



# Silent Captive (Wren's Song 2)

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

**Description:** Wren is caught in the clutches of three dangerous Alphas, each with their own selfish designs.

One wants pleasures only an Omega can offer. Another desires affection, yet gives only cruelty in return. And the last—and by far most dangerous—he craves love, but has no idea how to return it.

Silent Captive: Wren's Song Book 2 is a dark, sinister Omegaverse Reverse Harem tale for those with twisted tastes and a passion for unabashed bad boys. Complete power exchange dominates these pages, as do THREE smoking-hot Alpha antiheroes.

**Total Pages (Source):** 34

# Page 1

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

## Chapter 1

“Welcome home.”

This place was beyond imagining and as ugly as sin.

“Here.” Toby urged her to step deeper into the room. “Come see what I chose for you.”

Despite her reluctance to abandon her home, the males had made her carry an armload of the new bedding Caspian had dumped in her room. They had refused to let her bring anything personal.

They had made her march with their First Alpha’s cum dripping between her legs.

They had brought her back to where it all began.

Clean water flowed through the pipeworks like drugs in a junkie’s veins. It was everywhere, raining down until the air was too damp to breathe. Coughing, a deep, wracking wheeze did nothing to clear it from infected lungs.

Two minutes in, and Wren hated it here.

More importantly, she was terrified swamp-lung would fester in this environment before Mikael might be healed. She needed dry air. Needed it. And this place was humid with wet.

“Pretty, isn’t it?”

Toby grinned as he pushed open the door, bouncing his eyebrows as if everything in Caspian’s wasteland might impress her.

She made the sign for yes.

It was a lie. Her blank expression gave her away.

Expression suddenly frosty, Toby said, “You don’t like it?”

Carefully placing the folded bedding on a nearby chaise, Wren took it all in. Everything looked clean, but under the smell of furniture polish was the saturated aroma of many, many males’ cum and many, many females’ juices. All three of her owners’ scent markers were pungent.

This was their brothel where they fucked their whores. Of which she was now one.

The furnishings were rich and silly. Leather couches with deep purple pillows, a huge bed.

Wren couldn’t even remember the last time she’d slept on a bed. Her nests had almost always been arranged on the ground. No way was she building one on that thing. Nope. The spot by the windows would suit her much better.

The bed could be used for other things, and maybe they would leave her nest alone.

Toby was still waiting for an answer, the disappointment at her lack of enthusiasm palpable. She gestured slowly, so he might see the distinct movements and possibly understand. “It’s big.”

And needed to be scoured with bleach.

“Is it the color you don’t like?” He crossed his arms over his chest, leaning back to the wall to glare. “I chose purple to match your eyes.”

Well, that was... sweet? She gave him a smile, hoping it would be enough to smooth ruffled feathers.

A big purple room in which to have her body and life fucked over.

“There’s clothes for you in there.” He gestured to an honest-to-god armoire.

Like a good little plaything, Wren marched over, opening it up to find it was indeed stocked full... of clothes that smelled like other women. This was dress-up and she was the latest doll.

“Do you like them?”

Not even a little bit. Yet, she nodded, careful to keep her face turned away. Wren even went so far as to run her hands over random articles, pretending to admire the fabric.

She felt Toby ease up behind her, startled that she hadn’t heard the Alpha cross the room. He took handfuls of her hair, holding the white strands up to his nose for a sniff.

“I like to spoil my girl. Tell me one thing you want and you’ll have it.” An arm slipped around her middle, his hand spreading to palm her belly. “Something pretty? A special thing that will be our secret? Hell,” he chuckled, “you keep smelling like you do and I’ll kill a man for you.”

She let him paw and sniff, turning in his arms to motion what she needed: something to write with.

He jerked his chin toward the desk. “Write down what you want. There’s paper in the desk drawer.”

He let her wander over to another piece of ostentatious furniture that had no place in a random room atop the pipeworks. Coughing into her hand as she searched, Wren wrote down a simple request.

I want to see Mikael.

Scowling down at the paper, Toby pursed his lips. “I meant something special for a girl. Jewelry? Something shiny you can wear that I gave you so everyone knows that I think you’re special.”

Then it wasn’t much of a secret was it...

There was so much more at stake here than just a shiny bauble she didn’t want or need. Alec knew she’d struck a deal for his life, and when he got over his temper and returned home to find it empty... and reeking of sex, he’d sort out how to find her. But Mikael had been so sick he might not remember a thing. What if the doctor released him and he wandered home only to find it abandoned? He’d think she didn’t want him.

Please.

Wry smile tugging at his lips, he tossed her pad aside. “We’ll talk about the kid later. Scout’s honor.”

## Page 2

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Budding anger was warring with much wiser caution, yet it still thinned her lips.

“I have something that might cheer you up.” Toby cocked a grin, the sort of grin a smart girl knew not to trust. From the satchel slung over his shoulder he pulled out repurposed drapes.

Her dress.

Gesturing at the hastily donned flannel shirt and grimy pants, he purred, “I want you to take that off, and put this on... wear your special dress for me.”

The memory might have been foggy, but Wren had pieced enough together to know what this man had done to her prone body while she’d healed. He wasn’t waiting for a reply they both knew he’d never get. Fingers to her shirt buttons, he began to work them free.

Flannel spread, a pair of snow-white breasts unveiled. Slipping the old fabric down her arms, appreciation sparkled in overeager eyes as he licked his lips.

Palm cupping a breast, he murmured to himself. “It’s almost a pity to cover these up.”

After the morning she’d had, Wren was in no mood to even pretend she desired male attention. Taking the dress, she pulled it over her head and let the torn garment cover what Toby wanted to grope.

Seams had split in the days-ago tussle with Caspian, the dress no longer hanging as she’d designed it. The fabric could be mended, but, looking down at where even the

skirt had rent, Wren knew it would never be the same.

Just like her.

Toby didn't seem to mind. He took her fingers and spread her arms wide, looking over the figure she cut. "You'll wear this when it's just us, huh? For me only. The others won't understand."

Wren nodded.

Grin going wider, he leered. "And the room? You really don't like it, do you? Tell me what you want and I'll have it changed."

Was he being playful, or was this some kind of duplicity? He'd taken her pen and paper, leaving communication closed.

Winging her answer, Wren took a step back, gestured between them, and began to slowly sign the alphabet. If he really wanted to give her something, he could give her a way to communicate.

After all, of her three owners, he was the only one who'd asked what signs meant and actually watched her hands when she spoke. Making a game of it, just as when she'd taught the boys, Wren teased with little pokes and sly smirks, shaping his fingers into the sign for 'A'.

Toby was a fast learner, one who stole a kiss every time he got a gesture right. By the time they reached 'Z', the lesson took on a different aim. Armoire at her back, panting Alpha pressed to her front, the shaft trapped between them began to thicken and grow.

"He's going to let me fuck you tonight," the male breathed over her neck, licking at

the remaining bruises like a cat cleaning his young. “You’re gonna like it. He thinks you won’t, but I know you will. My playful ray of sunshine can handle Toby’s knot in your sweet little pussy. She can take all I give her.”

A growl rumbling from his ribs, Toby hiked up her skirt to slip his fingers into her panties. The fabric stuck to where warmth flowed at his call, peeled away so he might prod the source.

“Caspian likes them obedient. Kieran likes them fawning. Me? I like you. Just like this. Honest, wet, and ready for me.” Fingers squelching through the trickle, he fed her pussy as much as he might. Rubbing at her insides, pushing almost to the point of pain, he said, “I won’t touch the other girls like they will. You’ll get all my attention.”

If that was a threat or a promise, Wren couldn’t tell. She could hardly focus on anything but what he was doing between her legs. It wasn’t all sexual and it felt a little strange... as if he was stretching her.

Pressing his forehead to hers, he closed his eyes, scissoring his fingers inside her body. “God, you’re tight. I’ll have them both take you first... make you ready.”

What on earth was he talking about?

Breath catching, Wren went to her toes when Toby angled his hand and pressed upward. Her discomfort was noted, but not alleviated.

He growled, using her bodyweight to prod deeper, undulating his hand. Slick came at the rumble in the Alpha’s chest, but arousal was stalled... like his hand in her pussy that could go no further.

“I’ll stop when you let me put my fist in. I’ll stop when I feel you squeeze it like a



knot.” The way he breathed, how his chest rose and fell with excitement, it was as if he were bordering on climax. Not her.

Just from touching her. Touching her in a way that was more pain than pleasure. It didn’t feel like a cock or a knot, not when he circled his wrist and stretched what wasn’t ready.

## Page 3

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Labia tingled and burned.

She hissed and he groaned, Toby humping against her hip until the scent of cum tinged the air. In the midst of his awkward climax, he speared his hand all the way to the knuckle of his thumb, and murmured, “You little tease. Keep making those pretty noises for me.”

Trying to climb him to relieve the pressure, Wren hung about his neck and hitched a leg to his hip. He groaned all the harder, grinding the bulbous growth at the base of his shaft against her leg.

Without pressure engulfing his knot, Toby’s release was short-lived. It ended after a few scented spurts. The Alpha smiled at the woman hooked on his fingers with pure wickedness. “Do you know what happens to an Alpha who denies his knot?”

Wren shook her head, eager for his fingers to retreat.

“A buildup of fluids accumulates; the knot deforms and fails to shrink. It won’t go away completely until I drain it... which I won’t be doing. Instead I’m going to half-cum over and over all day until my cock is swollen and my balls are ready to pop. Tonight, after Caspian and Kieran have stretched your sweet pussy and filled you with cream, I’m going to shove the special knot I’m preparing just for you right past these tight lips. I’ll fuck you for however many hours it takes for your perfect pussy to squeeze me all the way down. And you’re going to take it, all of it, until no other knot will ever make you feel like mine did.”

Knots had to expand inside an Omega; it couldn’t be pushed in already formed...

He was going to hurt her like the Alpha who took her virginity had when he'd torn his knot out.

"Shhhh..." He began to wiggle his fingers again, returning to stretching her opening. "It will only smart a little... and then it will feel very good. You'll see. I'll be your favorite in no time."

Closing her eyes to the burn when he again tried to push deeper, Wren tried to relax so this might end.

"Bear down. Good, just like that. I'm not leaving until you take my whole fist."

## Chapter 2

Toby had been unable to work his whole fist in, at least not while Wren was still on her feet. Now that the bed was at her back, purple bunting hanging from the ceiling like she was a goddamn princess, the Alpha had made a little more progress.

"So patient." He kissed her belly, rubbing his shaved head against the soft skin. "Just a little more."

He'd stripped her naked, folding the dress with care before he set it aside. After he'd laid her down, he'd left her spread so wide Wren should have felt shame. She might feel it later, once the anxiety and discomfort passed.

The bed began to rock again, Toby stroking himself to another unfulfilling orgasm. The knot he'd warned her about was angry and pulsing in so many places that it looked alive—writhing under his flesh in a twisting convulsion of blood vessels. Hand moving faster on the unmangled part of his dick, a light spray of warm seed hit where his fist was almost buried inside her, the Alpha hissing, straining from the pain.

Why would he do this to himself?

More importantly, how did he think that thing was going to fit in her body?

There was something very wrong with a man who would subject himself to hours of self-torture chasing after a disfigured cock. The knot wasn't a knot at all anymore. Halfway up his already huge dick, it rippled and ridged. Like rolling blobs of veined corruption.

As it grew a little larger, Wren grew more afraid.

The scent of fear in her sweat drew Toby's attention away from his self-imposed agony. Blue eyes gentled, the lines that had pinched at the corners during his climax softening. "You'll learn to love the pain... to anticipate what only I can offer." He began to stroke himself again. "Be willing, soft and open, long enough for me to get inside, and I'll take you to heights you can only imagine."

It wasn't possible.

When Caspian had fucked her, it had taken the Alpha several minutes just to ease his cock fully into her body. That thick, long, and daunting member... Wren had required purrs, enticing growls, and patience before he could even thrust in balls deep.

The pulsating mass between Toby's legs would never, ever fit.

Huge fist stretching her cunt opening, or no.

When she fruitlessly tried to wriggle back, the fingers already inside her balled up, changing the shape of his unholy invasion. Body trembling, her cunt flexed automatically in a bid to pull the false knot deeper. It knew the placement was wrong. That the feeling of fullness was a lie.

God, it burned!

Head thrashing back and forth, Wren began to cramp. “Uuuungh.”

“Good girl. Just a little bit more.”

## Page 4

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No attention had been paid to her clit, yet it was stiff at attention, begging for anything that would ease the stretch. Desperate for relief, Wren plucked at the swollen nub, uncaring if Toby saw.

The man jerked his fist on his cock all the harder, another mist of cum landing where she worked. “Fuck that’s hot.”

Fire burned between her legs, heat twisting her spine and abused hole until the licking flames stole her breath. Orgasm latched onto Toby’s fist, and sucked him in a ripple of overabundant sensation all the way to his wrist.

Finally...

A fist was not a knot, but the bumps of his finger bones felt so fucking amazing as she came undone that the searing stretch at her cunt mouth hardly registered. He pumped his fist, making her insides chase after what they tried and failed to milk until she was delirious.

Thrashing on the bed, she rode a man’s fucking hand until not a single ounce of pleasure was left to wring out.

The slick that slopped out when he carefully unfurled his fingers and left her poor pussy alone became his feast. It saturated the bed, soaking down to the mattress to mingle with the layered scents of other women’s sex, making her degradation a part of this place.

Monster dick too swollen and gnarled to jut upwards, Toby crawled over her, the

thing, dragging over her body like a third leg. He kissed her bitten lips, purring loud to soothe the troubled, aching girl.

It took him time to calm her, loud purrs and soft strokes. Words of praise. Sweet flattery. Minutes of cuddles and kissing away tears. When she grew quiet and focused enough to pay attention, Toby put his lips to her ear and announced, “Next time, two fists.”

She wasn’t supposed to say no, but Wren was already vehemently shaking her head.

It seemed she had an ally. From the door, Kieran barked, “No fucking way is Caspian going to let you do that to her. He ordered you to prepare her if you were going to use that thing on her, not rip her apart. She could hardly handle one fist. Two would leave lasting damage.”

Sitting back, Toby grinned his triumph. “She came without anything but a few growls and my hand.”

“Bullshit. She touched her clit.”

“Her orgasm had already begun. I followed Caspian’s rules, and she creamed all over my hand.” Hefting his mangled cock to display its monstrous girth to his friend, Toby smirked. “When you see her take this thing later, you’ll wonder why you’ve never tried it.”

Kieran grimaced. “My dick hurts just looking at that freakish thing.”

As the two bickered, Wren turned away and climbed off the bed.

It had been a long day, and from the sound of it, it would be an even longer night. Uncaring if they called to her, she took up the nesting materials brought over from

her house and began to craft a place of safety.

With the covers still pulled over her head, wrapped in comfort only a nest could offer, Kieran kneeled at her side. “The bed is for you to enjoy, Omega. You don’t have to sleep on the floor.”

She wanted to sleep on the floor.

Hard surfaces were familiar and the distinct smell of other women’s pussies was far enough away that she could almost forget the taint wafting in the air. Moving the covers so that Kieran might see her face, she pointed at her nose, pointed at the bed, then pointed at her nose again while squishing her face up in disgust.

“It smells bad?”

She nodded emphatically.

The Second stood tall, walking over to the purple monstrosity to sniff the air. Confused, he leaned down and pressed his nose right to the covers. “Smells good to me.”

Of course it smelled good to him, he was breathing in years of sexual conquests... probably reliving some fond memories. Alphas were sluts. Omegas were territorial. If she had to stay in the pipeworks to keep their bargain, she didn’t want to sleep on that.

She wouldn’t be able to sleep on that.

When he stomped over, green eyes snapping, Wren cut him to the quick. She reached for him, invited him in a hastily organized nest that smelled of only one female. Begrudgingly he took the bait, stripping off his shoes to settle for a moment’s rest



beside her.

Toby sat on the bed watching, still working his disgusting dick. He was ignored, dismissed when she gave him her back and wrapped Kieran's arm around her middle.

Nose in her hair, protesting the discomfort of an unyielding floor, he pressed against her back. "Only this once."

This life had to be lived one moment at a time. It was the only way to keep sane in the Warrens, and the only thing that would get her through these coming weeks in the pipeworks. So Wren took this moment and stole comfort from the Alpha still grumbling at her back.

## Page 5

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Sinking into his warmth, purring for him so he might be tempted to purr for her, she closed her eyes and refused to dream.

Dreams only made reality hurt that much more.

### Chapter 3

Arm asleep and shoulder throbbing, Kieran cracked open an eye. The Omega snored out a lazy purr, her lips parted and appealing. Very appealing.

She shouldn't be... considering.

Yes, she was pretty, but so were most of the women in the pen. Hell, Rosie was fucking beautiful—full hips, red lips, and tits that he could bounce a quarter off of. Caspian's mouse was... scrawny, inexperienced.

But she smelled amazing.

Her little hesitations were fun, the look in her eye as she discovered what Alpha cock really offered...

