and mark the wood.

She wanted to reach for it with a fervor, but her body felt so heavy.

Even so, her arm extended, missed the mark, and almost knocked the whole glass of precious, clean water onto the floor.

Before she might try again, Kieran stroked a hand down her back, traveling the length of her spine until a meaty grip palmed her ass.

Jerking, a raw yelp wheezing from a parched throat upon unexpected pain, Wren shot up. Palms to his chest, eyes wide, she looked down to see Kieran cock a brow.

Relaxed and languid, he wore an expression as naked as their touching flesh. “Didn’t you learn your lesson not to eat or drink things you found lying around?”

What the hell was he talking about?

Another firm grip of male palm squeezed her cheek, and again, a pained noise escaped her lips. Instinct moved her to look back, to see just why his hands brought about such pain, and Wren gasped to see the bruising all over her butt.

“You look so innocent, so put upon, for someone so guilty. Are you going to pretend that you don’t remember?” The male who’d asked the question sounded entirely reasonable in tone, even though he continued to manipulate the black and blue globes of her ass specifically to cause discomfort.

Vague flashes of his cock down her throat, that nectar she could swallow forever running like honey into an empty belly.

Memory of unexpectedly gagging, a wet cough following the sudden extraction of the throbbing flesh pulled from her throat. Wren would have chased after it, had she not been restrained by the very man who’d pushed his way into her mouth.

A mix of want and mortification, flushed her skin pink, and Wren remembered so much more.

Kieran was pair-bonded to the doll.

He had fed her his nectar, over and over, despite her protests, and she had eaten food left in the room in an attempt to protect herself from his urges to feed her more.

The food had been drugged, and he had saved her life by forcibly extracting it from

her stomach... then spanked her like a child.

“I don’t care if you don’t want me.” Abandoning her ass, a warm caress moved up her spine until Kieran had gathered the hair at her nape in his fist. Drawing her close, his point razor sharp, he growled, “Do you understand that? You can say no, and I will still make you lie here. I’ll still knot you until you beg for more. I’ll use tricks that will leave you panting and on the brink of madness only I can soothe. I’ll put my children in your belly.”

The man was deluding himself. He was bonded to another. A full bond. Going against his urges to nest with his mate would torment him with every thrust he put in her body.

And children... no. Wren would not raise babies in this hellhole.

So she shook her head to make her point clear. It did nothing but add to the fire in the Second’s green-eyed gaze.

In fact, her negation seemed only to excite him, the cock pressed between their bodies kicking with that first rush of blood. “If you ever disobey me again, if you stupidly put yourself in danger, I’ll give you so much more than a bruised ass to worry about.”

As she was between his spread thighs, there was little leverage she could use to sit up without pulling away, and it would seem he was not in a charitable mood. When she pressed against his chest, Kieran showed his teeth, eyeing her neck as if tempted to rip right into it.

Caspian had already marred that spot. Much of her flesh would forever be decorated by the First’s attention. Looking to it brought the First Alpha to Kieran’s thoughts. “Caspian would have hurt one of your boys, badly, to make a point. Keep that in mind next time you’re tempted to disobey. Be grateful that I am not going to tell him

what took place here.”

Her disobedience had not been intentional, Wren had just been so hungry, so frantic to stop falling into the spell of the fluid Kieran kept flooding into her belly. Not at all in her right mind.

“Had I not returned as quickly as I had, you would have died. Do you have any idea what an overdose on Bliss Powder looks like? Bloody foam spills out your mouth, bulging eyes, the skin turns a mildew shade of green in less than a few hours.”

How could she have known all that food had been drugged? He’d pointed it out to her. And why the heck had he been feeding it to the new little girl? All the females here wanted Kieran. He didn’t need to—

“I found dear ol’ mom like that. Dress up around her waist, mouth gaping, and reeking of whatever pimp she’d got the drugs from. Man probably works for me now. I wouldn’t have any way of knowing which one of my pushers was there with her when she took it too far.”

Inner rant cutting short, Wren felt the real-world weight of those words. She felt them, imagining finding her own mother in such an awful state, knowing that the person partially responsible probably called him boss. That Kieran knowingly had his men concoct, push, and sell designer drugs despite his history.

The feelings that came with all of that were so ugly she didn’t even know what to call them.

What if Alec had seen her that way? What if they had shown Mikael? What if either of them were ever tempted with this shit. Heck, Alec might be upstairs, but he was and always would be a member of the Syndicate. Part of his job would be to push their interests.

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Sometimes it was easy to forget just what these males were really responsible for.

Trying to clear the sand from her throat, Wren found she couldn't meet Kieran's eyes. He'd see the judgment, the pity, all the things he hated most. So she rolled into him in the only movement he'd allow, the meat of her palm to her eye, and he settled her frame where he wished.

And she purred, as much to comfort herself as to appease him.

Gentle fingers combed through her clean, dry hair. "If you think purring over me is going to make this better, you're wrong."

The censure of her glare behind her hand, the silent not-everything-is-about-you look, she kept them to herself. Yet the way her purr magnified as if in defense of her feelings, didn't stop him from batting aside her hand and drawing her mouth up for a kiss.

Chaste, lingering. Soft and gentle.

A lover's kiss.

Fingertips burrowing against her scalp in a way that left her tingling, he pulled her small body ever nearer. Thighs parted, legs moved with ease, until he'd rolled her under his mass, all the while his mouth working magic, his purr infiltrating, and his cock growing ever harder.

Silken lips moved to her ear. "I could have fucked you the whole time you were high.

You begged for it with those pleading eyes and parted lips. It was all I could do just to restrain you. Remember that. I could have fucked you raw, done anything. But I didn't."

On that score, he wasn't lying. Wren's memories of the past hours were nothing but flashes of slick and aching need. She'd been a bitch in heat, rubbing this man, squealing and whining in frustration as he denied her.

Is that what estrous would feel like?

A brainless need for physical release no matter who was near? An embarrassment of invitations and a drooling mouth?

That's what Alphas were eager to enjoy? It seemed so mechanical, passionless in every important way.

The tip of Kieran's tongue flicked between her lips, a small grunt coming from the male when his cock spilled on her belly in invitation.

When more fluid burst from him, more than was normal to entice a female, when it began to run down her sides and pool on the fresh sheets, Wren realized he'd cum fully. Just from a kiss.

He'd denied himself a knot, would be in aching discomfort unless pressure was applied, but did not draw her hands down. He didn't make her do anything but continue to bear his mouth.

Breathless, a hair's breadth from her parted lips, Kieran caught her eyes before she might be wise enough to look away. What confused her most was reflected in those envy-green eyes. Affection.

“Drink the cup of water, it’s safe. There is more in a pitcher under the table. We’ll build a nest when you’re finished. When it’s done, you will invite me to share it.”

He had not offered any threats. There had been no bet or temptations. These direct orders without caveats were so unlike him.

But welcome.

“Are you hungry?”

Always. The wry smirk that came with the thought was enough to explain. The rumble of her stomach sealed it.

Climbing over her body to straddle her face, Kieran slipped halfway into the creature he’d been in the shower. Cock already pumping nutrient substance so that it dangled like a thick dollop of cream, he smeared her lips before she could protest. “Then open up.”

He was down her throat before Wren even registered the turn.

More than he had offered her yet drained from him to nourish her, to cut off her air, to set her sex to dripping. As with every other time he’d forced himself on her this way, he had to fight her off to retrieve his member, and left her panting, red-faced, and confused.

When she scooted back, fighting her breath and her body’s reaction, her feet slipped on the copious slick unintentionally spilled.

Easing back, Kieran took her chin and looked over her blush. “Did you think I offered you food?”

Of course that's what she thought!

He lifted the cup, holding it out to her and helping her keep it steady so she might gulp it down. Clean water rinsed the addictive taste of him from her mouth, but it did not wash away her desire to lean forward and lick his oozing cockhead for another taste.

Palming his erection, expression blank, Kieran subtly waved his cock at her. "Do you want more?"