Goddamn perfection.

All her white hair, once it had been cleaned with actual soap and untangled, would turn heads for miles around. Just like those albino lavender eyes. Kieran would wager no other woman over half the planet had eyes like that.

And he did like to gamble.

Bets had already been placed, in fact. His money was riding on Rosie scratching her way back to Caspian's lap and First-Alpha selling this one to a high-profile connection. His mouse was too unique to set free, and no matter what Caspian might have promised her, he wasn't going to let a rare commodity slip back into the mud. Caspian's mouse would be mated and fat with a baby in six months, tops.

Smirking, growing warm by the idea of her growing round, Kieran pondered if it should be his baby slipped in that belly before she was passed off. Her new owner didn't need to know she was already seeded. Get him drunk enough the night of the claiming and none would be the wiser.

After seeing her invade the pipeworks just to fetch two boys... after watching her face down the meanest fucking Alpha on the planet, Kieran knew she'd never dare tell. This Omega would protect her brood at any cost.

Imagining a kid growing up in one of those fancy houses, lording over a city of morons... never knowing his good looks came from a reviled gangster daddy. What a laugh.

Of course, all of these potentialities would go to shit if Toby got clingy. The Third was like a dog with a bone—a weird, over-swollen, boner, more like. The Third had almost started a war over a Beta Caspian refused to let him keep. The problem had sorted itself out when Toby took things too far and she ended up dead as a doornail.

Kieran had seen the corpse.

That fucking deformed knot... Toby had taken it too far.

Leave an Alpha unappeased and riled with backed up cum, and turns out his mind

might snap. Instinct took over until urges found release.

Which is why Caspian and Kieran would be right there tonight. Fuck, Kieran would have been there regardless. It was sure to be a hell of a show, but he still wasn't sure why Caspian was allowing it... on the girl's first day.

Unless he wanted her broken in, finished, and set aside quickly.

Even a whore as willing as Rosie only had to do that once—and only after she'd been shared between them for months. The way she'd whined afterward had been the end of it. One thing Caspian refused to tolerate was a woman's whiny mouth.

Punished for all that bitching, Kieran was pretty sure Rosie hadn't been allowed to draw breath until every last member of the gang had been sucked dry... even the Betas Rosie thought were beneath her.

Omega females were so damn presumptuous. Even this one, who'd conned him into sleeping on the floor.

He gave her shoulder a shake. "Omega, it's time to wake up."

The snoring caught on a snort, totally unladylike and almost endearing. It shouldn't have made him smirk, but it did, and that annoyed Kieran enough that he pushed her onto her back and scowled. "You will not sleep on the floor in this room. You will sleep on the bed with me. I don't care if you hate the smell."

The woman yawned, sleepy-eyed as she reached up to pat his cheek.

It was the first time she'd touched him in any way slightly intimate that he had not initiated... and that too irritated him. Rosie was on him every chance she could get. Fuck, all the bitches in the pen were.

And this one thought to make him sleep on the floor?

“Next time you try to lure me with female tricks, remember this. Caspian didn’t want you in his room. I claimed you so Toby couldn’t fuck with you all night. Show some goddamn gratitude or I’ll dump you in the pen to sleep alone like the other whores.”

That word. That one hissed word, and the Omega went ragdoll still.

Snide, showing his face to best advantage, Kieran sneered. “You think of yourself as something other than a whore?”

She swallowed, blinked, and refused to shake her head.

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“You just let a sexual deviant jam his fist into your pussy with no complaint. I watched. I liked watching. Just as much as I’ll like watching your cunt eat up the treat he has in store later.”

Nothing.

Wait. Was she... was she actually crying?

Arms bulging, smooth chest puffed, he didn’t allow her to move when she began to try to wriggle free. Instead he kept her pinned like a worm on a hook and watched her fail utterly at escaping his weight.

The alteration in her scent didn’t please him nor did the sensation pinging at his ribs when she made her sad, little sounds. “What did you imagine was going to happen when you made your trade?”

Kieran really wanted to know, completely befuddled by this behavior—Omegas were designed to serve Alphas. They wanted to. Rosie had been begging for his cock only this morning.

Living with him was better than starving in a freezing shit-box and trading scrap for half a credit and some rotting food.

Sitting up just enough so she might weasel away, Kieran saw the look in her eyes. Hurt. It wasn’t pouting because he’d commanded she do something she didn’t want to. It was honest to god pain.

“Answer me.”

The part of her that he caught when she'd been half awake and content, this is what she'd hidden under the silence. Raw... just like Caspian had said.

“It was bound to happen one way or another, you must know that. Stamped face or no, some male was going to find a use for you. Make the best of just who claimed you first. For a few months you'll live like a queen. You'll have food. You'll have water, and baths, and attention. Nod that you understand.”

She did, but the look in her eyes was not gratitude or even excitement at the prospect. The Omega was resigned.

“Do you know how many whores in the pen would spill blood to be in your shoes right now?”

The shake of her head and the accompanying expression was not provoking, yet still his irritation grew. It was clear she sensed it. Those violet eyes glanced down in submission, her posture changing from defensive to meek.

“If you think I'm going to fall for that, you're playing with the wrong Alpha.” Climbing to his feet, he pulled her up after him. “You're here for one reason. Tonight you'll feel a reminder of it... and tomorrow, you'll build your fucking nest on the bed.”

## Chapter 4

Water up to her chin, enough to drink for a week, sloshed warm and lovely every time she moved a muscle. This is what heaven had to be. All the flesh that stung was soothed, tense muscles were rendered jelly. Wren didn't even care that what had started crystal clear was dingy gray once she'd settled in. For the first time in five

years, every speck of mud was going to be off of her.

And there was soap. Soap!

Things to clean her hair. Another bottle to soften it.

These precious items would have cost her three month's income. They would have been stolen from her house had anyone in the Warrens known she possessed them.

She ran the bar over her shoulder for the third time, purring like a well-fed cat.

Who knew something as simple as a bath could heal so much?

The morning had been difficult. If she let herself ruminate over how completely fucked she was, she'd start screaming. The evening was going to be worse. She was going to be shared by all three of them. Something larger than a fist was going to tear through her body for the pleasure of a gangster she only knew by reputation and insinuation. All her fear had to be crammed into a little box in her head. The lid shut tight.

Warrens rats lived only in the moment, and took the small pleasures a hard life offered. She took the bath and relished every finger pruning moment.

Right now, she was a sleek mouse. One who'd been fed more food than she could hold. Who had swallowed not two, but three glasses of clean water. One who was still alive.

Whose boys were still alive.

The moment had to be savored. Small victories had to be enjoyed.



Even when the steam exacerbated her cough, she didn't mind. Purring as loud as her tight chest might allow, she dunked her head and doused all that hair with shampoo. Bubbles, glorious bubbles, ran down her temples.

It was scentless, made for Omegas—so her natural odor would not be spoiled by perfume.

And it felt wonderful.

The Alpha who'd brought her here watched from the door. The creeper...

Always spying, that one. In the handful of days she'd known him, Kieran had watched Caspian fuck her. Watched Toby lick her. Watched Toby fist her.

And now he watched her take a bath.

Of all the moments he'd witnessed, this one seemed to intrigue him most. Not that Wren was paying him any mind. There wasn't much to like about the good-looking one. And he didn't seem to like much about her. Yet still he'd hovered all day, buzzing his irritated purr at her side like a mosquito looking to bite.

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Gathering her hair at her nape, Wren drew the suds down, pulling the tangled locks over her shoulder so she might scrub what hung down to her waist.

It was too long. A constant reminder of another sad day in her life.

Maybe it was time to cut it... considering the reason she'd let it grow long.

A remembrance of someone special lost to her. The one who had pulled her out of the mud.

But not now. Not here with these men.

When it was over and she was home with Alec and Mikael, all of it would go.

Inching forward so she might lean back and dunk her hair, for a brief moment lavender eyes met green. Brief, because she immediately lowered her lashes and submerged. Underwater was a different place, with different rules and no males in it to spoil the whoosh in her ears.

Soap dissolving, years of dirt floating away on that wave of warmth, Wren indulged until a coming cough urged her to break the surface.

As air tore from ailing lungs, Wren ignored the sharp pains and foul taste of what came up. Those things were not allowed in this moment. Those things had to wait.

“Catch your breath.” The Alpha invaded her peace, coming over with a small square of clean towel. He held it up for her to spit into. He even looked at what came up.

“No blood, that’s good.”

No. No blood. Not yet at least.

Considering his behavior from before, Wren jerked when the male began to push wet hanks of clean hair off her face. “Do well tonight and I’ll take you to the doctor in the morning. We’ll let him take a look at you, and... you can see your boy.”

She grabbed his wrist with a strength that made the Alpha’s eyes go wide. Tugging it to make sure he was paying attention, she nodded enthusiastically.

“I ain’t saying he’ll fix you. You don’t sound so good.”

Who cared if he fixed her? Shaking her head, squeezing his wrist all the tighter she mouthed the word, Mikael.

It seemed to dawn on him what this really was about. “You want to visit the child...”

Yes! More than anything.

He seemed to grasp the leverage the situation offered. “You’ll nest properly on the bed?”

Yes!

“You’ll greet me with a smile and kiss, the way a fancy Omega pleases her mate?”

Forever, if that’s what it took.

“I’ll make a bet with you. You play along with what we want to do to you tonight. Fuck Caspian like you did on the couch—I better see his eyes roll back.” Fingers

splaying on the back of her skull, Kieran give her a winning smile. “Make no complaints when Toby takes his turn. You take everything he gives you with all the enthusiasm you can muster. Do that, sell it, and I’ll take you to see your kid.”

The men’s evening entertainment was going to happen either way, but the whole horrible scenario was made more palatable if there was some tangible reward. Wren pressed her wet forehead to where his hands rested on the lip of the tub and nodded.

He hadn’t mentioned what he wanted sexually for himself, and that made a slow creep of warning itch up her spine. Men like Kieran, didn’t just want to be smiled at and kissed. He was going to make a demand. And it was going to be something she would hate.

She would do it with a goddamn smile if it meant even five minutes with Mikael.

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Clean, so clean that even her fingernails didn’t hide a trace of dirt, Wren played dress up. Her hair had been brushed free of snarls, left to hang like a waterfall of white down her back. Kieran had painted her mouth with shine, the slip on her lips strange and tasting of cherries.

It had been years since she’d had cherries.

“Stop rubbing them together, you’ll ruin the effect.”

She obeyed, stealing one last lick when the Alpha turned his back to grab another other oddity from the armoire.

The devilish glitter in his eyes when he turned let her know she’d been caught. “You’ll be punished for that later.”

Pressing her hands together in supplication, Wren took a step toward him, ready to beg.

“Our deal still stands.” The male smirked and stood his ground when she put her hands to his chest, pleading with her eyes. “I’ll take you to the doctor, if you win our bet.”

Before she might back away, he swooped down and tasted her lips, sucking them clean until every last molecule of cherry flavor had been stolen. Arms fixed around her middle, the purr he pressed into her was of a different nature than the ones he’d lavished upon Wren before. Nothing like the rattle after Caspian had wrung her neck or the hum when the Second had fucked her. Different than the irritated buzz that had filled the air in the nest and followed her about all day.

## Page 8

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

This was rich and masculine... expectant. This was from a different person entirely.

This was appealing.

Play the game... be his fancy Omega.

She was already dressed in soft blue, already scrubbed clean and new. How hard could it be to play for one night?

Wren let Alpha music work upon her, opening her mouth to him. Even groaning when his tongue stole in.

A fancy Omega like the ones thriving in the upper levels, with mates who loved them and children who didn't starve before their eyes. It was a dream she could easily fall into, just as she melted into Kieran's arms.

Wren had spent a lot of time pretending since she'd been cast down into the mud. She was good at it. Pretend life wasn't so awful.

Compartmentalize. Survive.

The purr she made was honest in the sense that it rang out with true hunger even if it wasn't for this male. She was hungry. For life. For safety the strong arms wrapped around her could offer. For a future.

She kissed him back, eager and willing to play house if only for a few moments. She kissed him back and lied to herself.

Husky and warm, Kieran broke away, blinking down at the thing in his arms. “That was... that was good.”

A soft smile back was offered. It had been good. Considering the man and how much she disliked him, it had even almost felt real.

In a heartbeat, his expression cleared of bewilderment, skepticism inching into those piercing eyes.

Skepticism was a second language to her.

Signing, knowing he couldn't understand and would make no effort to, Wren let her fingers dance. “I want to be happy too. I never wanted to be abandoned, to bury children, to live one hungry day to the next. You want a fancy Omega? That's a game I can play.”

“What did you say?” he cocked his chin toward the pad of paper on the desk. “Write it down.”

Lips wistful, she shook her head, signing, “It means this.”

Wren stepped forward again, put her lips to his mouth, and gave him a very real kiss. One she wished she could give to another.

## Chapter 5

Wren hadn't paid much attention to her surroundings when she'd been brought into the Pipeworks, lugging an armful of goods. She'd kept her head down, embarrassed... knowing everyone who saw her pegged the exact reason Caspian marched her forward.

That they could smell that it was his sperm that had leaked out and soaked her pants.

But it was different now that she had been prepared for him and his pack. They stared, and she had no blankets or shapeless clothes to hide behind. All she had was Kieran, who she clung to as if he weren't the cause of her humiliating parade.

He didn't seem to mind her arms entwined around one of his, or how she half-hid herself against his body. "None of them will touch you."

Bullshit. Men didn't look at a woman like that unless they were damn well planning to touch them.

Christ, if these men with Caspian's symbol, the black hand, engulfing the lower half of their faces found out where she lived when this was over, she would be literally and figuratively screwed.

And this couldn't be over soon enough.

The room Toby had prepared for her wasn't exactly close to Caspian's. The walk involved changing levels, various halls and corridors, a complete change in scenery back to the gritty underbelly of the water filtration plant Caspian controlled.

He lived in the thick of it, away from the lush corridors upstairs.

Guards flanked an ominous door across a catwalk, so high above the churning systems below, that Wren kept her eyes locked straight ahead. One stupid glance down and all that water Kieran had made her drink would come back up.

Her courier noticed the hesitancy in her steps. "You'll get used to it. Close your eyes if you want. I won't let you fall."



What was worse? Keeping them open and knowing what was ahead, or trusting the smirking gangster at her side?

“I can carry you across... just this once.”

No way. Shaking her head, stinking of dread, Wren took that first step. Because that’s how life was. No one was going to carry you, unless there was a price. And Wren had already bought more than she could afford.

The door was almost within reach when Kieran pulled her to stop. “Wait.”

Perking her ears, Wren heard what had stopped their progress—very vocal sounds of a man at the cusp of orgasm.

Caspian.

The muffled grunts came to an end, the male words that followed dampened by concrete walls and that guarded door, indecipherable.

The portal ahead slid open. A woman wiping a lipstick-smeared mouth still dripping with cum stepped out.

She was a beauty if ever there was one. Buxom, tall. Dressed to appeal, and even sporting expensive cosmetics on her face. Caspian’s scent wafted from her, as did the sweet smell of Omega slick.

## Page 9

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

This specimen was what all men wanted.

The stunning blonde startled when she found an audience waited, and what had been a victorious smile turned into a glower. “Who are you?”

It was always awkward when someone asked her name, Wren already pointing to her mouth and shaking her head.

Kieran answered for her. “This is Jax.”

Hand to her hip, licking up a dribble of cum at the corner of her mouth, the beauty smiled again. It was not friendly. “It’s always good to meet a new girl. I look forward to some chit chat when you get to the pen. I’ll show you the ropes.”

“She can’t speak, Rosie.” Kieran was enjoying this exchange, his saucy response making no secret of it. “And this one isn’t sleeping in the pen. Caspian put her up in the big room.”

The woman scoffed. “Yeah, well, he put me up in the big room at first too.” Lashes darkened by smeared mascara, fanned down, Rosie taking a good, long look at the tattoo on Wren’s cheek. “We’ll see how long you last.”

Kieran tutted, a playful bend to his voice. “He’s given you more than he ever gave the others. Don’t be sore.”

“I get it. She’s punishment for mouthing off last week. Message heard loud and clear, Captain.” She saluted the male, even winked provocatively before turning back to

Wren and shrugging. “I’ve already sucked him off twice. I doubt he’ll even touch the defective merchandise.”

One could only hope.

The blonde edged nearer, pinching Wren’s blue hem. “That’s my dress...”

Kieran spoke the woman’s name softly but with clear warning. “Rosie.”

Blue eyes made extra bright by open invitation darted up to dance over Kieran’s smile. “I haven’t seen you all day. Walk me back, would ya, handsome? I’ll make it worth your trouble.”

A male hand landed with enough force against Wren’s ass to smart. “Head on in, sweet cheeks. Tell Caspian I’ll be back later.”

And like that, Wren was abandoned before the lion’s den.

Blinking at the guards, not sure what to make of the feminine giggles and male laughter at her back, she let go a long, troubled sigh.

In the blink of an eye, clean skin and a borrowed blue dress were no longer special. Stomach in knots, she could no longer pretend. Not after those few awkward minutes with Caspian’s woman.

They already had an Omega, a perfect Omega. Wren had no idea where that left her or why she was here.

The nervous habit of touching the tattoo left her fingers pressed to her cheek, teeth worrying her lower lip.

The taste of cherries was no longer a treat.

Behind that door was a man who'd just had another woman, who had been sated twice. A man she'd sold herself to, who'd taken her from her home only this morning so he wouldn't have to slog through mud to fuck her.

A man who had Mikael taken to a doctor and saved his life. How did one come to terms with such a dichotomy?

Both guards openly watched her standing there, one kind enough to say, "You don't have to knock. He's expecting you. Go in."

She knocked anyway, buying a few precious seconds before she was faced with whatever confusing reality was beyond that door. After an agitated grumble, the door was yanked back, an irritated, shirtless Alpha leaning against the frame.

He took a long look at her standing there alone, dressed in blue, clean, with fresh shiny gloss on her lips. "Mouse."

She nodded once at his greeting, signing hello.

"Where's Kieran?"

Wren looked over her shoulder and back, peals of feminine laughter ringing out from the nearest corridor.

"Hmmm."

She wasn't sure why, but the petulant look in his eye made her smirk. Offering the same purr she would have given a moody Alec, Wren stepped forward, ready to be off of the lofty gangway and perched in a room reeking of a man who did not require

her attention.

Small blessings and all that.

He let her pass under his arm, giving her hair a not so subtle sniff.

The inside was not what Wren had expected. Masculine, yes, but tidy. Well, organized chaos more like. Papers stacked up, piles of books, clutter. A large bed dominated one wall, a leather armchair facing it. A nearby table, large enough to seat eight, sported a half-eaten plate of food and a bowl of something unidentifiable.

“That’s for you, pretty mouse.”

By the size of dainty teeth marks in the sandwich, Wren knew whose leftovers these were. They belonged to the same woman who had left her discarded underwear on the floor. But food was food, so she reached forward.

“Not that.” Caspian jerked his chin toward the bowl of wiggly mush. “That.”

Wren would have rather eaten the sandwich, but took a chair and lifted the waiting spoon to taste green slop. It didn’t have a flavor worth mentioning... though it had a lot not worth mentioning. Slimy, it squished on her tongue, going down like swallowing a live slug.

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Eyes darting back to the plate with a sandwich and beautiful, fat grapes, Wren swallowed another bite.

There must have been an unpleasant expression on her face, for Caspian narrowed his eyes, and growled, “It’s supposed to be good for you. And you’ll eat it all, every day.”

Spoon in her mouth, she offered a conciliatory smile. Food was food, and she was grateful. Displaying her gratitude the only way she knew he might grasp, she ate with vigor. Which was honestly easier—swallowing quickly dulled a portion of the non-taste.

“Good girl.” When the last glob was swallowed, Caspian pointed to a pitcher under a dripping spout. “Water is there. You can drink as much as you want.”

Kieran had said something similar when he’d fed her lunch, but it was still an almost jarring thing to hear. All the water you want, whenever you want.

The Alpha obviously expected her to drink some now, so Wren stood and filled two glasses. Handing one to him, she saw bewilderment on his face. But he took the cup and drained it as she drained hers.

“Have you had enough?”

She nodded.

“Good. I’m tired of waiting.” Snatching her empty cup from Wren’s hands, Caspian

tossed them to patter over the table, and was on her a second later. Back to the wall, hot Alpha muscle melting her front, she gasped in surprise and found his tongue twisting into her mouth.

She'd heard him climax. Smelled both his cum and a foreign Omega's arousal in the air.

She'd seen the slick soaked, discarded panties left by the leather chair!

What was he doing?

Yanking too hard at the zipper on the pretty blue dress led to the sound of tearing seams and another gasp. Fabric fell off one shoulder, hot lips fastening to uncovered skin long enough for her to draw breath.

An endless Alpha growl worked against her shock, the pooling slick in the gusset of her panties already overflowing to trickle down pale thighs.

That's what he was after...

Her scent.

Caspian ran his hands through it, spread it over her hips, her ass. He rubbed it into blue fabric. In two minutes flat, he made a soggy mess of her.

Clit throbbing, head swimming from the way he continued to take her mouth, Wren began to whine for mercy from that unrelenting growl. Her pussy was already pooling with slick, her body responding exactly as it should have. But still he continued to rumble out a call.

Female fingers went over his mouth in a bid to silence him. He bit her, growling all

the louder.

Enough had been done to her today that this endless rumble, something so simple as a noise, was enough to set her insides to choke on nothing. It wasn't an orgasm; it was a bid for mercy amidst her total confusion.

Yes, his hand gripped her ass. Yes, a warm palm kneaded a blue-draped breast. But where he was focusing his attack was painfully ignored.

Punishment?

Was this for knocking at his door and making him get up to answer? Or for pulling a face at his generous offer of food?

Hooking her leg at his hip she ground against his knee and could have groaned in agony when it was not enough.

Not so long as he made that noise.

His hand when to his fly. The male who smelled of another woman, whose cock was most likely still smeared with her red lipstick, was going to fuck her like this, in the most degrading way imaginable.

Wren grew angry. Barking a growl of her own, she shoved him back.

Panting, eyes wild and pupils enlarged, the Alpha roared, "Are you telling me no?"

She put a hand to his thumping heart and tried to catch her breath. Suffocating on the heady stink of ardent Alpha, the lingering reek of another Omega, her own slippery offering, her body's response was a jangled mix of instinctual demands.



Present, be fucked. Reject, protect yourself.

“I gave you food and water!”

Wren closed her eyes, unsure why the room was spinning.

“Shelter. My finest room!”

She nodded, straining her neck forward so she might take a breath of him and be calmed.

Though he practically vibrated with agitation, he let her nose his chest, barking, “Why do you do that? The others don’t. They strip like good whores and bend over.”

The reminder was a necessary one. It didn’t matter if she was overwhelmed, if she was half-sick with the stink in the room, if she wanted it or not. She wasn’t here to enjoy what he did, just to bear it.

Fingers went to the straps of her dress, pulling them down her arms until the garment might slip on its own and pool at her feet. Wren didn’t meet his eye when she shucked the sodden panties next. She just stood there, waiting for a command.

Like a real whore.

When he made no move to direct her, when he failed to touch, she peeked up under her lashes and found him glowering something fierce.

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“Next time you push me away, I’ll take what I want in a way you will not enjoy. Do you understand me, trembling mouse?”

She displayed her understanding by reaching for his belt. Perfunctory, pulling it open as if she’d done so a thousand times, Wren parted his fly. There it was, red smears of what had probably been very pretty lipstick.

The shudder that followed, she couldn’t have checked no matter how hard she might try.

Still, her hands went to lift that beast, the throbbing of a still engorging cock almost hypnotic. Under her palms, it beat in rhythm to his heart, set the pace for her breaths, and grew all the larger.

She’d never touched a cock before. There had never been a need to. Touching one now, smearing her fingers in the red until the pads had been stained, she held them up. Another woman’s mark on a man who used many. A man who had begun to grumble out a purr mutilated by more of that demanding growl for her slick.

Looking from her stained fingers to his eyes, she took that hand and smeared red right over his heart... so she wouldn’t forget when her instincts began to cloud her mind. So she wouldn’t let herself enjoy.

“Is my pretty mouse jealous? Is that what this is all about?” He seemed thoroughly pleased by the concept, a smirk growing on his ravaged face.

Not jealous. Degraded.

## Chapter 6

That look in her eye made his cock swell even fucking bigger, made it spray her with a gush of precum. Shucking his pants and kicking them out of the way, Caspian demanded she look at just who owned her now.

When lavender eyes ran over his chest, when her pupils grew just a little larger, he purred. “Until you learn how to suck my cock better, mouse, Rosie will do it every day. Sometimes she’ll do it in front of you before I fuck you. Sometimes she’ll do it while you’re fucking Kieran or Toby. I like her mouth and I’ve paid for it.”

The female nodded, expression closed no matter how much slick ran at his call.

“If you’re a good girl, I’ll let her use her mouth on you.”

No nod.

Weighing a breast, Caspian warmed to the idea. “She can suck on these tits while I screw your brains out.”

Nothing.

Nipple rolled between forefinger and thumb, a quick tweak and pinch left the flesh pink and inviting. “She can lick your cunt, stretch your ass... get you ready for all the things I want to do to you.”

The Omega pushed her legs together, the movement so subtle that had Caspian not been watching closely for a reaction, it would have been missed.

He had found her limit so easily... and what a boring limit it was. “You disappoint me mouse...”

Lavender eyes raised and for a split second he saw right into her thoughts. It wasn't his disappointment that inspired his visceral reaction in that moment, it was hers. She was disappointed in him.

The resulting prickly sensation in his bones twinged and twisted. It made demands. Caspian even fucking offered a deep, comforting purr before he could stop himself.

White lashes drooped at the sound, but that unwelcome burn didn't fully wash away.

"Turn around." He couldn't take those eyes on him again. But he could take everything else.

She obeyed.

"Put your hands against the wall." This was more natural: his command, a female's obedience. "Wider, pretty mouse. Now your legs, step them apart and let me see how wet my good girl is for me."

When sweet thighs parted, a little river of slick rushed down her thighs. Proof that no matter her brooding looks, she desired him.

Delving into wet folds with searching fingers, Caspian found no mark of damage from Toby's order to prepare her.

"Did you take all of Toby's fist? Were you a good girl for my Third?"

White hair danced at her lower back when his trapped mouse nodded.

"Did you like it?"

Her hesitation was not of the nature of the ones before. It was contemplative, the

following shrug unsure.

There was a bad girl in there. One who would learn the thrill of the things Caspian tempted her with. “Did you think of me when you came? Of Kieran? Whose knot did you imagine stretching this pussy?”

The question startled her. Caspian could almost see the mouse’s ears pricking—recognized the shift in her scent. Interesting...

Teasing slick-drenched fingers up and down her fluttering slit, he found himself pressed to her back, nose in her hair. When he growled, when his demand shook from his chest, he wanted her whole damn body to feel it. “Did you think of that first time I held you down and took everything you weren’t ready to give? How I own you now?” He plunged in two twisting digits, relishing her gasp as he finger fucked through all that seeping fluid. Loud squelching filthy noises filled the air, more delicious cries coming from the bad, bad girl he’d was going to teach her to be. “Did you think of your Alpha’s cock? Did you want my cum filling up this sweet cunt?”

## Page 12

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

The scent of Omega desire grew so thick in the air Caspian was drunk on it. She might play the innocent virgin, but the body pressing back against him was willing no matter the hesitations of the mind.

Breathing heavy at her ear, he swore. "I'll fuck you so hard no other will ever compare."

Fisting his cock, he lined up before she might brace, and shoved forward with such might her body hit the wall. Looking down at the trapped mouse, how her cheek was squished to the paint, how her eyes rolled and twitched, he savaged her hole.

He didn't give her time to adjust to him, but forced everything he had in her belly.

He didn't care if she yelped or mewled each time his sack slapped her ass.

There was nothing of thought when a cunt that tight rippled and spasmed and tempted him to conquer it. He was beyond rough. More than primal.

Those eyes owed him, and so Caspian rooted his fingers into her hair. Yanking back her head, licking at her mouth, he found the lavender gone.

Only black with the thinnest hint of an almost burgundy limbal ring. Eyes that were blank of anything but pleasure.

He'd fuck that out of her too. He'd fuck out the shy, abandoned thing keeping house in the Warrens. He'd fuck out the ferocious protector to two worthless boys. He'd fuck out the resistant, immaculate pretty mouse who looked so fucking good clean

he'd almost kissed her at his door.

He'd fuck this creature into nothingness.

Destroy her.

Make her pay for existing in a world that didn't revolve around him.

Drinking of her lips, high on her cries, Caspian gave over to the rage.

She'd dared look at him and found him wanting when he'd found her flawless. Her tight, wet sleeve of flesh that tried to milk at his cock dared to quiver and tempt this mating to end.

The fucking smell of her dared to incite feelings beyond victory and fire.

“Fucking slut!”

The roar shook out of his massive chest, rolling off the ceiling. Vibrating, every nerve alive with possession, he let slip a bellow.

A single, male call no woman before had earned.

If two other contenders had not opened the door, things might have gone too far. Caspian might have done more than drag his teeth to her shoulder and pinched the flesh.

He might have torn into her, just as he'd torn into her cunt.

Snarling, all animal, Caspian pulled his mouth from female flesh, snapping his teeth at the intruders. Boxing in his Omega with arms bulging, ready to strike should

another male take one step closer, he growled.

“That’s what I’m talking about. Fuck her. Fuck her like the slut she is...” Eyes wild to find the barbarism of Caspian pounding the female, his Second wasted no time. Pants open, shirt yanked up, Kieran furiously began to jack off as he stood a wise distance away.

Toby, his beastly exposed dick hanging heavy and swollen, dripped precum on the floor. Eyes glazed, he muttered to himself, “I get her third.”

First-Alpha got first claim. No other male would taste his mouse unless they tasted him on her. That thought, the knowledge that his cum would lace every kiss the Second and Third might suck from her lips, the way she squealed when he redoubled his efforts and began to rumble with the coming pulse of an epic building knot, sent Caspian over the edge.

He was supposed to knot outside her and ease it into her pussy as it grew... that was the plan so that she might stretch and be ready for Toby later. But it was too late, his knot burst forth and locked tight behind her pubic bone. Balls heavy with unspent sperm drew up and ached with need to expel.

Omega cunt seized, coughing around him in a bid to seat his throbbing meat deeper. He was there, right on target when that the first mighty spray spewed forth to froth and churn in her relentless pulsating grasp.

Internal muscles sucked him for more, mangling his relentless knot in a grip of iron, and left the female wailing in the violence of her release.

“Turn her so I can see.” Breathly words, bent with short grunts of pleasure came from Kieran. “I want to see her hole stretched around you. I want to watch her cunt leak.”



To show off his conquest to the pack, to let them observe just what he owned, drew another thick wave of cum straight up Caspian's shaft.

Hand wrapping the front of her throat, First-Alpha displayed his trophy.

Her feet could not reach the floor, not hung as she was on his cock. She dangled, pale legs pathetically kicking in a bid for support.

Kieran stroked himself faster, one thumb rubbing circles over his weeping crown. "God damn... look at that pussy. Stuffed fucking full. I bet you a thousand credits she'll piss herself if you press down."

## Page 13

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

Toby groaned, face one of twisted pleasure and misery, as his cock dumped sperm on the floor. He had not so much as stroked that thing—would not touch it until his turn—and still he spilled. “Let me taste.”

No. He wanted her muscles surging and struggling to handle his knot, not emptying her bladder and lessening the pressure. “Both of you come here and lick her. She comes the entire duration of my knot or neither of you will get a turn today.

Toby had already fallen to his knees before his First, tongue lashing its way up the girl’s leg. Kieran was at his side a second later, flick, flick, flicking a swollen clit.

Noises unlike any he’d heard from a female came from the mute one.

Music, her song... and Caspian came again.

The Omega’s legs were propped on his subordinate’s shoulders. Watching his two pack brothers fight over who might lick what, feeling her strain her body as if she might actually escape the attention of three males, it was perfection.

## Chapter 7

Wren knew they’d somehow ended up on the bed. She knew the one who’d knotted her had hooked her legs over his forearms and kept her obscenely spread for his men. She didn’t know how to make them stop.

Her back sticking to Caspian’s sweaty chest and torso, the scrub of his coarse hair scratching overexcited flesh as she relentlessly squirmed, she wordlessly begged.

One fist caught in Kieran's hair, another pushing Toby's bald head away, a surging cramp stole from her womb. The knot Caspian's rocking hips still manipulated inside her didn't shrink in the slightest.

It fucking grew.

She could see where his cock bulged out her belly, could feel the swimming despoilment gushing behind that knot. No matter how she squeezed him, no matter how many times he came, nothing gave.

It was indecent how the two crouched between her legs and lapped up the trickling feast. Toby took it a step further, wedging his arm under her lower back, and angled his hand down between her cheeks. Without any way of avoiding his probing fingers, she'd been left pierced through another hole. Her slick eased his teasing, the stinging stretch as he pulsed in and out of her ass somehow making her orgasms all the more staggering.

"Ungh... make her do that again." The man arching under her threw back his head, cock kicking in the swirling mess of her insides. "Fuck her ass with your fingers. As many as she can take."

Two. Two was all it took before she hissed in pain and the relentless pleasure began to ebb. She almost wished he would have shoved in three and obliterated any last trace of their power over her body.

Kieran ran his hands over her more sensitive ridges, sitting back to watch as he strummed her nub. Their eyes met. The way he licked his lips, how full they'd grown feasting on her clit, left her aching from more than just too much attention.

The base, lower part of herself these males had drawn out felt a surge of vanity in immodesty. Green eyes looked at her with true appreciation. They looked at her with

longing.