Yes! But she sure as hell was not going to latch on.

A shaking hand set the cup on the table, an extended troubled breath falling from her lips as she slipped from the bed as if to reach for the pitcher. The inelegant retreat was allowed. Glass refilled, drained, and filled again, she took all the water she could bear.

Next came the building of a nest. One built around the male already occupying it.

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After an inordinate amount of time, long after the nest was truly finished and she was just fiddling to stall, Kieran took her hand, and shook his head as if to say no more.

Pulling her in, he arranged her comfortably on her back, her legs cradling his hips. And then, like a total stranger, he spent hours making careful love to her.

All of it was about her pleasure, every touch seeking out the places on her body that made the Omega sing.

Not an ounce of pain came even in the moments his long thrusts became more passionate. He didn't twist her into a pretzel or mock her lack of skill. Instead he praised her with soft compliments and gratuitous attention.

Wound up beyond the euphoria of a mating high, Wren lost all sense of time. Waves of pleasure washed away regret, purified fear, and purged anger. When at long last he knotted her, she was an active participant, kissing her lover, pulling him nearer, enraptured and enwrapped in the form of a doting Alpha.

She didn't even notice when he set his teeth to the other side of her neck, floating far away and lost in a sense of joy. The pain didn't even register when Kieran punched his teeth deep.

It wasn't until she woke later, still in their nest, still in his arms, to the sounds of a holo projected before them that she even smelled the blood.

Kieran, watching a comedy, had one arm thrown behind his head, laughing as if all was right and normal.

Chapter 8

Fingering the tight collar of her dress, hooking fabric away from her throat as if that might make it easier to breathe, Wren plodded after the fast-moving Alpha dragging her through the halls. Kieran had her by the wrist, walking with an air of menace so unlike him, snarling at any who passed, that she could hardly keep up.

Twice she had tripped over her feet and the long skirt tangling about her ankles. Twice she had barely managed not to face-plant into the concrete.

Both times Kieran righted her, cast a glare about, and immediately continued the relentless pace.

The journey from the big room to Caspian's den was not so far, but by the time they reached the catwalk soaring over churning waters below, Wren was winded.

Before them waited the crossing.

She hated this part, walking over the rusted metal bridge, the drop down visible and stomach-churning.

But before she could steel herself to brave the crossing, an arm swept under her. Snagged to the Alpha's chest, breath knocked from her body, three large, male strides later and they were before the guarded portal.

And then she was back on her feet, her constrictive dress straightened by the same male who'd chosen it.

He'd spent at least ten minutes buttoning up the tiny row of seed pearls that held it closed from her navel to her throat. This was after the ridiculous amount of time he'd taken cleaning and treating the pointless bite mark on her throat.

Pointless since there was no bond between them. There couldn't be. Kieran was bonded to another.

Yet, utterly self-indulgent, he purred grandly as he brushed back her hair to admire it. He licked at the scabbed wounds, smiled, and in the privacy of the big room, was wholly playful when he nipped.

Wren, already covered in claiming marks from Caspian and Toby, tried to consider it just another scar, but this mark out of all of them disturbed her.

Because it had meaning beyond its pointlessness.

And that meaning was wrong.

Imagining other females seeing it and laughing, knowing that no bond of any sort might give it credibility, she felt like a fraud.

Yet she still came on Kieran's cock when he took her... again.

She still returned his passion and his caress.

And his kiss.

Culpable for her part in the charade, she'd counted down the minutes until Toby might come and take his turn. For once, she craved the Third's presence, as if he might fix all of this, crack one of his rude jokes, and set her at ease despite his unhinged mental state.

But Toby never came.

She did. She came over and over between long naps and meals of Alpha nutrient

cum.

There had been no real food, only Kieran to sustain her—the Alpha draining his own vigor to bolster hers.

Then... Caspian commanded her presence. She'd heard the summons, taken aback by the irritation snarled from Kieran's wrist communicator.

“Deliver her, Kieran. NOW!”

That was it. Four words followed by the Second throwing an empty water glass across the room to shatter.

To say Wren was startled was an understatement.

In that moment, gone was any ease between them. In that moment, gone was the Kieran he had pretended to be.

As if he finally realized the sham. As if he felt the lack of connection register, and instead of regret, it was anger clouding green eyes.

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“You shouldn’t have hid in the mud. Why didn’t you come back to me?” Sweeping tangled tawny hair from his forehead, he snarled. “I helped your boy!”

Guilt did not belong in her heart, but it snapped at her all the same. Much stronger than the guilt was her own deeply planted resentment. I want my children back. I want a place where they can grow up and not die. They are the only reason I would come to this place.

“I can’t understand you.”

That makes two of us.

“What do you want from me?”

Why did he have to look so wounded, as if she had done something to earn such a sorry expression?

There was no answer she could give, lavender eyes falling to the wayside as her fingertip knocked against her breastbone. It made a hollow sound.

Which was fitting.

Still, she offered a shake of her head, softening it with a hint of tired smile before looking back at the looming male. Caspian is waiting.

And Caspian waited for no man. Not even for his Second.

Nor did he take other male's leavings. She was to be clean of other scents before he used her. Yet when she entered the bathroom, Kieran refused to allow her access to the shower.

The First, who already sounded angry, would not approve.

Wren signed, knowing Kieran didn't understand, but hoping the sentiment translated. She told him that she needed to wash.

"No." Indulgent, sweet, Kieran had been replaced with a snappish Alpha who wore a thickly disapproving glare.

Anticipating the mountain of insults that always partnered that look, Wren sucked in a breath.

But he said nothing.

Nothing at all while he drew her back to the bedroom and dressed her in tense silence—in new clothing that still smelled of the factory it was made in. It was a fragrance Wren had forgotten existed, and one sniff brought childhood memories rushing back. Once upon a time, she'd had a full belly, clean clothing, water, even a place to hide from her father most days.

She'd had a mom who did her best.

A mom Wren had missed in all the years she'd been slowly sinking into the mud.

Who could imagine that something so simple as the smell of new clothes would be so powerful?

In the armoire before her, everything was new, the old dresses shared by the women

of the pen gone.

And this new dress... was modest.

It covered her from wrist to chin. It covered the same wound on her throat that it chafed.

A comforting change from endless nudity and the sort of costumes the males had hung from her shoulders before. Yet again, something Caspian would take exception to. His bite marks were covered. His claiming mark on her throat encased in the same fabric that hid Kieran's mistake.

Kieran led Wren from the room, and almost immediately, they happened upon Rosie in the halls.

The blue-eyed beauty took one look at the garment and her composure slipped. "Kieran, I need—"

The Second brushed her aside, never breaking step. "Not now, Rosie."

Following, the blonde Omega tried to grab at his arm. "Please, Kieran. I'm begging you. If I was ever anything to you, speak for me. Don't let him give me to whoever brought her back."

Snarling, an animal bark forcing the woman off, Kieran didn't break pace.

Wren did, that was the first time she tripped, looking back at a crushed woman who stank of real distress.

When their eyes met, it shook her.

The whole last hour shook her.

And now the door to Caspian's den was swinging open.

Chapter 9

Seated in the chair Wren had come to recognize as Caspian's favorite, the First Alpha slowly turned his head their direction. Kieran was not spared so much as a glance—not when all of Caspian's attention was devouring her alive.

The dress...

Without so much as a hint of alteration to his expression, she could tell he hated it. But it also intrigued him for what it might stand for.

Of the three of them, this male most preferred to see his marks upon her pale skin, so he might touch, remember, and enjoy. Dressed as she was, it would require effort for him to reach what he believed he owned.

Though he most likely would rip the garment off, that in itself might amuse him. From the glow in his eyes, Wren was certain that very thought crossed his mind.

He would enjoy it.

Until he saw what was hidden underneath. And Caspian would see them, both the bite mark and the bruising on her rear.

“There is food for you on the table, pretty mouse.”

Food that smelled of heaven.