And deep, deep down, there was a very real thrill knowing it was her who'd earned that gaze.

Before she could make peace with such an awful thought, he fell on her clit again and the fresh rasp of tongue was too much. Those burning green eyes that silently demanded she watch everything he did to her, blew the last trace of her cognizance away.

Wren came screaming—a long, lingering pull of her pussy wrapping the jerking meat inside her.

She came so fully that the knot that refused to budge was forced an inch lower to crown at the mouth of her cunt.

Beneath her, Caspian howled, bucking to fight his way back in.

Toby shouted, “Let her do it! Get her ready for me!” Eyes wide as he grinned at what brought forth a horrible sting.

Another stomach-clenching surge and his knot was caught at the gate where pink flesh thinned in an effort to ease his exit.

“No you don’t!” The subordinate males were kicked back, Caspian rolling Wren to her stomach so he might bear his weight down against her attempt to expel him. Driving his way through taut muscles and over-full cunt, he resealed his knot just as another wave of boiling cum burst forth. Breathing heavy, he rocked his hips, grunting at her ear, “Be a good girl and hold this fucking knot until I’m done with you.”

Upon hearing his growl, his pleasure, her insides obeyed, sucking him even deeper than he had been before.

Without the constant stimulation of the other two males, it was bearable. Pleasurable to focus only on the pulse and beat of the male flesh inside her.

Flattened under the weight of a beast, one who began to purr when she began to sob in relief, Wren closed her eyes to all of it.

## Page 14

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

The body endured but the mind flew far away. By the time he finally stopped his last possible spend against her womb, she was in tune with something greater than herself.

The knot began to subside.

Pressure released with a pop.

Wren couldn't see who, but she felt a mouth gobbling up what ushered forth.

Toby...

It was Toby. Kieran was too busy fisting his cock on the bed beside her. Hand a blur of motion, he came on her face, a sticky spider web of semen stretching from her cheek to chin.

A hungry groan came from the bald head that butted her thighs apart in a bid to get more, and Caspian's knot shrunk.

Another wave of fluids rushed out to soak the bedding.

Eyelids drooping, the grunts and groans of three men filling the air, Wren fell asleep.

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Drawing out of her fluttering sheath, Caspian ground his teeth on a groan. The rasp of over-stimulation against his cock both stung and enticed, and if he didn't leave her

saturated cunt, he was going to fuck his mouse a second time.

The temptation, the rattling whir of her sleepy purr, it made it impossible to share with the two males already reaching for her.

Caspian dropped his head to scent her neck and calm himself... he'd never taken it that far with the other girls. Not to the point the female had passed out cold.

He'd never fucked an Omega while simultaneously threatening his pack. He'd never once been territorial over cunt.

Drawing in a rib-stretching breath, he reminded himself that there was nothing special about this girl. She was just a good lay. Best goddamn pussy he'd ever had.

An Omega who didn't know her place. Who had challenged him.

One who had dared push him away.

His cock began to ache just thinking of how good it had felt to fuck her up against the wall. To know there would be bruises that he put on her. Punishment served.

She might have said no, might have insulted him with those eyes, but no other cunt screamed yes like hers did. And since an inexperienced castoff like her was incapable of faking a single smile or moan, her every last cry had been genuine.

For him.

For his cock.

His cum.

His brutality.

She'd liked being battered against the wall. And though it might have shocked her ridiculous virginal sensibilities, Caspian had felt how hard her pussy squeezed him when she realized Kieran and Toby—his pack—had come in to watch.

Her devious little pussy was greedy for sperm, always trying to urge the knot out of him after the first thrust.

Cum slut.

His cum slut, for now. And she'd get plenty tonight by the time Kieran and Toby had their fun. She'd be marched back to her room, jizz dripping from every last pore, leaving a splattered trail for his gang to sniff at when they walked the halls. She'd wake up tomorrow with no fucking clue what happened to her, why she'd wanted it, why she was going to grow addicted.

Naive Omega... a pretty, mute mouse. He'd make sure she craved him. That she'd learn to patiently wait while Rosie sucked his cock and took the edge off.

He'd make her watch next time. The Omega lying back on this very bed with her legs spread so that as she grew aroused, she'd be unable to hide it. From him or herself.

Under him, the mouse's purr-laced snores rattled on. The sound was... unhealthy... and stole his attention away from the fantasy. The source of his consternation clattered out a congested hum—and for the first time, he listened to it.

He hated the weak, sick sound as much as he thirsted for it.

Looking down at his sleeping prize, Caspian eyed the globs of Kieran's cum splattering her face and scowled.



When his Second haltingly reached forward to rub his scent into her skin, contact was not allowed. Without thought, Caspian had grabbed the other Alpha's wrist, warning him off with a snarl.

"Tonight's for pack." Kieran lowered down, challenging in stance yet placating in tone. "Tonight we share and grow stronger for it."

The burgeoning growl vibrating from an aggressive First-Alpha's throat didn't stutter, Caspian warning, "You'll get your turn when I say you get your turn, Second. Back the fuck off. She's tired."

Kieran lowered his head, but not in submission. He lowered his head ready to charge. "You're still caught in the rut, and I swore to you I wouldn't let you bite her. I'm not going to let you play mate with her either and incite a greater urge. Get off the Omega. Summon Rosie if you need another fuck to take the edge off. Summon the whole fucking pen before you do something we would all regret. Pack always comes before cunt."

Another challenge rumbled from a throat tense with twitching muscle. "You will have your turn when I say it's your turn. The Omega needs rest, water, and something sweet... unless you want to fuck a ragdoll. Back the fuck off until I say you can touch her."

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“You want to build her a fucking nest next? She’s a whore who sold herself for spoils like all bitches do.”

Toby had his own complaints. The huge throbbing thing that had once been a dick dragged over saturated covers, the Third challenging for the girl. “I’m going to fuck her tonight, Caspian, even if I have to rip your goddamn head off! I like this one and I’ve waited.”

His Third had been forced to wait. He’d been given assurances. And with his balls and cock swollen like they were, there was good reason he lacked the capacity to be patient. But his Second... it was not like Kieran to challenge. He’d seen what had happened to the last Second who’d thought to command his first.

He’d also been the first male Caspian had mounted after the fight had been won. He’d fucked him dry, just like he’d fucked Toby dry—to establish rank and show the other, dangerous males, who ruled the Syndicate.

He’d fuck him right now if Kieran didn’t watch his goddamn mouth.

“She’s just a girl, Caspian. You’re blinded by the rut... it’s not worth risking pack. Not over something already agreed upon between us all.”

The white-haired female stirred, settling herself deeper into the covers, a little tongue darting out to taste her cum-globbed lips. That hadn’t been his cum that had put a sleepy smile on her mouth after a single lick.

Her shoulders weren’t marked by a bleeding bite that said she was his.

This was just a girl.

Slowly, the angry fog cleared, Caspian blinking hard. He was in the wrong here and was man enough to admit it. Weight shifting, Caspian rolled to pant at the drowsing mouse's side. Throwing an arm over his eyes, he pushed until he saw stars. Until his vision matched his sparking insides.

Any minute now, he'd burst out of his skin, a true case of spontaneous combustion.

Any minute now, he'd kill the two faithful Alphas who helped him run the Syndicate.

For what? A defective female who couldn't speak and dared judge his tastes?

Fuck her.

Concessions had to be made to his men. "Do whatever you want to her. Anything."

"Anything?" Toby edged nearer, wasting no time laying hands on the Omega. Flipping her to her back and spreading her thighs wide, he licked his lips and prepared to devour the viscous, milky seepage from her slit. "Anything I want?"

Already pawing her face to rub his spend into her skin, Kieran snarked, "Don't kill her."

"Fuck you, Kieran. I told you that was an accident."

"Yeah, keep telling yourself that." Handsome, mean grin in place, the Second looked pointedly at Toby's gnarled, knot-swollen cock. "You take things too far."

"They were Betas. This is an Omega. She's built for what I can give her."

A lower, much more vicious snarl came from the Alpha lying back and trying to gather himself. Lowering his arm from his eyes, he locked them both in a dead stare before speaking. "I am in no mood to hear you two bickering. Fuck the Omega and get out."

Without another word, Toby fell on the female to suck whatever he could get from her womb. When she gave a disquiet groan in her sleep, it was the Second who threw him off. "It's not your turn! Go play with your mangled dick, and get the fuck outta my way. You want to swallow globs of cum, suck off Caspian."

They all knew it wasn't cum he was after. Toby was an addict. Slick was his drug of choice... slick laced with his leader's spend something he craved as Third.

The sheer fact that Caspian's hard-on was slippery with the mouse's juices was the only reason the male crept between his annoyed leader's spread thighs and began to lick the man from base to tip. When that no longer tasted of female, Toby let his tongue drag over the First Alpha's saturated sack.

It appeased Caspian, who grew less possessive of a disposable Omega and more focused on selfish pleasure. It also gave Kieran something to watch while the female was still out cold.

Stroking his cock, he let Toby bathe him with his tongue, rubbing out a quick orgasm that dribbled out the sad leftovers from spent testes. When the Third pulled back and scowled at the slow white drips, moving down a veined cock like candle wax, Caspian used the moment to establish dominance and remind him who ran the show. "Lick that off. Swallow it, Toby."

Kieran didn't prefer males, but Caspian knew his Second got a thrill watching any time Toby was made to submit. Curved cock in his hand, Kieran stroked and stared, just about ready to blow.

When Toby wrapped his lips around his First-Alpha's cock, Caspian made sure their eyes met. "And when Kieran cums, you'll suck that down too. Consider this a light reprimand. Next time you threaten to rip my head off, I'll fucking kill you."

### Chapter 8

Caspian was in a mood, and his mood spilled over onto the rest of them. Agitated, Kieran watched his friend watch him, and fought the low, building growl he so wanted to spit in the First-Alpha's face.

It was his turn, and the First had said anything.

Kieran's anything started now.

Slipping his arms under the sleeping female's body, he lifted the slight thing to his chest, and moved her to the opposite edge of the bed. It was better she was away from the First considering their leader's minor obsession with this new toy.

Get her away before some fucked up instinct told Caspian to interfere the second she made a squeak of pain.

After all, she wasn't going to like taking a cock up her ass for the first time. Omegas never did. It went against their natures and almost always led to tears. But she needed to be punished for causing this tension between them, and Kieran needed to claim some untouched part of her for himself.

Break her in.

Set the precedent now, so that when all three of them fucked her at the same time, she wouldn't squeal when both holes were used at once.

That's what was needed to ease this mood. A mutual fuck. Three Alphas taking their pleasure in unison.

But not tonight. Tonight they each were to have their turn.

Looking down at the dazed woman, he could see that she'd begun to rouse. Good. Toby was the sort to fuck a ragdoll; Kieran wanted his woman aware, participating even if she hated it.

After all, they'd made a deal. What fun was there in collecting if he didn't get to enjoy the coming shock on her face when his dick slid home?

Or the glory of bulging eyes when her ass started to fill up with ropes of cum. He'd make her hold it in when he pulled out, watch as she shimmied off the bed to make it to the toilet before humiliating herself. A spermy enema that was a bit cruel considering he knew the cramp that came when all that fluid shot up where the sun don't shine.

But there was no better way for an Alpha to establish dominance, and this little girl blinking up at him needed to learn her place.

Reaching down, he gave her an arbitrary caress. Not sure why he allowed his palm to skim her belly, or why he met her eyes and let a lingering, kneading grip warm her hip. "It hurts less if you don't fight. Submit and I'll go easy on you."

She didn't understand, the bob of her throat as she swallowed, the widening of her eyes, displaying anxiety and confusion. Kieran dragged his touch to her knees, bringing them up to her shoulders and commanding the Omega to, "Hold yourself open for me."

Red-faced, she obeyed, every cum smeared inch of pussy and ass on display.

Compressed as she was, a slow moving slop of slick continuously poured from her slit to coat her anus. It lubricated his fingers, Kieran finding that Toby had stretched her enough that one digit slid in with little resistance.

Now was the moment of truth, that brief, shocking understanding dawning on the Omega's face. White lash-framed eyes widened at the intrusion, the female stretching up as if to displace him. Using all that slippery fluid, he withdrew the single digit and replaced it with three.

The burn made her face screw up and the subsequent clench left her pussy coughing more spent cum out to drip over his probing fingers.

Their eyes met, Kieran unblinking as he watched the subtle play of pain on her face.

Toby scooted closer, unwelcome when he leaned down to stroke her forehead. "Relax and take deep breaths, sunshine. He isn't going to damage you. In time, you'll even learn to like it."

The Third's soliloquy stole lavender eyes from glittering green, and left Kieran bristling toward the purring male. "Look but don't touch, Toby. You'll get your turn when I'm done. Right now she's mine and I don't feel like sharing."

Might as well have been the motto of the evening.

Stretching that tight ring, Kieran began to scissor his fingers. It was less to give her pleasure and more to get this over with. Rosie had sucked him off in the hall, Kieran had already jacked off watching Caspian knot her brains out, and then again watching Toby lick their leader... perhaps that was why every time she let out a little grunt of pain or jerked, his cock got softer.

He wasn't enjoying this as he should have been. Scowling, using his free hand to rub



some life back into this dick, he worked her ass all the harder.

Toby no longer touched, but he continued to say sweet things to her, would purr for her.

Already smitten.

By the end of the night, the Omega would want nothing to do with the Third, no matter how much he might fawn, pet, or grin.

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Let him whisper encouragement now if it mean Kieran's dick would be seated all the sooner.

After all, the Omega should be grateful Kieran only wanted her ass. She should be thanking him. Licking her lips. Begging for his attention.

She should learn to smile at him like all the other whores did.

Across the bed, Caspian kept his distance, even when Kieran jammed his fingers too far and a pained yelp fell from pretty, parted lips. Watching from the other side of his expansive bed, he didn't even offer a purr. Instead, it seemed as if the First's muscles rippled in time to Kieran's thrusting, wriggling fingers.

He couldn't complain about losing the right to fuck her ass first. He'd said anything.

Whipping his hand out of her stretched hole, Kieran thrust his flagging dick into her dripping cunt, displaced more of Caspian's cum, and lubed up. Four hard, yet slowly paced thrusts, shook the sprawled body, the Omega's tits bouncing, her mouth open and sucking in air in time with his assault.

The velvet feel of her around him brought blood pounding back into aching meat, left a tingle growing in his balls, and encouraged a feral grin to thin his lips. One thrust he was in her cunt, and the next he'd lined up with a different hole.

He went in harder than he should have... and it was glorious.

All of her clenched in a way pussy never could, trying to push him out instead of

sucking him deeper. Catching her legs to his shoulders, he fell on her and humped like a teen riding his first hooker. If she was screaming, or crying, or making any sort of racket, he didn't care. Eyes shut tight, he pushed and pushed until that passage gripped every last inch of his cock.

Which was fully hard, and throbbing out a heartbeat in her bowels.

More of her scent invaded his nose, the smell of woman, of soft purrs and sweet smiles. Eyes screwed shut, he imagined her that way while ransacking a part of her no Omega wanted to give.

Domination. This was so much more. Hips swiveled side to side between thrusts, back bent so he could cocoon all around her.

This was ownership.

She was property. His property.

She would play his games, nest in the bed they shared—smile and kiss and let him destroy her ass. As if she wanted him.

Groaning, ratcheting up his pace, he found her mouth and owned that too. And still he kept his eyes closed. Building pressure in the balls slapping her ass left sensation twisting at the base of his spine. The whole of him inside her kicked, expanding as that first burst of cum began to spew.

The beginning of the knot was tucked behind her sphincter. Pulling back before he tore delicate skin, he groaned. That tight clutch of skin almost didn't give, but when it did, he heard her for the first time since it began.

She moaned.

Not in pleasure...

In the bearing of something despised.

Ready to punish her for refusing to like him, Kieran pulled back his hips. Just before he snapped forward to force her to take the knot, consequences be damned, Toby wrapped a tight grip around the expanding knot and tricked his body into dumping out the heaviest rush yet.

Caught up as he was, Kieran hadn't even noticed the rival male had come up behind him. Locked in his arms, both of the Third's hands gripping and pulsating and mimicking Omega cunt, his subordinate milked his cock the way an asshole never could.

He filled her up with every ounce of cum Kieran had left.

All the while, Kieran stared into lavender eyes. Whatever she saw in his expression as orgasm devastated its way through his senses, left her to reach out a hand and lightly pat his shoulder.

Even as her inevitable internal cramping grew from all the fluid he shot deep, she caressed that spot. Soothing the troubled beast.

In an uncharacteristic act of magnanimity, the urge to show her there could be more moved his hand lower. He found her clit, and touched her with all the gentleness his cock had denied her. Stuffing her ass full, whispering the same tender words of encouragement Toby had muttered, Kieran began to purr. "There is pleasure in this if you let go and submit. I know it hurts now, but cum for me, and learn to relish the pain."

Not a speck of trust was in those violet eyes. There couldn't be when something so

vulnerable had been used so callously. A man who watched everything, who could read a person with a single look saw...

...how lonely she was. How even surrounded by three of the most powerful Alphas in Dale City, she felt unsafe.

As if trying to justify this, Kieran increased the pressure on her clit. “We treat the females in the pen good.”

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The female gave an obligatory nod, breathing through the discomfort and what had to be an overwhelming urge to empty her bowels.

“I’ll pull out and help you to the bathroom, but not until you cum.”

Her eyes begged, and they begged beautifully.

“You can do this.” He pulsed where he corks her, offering a single growl to stimulate where he teased. “Can’t you, pretty girl? Can’t you cum for me?”

The seductive drawl of an Alpha purr-laced order began to work its magic. Kieran could smell it on her, smell the arousal despite the discomfort. Another growl rumbled past his lips, loud and hungry. He poured that noise over her trembling limbs, into her body, and drew out the tiniest mewl when she unwittingly obeyed.

It wasn’t an obliterating orgasm, but it was enough to take the edge off.

Half her tension melted away.

“I’m going to pull out.” Giving her an approving smile, he took ahold of the base of his cock, slowly working his way out. “Hold it all in. Can you do that for me? Can you keep all of my cum inside this beautiful ass? I’ll help you get up, and I’ll take care of you.”

## Chapter 9

Caspian had pounded her into a blubbery mess against the wall, then held her open

like a prize kill for his pack to feast on. The dominant Alpha with red lipstick smeared on his chest had ordered his men to force orgasm after orgasm until pleasure burned each nerve and left her gasping in fizzling shocks instead of rapture.

She'd been made to tolerate two tongues rasping a throbbing clit. Nibbling teeth marking her thighs. The looks in the eyes of the males.

Possession, desire, impatience...

Yet when it was over, she had not been treated with the care an Alpha should show. No water, no real rest.

She was here to serve and play a role. And somehow she'd already disappointed them.

Kieran hadn't given a shit for her comfort, seeking his own in her pain. His weight had offered no safety, he had given no purr.

Wren wasn't as naive as these men seemed to think. She knew some males took their pleasure in unnatural ways. It had been awful, completely uncomfortable, but she'd endured. There had even been a moment near the end where it wasn't all bad, and something about that had been worse than the initial discomfort.

She didn't want to enjoy—and both males in very different ways had reduced her to some animal state where a bone-deep gratification was found in their evils. Their lie of coupling.

They made her truly defective.

Good men did not treat their females like this.

Damaged men drunk on power did.

Good men pulled frightened girls out of the mud they were dropped in. They took them in, sheltered them, taught them to forage, and learned their silent language.

Wren had known a good man once.

A man who had never tried to touch her without permission.

A man who was gone and who would never come back.

She'd been unable to give him... this. But if she had, she would have done any of these depraved acts with all her heart if it would have pleased him half as much as Kieran watching her release her bowels had.

Caspian's Second had cooed and pet her, a completely different man as she cramped in humiliation and spilled. Kissing her forehead, he'd called her a good girl, the context very different than when Caspian spoke the same words.

He had put her in an honest-to-god shower when it was over and washed her head to toe, purring so loudly she was unable to push him away like she should have.

Starved for comfort, she had accepted it from the worst of them.

She'd even cried on his chest, and clung to him as precious warm water rushed over the various stings and hurts. She'd drunk the rivulets running over his hairless chest, rubbed her face against skin that held to the fragrant lie of safety.

Held by the Second, Wren had fallen apart.

A man she didn't like slowly put her back together.



How the women here survived the mind-fuck, she'd never know. It was so much more damaging than anything physical they might do to her body. The offering of a dedicated Alpha to a tired, run down Omega in need of succor was cracking her mind.

There were moments where it almost felt honest, where she felt a connection. And it was a lie.

Wren had not forgotten about the red lipstick smeared over Caspian's heart. She'd never forget the way Kieran had layered anger and threats in his viciousness on the bed.

And Toby, he appeared sweet and accommodating, but there was something in his smile that spoke of a man holding on to sanity by a thread.

Three worse males could not exist.

At least the Alpha who'd torn her maidenhead had been clear in his intentions. These Alphas were anything but.

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When even warm water would not stop her shaking, Kieran made assurances, “You need to eat something, sweet thing. That’s all this is.”

No, it wasn’t all this was.

“I’ll give you a hit of the good stuff for the pain. It will make the rest of the night...”  
Even Kieran couldn’t tell that lie.

She shook her head. She’d seen firsthand what the Syndicate’s drugs could do.

The other males invaded Caspian’s bathroom, watching from the door, though they might as well have been skin to skin with her. She could feel them real enough, smell their various scent-markers, hear their purrs or lack thereof.

Her break was over.

After swallowing all the water she could hold, rinsed of foulness, Wren pulled her arms from the thing that had been holding her up. She stepped away from the purring Alpha and did not meet his eyes as she signed. “Let’s get this over with.”

Ever interested, Toby asked, “What does that mean?”

It meant that she wanted to see Mikael and that she still had to let Toby put his very swollen organ into her body. Fighting the shakes, she used the alphabet she’d taught him earlier, slowly spelling out. “Your turn.”

He sounded it out, letter by letter, grinning from ear to ear when understanding struck

home. “Step away from Kieran and come to me. Come be all mine, sunshine.”

Naked, wet, bruised, and sore, Wren forced a smile and put on the show Kieran had demanded in exchange to see her boy. She abandoned the suddenly grumbling Alpha in the shower. Ignored the looming largeness of their spying leader, and padded across the floor to present herself to Toby.

The air grew ripe with the musk of thrilled male.

Purring, projecting soothing vibration both raw and rich, Toby pulled off his shirt.

It was the first time he’d disrobed before her.

The Third was just as well-muscled as the other males, but covered in dye saturated flesh common on gangsters. Tattoos, some well-drawn, some old, faded, and from another era marked his chest and arms. When her attention ran over his art, he displayed, posturing with a great deal of enthusiasm.

Scars, there were so many scars under the ink: bullet wounds, gashes, tallies.

This freakish man had saved her special dress... twice.

He had also shoved a fist into her body only this morning.

Eyes caught on the throbbing monstrosity hanging like a gnarled tree branch between his legs, Wren bit her lip. It twitched under her gaze, jumping as if already seeking out the sleeve that would end its pain.

She should not have thought of it as something that was alive, but it looked alive with all those pulsating veins and a drip, drip, dripping head—a salivating alien slug ready to burrow and eat her from the inside out.

“I want you to scent me.” He trailed his fingers from a ripped chest to a meaty neck. “Here. Take all the time you need. When you’re ready, take my hand. Together we’ll build a nest and share it properly. I won’t force you against the wall or on an unprepared bed. Give me a chance to respect the communion.” Reaching out, fingers carded through her dripping hair. “I know something special when I see it.”

Everything he said seemed like the perfect speech an Alpha might make when presented with a bride, but Wren had heard enough in simple banter between these males to know that Toby had no idea how to respect the communion.

If he did, he would not have done that to his genitals, or been eager to inflict it on her.

“You want her to build a nest on my bed to fuck you in it?” Caspian was not at all pleased, rumbling a warning as he staunchly refused to purr.

“You said anything.” Brows dropping over her ice-cold eyes, Toby turned, put himself between Wren and the First. “I want to nest with her.”

“You know what happens when you nest.”

Reaching back to nudge his knuckles under Wren’s chin, Toby smirked as if thrilled by the idea. “I get attached.”

That was far more terrifying than his raging, deformed hard-on.

Scowl becoming a frown, Toby sniffed the air over Wren’s head before snarling at Caspian. “You frightened her! Boss, we had an agreement.”

Unmoved, like a fucking wall of stone, Caspian, the male who publicly wore a coat made out of people stated, “She should be frightened. You’re a fucking mental case who gets his kicks in interrogation and torture. I saw you cum cutting off Gizzard’s

feet a week ago. Play house, but don't mislead the mouse. You're no prince charming, and the Warrens rat isn't going to turn into a queen."

Red anger burned, turning eyes that had been ice to fire. "Nellie had a good life with me!"

"Fuck with all the Betas you want. Omegas..." Eyes catching on the only Omega in the room, Caspian caught himself, snapping his teeth audibly and thinning his lips.

Omegas what?

“Sir, Toby prepared her just as you ordered.” Kieran wrapped a towel around his waist, and came to stand between them. Eyeing the dripping woman holding tight to her middle he said, “Take a trip to the pen and leave them to it. Take out your rut on the girls, not our pack brother. Rosie is real keen on making up with you. Let her try.”

Pushing his weight from the door frame, Caspian stalked forward, right up into Toby’s equally snarling face. “She better not be damaged when I get back.”

No. No. No. No. No. No. Caspian could not leave her alone with this guy. Kieran was intimidating for sure, but if things got out of hand, as he had so kindly hinted they would, she needed a male of Caspian’s power and repute to keep her from what might be a terrible death.

“It’s okay.” Toby rounded on her, finding Wren falling into a panic. “It’s okay, sunshine. He’s in the rut. He doesn’t want to share. That’s all it is. I could list off scary shit he’s done too; same with Kieran. You enjoyed accepting both of them. You’ll enjoy being with me too.”

She had not enjoyed Kieran, and she had been reduced to a mindless slaving animal when Caspian had played his games.

Slipping around Toby before he could get a good grip on wet flesh, Wren made a grab for Caspian’s hand.

Eyes wide with meaning, chest rising and falling and rattling out a broken purr to

entice, Wren held on and dug in her feet.

Stay.

“What do you think you’re doing?”

Laying her ear atop the red stain on his chest, she enticed the only way that she could. It wasn’t even worth feeling disgrace in this act. She knew exactly how degrading this was.

Lacing her fingers with his, feeling his disinterest in holding her hand, Wren gently tried to lead him from the room. He did follow, but not in good spirits. He followed, vibrating with warning her that imminent punishment would be had for this. Still, she got him to his chair, and urged him to sit.

Hands to his chest, she leveled the snarling male with a look that said, please stay. She pet him in the way she’d come to learn he enjoyed, ignoring the sound of breaking things and roaring from the bathroom.

“It was MY TURN!”

“Calm down, Toby. I’ll drag her back in here and hold her down for you if I have to.”

Patting Caspian’s chest, urging him to stay just so, Wren took a deep breath. On the exhale, she left the First-Alpha and walked back to the bathroom to find Toby attacking anything he could get his hands on.

Shelves had been ripped off the walls, sundry items crushed. Chaos abounded.

He looked every bit as insane as she’d suspected he was, and it was adrenaline alone that kept her moving forward. When he side-eyed her, snorting like a raging bull, she

forced a shy smile and held out her hand.

## Chapter 10

A hair's breadth away from breathing fire, Toby stalked through his carnage—one eye dilated fully, the other stuck and somewhat twitching. He snorted, muscles in his neck jumping while the male rattled like a pissed-off snake.

The female dared return.

Slight, her teeth knocking together. Pretty lips shaped into a smile.

A lie.

It reeked of fear. They always reeked of fear.

Her little, bare feet padded over broken bits of jagged-edged debris until the soft tinge of Omega blood seasoned the air just enough for his nostrils to twitch.

She'd hurt herself to come to him.

Good.

Let her get on her knees and beg after blatant rejection, and maybe she'd live through the night.

But she didn't genuflect. Instead the pale, colorless thing put her hands to his chest as if they were intimate, and pressed the cold tip of her nose to his heart. Her loud, nasal inhale left a brain frazzled twinge popping cells in his skull.

Toby stilled... abnormally so.



Not even breath stretched his ribs. The I'm-going-to-pulverize-every-bone-in-your-pelvis growl caught mid vibration, when the pretty thing placed an ear to his chest.

The world grew so silent, Toby was sure his beating heart had gone stagnant.

This was death, right there in the form of an albino beauty. One who had given him the basics of her language only this morning. Him. No one else.

She...

She smelled divine.

That first deep breath, groaning into her hair, Toby clawed at her flank and snapped her flush to his body. Reciprocating, the Omega nosed his neck as she should have at first blush, stroking him with the flutter of an unsure female purr.

Soft fingers sought out the shape of him, tracing over the ridges of muscle that flexed in his arms. She reached higher still to massage the shell of his ears between gentle forefinger and thumb.

No one had ever touched him there, in that way, before. And it felt... wonderful.

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He would have sworn he felt the hot salt of tears run down the clenched muscles of his stomach, but when she pulled back and met his eyes, a smile was there.

She signed, one hand cupping his cheek, the other spelling out her invitation.

When I was sold, the mate who rejected me never allowed me to build him a nest.

It took Toby both time and focus to make out what she tried to communicate; each stumbled-over word dragging him back from that abnormal stillness. When the sentence was strung together, he pressed his forehead to hers and rumbled out a deep, “What was his name?”

The way the female cut her glance to the side and grew withdrawn spoke for her. She even put her fingers to the black tattoo on her cheek and made a noise of remembrance.

Toby liked the mark, he liked the intention behind it, and he especially liked this woman.

That mark had saved her for him.

This female whom he wanted to nest with. This female who had never been given the chance to build one for her mate.

One-hundred percent serious, Toby snarled an offer. “Want me to kill him?”

Eyes the same shade as the violet tea set his mother used to favor, darted back to his.

They dilated just a touch, the effect ruined when she... laughed.

A real laugh, from a fear-tightened chest.

Grinning, all teeth and ill intentions, Toby felt the banging clamor revved back to life behind his ribs. He took it a step further, the loudest purr of the pack spinning its way out of his bones and into her very naked and extremely appealing body.

Kieran, ever the unwelcome male, gaped from where he dared watch Toby put his hands on the pretty one. The pretty one who had not so much as spared a glance for the cocky, good-looking jackass.

She had come in here for him.

Which was perfect because he wanted to keep her.

She understood. He knew it.

That was why she smiled and purred and gave him her undivided attention.

But he'd scared her...

"I could find him." Toby cupped her face and pulled her sweet stare back up to his eyes. "Just give me a name."

Her head shook, but it was not in defiance. He could tell by the soft dip of her eyebrows, that she didn't know it.

"Had you been presented in my house, I would have mated you." Sweeping aside her wet hair, he let his fingers dance on her shoulder. "Marked you here."

Her sweet purr caught, the female burying her face in his chest where she began to shiver. Bending down, he set his teeth to that spot, gnawing just enough to inspire a yelp.

A stronger tinge of fear wafted from her skin.

He'd hardly broken skin. Lapping at only a single well of blood, Toby fisted the biggest knotted erection he'd ever achieved and rubbed the tender length against her belly. The weeping head caught on the underside of her tits, smearing the woman with the promise of what he could offer.

“Your sweet pussy is going to take it all. You’re going to take it, and you’re going to like it.”

Swollen ridges and throbbing bumps tripped over her soft skin, Toby indulging in the pain, knowing that when release began, it would be hours-long brain-burning pleasure.

He'd get her addicted to him, stretch her in a way no one else could.

Aching bone deep, tied up in the pain of a forced knot, Toby began to make a myriad of promises if she'd just lay back and let him fuck her in a pretty nest she made just for him.

He promised her a fortune if she'd be the first to take it without crying.

But she'd already lost that bet. Tears marked her cheeks, fell from eyes red with apprehension. Though she did still smile.

He could cheer her up.

The female locked in his arms needed care. She needed food, more water, dedicated attention.

He needed to reassure her.

Hitching his arm under her delicious ass, he lifted her off the debris strewn floor. Spread her wide against his stomach, her pussy cupping a quantity of his pulsating shaft in sweet, slippery petals. He almost dropped and mounted her right there when a trickle of warmth escaped from her cunt to burn his over-ripe dick. Instead, he held her all the tighter and began to march out of the bathroom and back into his First-Alpha's den.

He dumped her on the bed that smelled of other males, snaking his tongue into her mouth to twist and taste before he threw himself back and barked, "Build it. I need to fuck."

\*\*\*

With three spectators, Wren arranged, fluffed, and layered bedding already wet in places with her spent fluids and the enticing smell of three males' cum. She did everything properly, almost forgetting why the abundance of fabric and soft things was not hers to keep. This nest, her first nest built from scratch for a breeding male, she was proud of it.

## Page 22

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The pacing Alpha who had not stopped circling the bed was going to entertain his pack mates with his diabolical fetish. He would wreck and ravage the designs of her haven, just as he tore into her body

She rubbed her cheek on the best smelling fabric, letting herself enjoy the final moments before bad things came. That was how one survived the Warrens. The moment was all that mattered.

“Are you thinking of me?”

She'd closed her eyes, lost in something simple and soft when Toby sidled nearer, smiling like a ravenous wolf.

Nodding, lying, Wren made sure not to so much as glance to where Caspian still waited, reeking of impatience in his chair. Or to acknowledge that Kieran lurked nearby, edging nearer with each passing minute.

The Second wanted front row seats to his show.

This was the best she could do.

The situation was awful, the men were unworthy, but the nest... she'd assembled it imagining another. And it was beautiful.

Any Omega would envy it.