Wren would have fallen upon the offerings, eaten with abandon, but Kieran still had a hold of her wrist, stopping her excited momentum forward with grip of iron. Stiff, the Second growled lowly, and seemed to fight his impulse to yank her back to his side.

Caspian saw it all, yet still his face remained impassive. Still he kept to his great chair.

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Eyeing the abundant spread, enough mouthwatering dishes waiting to feed an army, Wren yanked lightly on her arm.

Muscle in his jaw ticking, it clearly took Kieran a great deal of effort to lift his fingers one at a time from her wrist. And off she went to the table, impatient to be free of the Second, eager to have an excuse not to look upon the First, but mostly famished.

Pastries and meat—steaming meat seasoned with herbs. Root vegetables, salads, sauces, all the decadence the typical green sludge was not. Though, had Caspian offered her barrels of sludge, she would have sucked it down to fill the hole in her belly.

The unseen rise of his brow colored Caspian's question. "Did you not feed her?"

A deadpan, was offered in reply. "I fed her often."

Even with warm food in her mouth, a chill crept up Wren's spine at Kieran's tone.

Swallowing the food stuffed in her cheeks, she reached for a folded napkin, wiped her hands, and turned around.

"Keep eating, mouse." Even moderate, there was something under Caspian's order. "And don't forget your dessert under the silver dome."

Both males were watching her in very different manners, Wren's eyes darting from one to the other. Caspian was calculating, lounging in his chair. Kieran was ominous, staring at her as he was wont to do.

Still hungry, Wren hesitated. That was when she looked past her own discomfiture to notice the room. It was more than the table laden with fine cuisine. It was the stale nature of the place.

It was the bed adorned with the finest nest she'd ever built—still intact. A nest she had enjoyed for less than an hour before she'd been paraded in front of Caspian's men and made to watch Toby beat her boy bloody.

No one had touched it. No other female scent wafted under the delicious aromas emanating from the table.

Caspian had not despoiled her nest or this room the entire time she'd been gone.

Their eyes met, the male neither addressing what must have been a question on her face, nor challenging her appraisal.

He wanted her to look at him.

Free of his coat, cheek freshly shaven, commanding, male, and powerful. Seated, so they were of equal height.

Familiar.

“Eat.” How Caspian managed to drench one gently spoken word with so much arduous command, she'd never know.

Wren wanted to eat his food, not solely because she hungered, but because instinct commanded she take the male's offering.

A beautiful offering of more than sustenance. An offering she had taken for granted, stuffing it into her mouth with her fingers like she had.

It had not been appreciated or fully recognized.

So she did it now, savoring a moment so rare.

A single place setting waited.

Fork, knife, spoon, silver-rimmed bone china plate.

There was even creamy linen. Had the table boasted flowers and candlelight, it would have been straight out of an old painting.

Fingertips brushing the crisp fabric, Wren hummed, mind full of the wonderful dress she could make out of this panel. It wouldn't last five minutes in the squalor of the Warrens, but for those brief, pristine moments, it would have been grand.

Better than her dress made from fancy, old curtains.

Lifting the waiting plate in careful fingers, the smoothness of china, the fact there wasn't a single crack or chip was marvelous. So clean she could see herself in it, it was turned so the light might play off the sheen.

Plenty of times during salvage she'd come across old, cracked remnants of some long dead person's fine dishes.

Some with painted flowers or intricate designs.

But this simple bone china with light detail and a high polish—this was prettier by far. Though it would have been frivolous and held no true value in the Warrens, she would have snatched it from whatever lair she'd haunted and kept it in her box of treasures.

Her boys would not have been allowed to touch it.

Before she realized what she'd done, the plate was cradled to her breast, realization that her box of treasures was buried so deep under the mud that it would never be salvaged, spoiling her joy.

An impatient male noise at her back, and Wren lost the far off look in her eyes, cheeks stained with an embarrassed flush.

Setting down the dish, a sheepish twist to her mouth, she signed to Caspian. It's very pretty.

"Spell out what you just said."

She did, brows drawing together to find that he was actually paying attention to her hands.

It took a moment, before Caspian strung the gestures into meaning, but he did. He'd learned her alphabet. "Pretty."

And she was all shock, nodding, fairly certain the expression on her face was laughably stunned.

Chapter 10

Pasta in enough cream sauce to drown a rat. When Wren had taken the time to pay attention to the offerings, that was what her shaking hand reached for.

Noodles drenched in heaven.

It had been years, years, since she'd eaten anything nearly this frivolously decadent.

Real cheese, real cream, from real cows. Nothing powdered, and by the texture, she imagined the linguini was handmade and fresh.

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The kind of dish served upstairs to smiling patrons of restaurants. Something that required silverware, both spoon and fork.

At first, it was awkward spinning the noodles in the bowl of the spoon, and she knew she looked absolutely ridiculous to the two males who refused to give her the privacy to stuff her face properly. Both stared, both occasionally offering a grunted and pointless noise when she moaned over the perfect bite.

Alec would lose his mind for this, would slop the tureen of pasta up to his mouth and drink it dry. Her other ward, Mikael, would be head over feet for the whole fish dressed with actual lemons.

Considering there was more than enough for ten men waiting on the table, it was a shame she couldn't share it with them. Deep down, a part of Wren wanted to be bitter; the tired woman who missed her boys itching to rebel against the very Alphas measuring her every bite. The wiser part of Wren told her to remember that Alec was up top and Mikael was still getting treatment. And that was the best she could do in this moment.

There would be other moments she would steal for them later.

Someday, if she survived this, she might actually be able to prepare a meal this delicious for her boys.

The thought made her smile around a dripping bit of linguini.

The males noticed, each reacting with a noise that broke the spell the food had

created.

Feeling a dollop of cream sauce at the corner of her lips, Wren chewed the noodles, looking from Caspian to Kieran and back again.

She wanted to eat more, to truly gorge until it hurt, but Caspian had not done this for her pleasure. He'd done it for his. A groggy female too full to fuck him would lead her to trouble, so Wren pushed the plate away with a sigh, wiped her mouth, and rose from her chair.

"Dessert, little mouse." Caspian's eyes went to the waiting silver dome, urging the Omega to reach out and grasp the lid.

Having never been much of a fan of sweets, Wren obeyed, disinterested and full enough. Except the dome was stuck, an odd weight behind the curved metal. Tugging, bearing more of her weight against it, it gave, the clatter, the overflow of what was inside more jarring than the heft of the lid.

The silver dome lid hit the floor when her hands failed, when her heart stopped. The clang and resounding bell-like vibration made an ugly sound, the opposite of a purr. One that blended with the tink of credit chips spilling over.

She'd backed to the wall, shoulders to her ears at the crumbling display, and felt as if she wouldn't be able to draw breath.

Never in her life had she seen so many credit chips, some in denominations she didn't imagine existed.

Carrying even a handful of this in the Warrens would see her throat slit ear to ear.

Her friendliest neighbors would murder her for even one.

Knowing it was ridiculous to feel such terror for inanimate objects, unable to control her panting or to look away from the tumbling pile, Wren began to slowly inch away.

Shoulder blades scraping along the wall, she edged closer and closer to the door.

Still the chips slid over one another, their momentum slowing, which only made the slink and clicks all the more precise.

As she stared at that crumbling pile, Kieran growled, “What’s wrong with her?”

“She’s frightened.” And Caspian no doubt felt it through their link, surprised enough that it shaded his response. “You came back to demand payment, mouse. There it is. Take it. It’s yours.”

Pockets full of coins, he’d said. Enough water for a year. That pile of cash was beyond money for bribes. That pile of cash would be a target on her back if anyone knew she had it. She couldn’t even carry it all. And she had no idea what it was actually worth outside of her personal hellhole.

Too much, she was certain.

“Payment?” Kieran spat, snide and every ounce the arrogant male she had first met. “You claimed you came for your boys. You lied to me, female.”