And she would suffer in it.

A finger traced down her spine. "I'll brace her." Kieran was even closer than Wren thought.

Spittle flung from Toby's mouth when he turned to snarl, "And what makes you think I want to share?"

Slippery and smiling like a tempting demon, Kieran cocked a brow. "Come on, man. Let me help her open up for you. I can make it good for you both. I know how you like your sac kneaded. I can show her where to bite when you arch back."

"No." Rising from his chair, an air of infinite impatience hovering around him, Caspian strode forward. "I will hold her."

The edge of a nail dragging up and down her spine stilled, Kieran grumbling, "Who's going to remind Toby of his place if things go too far?"

Caspian came around the bed, licking his lips as he stared at her tits. "You're Second. You fuck Toby. If you're half as rough with him as you were with her, he'll get the message loud and clear."

Snarling at Kieran, Toby turned on his friend. "You try to stick your cock up my ass, and I'll fucking cut your throat while you're sleeping."

The handsome male ignored the Third's threat, cocking an incredulous brow at Caspian. "You almost sound as if you think I was too rough with her."

"You were." In the middle of three males, Wren kept her eyes on the nest and proceeded to ignore their squabbles, just as she'd ignore what they were going to do to her. Caspian caught her cheek in his palm, raising her head as if she had a part in their conversation. "The mouse couldn't have had it up the ass before, and now she'll cringe each time I expect it. I didn't bring her here to watch her suffer. I brought her

here to watch her sing.”

Pretentious, unkind, Kieran snorted. “Then why are you giving her to Toby?”

Not an ounce of softness was in Caspian’s expression. No love, no adoration. Only a mild hint of mystification as he spoke to Kieran yet studied her face. “Toby doesn’t want to hurt her. You did.”

## Chapter 11

This was not expected.

Brace her. Hold her.

The mental nightmare those words inspired was nothing compared to what unfolded upon the bed.

Braced against the headboard, cocooning her limbs, Caspian cradled her. He held her back to his chest, encapsulating her body in warm muscles and gently searching fingers. Purring, he crooned at Wren’s ear the nastiest of filth said in the sweetest of tones.

Sluicing through folds that still dripped his cum even after the shower, pinching and tugging them until her slit was totally exposed to the room, he growled, “Open up that tasty pussy, pretty mouse. I want to feel your juices soak my cock while Toby fucks you silly.”

Legs hitched over his forearms, spread so the petals of her sex were open, the very hole Caspian referred to suckled air like a little mouth with each tremor his words inspired. It was lewd. The way both Kieran and Toby hovered close to watch each pulse of her cunt, indecent.



Kieran reached forward as if entranced, dragging his fingers from tender anus to hooded clit, touching her as if the dripping slit before him offered a drug more intoxicating than the shit his men sold to the desperate. “I saw you take Toby’s whole fist this morning. Yet you still look so tiny.”

Two fingers penetrated knuckle deep, Kieran flipping palm upward to seek out something at the roof of her canal—something that made Wren jump and gasp when firm pressure was applied. Stiff, unyielding circles on that spot and her clit swelled to peek out past her hood. Pink, shined tight skin twitched like a beacon to be stimulated, flicked, bit, anything.

Anxious, electric shocks tingled under her skin, and two men who knew more about the female body than she did ganged up on her nervous system and sent it into overload. Caspian toyed with her folds, Kieran teased at her cunt, neither of them so much as breathing on her clit.

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And it ached for attention.

Not that she could ask them to touch her there. Not that she would.

Her rolling hips and trembling legs already asked too much.

Wren was eager for this to be over, eager to know why Caspian and Kieran touched her only for her pleasure, and eager for something, anything, to be inside her to drive off the gnawing, empty ache.

Pure manipulation. It registered. It did. She knew what this was.

And it was working...

The very atmosphere of the room had changed.

What had been two bickering, dangerous Alphas became three cohesive predators simply because Caspian participated. The unquestioned ruler. The same Caspian who gratuitously praised her when Kieran's attentions drew an unexpected gush of slick to flood his abdomen and run down to soak his balls.

Looking down to where Kieran fingered the internal workings of her cunt, she saw Caspian's dick at full mast. Tall and proud, the helmet-shaped tip beaded with a freshly prepared offering to tempt an Omega.

She could smell him, even with Toby's mangled meat practically pouring out the watery precursor of trapped sperm all over the bedding. She could smell him, and she

hated to admit that her mouth watered for a taste.

Another finger poked in, then a fourth.

Unlike the morning, her body opened to the obscene stretch with little more than a few extended pulses. Unlike the morning, it felt...

It felt nice.

Again, lavender eyes dragged like an addict toward Caspian's cock. But that was not what Wren was to be given.

No. Toby was on his knees between both her and Caspian's spread thighs, hand lovingly stroking his disfigured cock as if caressing a beloved pet.

Toby and that monstrosity was all she had in store.

But the Third seemed entranced with what his fellow Alphas opened up for him, his attention centered in on her yet untouched clitoris and how it jumped back then swelled forward each time her insides clenched. "Fuck. Fucking cunt's perfect."

Cum still dripped out of her. Caspian had shot so deep that even after being mauled by Kieran, even after a shower, thicker, pearlescent seasoned her slick. It teased the Third, the snarling, completely spellbound psychopath who edged his mouth nearer to where Caspian massaged and pinched her labia and Kieran fucked her with his fingers.

Where her clit was exposed to the air and left buzzing with lack of attention.

Tongue ridged, Toby descended, poking that extended nub and rolling it around as far as the nerve would allow.

The sensation went far deeper, as if linking back down inside to the exact spot Kieran's fingertips rubbed her pussy walls.

Three men, four hands, one mouth, that was what it took to break an Omega.

As if Toby's mouth had gone dry, his rough tongue rasped incessantly. Meanwhile, he sucked that bud between his lips and pulled. That was the only way she could describe it. He pulled her spirit right out of the flesh to flail in the ether while the body bucked and died.

Except she breathed, she lived. The heart banging against her chest and the shrill cry a reminder that exquisite torture didn't require the soul's consent.

Clawing at her knees, pulling them wider as if she might pull her enraptured frame in two, Wren threw back her head and found lips waited. Caspian kissed her so deeply, so thoroughly, that her frenzy burst like a bubble of raw magic to explode throughout the room.

She was sobbing when it ended, a mess of tears and runny nose. But she was also completely limp, the only working muscles in her body the pussy that sucked at air with no knot or cock to milk.

The three of them manhandled her supine form into position, Caspian stretching her fleshy labia, Kieran having abandoned her greedy snatch to brace her foot. Toby held the other leg, just as he lifted the weight his mangled dick and notched his weeping head against a girl too weak to refuse... on any level.

"Be my pretty mouse now. Open up for Toby like a good little girl." At the sound of her breathless whimper, Caspian rolled soft lower lips between his fingers and murmured, "That's right. Relax for your Alphas and show us what an eager, willing, and obedient darling you can be. Let Toby in. He's going to fuck your tiny cunt, fill

you up so good.”

The three of them moved in unison, operated seamlessly in the degradation of one lost female. In that was their power. Alone, each was intimidating, each was to be respected. Yet their true supremacy required Caspian. He kept the bickering Second and Third in line. He made the three of them a single cohesive unit to be feared.

This was how these men ran the waterworks and held every last citizen by the throat. This was why all of Dale City dreaded the reach of The Syndicate.

When in tune, these men were...

Wren had no word for it, she had nothing but the whites of her eyes when Toby began to press the pulsating head of his cock against her flooded slit.

“She’s going to do it.” Entranced, Toby pulsed where her skin grew pale with a stinging stretch, half that deformed head swallowed by her clenching, clasping channel. “She’ll be the first one to take it all.”

“Slam it in!” Bracing Wren’s leg, Kieran licked his lips, eyes focused and unblinking. “Fuck her until she squeals!”

Bulbous head retreating so her delicate tissue might adjust, Toby adjusted his weight on his heels, brow bunched and temples dotted with sweat. Absently fisting his deformed cock, he ran his hand over the veined, swollen mass that had yet to fit inside, growled, “Sunshine, you gotta let me in now.”

Warm hands caressed over her ribs, running upward to cup and tease her breasts. Caspian, the one who held her through this ordeal, the one still kissing her, soothing fear-pricked skin.

He’d never kissed her that way before. Sweetly. Reverently.

Before he only sought to swallow what made her Wren and change the Omega into his eager whore.

Her entrance gave.

With the pop of his glans past her thinned opening, Toby gained ground. And as he did, he let out an animal-deep bleat. Like a bull, snorting, and shaking its head for the stampede, he chuffed, ground his teeth and forced forward into a sheath unprepared for so much.

There was no escape by the time that first wave of pain registered. Caspian's grip on her solidified, Kieran rearing up behind the raging bull to brace both her flailing legs wide so Toby's progress would be undeterred.

Toby, who was no longer man. He was all rutting animal, already cumming even though half of his freakish cock had yet burrow into her guts.

And he kept cumming, the fluid that somehow found its way past that hideous cock and her overstretched cunt thick and curdled as it oozed its way out.

The whole length of him was a solid knot, and her body instinctively gripped onto it, muscles grinding down against that monstrous mass... encouraging the raving beast to strain forward until more and more and more was fed into her core.

The orgasm that had muddled her senses long enough for Toby to steal in, roared back to life amidst searing pain.

Kieran grinned like a beautiful demon. "Look at her! The slut is going to take the whole fucking thing!"

Flopping like a fish on a hook, Wren seized, eyes rolling back in her skull as the three of them continued with their game.

"Ahhhhh!" Trembling, Toby screamed the instant the widest, most mangled part of his cock burrowed home. Locked behind her pubic bone, his overinflated sack drawing up and moving about as if living things wrestled inside it, he flooded her.

Creamy white kept coming, thick enough to pile up when it splattered Caspian's thighs and stained the bedding.

How the fluid found room to escape the confines of her pussy past that churning, kicking growth, Wren didn't know. She was hardly coherent, trapped in an endless orgasm that would not ease until the entirety of his knot collapsed.

Muscles straining, showing teeth, Toby bumped at her body with jagged, stilted thrusts. He couldn't stop himself, the movement was primal, unavoidable, even horrible.

Because it felt magnificent.

This was why so many tenants of the Warrens were addicted to drugs. This out-of-body feeling of limitless beyond pain.

Sex was never supposed to lead to this place.

Never.

Nirvana belonged to the dead. There would be no coming back from such a thing unchanged.

Pulsating bursts of corrupted bliss deformed her body to shape around that of a very sick man. Toby mutilated her with this knowledge, made her eyes go so far past blown she could see the universe and all its workings.

Limitless. Free of the hideous life she'd lived and the pains she's known, Wren flew.

Hours they were locked together, two bodies warring to fill and be filled. To survive. Hours before Toby was capable of more than mindless grunts so he might mutter two



syllables. “Sunshine.”

Lucid enough to ruin her world, he made a move the others should have known to watch for.

Toby, the Third Alpha, the unhinged breaker of bodies and enslaver of children, set his teeth to her shoulder and bit down so hard, neither Kieran nor Caspian could pull her free.

## Chapter 12

Hands seized Toby’s throat in a death grip, Caspian squeezing, raging to discover the assault only left his Third climaxing even harder. “DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT YOU’VE DONE?”

Blood was everywhere, the Omega it spilled from having gone ashen before she’d passed out cold.

Wall-shaking roars bellowed from Caspian’s throat. “You fucking tried to bond to her! How dare you!”

Teeth bloody, smile unhinged, the pussy-dazed Third lolled back and chuckled. “Tried? No. It’s done. I claimed her.”

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His mouse was still trapped by Toby's mangled dick, but by the amount of clotted cum that squished out, the freakish knot was finally going down. Still, he could not pull the traitorous male out of her without causing damage she did not deserve. "I'll fucking break your legs, cut you into pieces, and let every slave huddled below piss on your mangled corpse."

Toby smiled all the wider, looking far too contented for a dead man walking. "I watched the surveillance footage. You tried to bite her when she rode your cock on her couch. Instinct told you to set teeth to this one's flesh, yet Kieran held you back. Still you brought her here. Still you want to play. But you don't want her, boss. I do. This one."

"Do you think this is some game, boy?" Toby was eccentric, there was no doubt of that, but Caspian was hearing pure madness. Bonding made an Alpha weak. It made them distracted. It made them vulnerable. "Do you think anyone will respect you now that you bonded? And to a mute no less."

Shaking off drunken listlessness, Toby shoved both his snarling First and hovering Second, shielding the body of the damaged female as if to protect her from them. "She's perfect."

Kieran could not have sounded more appalled. "True Alphas resist the call. They breed many."

"Only the stupid ones." Toby's joints began to pop, to crack, muscles swelling as in preparation of battle. "Both of you can fuck who you want. Breed your whole pen. I only want her."

He'd carve Toby apart; remove him from the mouse in pieces if he fucking had to! Panting with fury, ready to rend his Third limb from limb, Caspian bellowed, "SHE WASN'T YOURS TO TAKE!"

The look in his eyes, the cunning flash... Caspian saw the truth of the matter hidden in the Third's eyes. Toby had thought this through. He'd intended all along to steal his First's newest toy, confirming it when he drew in a deep breath to force the words, "I'll share!" through his wolfish grin.

"You'll share." Dragging out the offensive statement with a raspy growl, Caspian left the bed, the bleeding mouse, and Kieran's disgust behind. He left because the smell of her blood was itching his nose and causing him to salivate. "Do you think that will appease me, Toby? To share something of mine that you stole?"

Breaking his silence, Kieran all but ignored the raving Third. Wisely, he turned to his First, met his eye, and announced, "She's not in estrous. Unless reinforced, this bond will be weak. Keep them separated for a few days and she'll have nothing but a scar that could be overtaken by another Alpha."

"No." Like hugging a ragdoll toy to his chest, Toby gathered her close and clung. "Boss, you told her a few months of riding your cock then you'd set her free. Have your few months with my mate. When you don't want her anymore, she'll nest with me." Throwing a finger toward Kieran, Toby snarled, "And I know what this ignorant fucker has in mind. Breed her then sell her to some stodgy old fucker. It's not going to happen."

"Call me ignorant again, and I'll cut out your goddamn tongue!" Kieran might have had all the beauty a male could ask for, but unlike Toby, he'd had none of the education... He'd never hidden resentment well, and in that moment Caspian could see how it burned him to be mocked for his shit childhood. "Watch yourself, friend. I'm not opposed to Caspian's bleeding you dry."

And there it was—the smug arrogance only a highborn patrician of Dale City could wield with such scorn. Toby let it loose: the accent, the air, the roll of his tongue. “You know who my father is. What I bring to the table can’t be replaced with dumb, brute force, pretty boy, or even fear of the Syndicate’s power.”

“You might be Governor Ross’ spawn, but there are other means to keeping a stranglehold on the Council.”

Deranged laughter, even a snort, and Toby said, “Good luck finding a single one of them willing to leave the lap of luxury for the astringent stink of this torture chamber. I’m one of a kind, Kieran. I made sure of that when I murdered all my brothers.”

Finished watching from the shadows, huge, menacing, and only too happy to smile, Caspian made his threat. “You still have a sister, Toby. A pretty one...”

Eyes going dark, Toby’s jaw grew twitchy. “Females are barred from the Council. Even if you took Henriette, even if my pussy of a father continued to bow to your every whim, once the old man dies, you’d lose the seat, you’d lose your spy, and all you’d have is another bitch for your pen.”

Hitching a brow, Caspian purred, “You care so little for the pampered miss?”

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“I care. But the only way you’d lay a finger on my Etta is if I were dead. Not much I can do from the grave but laugh while your hold on the city slips away...” Rocking the unconscious mouse on his lap, Toby ground his hips against her supine form as he hissed, “There’s always someone willing to do what it takes to steal what you got, Caspian. That’s why pack holds power together. I don’t even mind standing as Third—” The man’s words caught for a moment, Toby’s eyes rolling back on a groan.

Incredulous, Kieran looked down where the mouse was still speared by Toby’s enormous cock, scoffing, “Are you... are you still cumming in her?”

“Ummmm...” Toby took a deep, satisfied breath before opening his suddenly sanguine eyes. “Yes. And she’s still milking my cock for more.”

Kieran just shook his head. “You’ve got some balls, Toby...”

“She could be your mate too.” White hair was carefully pulled back to expose the sleeping woman’s other shoulder to the Second. Tempting him with the smooth, unmarked skin. “You could breed her just like you want, get her fat with your baby.”

Caspian spoke, but the words were gnarled with grit and broken glass. “Careful, Toby. You can’t sell what’s mine. And make no mistake about who she belongs to.”

He nodded, oddly agreeable. “And when you’re done with her, she’ll come back to me. After you’ve grown bored, it should make no difference if I keep her. Fuck, I’ll kidnap any bitch you want as a replacement. My gift to you, boss.”

No act against the First would go unpunished. Toby would suffer for this. “I want Henrietta.”

Lips thinned, Toby’s expression vicious, but his answer was collected and compliant. “Done.”