Kieran’s unexpected anger was so far off her radar, that Wren ignored him completely, even while skirting her body behind his—as if he might stand as sentinel against an inanimate pile of credit chips.

Aware she was acting like a lunatic, but unable to stop herself, she wrung her hands.

Warm, yet brokering no argument, Caspian declared, “It’s yours. Consider our

bargain fulfilled. You stay here, your boys get that. No sulking, no sad faces. I own you fully.”

It all sounded so reasonable, which stirred up her adrenaline all the more.

These were not reasonable men. Caspian had only ever lied to her, stolen her child, had him beaten, used her body, marked her without permission.

And that very male was rising out of his chair, unfolding slowly to his full, massive height.

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Still the pile of credit chips was far more daunting.

All that food sat like a weight in her belly, churning with her heart until Wren felt sweat gather at her temples. The last unbalanced chip fell from the pile, that horrible music over, and lavender eyes broke away to fall, lost, on the approaching First.

Signing, aware she was completely ridiculous, she asked. “What do I do with it?”

“You’ll have to write it down, mouse.” Just like the slate she’d used in her lost home to speak with him, Caspian produced a panel and chalk.

An entire piece of unbroken, unused, precious chalk.

She wrote down her question, the male ignoring the stink of anger wafting from Kieran as he answered. “You sold yourself to me. I don’t care what you do with it.”

Mikael could go to school like a normal kid. He could sleep above the filth and dirt. He wouldn’t have to scavenge or steal. Alec could rule the world with that pile of sin.

“You won’t take it away?”

Pulling Wren from where she’d wedged herself between the wall and the Second, Caspian said, “Kieran, leave the room. Go to the pen, fuck off the rut, and deal with your new mate before I get another complaint.”

Clenched teeth, real, acrid rage. “This bitch told me she returned for her boys.”

Caspian cocked his head, eyes narrowed. “She did. The money is for the boys.” Putting a hand to Wren’s shoulder, his next words were for her. “And there won’t be any further hard feelings. Isn’t that right, Jax?”

Her heart was bursting with hard feelings, chalk dashing over slate so she might scratch out her growing fear, “I still need to see them.”

Large fingers pinched a lock of white hair, mud-brown eyes indulgent as he toyed. “On occasion, unless you give me reason to refuse. Try to run, hide from me, and I’ll make sure you never see your boys ever again. You are bought and paid for now. No more negotiations.”

Coming back to the waterworks had been a death sentence after all.

She would die here. Just not today.

Meanwhile, her boys would have a real chance, not that she wanted to approach, touch, or hoard that pile of wealth that would secure it for them.

“It’s only money, girl.”

Only money? That was a life sentence combined with an actual chance for survival. It was beyond comprehension to someone who’d never had more than ten credits in her hand ever.

“You were supposed to be grateful.”

She might not get murdered in the Warrens for that pile of money, but lifting that silver dome—the one that was no doubt dented from the fall—was the death of her. This was it, really it.

Her body had been sold for tangible payment, and it felt far more weighty than any claiming mark.

Forehead settling to Caspian's chest, drawing in the scent of him, seeking comfort from the jabbing blend of feeling, Wren closed her eyes to all of it.

Stroking her hair, Caspian offered a light purr, neither overly indulgent nor manipulative. It was just there, like his heartbeat was there.

Without the weight of terrible threat hanging over her children, the exchange felt different. More normal.

Even natural.

But only a fool would let herself enjoy it. It could be days, it could be months, but Caspian would find another new girl to trick, spoil, and fuck. He would get bored of a complacent, damaged Omega.

Lashes lifted, one final breath of perfect Alpha, and Wren sold her dreams for the bright future of her boys. With a smile, she pulled back, held out her hand, and struck a bargain with a veritable monster.

It wasn't a handshake the male sought to seal their deal. Lips brushing hers, he murmured. "Good girl."

Chapter 11

Silk. Spider silk as pale as moonlight caught Caspian in a web he'd gladly tangle around his limbs. Around his cock. Fuck, it would feel incredible stroking his cock.

Running over his hips while he pushed her head down his shaft.

Their last mating had been vulgar in its transience. One frenzied thrust before the knot he'd fought to produce for a goddamn week burst forth. Flooding her so soon had left the taste of heaven on his tongue, even if she had been coated in filth, and stinking of sickness.

Tasting her now, blood pumped into an overly swollen cock, the teeth of his zipper barely contained what pulsated and wept. Had Rosie's lips been stretched around such girth as Caspian had watched the pretty mouse eat, he would have cum each time the female sighed. He would have broken Rosie's jaw with his knot when the mouse moaned.

As it was, an astonishing amount of fluid had built up in his sack. It felt as if it sloshed when he pressed closer to his greatest treasure, that it churned. Had his pants not held back his prick, it would have bounced with each pulse of blood in his veins.

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He was going to hurt his mouse. There was no stopping it.

Not after the hours Caspian had let build between them. Not after her sweet sighs over the feast he'd provided.

For two full days Kieran had been allowed to keep her despite neglecting his duties.

For good reason. Caspian wanted his mouse to be grateful to return to her true owner, her First owner. He wanted to measure her expression of relief when the handsome one no longer had first claim.

It was so rare a victory Caspian might lord over his Second.

Mission accomplished. Kieran reeked of covetous agitation and his mouse had indeed arrived no longer wearing the betrayal that had pinched her brows when last he'd been buried in her.

Two days with the cruelest of them had washed her clean of her animosity, but not of Kieran's scent... or the Second's terrible choice in clothing.

That fucking dress covering his mouse was the stuff of nightmares. Where Kieran had even found a garment like that down here, Caspian could only imagine. His whores sure as hell didn't sport matronly shit.

This was the costume old mated Alphas demanded their Omegas wear in public. The dress of a wife who was to be acknowledged but not physically appreciated by others. Breeding Omegas only displayed their beauty for their mates.

If it was a joke, Kieran lacked the quirk to his smile usually accompanying his tricks. Instead his body language was aggressive—fists balled, jaw clenched, his green-eyed glare on the female obediently allowing Caspian the feel of her mouth.

Until that covetous gaze drifted to where Caspian stared even while sampling the parted lips of his mouse.

Fingers slipping to cradle the back of her skull, Caspian played the gentle lover a few moments longer, measuring the Second's reaction. Amazed, he found blatant challenge in his subordinate's low, unguarded growl.

Breaking from kiss-reddened lips, from an enticed female bearing half-conquered slowly expanding pupils, the First met the unspoken challenge. "Kieran?"

"I'll watch." Gruff, lacking all proper deference, his Second widened his stance.

After delivering her still reeking of Kieran's cum, there was no fucking way such behavior would be rewarded.

Hell, even Toby had been removed from the equation for this calculated reunion—sent off with the perfect prey. Down in the bowels of the pipeworks, the Third was creaming his pants tormenting the instigator of a sorry power grab.

The failed assassin would be an interesting corpse to view once the Third was done with him—for aside from the sweet scent wafting from the slickening pussy before him, Toby's greatest joy lay in well-thought-out torture.

Acquiescing when Caspian drew her head to his chest, his mouse inhaled deeply, nosing his chest in the exact way he both adored and despised. Flawless female submission before Kieran, her obvious enjoyment of his scent—despite any unpurged anger—led Caspian to smile.

His rugged, scarred face, the wrinkles collected at the corners of his eyes, she preferred him anyway. And she always had.

Always would.

This Caspian broadcasted in the meanness of his grin. In the blatant demand of his glare.

At her little noise once his scent hit the back of her throat, another wave of backed up seed inflated his sack, threatened to break down his cock. Caspian growled, dominant, virile, and already lost completely to the rut. "Leave."

There was a reason Kieran held the rank of Second. He was not one to be fucked with. "I hold second claim."

Cock twitching, bleeding precum to the point his trousers and the Omega's belly were sticky with fluid, Caspian fisted the Omega's glorious hair. Baring her covered throat to his lips, he licked where her jaw met the unpierced lobe of an ear, watching his Second's every tick. "No one challenged that point."

Teeth clenched, eye twitching, Kieran stated a tired fact. "Our agreement was that I breed her in estrous."

"She's not in estrous." More importantly, there was a little doll made up to look like the mouse. A doll tucked away in the pen who'd make the breeding of another female impossible so long as she lived... unless she was in the room and made to participate.

No bonded Alpha could dump working sperm in another pussy. Kieran had to know that after these last days hording the mute Omega away. He'd probably had difficulty even knotting, grown frustrated with her.

Brow cocked, chin nuzzling the top of the silent mouse's head, Caspian added, "Toby refuses to allow other females near our mate. You'd have to kill the doll you paid for."

And there was always the fact that once Toby got his crack at the estrous high mouse, once he fully forged a pair-bond, his gushing prick would rinse out and destroy any defunct remnants left by another male. Kieran would not have his way in this. Not that he didn't deserve to be mocked for daring to deliver her cleansed and pristine.

"Done." Burning green eyes remained locked on Caspian, Kieran physically growing, drilling his attention on his leader, as he verbally ended the life of his doll.

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Under Caspian's blatant caress, the mouse stiffened.

Another point won for the First, his game to seize her full and real attention far more fruitful than he'd imagined when he'd ordered the food and piled up a small fortune. "The doll is claiming pregnancy."

Considering Kieran's style had always been petulance, it had been some time since Caspian had seen his Second display this level of outright anger. Running a hand through disheveled hair, snorting a huff of hot breath, Kieran barked, "The bitch wasn't in estrous. There is no pregnancy."

It wouldn't be so easy as that. "The rumor that you're about to add to your brood has already spread. The doll even demanded a place where Giggi and Oriella den with your other brats." Because the Second could never resist a bet, Caspian added. "One-million credits that you'll be clapped on the back when you leave the room. Half the Syndicate is waiting to congratulate you."

A pale, small hand reached to where Caspian held the mouse's hair in a tight fist. Stroking his fingers, she tried to urge release.

Distracted, breaking his eyes from the intruding male, mud-brown eyes cut to lavender. Her pupils had retracted, the female no longer in a state ready for mating. She was in a state for scolding—a thing he'd learned she could accomplish with a single look.

Had he been one of her boys, it may have worked.

He was not her child. He was her god.

He'd branded and paid for her, letting her know his thoughts with a lick of his lower lip and a growl.

The scent of slick as it gushed upon his call, softened the hard set of his eyes. The way she pressed her legs together as if she might hold it in, enthralling. "Do you have something to add, pretty mouse?"

Without preamble, her little palm cupped his erection.

And all hell broke loose.

It no longer mattered that a Second in need of a dry fuck up the ass lingered to watch. It no longer mattered that Caspian's intentions to woo her had been interrupted.

All that mattered was ripping open that hideous dress so he might lick the intoxicating fluid dripping down her thighs. Pound his strength into her slender body. Pour as much cum as possible into her womb.

Teeth itching with the need to clamp down and set his mark again, fabric split and fell away in ribbons with his enthusiasm.

And then he saw it... another male's still swollen mark on her neck.

Chapter 12

With an arm snaked around the slight thing's torso, Caspian hauled the mouse's spent body into the perfect position so he might view where they were still joined. Pale ass up, her cheek to the mussed nest. Limp and exhausted and thoroughly branded, she let him do as he wished.

Kieran forced to watch and forbidden to participate.

Every muscle packed into Caspian's bulk seemed loose now that the last jettison of cum had spilled from his sack. And though the Omega's fist-tight cunt dribbled the occasional leak, so much of him was still inside her that there was no question who was master.

He was. He was the Alpha. First in the city—the entire fucking planet if Caspian had his way. And she? She was his Omega to fuck, fill, and fondle at will.

Completely subdued now, the female did little more than twitch when he spread her ass cheeks wide to behold the glory of where the root of his cock was held tightly in her body.

The knot he'd pinned her with made a slow retreat, only large enough now to thin the skin around her well-fucked hole. Labia stretched when he slowly began to withdraw, knowing a flood waited behind that barrier, he teased his dick back enough that one minuscule, further movement would pop the seal and see him sprayed with what waited in her deluged channel.

“Your pretty pussy's blooming, naughty girl.” Using his fingers, Caspian stretched her labia further, teasing her with stings that both hurt and pleased. “Hold every drop when I pull out. If you spill any, you'll be punished.”

An impossible feat.

The Omega was about to release a warm torrent that would drench his slick-shined thighs, coat the back of her legs, and puddle on the bedding. He'd roll her in it, work it through her hair. Force it between her lips. And punish her with another bite.

His teeth already itched, buzzed with the need to clamp down... again.

Eyes glazed in lust, Caspian pulled against her resisting vaginal opening, favored with a quick gush when she clenched to hold him from retreating so rudely.

“Already spilling my gift?” Dark, the growl working his voice into something animal, Caspian swiped a finger through the little trickle, zigzagging from her stuffed cunt and down her thighs. Bringing that sperm-laced sweetness to his lips, he sucked the digit clean with a loud pop. “Every drop you spill I’ll shove right back in you, pretty mouse. You’ll be corked with my cum, walk around with it sloshing in your belly until every cell in your body has my mark in it.”

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A spit-drenched finger circled her anus, threatening to push forward and breach.

Watching her involuntarily clench, knowing it would force out another splatter of cream from her cunt, he clicked his tongue. “I said hold it.”

She was fucking flawless in her wide-eyed, blown pupil, haze. No matter his commands, her cunt wanted to keep all he threatened to let spill. It desired the very knot he was using to stretch and strain her opening.

Uptight scruples or not, the female fucking loved the exact way he wrecked her.

Considering how deeply he’d needed to fuck, he’d known he’d hurt her before the rut had fully destroyed his senses. By the state of her back—the myriad fresh bites and extensive bleeding scratches—he’d done actual damage.

But his female healed quickly, complained little, and had cum on his cock more times than any woman he’d fucked before. And he’d fucked them all. Any Omega, mated or not, that he’d desired. Betas by the truckload. He’d even mounted a raging, violent Alpha female or two.

Those battles and victories had been stimulating, but it was nothing to this.

This Omega? When pushed past the pale, she’d fought back exactly in a way the beast within craved. Tooth and nail, screams and grunts.

He too bled.

Having tempted her to mentally degrade and savage his body until Alpha blood filled her mouth. The same mouth now parted as the mouse tried to catch her breath. The sweet mouth that had kissed his lips, licked at the mark on his neck she's left all those weeks ago.

A place she had dared to bite him a second time at the cusp of his fifth or sixth climax.

Caspian had almost blacked out from the sheer force of his physical response to her sharp teeth. He'd roared and rammed when her nails gouged deep lines down his back. And when the manic fog had cleared, he had her over him, riding an engorged cock gone purple with blood, and found her taking her pleasure despite new bruises and wounds.

A pale head had been thrown back, inhuman noise coming from her throat as she milked his knot and ground her pelvis hard enough to make his groin ache.

The things he'd threatened her with for presuming to dominate him were beyond vulgar. All this he snarled while strumming the needy clit peeking from her hood. Leaning back, the Omega had spread the thighs banking his legs all the wider. Challenging him to follow through while chasing his thumb for more.

She'd cum so hard she'd sobbed.

So very pretty when she cried, his knot ballooned even larger, big hands reaching to pull the female to his chest so those tears might fall and mingle with his sweat.

In that moment, Caspian had wished she could speak.

A declaration perhaps that of all males, she preferred him most. Her body already spoke that truth—he'd watched her with both Kieran and Toby, and though she

enjoyed being fucked by his pack, there was something between he and she that neither Second or Third could touch.

It fluttered like a caught bird in the fragment of the weak bond he could sense. Something his.

The pretty mouse hated him, that was true. But when they were joined, her abhorrence splintered. When he fucked her past the point of reason, it disappeared altogether.