“You’d give us your sister?”

Eyes tracked back to the sickly woman bleeding in his arms. Fingertips brushing at the weeping crescent wounds on the mouse’s shoulder, he speculated. “I often wonder if it’s really fear that pushes Alphas to reject the call of the bond. All the posturing, all the power, I never found it nearly as satisfying as I do the sight of my mark on her skin. The ultimate taboo. A truly criminal thing to do.”

Scoffing, Kieran muttered, “Fucking Socrates over here.”

Arranging her body so she might rest more comfortably against his chest, Toby drawled, “I’ll give you Etta on the same terms you promised our ray of sunshine here. When you’re done with her, she goes home—pockets full, enough water for a year.”

“Oh...” Caspian crossed his arms over his chest. “That was only the beginning of my demands. You won’t be walking out of this room. You’ll submit to every last degenerate thing I can imagine. Starting with sucking my cock while you’re still inside her. Then Kieran’s. You don’t even want to know what I intend to do after that.”

Brow lowering, eyeing them both as if considering making a challenge, Toby said, “She’ll wake up and see it.”

Caspian nodded. “Yes, she will. She’ll see you bleed far more than she did.”

## Chapter 13

She could not stop the tears. Sobbing, throwing herself over the boy, Wren clung. And wept, and wept, and wept.

Mikael hugged her right back, their various IV cords tangling and pulling where ports had been stabbed into soft flesh.

She'd never seen him as anything but sickly and skeletal. But now, after only a few days in a proper doctor's care, tended in a clean room, fed, he almost looked like a regular boy from the upper levels.

Almost.

He was still sick, sicker even than she was, and the doctor had not made her prognoses with a smile. Acute pneumonia that would kill her if not treated immediately. This he'd said after she'd woken from a horrible nightmare filled with screams and pain. This, after coming to in a strange bed, over-bright lights burning her eyes.

There was only one familiar thing in the moment. Watchful, Kieran stood in attendance, scowling from the door.

Already she had been hooked up to machines, various fluids cascading into her veins, a catheter between thighs that ached. The doctor had told her she'd been kept under for three days, that she'd been fed with a tube, and that was why her nostril was sore and crusted with blood. That she had been ordered to follow treatment and he was permitted to sedate her if she attempted to resist.

And she did. She fought back wildly because she could not pay.

Of course she wanted to be well. Of course she wanted to live. But she only had to live long enough for Mikael to get better. If she was dragged off to pay off her debt in the mine, Caspian would throw him out. And her boy would be sick, alone, and have no one to provide for him.

There would be no one there when he inevitably died...

From disease, or hunger, or the unending violence of the Warrens.



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It had taken two grown men to hold her down, dour Kieran and the stunned doctor finding the malnourished Omega stronger than she looked.

When she dared to set her teeth to his arm, Kieran slapped her hard enough to split her lip. He boxed her ear the moment she tried to pull out her IV and scramble away. And then in a voice so unlike the rage on his face, he calmly asked her why.

Shaking her head, feeling foreign food roil in her stomach, she begged with wide, wet eyes.

“Is it that you are afraid of needles?”

Confession was the only answer, one that was all the easier when a surprise prick of a needle left her floating on undulating apathy. Two blinks, a stuttering breath, and she let him press a pen into her fingers. Glancing at the sharp object, at the crumple of paper he pressed to her thigh, Wren coughed... and found it didn't hurt that much.

They had already been treating her for days. She already owed too much to ever pay when the bill came due.

Ink flowed over white paper. Paper with not even a dusting of dirt or a stain of mud. Paper that had not begun to mildew. I'd rather be sick.

Steely eyes took on a glint that didn't fit such beautiful features. “You'll die.”

I can't pay! I can't go to the debtor's quarry. Not yet. My boys need me. I can die when they're old enough to take care of themselves.

The curl of Kieran's lip was not from amusement, or even scorn. It was from absolute incomprehension, as if what she said was unfathomable. "You're not going to die, Jax."

Wren said nothing, only stared at him, her lip trembling despite the drugs. Of course she was going to die. Everyone died. Especially in the Warrens. She'd be lucky to live to thirty even with perfect health.

No one lasted. Everyone ended up buried in mud, weighted down with stone so their bodies did not float up once they started to bloat and decompose. Just like the children buried behind her home. Just like all her dreams. Tie a rock to it and let it sink deep, deep down.

The Second Alpha glowered, a look far too similar to Caspian's. "What good would you be to us sick? We take care of the girls in the pen. Caspian already spent a fortune on that special science muck he's been feeding you, and Toby's paying for your care. Me, I've been relegated to nursemaid... and believe me, I've got much better things to do than sit by the bedside of an ungrateful Omega."

Sit at the bedside? Had he been here all this time?

Sinking into the pillows, and there were many, Wren took notice. She was in her own room. There were no curtains dividing her from other sick patients. There was even a window showing a view she had not seen since her father tossed her out of his moving vehicle right into the stinking mud.

This wasn't a Warrens' shanty town clinic. The posh facility was midlevel, there was even a little bit of horizon between the tall buildings.

"Haven't seen it in a while, have you?"

It wasn't exactly as she remembered. Drab... it was drab, no less spectacular than the light reflecting off the morning mud down below. But it was light, and it did hold a certain appeal.

The shuck of a belt, the metallic click of the buckle, all ignored while Wren took in the view. Tooth by tooth, the sounds of a zipper descending, then the atmosphere grew full of a scent that softened the astringent air.

From the corner of her eye, Wren could see Kieran pumping his fist in a measured stroke down an impressive erection. Slow, the way she'd learned he liked it. Staring at her watching the view.

How he found any of this stimulating, she'd never know, but she met his heated gaze and held it.

“Right there, that fucking look in your eye is so goddamn hot.”

What look? Resignation? But Wren was fooling herself. She'd been staring doe-eyed and full of nostalgia—maybe even wonder at that drab bit of sky. There had even been a soft smile playing at her lips as if this was her normal and she'd get to smile at the view every day.

She used to...

It hadn't been all bad with her family. There had been times it had even been... nice.

And she had never gone hungry.

Starvation and how to cope with it was something she'd learned in the Warrens.

In this moment, in this room, even if her body ached under the drugs, she wasn't

hungry. Caspian had fed her. Kieran had bathed her. And Toby...

“Fuck... keep looking at me just like that.” Fist dragging upward, he pulled foreskin over a swollen crown. His slit oozed, a thumb running a circle over the mess before Kieran reversed direction and stroked from tip to base.

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He liked to watch. Apparently that extended to her just sitting still. But she let him, that view cascading over them both, holding his eyes as he fucked his hand and made enough noise anyone outside that door would know an Alpha was seeking pleasure.

Standing from his chair, cock and balls framed by an open zipper, Kieran closed the small distance between them. “You don’t have to suck me, but I want you to swallow when I shoot my load. I want to be in your belly, sweet thing. Your first real meal that wasn’t jammed down a tube.” He took the back of her head, drawing her closer. “I can be gentle. Be a good girl and show me that you’re grateful.”

Spermy slime smeared her split lip. It stung, Wren unblinking as she met that gaze. And then he pushed inward, gently. Crown popping between her lips, the man managing to throw back his head, yet still hold her eyes.

Fist moving at a furious pace, he grunted in time with his hand.

Unsure why she did it, Wren gave a lick to the weeping slit staining her tongue. That was all it took, that one simple enticement before her cheeks flooded with flavor, and the Alpha groaned out a string of expletives—calling her a dirty slut no less than three times.

Cunt. Whore. Pretty, pretty tart.

That last one almost make her smirk.

It took several measured swallows to get it all, to feel his spend coating her esophagus and churning in her belly. A portion dripped from the corners of her

mouth, running down her neck to blemish the collar of her hospital gown. The Alpha didn't mind it one bit. Cock still bobbing in her face, he rubbed what leaked into her throat, sighing as if this was something he'd needed.

Maybe he had. A swallow from his fancy, dazed Omega set him at ease.

The doctor cleared his throat.

The connection was severed, Wren's cheeks hot with shame to realize another person been witness to whatever insanity was just shared between them.

Backs of his fingers ran over the bone of her cheek, Kieran chuckled to see her so undone. "It never lasts, this look. All the girls in the pen lose it in time, though sometimes they try to fake it, but I can always tell."

It never lasts because every last one of those women had been broken. It faded because those women were not loved, not by the males who kept them. Maybe even not by themselves.

Wren wanted to tell him this, but the pen and paper were gone, and unlike Toby, he had no interest in learning sign language. The Second may have been beautiful, maybe on some level he even thought his intentions were good—he certainly spoke in passion as if he did—but he was missing a fundamental piece of his soul.

Like Caspian, like charming, crazy Toby, Kieran was not a good man, and probably never had been.

And if she let them, the three of them would try to eat her until she was no different than jaded Rosie.

Caspian who stole her from her home. Kieran who liked to fuck her at her weakest

moments. And Toby...

Her shoulder began to itch.

Absently scratching at the hospital gown, a gurgle of heartburn burned in her breast. Abandoning her shoulder to press against her sternum, Wren winced.

The noise she made drew the attention of the two men. Both watched very closely, but it was the doctor who asked, "Are you in pain?"

She wasn't in anything, not with whatever drugs he'd pumped into her system, but she was something. Confused? Suddenly uneasy?

She'd played Kieran's game; she had submitted to his pack... and found oblivion speared by Toby's malformed cock. Pain, pleasure, all thoughts skidding to a mental halt until only the body existed and the mind had floated far away.

She let the Third do as he wanted with her, and her body had relished Toby's brand of defilement in its own way. Because Caspian had been holding her, and Kieran had watched over.

But, Toby must have damaged her badly enough that she ended up here.

God, her chest hurt. She could feel pain, horrible gnawing pain no matter if she exhaled or held her breath. The room was spinning, the sounds of beeping machines fading into the hum of blood in her ears.

A pin light clicked, searing brightness burning through her pupil as the doctor forced open her lid. "She's going to pass out if he doesn't calm down."

"I'll deal with it." Again, Kieran gave her that look before he left the room.

Down the hall it sounded like something was breaking, shouts and roars. “I want to see her!”

The thumping pain redoubled until black crept through Wren’s vision and all went quiet.

The next time she woke, Kieran was back, the catheter was gone, and a second IV port was in her other arm. “Breathing treatment first, then food. And if you submit like the good girl Caspian says you are, I’ll take you to visit your boy.”



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She sucked in air from the misting cup made to fit over nose and mouth. Without complaint, she ate a bowl of the same green sludge Caspian had fed her in her room. Sludge she now knew was more than food. It was alive, worked on the body from the inside out. Cost a fortune.

Because she was no good to them as a whore if she was sick.

And for some reason, she had woken up in a foul mood. Clearheaded, finally, she obeyed Kieran so that there would be no more injections or random swallows of creamy cum.

But bitterness tinged her actions. Wren had played their twisted sex games. She had kept her part of the bargain. And if Kieran didn't keep his and take her to Mikael, he was going to pay. All this was in her glare as she swallowed the last taste of sludge, and slammed down her spoon on the tray.

“Feisty.”

Fuck you. Everyone knew that universal sign.

His attention piqued, Kieran raised a brow. It made him even more handsome, and made her even angrier.

“I can't tell if that's you or him, but I like it.” He helped her up, his normally cold sneers replaced with an oddly chipper wink. “Don't be sore. I always keep my word. You can have your day with your boy.”

And she did. She had the perfect day sitting on the edge of Mikael's bed and talking with someone she loved so much it hurt. She had a day of seeing him eat until he was full. A day of smiles.

A day to remember why she was doing this.

When Kieran told her it was time to go, she didn't argue or sneer. She smiled at the Second with real joy, and thanked him.

And obeyed.

Back in her room, despite the aches in her joints, she unhooked his buckle and let her unskilled fingers show him just how grateful she really was. She would be the best whore they ever had, please them in every despicable way so long as her boys were healthy and happy.

When Kieran growled and bent her over the bed, it wasn't like the last time in Caspian's room. He didn't hurt her or try to make her cry. The calculating caution he used when he shunted forward left her pushing back against him. She took his cock, sighing as he rocked her against the mattress.

Reaching under her hips to tease her clit with the soft stroke of a lover, Kieran brought her to orgasm in seconds. Wren kept her eyes open through the pitch and roll of pleasure, hissing at unexpected discomfort when his knot swelled to tie them into one.

She bore it looking out the window at a drab city and the sparking pink of a distant sunset as he shot his cum against her womb and pinched her clit until another wave of shimmering warmth left her milking his cock.

Praise was given with a kiss on the shoulder and long minutes of sure strokes down

her spine. “My mom never looked at me the way you looked at that boy. She sold me for more crack in her pipe. It would have been nice to have been looked at like that.”

Glancing over her shoulder at the Alpha standing between her dangling legs, Wren made the mistake of showing pity.

Kieran, more beautiful than one man should be, sneered. “Tell anyone I said that, and I’ll kill you.”

## Chapter 14

It felt strange to be back in the pipeworks. This wasn’t her home. The ‘big room’, as Rosie had called it, was unfamiliar in every way. Wren had only spent one disastrous day here, served Caspian, Kieran, and Toby one night before she’d woken in the hospital. And just like that was expected to nest here.

For now. In that brief encounter with Rosie, Wren had gleaned another key lesson. None of the girls were offered this room for long. Some of them coveted it.

Wren missed her true home, and knew it would not be long before Caspian found some new toy to play with and sent her packing. So long as Mikael was well, it would be a relief. This place made her skin crawl. As did the unfamiliar tapping in her chest.

A sign of the shrinking infection she hoped, but a sensation she was happy to see long gone.

One day she’d be able to forget about all of this. One day Caspian would fill her pockets with credits and send her off with a fortune in water. She’d be rich enough to see that both Mikael and Alec would have real futures away from the mud.

And that—that one dear thought—filled her heart with joy and made the stinking

room bearable.

That... and she'd be remiss to pretend that finding new machines dotting the blank spaces between gaudy furniture in the big room wasn't also a little touching. Dehumidifiers, something that looked an awful lot like the contraption she been attached to for breathing treatments, and other things she couldn't account for... which considering her experience in salvage, was something to say.

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It seemed the males really did want her to get better. Even if it was for their own selfish purposes, it made her feel like more than just a hole to fuck.

Kieran had carried her all the way from the hospital, pensive after their mating, to set her down in this transient place. He'd then ordered her to rest on that gross bed.

She had tried, but Wren was too...

Happy. Grateful. Hopeful for the first time in years?

There had been nothing in the world like watching Mikael talk about things he'd seen on the Cinema hologram. She'd never been able to provide anything but old junk she'd dug up, ancient tech, and now he had access to the panel in his room and the wonders people who mattered in the city enjoyed every day.

And now he wanted to star in holos.

Cute did not even begin to describe his enthusiasm.

Mikael was a good boy, but he'd never been a particularly optimistic one. And now he was going to be well; he was going to know the feeling of a full belly. He was going to thrive.

She'd make it happen no matter the cost.

She'd find him a place far away from the mud. Already a plan was forming. Caspian had promised her a year's worth of water when he was done. She would offer that

with the boy to someone who could teach him a skilled trade. Someone would take him, train him; someone she got to hand-select.

Of course, they would take Alec too. That one wouldn't want to leave, there was too much of the wild thing in him, but she'd convince him. She had to.

The farther both of her boys were from The Syndicate the better. There was no future in the mud.

The ghosts of kids buried behind her house could speak to that. And Wren had sworn she'd never bury another. It wasn't in her. Not again.

Not ever.

Heart thrumming on this high, genuinely delighted, Wren ignored Kieran's order to rest and went to the small desk where paper and pen had been left for her use. The joyous minutes were filled with putting all that feeling onto paper.

Gratitude. An explanation of love. A promise.

Heartfelt letters written and folded.

Before she could contain herself, paper grasped in her fist, Wren threw back her door and rushed through the pipeworks so she might give them to Caspian herself.

Slaves—she would not mock their position by calling those mulling about paid workers—gawked at her. Several tried to grab, but she was fleet-footed and had a sense of where to go.

It was as if a glowing cord lead her right to him—a world of possibilities. Instinct.

That should have been her first warning.

Her heart sang. It led her to turn right, go down stairs, make a left, and scurry over some scaffolding. It called her forward past dangerous men marked with the black hand of The Syndicate, Wren's white drawstring pants and large borrowed shirt Kieran had dressed her in before leading her out of the hospital flapping at her back.

She could see the Alphas, all three of them gathered on the same deck where she'd gone to barter for her boys a week ago. She saw them and she smiled.

Toby's eyes glowed as if he'd waited just for her, already gazing in her direction in anticipation of her rush from the shadows. Toby, grinning despite a face pinched with many cuts and terrible bruising.

Was his arm in a sling?

It was. The sight of it slowed her feet to the point she almost tripped head over ass. Instead that momentum kept her shuffling forward, her clumsy approach immediately noticed by the rest of the party on the platform.