Mud brown eyes still locked on the diminishing knot stretching her cunt, squeezing the parted cheeks of her ass, Caspian finally forced the seal.

The massive flood of cream that followed set him groaning, urged another, weak spurt to dribble from the slit of his overused cock, and left her shrinking pussy contracting on nothing.

Which only made her spill more.

Which meant she'd have to be punished.

Crawling over her to lick at the fresh bite on her neck, he growled. "Bad girl."

It was so brief he wasn't sure if his eyes betrayed him, but he'd swear those words left her smiling. He didn't have a chance to confirm it, not with Kieran rushing forward to push his spurting cockhead into her mouth, stroking himself to a full finish.

Cheeks flooded with cum, too startled to swallow the entirety of the flow, it spilled back over the shaft half hanging from her mouth. Dripping down the veined length to mat trimmed pubic hair, all that seed marked the nest, changing what had been the

territory of one male to the territory of two.

Kieran, who had been forbidden to touch his mouse today, who had jacked off in the corner for hours, coming in a sloppy mess on Caspian's floor as his eyes begged for relief, had disobeyed a direct order.

Body drained, sack shriveled and tight to his body, cock overly stimulated and attached to a male no longer eager to fuck, Caspian grew uncomfortably hard too soon—not out of lust, but out of the base need to subjugate an encroaching male.

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He had Kieran by the throat before the Second finished spilling, met envy-green eyes and let the other Alpha male see every ounce of rage.

And then he fucked him, with nothing but the Omega's lingering slick to ease a brutal entry.

Right there. Right next to her.

For as long as it took for the bleeding Second Alpha to submit and know his place. When Caspian came, ramming deep down his ass, it was dry, felt like sand rushing, scraping his cock raw, and horrible.

The Omega had drained all his cum.

An Omega who was no longer in the nest.

In his frenzy to beat and best a heaving Kieran, the little slut had vanished.

Chapter 13

The pile of credit chips spilled across his den's floor made it impossible for Caspian to know just how much the mouse had snatched up before fleeing. Even with both of her tiny palms full, she wouldn't have enough to escape the city—it would take almost every last chip he'd offered her to purchase that kind of transportation. Dale City didn't let people out, not when it could continue to digest them. And first, she'd need to collect her raggedy boys.

But even a handful of that fortune would pay for her to hide for a few weeks, to see her fed.

Fuck!

Tearing at his hair, dick limp and stinging, he paced the length of his room and plotted just where to begin exacting revenge for this. First, Alec would die. Slowly and screaming.

Next, he'd have Mikael skinned. His youthful face would make fine leather to patch a worn bit of Caspian's coat.

Then the mouse would be made to slave. For him, every day. No further restraint on his end in the ways he chose to use her. He'd break her. Crush her like a squealing rat.

But first he'd break Kieran.

Burning glare cutting to where the Second slowly climbed to his knees, Caspian saw nothing but rage.

After all, the list of Kieran's sins was long—his recent disregard for Alpha hierarchy blatant. And had he not distracted Caspian with willful insubordination, the mouse would never have stood a chance of escape. Had Kieran not kept her to himself for so long, she wouldn't have grown so desperate.

Everything had been fine before he'd rammed his bursting member down the mouse's throat!

Unsure when Kieran's thick neck had come into his grip, the First Alpha crouched over his long-time friend, saw the red-faced Second's pain-glazed eyes bulge, and

prepared to squeeze the life from the Alpha. “She’s Gone!”

But his Second refused to die, fighting back with renewed vigor that sent Caspian sprawling after a well-placed blow to the ribs.

Hoisting up his naked mass, the First rounded on his prey—only to find Kieran manically searching the mussed nest for the missing female.

Despite the damage to his face and throat, the Second snarled, “She wouldn’t leave!”

Chest rising and falling, enraged, Caspian rolled his shoulders, ready to kill. “Was it worth it? Disobeying a direct order for a fucking blow job... that what you were doing to her in the big room for two days, drowning my mouse in cum until she struggled to breathe?”

“Who would replace me? Bjorn? You ready to share your mouse with him after you drag her back?” Wiping the blood streaming down his nose, Kieran curled his lip. Green eyes cut to the spilled money, the male shaking his head. “Besides, what are you going to buy her compliance with next? Murder her boys, she’ll fight you until she’s dead. You’re sterile and Toby is fucking psychotic. Let me breed her. She has a baby, she’ll do whatever you want until her dying day.”

That one statement, and Kieran’s purple, fully erect cock spilled on the floor. spurts of creamy white, thicker than regular cum began to gum up and dangle like one long spit-string to the tacky puddle. Caspian finally noticed why the room smelled so strongly of the other male.

Wild-eyed, Kieran was beyond the rut. So beyond that Caspian wondered if the male even realized he’d just ejaculated nutrient fluid all over the floor. “What makes you think I’m sterile?”

The hissed response came too fast and too agitated. “Even Toby’s got a brat. All of us knock one of the pen up eventually. No one rides the whores more than you.”

This was too rich. Ugly smile growing, Caspian reached for discarded clothing and began to dress. “You have two choices. I kill you right now, replace you with Bjorn, and toss your corpse to the slaves for dinner. Or, you leave this room as you are, ass bleeding, and spend the rest of your rut fucking your doll until that crap stops oozing out of your dick and your brain turns back on. You want to breed a female, breed her. I’ll be the one to put a baby in the mouse.”

Clarity cut through Kieran’s hormone driven madness. “We agreed I’d kill the doll.”

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Ah, but Caspian was First and his word was law. “Now you’re going to keep the marked bitch. Forever.” Fastening his pants, he added, “And get this room cleaned up and prepared. Once I bring her back, the mouse won’t be leaving it again.”

Cold clarity enveloped his rage like an icy blanket. Caspian, all Alpha, pure killer, made his way from the waterworks to the upper levels. He traveled with no guard, more than willing to accept any challenges.

Not that a single soul would dare.

Hunting the mouse was a waste of time; she’d come to him... begging with her big, pretty lavender eyes wet with tears.

She’d cry as he murdered her boys.

And she’d be made to endure his face, his cock, and his temper until her dying day.

With Mikael bedridden, it took a single barked order to see the kid under a guard large enough to take down a city block. His cunning mouse would never get through that kind of firepower.

Leaving Caspian’s obvious first target Alec. He’d have the slippery kid by the throat before he might get wind of her escape and hide.

Mikael would be left for seconds. Slow seconds, peeled while still breathing.

Yes, Kieran had made a good point. The mouse would be despondent once her wards were disposed of, but his Second had also lit upon the perfect chains. A baby.

Maybe several. An entire brood.

Images of her fat with his child, of her pale belly bulging and her breasts leaking milk, distracted.

Caspian made a mistake in offering the female money.

One single pile of money—a monstrous and outrageous sum—so much more than he'd ever paid for a single whore in the pen. A greater total than he'd paid for all of them together, wasted.

Money she must have realized, Alec would no doubt piss away the second he got cocky. After all, wealth, like power, required far more mental fortitude than most people understood. That was why so many men couldn't hold it; their minds couldn't wrap around the concept.

That was why the mouse had backed away in terror once she realized the gift he offered.

Truth be told, that was why he'd offered it. He'd known every last credit chip would have eventually ended up back in his pocket. But he'd been a fool to think she would return his kiss with more than obedience. Hate him as she might, he'd been so sure she'd still love him just enough for what this monetary reprieve would do for her wild children.

Caspian had been so sure.

Kieran would covet. Toby would maneuver. She would be settled between them.

Each party playing their part.

Sharing her until they were bored, the pack would thrive in its rivalries and hatreds as it always had. The Syndicate would prosper. Dale city would continue to bow.

Fawn over him... just as the missing mouse should have.

Fuck!

He'd had her cunt, he'd had her blood in his mouth, he'd had her defeat... her very life in his hands. But even with payment, he didn't have her at all.

But he would.