Kieran gave a sharp shake of the head in a definite signal for her to leave at once, but Wren was determined: to thank the First who paid for Mikael's care. To thank the Third who saw that she'd been treated for a disease far worse than she'd suspected. Kieran had already been thanked with the willing use of her body and... what she suspected he really wanted. Wren had held him after the knot had diminished. She'd held him and purred, toying with his hair as she would have cuddled with her boys.

And because it was secret and because there had been no one to see, he had closed his eyes and reveled in it. For all his odd ways and his little cruelties, he might be the most damaged out of all Caspian's pack.

Yet there he was, glaring.

She would make this quick then.

On the catwalk ahead, Rosie hung on Caspian's arm, her blue summer dress splattered with rose print and unbuttoned down to her waist. That loud pattern was fitting, glamorous even, for a woman so beautiful. It showcased the perky breasts still on display, drew the eyes to dark nipples that jutted toward the mouth of the man bent over her.



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Wren didn't need to sniff the air to know what ran down the Omega's thigh was Caspian's cum. He was still tucking himself away.

The stab that came with the sight, Wren would grow accustomed to. She didn't own these men. They owned her for a time. And so long as they kept their word, she would play their games and remember what this was.

Natural feelings were unnatural here. They were to be ignored and forgotten.

And so Wren tucked that unwarranted stab of sadness away and smiled all the larger.

It didn't matter that the other Omega hissed at her approach. It didn't matter that she reeked of Caspian, and even a little of Kieran... whom Wren had given herself to less than an hour before.

Letters tight in her fist, Wren went to the First.

To the male who had stolen her.

To the first man who had told her she was not defective.

To a person she greatly feared and could never thank enough.

And slipped her arms around the stiff Alpha's middle to give him a genuinely heartfelt hug. She didn't even mind the hideous coat touching her, or the shock she sensed when he braced as if she'd burned him. She embraced him, her ear to his heart, and smiled as if all was right in the world.

He didn't purr. That was okay. She did, loudly, so loud it rang in her ears.

Pulling back, she went on quick tip toe and pressed a chaste kiss to his cheek before stepping back.

Eyes on her mouth, he scowled, dragging his thumb down her split lip. "What's this?"

Miming waking surprised and thrashing, she tried to get him to laugh. He didn't.

His loss.

Letters somewhat rumped from her fist, she smiled at the male and held out the one with his name scratched on top. Pinching it from her fingers, face utterly blank, Caspian waited.

So she spoke in her way. Hands flowing with her excitement, Wren ignored all others to tell him exactly how she felt, knowing he could not understand, but hoping the sentiment came across.

Mikael is going to live thanks to you! Do you know what that means to me? There is nothing in the world I love more than my boys. Nothing. And today I saw my youngest smile, I saw him feel like he might have a shot at the world. I saw him come alive.

He laughed and it didn't hurt him.

Thank you! Thank you with all my heart!

I will repay this kindness. I swear it.

Glancing toward the seething Rosie, Wren gave her a friendly smile, knowing she had interrupted time the other female prized with Caspian. Pressing her hands together in supplication, she wordlessly asked the Rosie's forgiveness for intruding. And backed away, still smiling.

The other Omega's disgust was obvious. "What the fuck is she doing here?"

"Shut up!" Caspian snapped at his guest, pulling open the letter to read it over. It didn't take him long to absorb the message or to turn rich brown eyes back upon the bearer.

They were furious. "You were told to rest! I forbid you from ever stepping foot down here again!"

The unexpected boom of his voice made Wren jump, avert her eyes in immediate submission, and back away. But she still had Toby's letter to pass forward, so she held it out, glancing quickly to where the Third edged forward.

Caspian snatched the paper from her hands, tore it lengthwise, and threw it over the ledge. Sailing end over end, the two halves were caught up by all the pouring water. Ruined.

Wren's eyes tracked the path, earlier exuberance melting into a chill when it fell into the churning cistern. Her page was caught up by clean water and washed down a path that led right where Wren had first entered Caspian's domain.

A figure far below was waving, face alive with excitement to see her. A boy with the painted black handprint of the Syndicate marking his face shouting, "Jax!"

Alec.

The boy she had bought with her body, jumping and exuberant to get her attention.

This... no...

Why was he here? Why marked as if he'd joined this band of criminals and murderers?

Like a snuffed out candle, the joy in her heart extinguished. Horror wormed its way into the hollow place, snapped through sinew and limb, and the icy clarity that she should have known better.

Daring to look at the seething male who'd forbidden her to come here, accusation sat clear on her face.

Caspian held no guilt in those mud colored eyes, only the glinting sting of entitlement. Clutched in his fist was her letter, a physical manifestation of her gratitude, and she could not help but stare at it as if it might come alive and destroy her.

Toby marched closer, speaking as if moving his jaw was difficult. "Go back to your room, sunshine. Now! I will come to you later."

This sinking feeling... this was what those who lived in the Warrens choked on every goddamn day.

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Disappointment. Betrayal.

Wren looked to the Second. Kieran wouldn't even turn his head her direction.

She'd been dismissed.

As if these men had a right to do so.

They'd made an agreement, she'd held up her bargain... and it began to dawn on Wren that all the while, all those days, Alec had been right here. He'd probably marched right back to the pipeworks once she'd dragged him home and demanded a place.

And to get that mark, Caspian himself had accepted him into the fold.

Stolen him. LIED.

Caspian, Kieran, Toby... all of them had lied to her. Used her.

Churning behind her breast, swishing anger began to wash away sticky shame. It pushed it out her fingertips and into the air to coat the males who should be cursed to suffer it.

Teeth on edge, she cut a glare back to the eyes of her betrayer.

She could feel the veins pulsating behind her eyes, knew her nostrils flared and an intense look of hate shaped her face.

There had been times in Wren's life when she had felt anger. This was so much more.

Rage flowed through her spirit, and sent her dashing away. Rage moved her feet on a path not one of them might impede until she'd jumped off rotting planks, ran over crumbling cement, and swung her way down rickety ladders all the way below where the child laborers were whipped and abused.

Where her boy looked to now be in charge. Of innocent slaves. Of fellow people.

One look at his Jax, and Alec's enthusiasm became the sullen frown of a culpable accomplice.

The kid thought to placate. "I know what you're going to say..."

Wren struck him. And it was not the open-palmed slap of a mother correcting her young. It was the backhand of a pissed off Warrens' rat ready to harm.

Alec hit the floor with a yelp, pushing himself to scream, "You don't have a say in my life!"

Hands flying, Wren had her fucking say. "Do you have any idea the things I've done so you wouldn't have to be here? DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY DID TO ME?"

"You've been put up special in the big room! Get anything you want." Sullen but loud in the way of embarrassed adolescent boys, Alec shoved her back and shouted, "Besides, the girls in the pen are taken care of!"

"HOW THE FUCK WOULD YOU KNOW?"

Dusting himself off and raising his chin, Alec boasted, "I'm a full member of the gang now. I've been there. It's nice. They have lots of food and water. Everyone

smiles when they touch you.”

She was going to be sick. He was a fucking boy already corrupted by this horrid place and the filth that gathered amidst so much clean water.

Seeing her pant, taking in the horrified whites of her eyes, Alec lost the smirk and cleared his throat. “Caspian is a great man—”

Never had she been so tempted to wrap her hands around Alec’s throat and end him. “He is not a great man. He’s a criminal who enslaves the most vulnerable so he might climb higher on their corpses. And you want to be just like him?”

Stubborn, obstinate and angry, her boy, her sweet Alec spat. “Yes.”

Wren hit him again, harder, knowing it would leave his ears ringing and linger in a bruise.

And while she reached for her kid’s shirt, while she hoisted Alec up with unusual strength and shook him, Wren had heard the cause of all this pain rush forward.

It was their fault! She’d face down the males who had stolen her child and ruined him. Who’d ruined her!

Seething, glad her lungs could take on so much damp air, Wren dropped the kid they thought they might steal and turned her back on him to face down the enemy.

Ready to burst from her flesh, she snarled, hissed, and flexed her fingers. Water rained down upon them, soaking her white hair, her borrowed white clothes, and left them all filthy in its decadence.

Caspian, massive in his hideous coat of human flesh breathed fast and angry. He

dared to glower at her as if she had broken their contract. As if she has threatened his family.

A year of water he'd promised her. Pockets full of credits. Two boys.

Bastard!

Behind him, Kieran held up his hand in caution. And Toby, that psychopath crooked his finger at her, calling out. "Come to me, darling girl. Step this way."

Never again.

Cracking his neck, Caspian crossed his arms over his broad chest, announcing, "Think of the other boy. It would be a shame if something—"

Color leached out of her vision, leaving greys and shadows, and a deep, abiding hate.

Wren didn't hear the rest of Caspian's speech or threats. How could she when a perfect piece of corroded rebar stuck out from the ancient cement, close enough that she might brace her foot against the ground and tear it out. Roaring, she hefted half the slab upward until it cracked. Watching the dust flake off her weapon, smiling to see a quantity of hardened rock still clung to the end of her perfect cudgel, she hoisted it high.



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Caspian stood taller before his men, before his slaves, and demanded, “Put that down before you hurt yourself.”

There would be pain alright. Theirs. She’d kill every last one of them.

And then he sealed his fate. “This farce of an agreement is behind us. You are mine, the boys are mine. Every last life in this fucking city is mine. Don’t think I won’t hesitate to harm the other one if you don’t obey.”

The other one? This bastard didn’t even know the name of the boy he threatened.

Animal noises came from her chest, a mournful wheeze twisted in a raw, chattering growl.

There was a point all males knew not to push an Omega past, a point that led to unyielding bloodlust. She became something else.

A creature that would single-mindedly defend her young. A creature who could not feel pain. A creature who would not stop until death.

She was going to kill this man, beat him to death with the metal rod she’d torn from hardened rock.

“Stop threatening her boy, boss!” Toby pushed forward, snapping his teeth at Caspian before his wild eyes met her unblinking gaze. “Put down the weapon and come to me, mate. Mikael will remain unharmed. You have my word.”

Mate? Her grip tightened about the aged rebar, fingers going white. Word? Worthless.

Cajoling, singsonging false calm, Toby held up his hands patting air as if to calm her. “This is all a misunderstanding. Look, he even gave Alec a place. One with pay. Food. Water. You’ll be able to keep a close eye on him. Caspian means no harm to your boys.”

“Like hell I don’t!” The First Alpha stripped off his disgusting coat, dropping it to the mud, muscles bulging as he demanded surrender. “Submit, now, or I’ll cast him out on the street. Submit, or the sick one will drown in his own body’s juices. You are mine! I don’t give a fuck about our agreement.”

Greys and shadows bleached away until her world was only black and white.

Rearing back with a guttural scream, Wren launched herself at the betrayer, laughing at his roar.

## Chapter 15

Lashes crusted and gummed with drying blood stuck together when Wren tried to blink herself awake. The ground below her was cold and wet. She was soaked, naked, save for scraps of ruined cloth and the icy touch of heavy chains.

They weighed her down, pinning her to that rough cement floor.

There was enough light coming through the crack in the door to see her shackled hands and swollen, stiff fingers. Five of her nails had been torn off. At least three of her fingers were broken... and the blood. Her skin was scraped off.

Wren could see why. She’d attacked the door, the walls... herself.

Around the shackles on wrists and ankles was raw skin, torn when she'd tried to remove them.

She didn't remember doing it. She didn't remember being chained or thrown in this room.

All she could remember was Caspian's threats. Submit, now, or I'll cast him out on the street. Submit, or the sick one will drown in his own body's juices.

Well now she was lying in hers. Everything hurt: each muscle, each bone. Her split flesh.

So many bites marked her limbs. They burned, but nothing like the gouged flesh of her neck. Raw fingers had tested the skin, coming away bright red. She was still bleeding, just as her cunt still spilled cum if she moved.

It smelled of Caspian.

These were his bites. He had bruised her and torn her neck. And she could remember nothing.

He should have just killed her and been done with it. Shoving her into a dark closet to rot seemed too personal.

It was almost as if he cared.

That thought made her laugh, a thing she regretted immediately when scabbing skin stretched and oozed. If he thought to torture her, he'd better hurry. Infection would kill her in a matter of days.

Maybe this was Caspian's idea of compassion. Time to mourn her boy before

inevitable death carried her out of this hellish life.

Footfalls outside her door, the shadow of a man, and Wren began to sob. They could do whatever they wanted to her so long as she was reunited with Mikael and Alec in the afterlife.

And maybe, just maybe, he was bleeding now too.

Hopefully they all were. Caspian, Kieran, Toby... damn them all to burn in hell.

The iron crank of a rusted lock shrieked, encroaching light burning her eyes as the door parted and a man peered in.

“Are you sane?”

Considering the one who asked, Wren hiccupped—an almost laugh in all her misery.

Toby peered in at her, the look on his bruised face setting a thump in her chest that almost knocked the wind from her lungs.

“I don’t blame you, sunshine.” He slipped through the door, closing it behind them so just the two of them were sequestered in the shadows. Kneeling, he lifted her shivering body so she might rest against his chest and steal warmth. “I don’t blame you, but I do request...”—he spoke the word as if testing it. As if really wanting to say demand instead—“Yes, I request that you capitulate. You cannot win, sweet girl. You must apologize.”

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He smoothed sticky hair from her face, staring down at what must be horrible damage with a frown.

“So pretty...”

Teeth chattering—and yes, her tongue felt all of them—Wren could offer up only another sorry sob.

“Beg him for the lives of your boys. Do it now before it’s too late.”

That got her attention.

Despite the wreckage of her fingers and her bleeding wrists, Wren tried to grasp the front of his shirt. A shirt already marked with her blood, sweat, and tears.

“We will get past this, all of us.” He pressed a kiss to her aching forehead. “But only if you submit.”

Nodding emphatically, Wren gagged on the gore in her throat and tried to sign.

She would not be signing for some time. Truly mute, tears fell, the salt stinging as they ran their course.

He held her eyes, purring as if the sound might set her at ease. “Someday I hope you’ll tell me what that letter said.”

Before she might find a way to reply, he stood, hauled her up into his arms, chains

and all, and carried her sorry, half-frozen body out of the dark.

It was a short walk to Caspian's room, Wren noting that his hive seemed oddly silent. Beyond the sound of rushing water there were no yelps from whipped slaves, no barked orders from evil men. Just the water, the thrum in her chest, and the sound of Toby's breathing.

Two guards flanked the door, one opening it without so much as a glance at the bloodied, naked woman. And then she was inside.

It struck her how familiar the space had become. The scents swept through her nostrils, invaded her lungs, and set that constant throb in her chest to spiraling heights.

Caspian waited. Kieran too.

The pair of them stood in the center of the space, but Wren couldn't make out their expressions. She was too busy enjoying the wounds exposed by fresh clothes.

Even in all her pain, in all that desperation, she enjoyed that Caspian's eyes had both been blackened. That the corners of his mouth were crusted with blood. Under his clothes she pictured long strips of missing flesh, maybe even one of her missing fingernails burrowed deep to prick and harm.

These were evil thoughts. That man, that hateful, vile, deceiver had the lives of her boys in his hands, and though her chest thumped, her lips blubbered.

This awful person wanted her to scrape at his feet. He owned them all. His word meant nothing.

But he was her only chance.

Ground met her knees, Toby laying her naked, chain-draped body at the feet of his master.

Thoughts of Mikael smiling from his hospital bed, the sound of his laughter ringing clear with no tinge of a wheeze, and Wren broke.

Just like all the women in these caverns.

Clinging to his boot, lips pressed the laces, she wept a river of pain and begged.

Kieran's scent neared until paper and pen were laid beside her.

"Write that you are mine," Caspian demanded, draping the ultimatum in a seductive purr.

Manacled wrists moved together to pick up the pen, fumbled it, and tried again. It took agonizing ages to gather it in a fist only three fingers could grasp. Even longer to try to scratch upon the page, Please don't hurt my boys.

"Then submit." He crouched over her bent head, a hand tangling in her wet hair. "Write it."

The sounds that came from her as she penned his demand were pathetic, angry, horrible... but she did as he requested, that hand on her head oddly supportive.

I'm yours.

"You are." His fist tightened in her hair, gathering the mass back so he might yank her head upward to expose the worst of her wounds.

Her throat, she felt fresh blood pump from the open wound to trickle warm down so much cold skin.

“Look at me.”

Lavender eyes tracked over massive legs, a belted waist. They dragged over the fresh shirt that hugged a muscled stomach, flexed pectorals to a neck that had the tiny, swollen bite of a female mouth. He pulled her hair all the tighter until she met a gaze full of something she could not name.

Thumb swiping her tears, Caspian purred. “I was extremely impressed with your strength, little mouse.”

The unwelcome beat in her chest pulsed, shook her, and sent another escaped drip of Alpha cum to trickle from her pussy.

“It took hours to tame you and I enjoyed every last fucking minute.”

Fucking. Because he had fucked her raw.

He knelt even lower, pulling her ear to his lips. “And so did you, pretty mouse.”