It would only take a matter of hours of having Alec's screams broadcast over the city's communication network before she came running right to his feet.

The lift carrying him to Dale City's finest residential district slowed, the doors before him parting until a warm breeze drifted over the steaming male. Sunshine, the sound of birds and carrying murmur of talking people filtered through.

None of it touched him.

Focused to a pinpoint, Caspian didn't so much as sneer at the crowd who recognized just what male had emerged into their midst. Scrambling away, some bowing in deference, a few actually pissing their pants when their eyes alighted upon his coat.

The streets cleared.

Not a single challenge.

Not one.

Not a single fucking soul dared so much as look him in the eye. Not a single guard dared question his advance through secured gates or lifts. Striding through the upper levels without guards and reeking of Omega cunt, Caspian smirked as the rich took one look at him, eyeballed his coat, and turned to flee. Dingy city streets became walled off, manicured lawns, Toby's sprawling family estate out of place in Dale City's gilded squalor.

Alec was ensconced within, one of dozens of nameless servants no one cared about.

As Caspian approached, the final door retracted, solid steel encased in stained oak millwork—the artifice reminiscent of bygone eras where wealthy assholes played croquet while their underlings labored their lives away.

It was fitting, really.

Nothing had really changed in hundreds of years.

Except now the rich had to pay him for every last drop of water they wasted chilling their fancy cocktails with ice. And that was a beautiful thing indeed.

The moment a servant was in sight, Caspian barked, “Bring me the boy, Alec.”

Bent backed, bearing the wig worn by butlers the world over, the doorman was wise enough to not so much as twitch a nostril. “They await you in the master's quarters, great Alpha.”

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Entering the manse, heavy footfall hitting the mirrored floors, Caspian stopped short, barking. “What?”

The old man had to have been half deaf, his bent frame struggling to close the weighty doors. “Would you care for refreshment before you join the Master and his female?”

Unwilling to wait for the old codger to escort him forward, he brushed the old man aside—the butler caught by a waiting guard before he broke a hip on hard floors. Not that Caspian gave a fuck.

He didn’t even notice with his brain twitching in his skull.

Because in that house, under the sparkling chandeliers and polished walls, lingered the scent of a well-fucked Omega.

One oozing the blended aroma of his cum and her slick.

The perfume was laced in blood, and peppered with agitation. And it was fresh, easy to trail, not that Caspian didn’t know the exact layout of every room in the Third’s family mansion. Not that he didn’t have plants walking these ugly halls to spy on every last move the influential Ross family made.

Robotic, marching up the second half of a curved staircase, stomping down halls past startled servants and pointless attendants, he hunted that scent.

Past ancient artwork and Grecian statues, a filigreed door was cracked. That sliver

framed a seated female. One with clean, wet hair. One bathed in sunshine, a view of the city ignored as she sat motionless and stiff.

Clothed in a dove-gray housecoat, she stared at the far wall.

Sitting with a chair pulled to face the female, leaning his weight on his knees, Toby toyed with a damp strand of her hair. All the while, he spoke to her in a voice too low for Caspian to hear. He spoke to her without his manic grin, seemingly serious, yet unable to stop fingering that same white lock.

There was no nod, nor did she flat out ignore the male. The mouse tolerated.

And now that he'd gone quiet, Caspian could feel a shadow of what she felt. His mouse was angry and equally beholden toward Toby. Not afraid, not frantic—still as a glassy lake churning at its greatest depths.

Toby was oblivious to her internal turmoil—still murmuring, still closer than the female obviously was comfortable with.

Paused outside the door, stealing the view through that tempting crack, Caspian drank her in.

As if she sensed him, her head turned. Luminous lavender eyes landed on mud-brown, Caspian slowly pushing the door wide.

Her lips, still pink from his recent attention, quirked into a small smile of greeting. And in that moment, Caspian felt his soul twist.

This was no runaway.

Chapter 14

“Ungh...” God, there went another one—cum evacuating his balls, a full-body shiver sent Kieran’s eyes rolling back. The chemical tension waned, a fulfilling knot partnered with a female who screamed in exactly the enthusiastic ecstasy he enjoyed best. And just when he thought the relentless rut might be over, the same need rushed right back in.

Sizzling nerves until orgasm turned into an extended, pained groan.

This pussy, it wasn’t enough.

He’d always hated being told who he had to fuck, saddled with Caspian’s leftovers when ordered to take the most recently used up bitch off his leader’s hands.

Sure, those females were typically gorgeous, well-trained, and willing—much more willing to suck his cock than they had ever been for Caspian. Publically riding those bitches before the Syndicate had established Kieran’s status as Second; knocking up a few who’d hated Caspian, most had even been fun.

But this one, she wasn’t his castoffs. The First had not even accepted her as a gift, despite Kieran’s expense and trouble. And though the doll’s cunt felt spectacular and her scent was pure Omega, she’d never been more than something to play with.

And, of course, dressing her up had been a great dig at the boss—all that bleached hair and pale skin so close to Caspian’s mouse.

This doll, the drooling girl whose pussy churned around Kieran’s cock, should have placated the Second’s need to fuck through this abnormal rut. It should have gratified him that she ultimately wasn’t Caspian’s castoffs, but it burned that he’d been ordered to drain his balls into a female.

He’d been ordered to breed her.

That wasn't their deal.

Jax was their deal.

Caspian got to mark and fuck an Omega he would not be required to keep once he grew bored. Estrous would hit, and Toby, despite the myriad reasons he shouldn't, would fully claim the Omega. Caspian would be free, Toby would get his forever plaything, and Kieran would be the first to fill her body with child.

Everyone got something.

And now, Caspian unsettled the balance, saddling him with a female who would not stop talking!

Even with his hands around her throat, she managed to squeak out, "I love you, Kieran."

Cock coughing up another round of abundant sperm, Kieran bucked, ignored the corresponding feminine squeal, and squeezed his swollen eyes shut. When she continued to bleat, his palm left her neck and pressed over her mouth.

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The bitch must have liked it, because she came again, cunt encouraging his knot to throb and expand all the larger.

It was so skincrawlingly intimate like this, no matter how he tried to silence her. No matter if he mounted her from behind or made her wail. Twice he'd even caught himself staring at the bite mark on her shoulder and salivating for another nip.

Both times he'd been thinking of another woman.

One he had bitten—right on the neck, in parallel to Caspian's claiming mark.

One who he should be buried in right now, dumping all this jizz into her belly. Encouraging her body one step closer to the estrous that would see her fat with his baby.

The rut should have been slipping, but that one thought and he was back in another frenzy. Swinging his hips even though they were knotted, he worked that spasming pussy as if by sheer force of will would see a baby planted.

“How many days has it been?”

Snarling, throwing a rage-filled glare over his shoulder, Kieran found Toby indolently leaning against the door.

Two fucking days riding the doll without relief. “Get out!”

“You didn't appreciate my last update, huh?” With an exaggerated sigh, Toby pushed

off the door and sauntered closer to the sweating couple. “I thought you’d like to see the look on her face while I licked her sweet pussy until she couldn’t take it anymore.”

The bastard and his updates...

While rutting over the doll, a fucking holo projection had lit up more than once with uninvited images of Jax—Caspian gently peeling off the pretty Omega’s robe so he might admire the marks he’d left on her body. Unaware Toby had been documenting the moment, the First Alpha had fucking cleaned a female’s wounds. Bandaged them, even healed the worst with equipment Toby already had waiting in that fucking mansion.

The First Alpha had tended a female.

It wasn’t done! And it should have left Kieran livid for a very different reason.

The doll had seen the projection, she’d asked questions. She’d asked for marks just like that!

So he’d fucked her until she’d grown hoarse and shut up.

Breath fanning over the back of his neck, a light touch tracing down Kieran’s spine, he heard Toby lower his zipper. “She asked me about you. More than once. Course, I lied.”

Animal growl in his throat, hair dripping sweat and body smeared with Omega slick, Kieran refused to take the bait. Not even when the Third’s finger traveled down the crease of his ass to rim the place they both knew Toby wanted to claim.

“I told her you were fine. She thought Caspian might have left you a corpse.” The

Third pressed closer, daring much. “She actually wanted to talk to you.”

Teeth clenched together, knot and cum and his traitorous sack doing nothing to ease his need, Kieran hissed, “Fuck off, Toby.”

The blunt head of a swollen shaft prodded his ass, threatening and tempting.

Feeling the male’s hands grip his hips, offering little more than token resistance, Kieran ignored the riled grunts of the woman neither male paid any attention to, and felt Toby began to stretch his way through his tender ring.

“I hate to do this without my sunshine here.” As if he’d prepared it all, his cock half-buried in Kieran’s ass, a new hologram lit up before them. A crisp recording of Caspian’s mouse being fucked beyond a measure of sanity.

Wrapped up in Caspian, Toby at her back, she was wild and beautiful, and glowing in the sun.

Under his palm, Kieran heard an indignant snarl from the doll, and barked at the interruption. “How many times do I have to tell you to BE QUIET!”

Slick easing his entry, Toby bottomed out, purring at Kieran’s ear. “Do you see her? Last night she took us both at the same time. You could have been in her mouth.” Hands rounding his waist to grip the exposed root of Kieran’s cock, Toby hummed, “You could have drained this dick down her throat.”

Meat jerking where it was buried in Omega pussy, knot pulsating—not from an annoyance, but in a very real manifestation of pleasure—Kieran groaned at the fantasy. More than cum drained from him, and it had little to do with the way Toby dragged his girth over Kieran’s prostate.

A familiar Omega call blasted over the room's speakers left him pressing back, dragging the thing attached to his dick with the movement. Caspian's mouse couldn't have known that Toby had recorded her, she never would have cried out like that had she the slightest inkling. From everywhere, audio cranked high, Jax's noises bounced around the room—a beautiful song punctuated by male grunts and the vicious snarls of Alphas taking what was theirs.

What was Kieran's.

Toby scythed in and out, jerking his hips hard enough to threaten a stretched anus with a budding knot. “Think of how she tastes, how tight her cunt squeezes down when you thrust in.”

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‘Fuck!’ A wave of raw sensation churned from Kieran’s toes and fingertips, rushing forward through a system overly taxed by a disjointed rut. “Don’t stop!”

Under him something squirmed, little teeth biting the heel of his palm. But Kieran didn’t notice. There was a cunt around his knot, one no longer squeezing down as it should—a disembodied female presence so beneath his notice in that moment, that when he bent double, hands framing the complaining woman’s body, it was as if she wasn’t even there.

How could he pay her any attention while Toby hit that perfect spot?

Voice thickened by his own pleasure, the Third took a firmer hold of Kieran’s hips. Each word punctuated by withdrawing to the tip, and fucking in full force. “She. Wants. You. Back.”

There was nothing more his sack could offer, Kieran cumming dry in a painful last lurch that felt so excruciatingly right.

Lips fell to his neck, Toby groaning out the beginnings of a release. Flooding Kieran’s colon until his bowels ached.

There was the suck of a kiss on sweat-salted skin, the Third showing mercy by pulling out to spray the remainder of his spend on Kieran’s buttocks.

Still buried in the flailing woman who reeked of anger, the Second could do little more than pant and keep his eyes locked on the projection.

Asshole leaking cum down his thigh, burning from misuse in a way that sent his skin to pebble, at long last his erection began to retreat.

The rut was finally broken.

Licking a flat-tongued trail to the shell of Kieran's ear, Toby whispered, "Don't give Caspian a reason to be jealous, and you won't get sent to the pen like the hypocrite you are."

The insult registered slowly, Kieran focused on the slither of his flaccid dick out of a slick vomiting channel. It registered just as the pain in his palm registered.

He was bleeding from a deep-set bite wound on his hand that was far more incensing than the psychotic Third's slander. About ready to break the aggravating female's neck, he shouted, "Did you fucking mark me?"

The wide-eyed doll scooted back like a kicked puppy, and for once, wisely kept her mouth shut.

Laughing, Toby ran his fingers over a similar, cum stained bite mark decorating Kieran's ass—one Jax had left there when she'd fought them in the waterworks before the Syndicate. "Now there's the ticket! Show that little beauty to Caspian, and he'll let you back between our mate's thighs."

Turning his back on the Omega, Kieran faced off against the Third.

Up to his disgusting tricks, Toby continued to grin and stroke his cock, denying his knot so it might grow ghastly. "Caspian is not going to let you do that shit to her again."

"Ahh." Toby let a dribble of cum splatter the floor as his poor knot began to creep

down his shaft. “But I was a good boy and gave the boss several days to play with my sunshine. I followed orders... and tonight I get my turn. I intend to make the most of it.”

The hologram shut off, the room going silent. “Caspian won’t allow it.”

“Caspian won’t know. Sunshine is a good girl. She knows what to keep to herself.”

Warning dousing his tone in pure grit, Kieran shook his head. “Toby...”

Changing the topic, it seemed the Third had final words of wisdom to offer. “He doesn’t want Jax to like you. He sure as fuck does not want you to like her. That’s where you made your mistake. For now, all her affection needs to be his. If she so much as smiles at you bigger than she smirks at him, I’ll be getting a promotion I don’t want. Don’t go dumping more nutrient substance down her throat... at least where he can see. You get caught up in the rut again, you take it out on your doll.”

The doll in question squared her shoulders and found her voice. “I’m his mate.”

Unhinged smile growing, Toby gave her a wink. “My mistake, sweet cheeks.”

And with that, he tucked away his still hard cock, and left the room.

When she reached out to stroke his arm, Kieran shook her off. Naked, he followed his friend, ready to bathe and get back to work.

Left alone and still reeling, the doll sat in the nest she’d made special for her new love. It smelled of the perfect, most handsome male she’d ever seen. It was wet with his seed.

She'd done well!

But she had not done enough.

Another male's stink wafted from the scattering of his still-warm ejaculate. A series of tiny puddles left to befoul her blankets.

Toby... the Third ranked Alpha of the Syndicate.

Scooping some sticky, foreign spend on her fingers, the doll stretched Toby's cum between forefinger and thumb, watching the string snap while she considered.

A lick.

It didn't carry the same sweet flavor as Kieran's generous outpouring. More tangy, laced with underlying saltiness.

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Pushing some up her cunt to see if it left her warm and tingling like Kieran's did, she felt nothing but the sore stretch of a raw pussy when her fingers kissed her cervix.

"You need to clear out of the room; the other girls need it." That bitch Rosie marched in, daring to issue orders... again.

Pulling her hand from her swollen sex, the doll answered back in the same imperious tone. "This is my den."

Rolling periwinkle blue eyes at the ceiling, the blonde Omega sighed. "Do I need to call the guard again? They never take well to having to correct pen sluts. Just get up—" Rosie froze, nose twitching. Gaze dropping to where the doll sat with her legs splayed, she tripped over her question. "Did Toby? It smells like he..."

Brows tight with mistrust, doll stopped pouting to pay close attention.

"You know what, never mind." Rosie held her hands up, waving off the intrusion. "I'll have the girls use another room. This one's all yours."

Scoffing, doll got to her knees, a protective posture over a nest she'd be damned to abandon. The other woman must have thought she was pretty dumb to fall for it. "That's right. It's mine."

Pulling the sperm laden blankets to her chest, hoarding them close with a smile, she made sure to rub as much of the cooling mess into her skin as she could. Coated with the perfume of her mate, while also stinking of the cum of the Third, she stood from the bed, naked body on display.

Walking right past the wary blonde, doll marched straight into the pen for every last female and male to see and smell.

When eyes began to land on her and more whores' nostrils flared with the same tiny twitch Rosie's had, she put a hand to her hip and cooed, "Someone get me something to eat. I'm hungry."

And someone fucking did.

Doll ate well that night.

Wren's story is far from over.