



The Hunt: Emerald

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Category: Erotic, Romance, Paranormal

Description: When you're rounded up like cattle, taught to be breeders, and thrown into the woods for Alphas of all kinds to hunt you down and do with as they please... what is there left to do but fight?

Emerald

Omegas are nothing but pawns in my world. I was ripped from my mother's arms and thrown into a camp only to see my mother carted out in a body bag after they... the Alphas used her up. But I refuse to fall into the same pitiable fate... So, I chose to participate in The Hunt, where I'm released into a random destination, naked and burning with heat as a live offering to the strongest Alpha to capture me. My body nothing but a trophy to gain them riches...

But I'm no willing prey. I run. I bite. I fight. I'll bury my scent with the blood of any Alpha who believes they can hunt me down, and I'll win that prize for myself and be rid of this place! Or so I thought... until he finds me. One look, and my body betrays me. Powers flicker, limbs freeze, instincts scream. Terror and unwanted hunger drown out all thought.

But I won't surrender.

Even if I'm shaking.

Even if my soul knows his name before I do.

Even if I was born to lose this war...

I will fight.

Murdoch

Driven mad by betrayal, the only avenue to numb this madness is the hunt.

A savage sport t'at takes place in the Demon King Lust's 7th Hell.

The hunt, the barbaric tradition, is meant fer entertainment. The reason I participate fer Until '

The moment 'er scent hit the air, I went still. Mine

I dun know 'er name. I dun need tu. She belon's tu me

No otha Alpha will touch 'er.

She t'inks she can fight. She t'inks she can run. Let 'er.

Because I want the chase. I desire t'is hunt.

I feen for the moment 'er fear turns tu submission.

Run, wee Omega.

I'm comin'. An' when I catch yu...

Yu'll neva run again.

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Prologue

THE OPENING CEREMONY

Emerald

I stand on the podium... if you can call it that. It's more like a stage for slaughter. A wide, black stone platform, raised above the crowd that roars excitedly as if those of us up here are not about to be thrown into a death game.

The noise is deafening, thousands of voices screaming from all sides. The four great viewing zones are packed to bursting, tier upon tier of disgusting spectator. The sky glows with the shimmer of the four enchanted projectors, their magic casting perfect images of us for all to see.

Alphas, Betas, and hell... even some Omega's from other dimensions, worlds and kingdoms are here to watch. This is fucked up!

But while the fucking ominous floating dragon orbs hover and pan across us, primarily focusing on those who are crying or near tears...

They've got to get the fanfare going since all seven Hells are watching, some of the projectors show the definitions and meanings of secondary genders...

"Citizens of the 7th Hell and Hunt spectators! Welcome to this year's Grand Hunt!"

For those unfamiliar with our honored traditions, let us remind you of the casts that

shape this savage and glorious event given to us by our fevered seven Demon Kings!

First, THE ALPHAS.

Born to dominate. The apex predators of our society. Their strength surpasses all, their senses are unmatched, and their instincts are primal and unforgiving. In the Hunt, Alphas enter a heightened state of bloodlust and rut, making them unstoppable forces of nature. They hunt for glory, for blood, and for the right to claim.

Next, THE BETAS.

The balance-keepers. Immune to the savage instincts of Alphas and Omegas, Betas serve as the neutral force in our world, administrators, enforcers, and observers. Within the Hunt, Betas operate as Wardens, enforcing the ancient rules and ensuring the bloodshed remains within its sacred bounds.

And finally, THE OMEGAS.

The coveted prey. Marked from birth as the lowest cast, yet possessing an allure that drives Alphas to madness. Their bodies betray them with Heats, and their scents can trigger Ruts in any Alpha who dares chase them. In the Hunt, they run for freedom, most coming from impoverished nations or having been captured and sold as sex slaves due to their pheromones... some are even criminals! No matter! As long as they win the Hunt, they can gain their freedom!

Forty Omegas. Thousands of Alphas. One week of carnage each, in different time zones! One prize per Hunt!

And now... let the Hunt BEGIN."

My heart pounds, thunderous in my chest, but I stomp that shit down, holding my

own because I don't want them looking at me. I don't want them to single me out, so I grit my teeth, forcing my spine to stay straightened and my hands to stay still. My mind to stay clear... but it has the exact opposite effect. Suddenly, me and three other omegas pop up on the screens, all four of us without one tear, without a single emotion... without fear, which gets the crowd booing.

“BREAK THOSE OMEGAS! BREAK THOSE OMEGAS!” they chant spitefully.

Breathe, Emerald.... fucking breathe. Soon enough, I'm rewarded when the orbs grow bored with us showing no signs of fear and pan over, scanning the crowd again, followed by the hundreds... no thousands of Alphas maybe more in each of the four gates. I grit my teeth, fisting my hands. Thousands of them, and only forty of us.

That's ten Omegas per hundreds of Alphas. It's way too fucking clear we are not just prey... we are meat. The game is rigged, and we are meant to lose.

The Administrator of the Hunt steps forward. Her crimson skin, black eyes, midsize horns and dominating aura immediately quiets the chants. I'm sure they are all overwhelmed by her beauty. She's youthful, yet anyone with a brain would know she can destroy this entire stadium with a flick of her finger, so her looks can be deceiving... apparently the bitch has served the seven Demon Kings as their faithful servant in all lifetimes.

“A moment of silence to honor the Seven Demon Kings,” she intones, and the crowd falls silent as seven loud blasts resound.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Seven great flames are lit in seven different colors.

Red. Orange. Yellow. Green. Blue. Indigo. Violet...

Followed by the seven great statues behind the flames, each one representing a Deadly Sin, the seven white-haired, red eye'd Demon Kings who rule the hells with an iron fist and created this twisted game out of sheer fucking boredom a few millennia ago...

Lust. Wrath. Greed. Envy. Gluttony. Sloth. Pride.

Standing behind the depictions in the middle is an image we can barely see, representing the Demon Emperor. I don't want to talk or even think about THAT one...

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The crowd bows their heads. The Alphas snarl their devotions, and we Omegas... well, I don't think anyone cares what the fuck we do. But I can't help but send out silent words of hate to them and be glad they are not here for this Hunt. I hear when they disappear, the Hunt's attendance lessens, but every few hundred years, or so they will pop back up and change things for the worse, making things even more savage than they already are. I pray to the Source that the Demon Kings remain wherever they are.

Rumors state they were recently born on one of the Earths inhabited by humans. I can only imagine the malice in them, being born into a world dominated by the beings the Demon Kings despise the most. Nothing but calamity, death, and destruction follow every time they return.

After seventy seconds of silence, the Administrator unrolls a scroll and his voice rings out:

“Hear the Seven Rules of the Hunt as ordered by our Kings!”

She reads them slow, each word heavy and a punch in the gut:

ANYTHING GOES.

Alphas may kill other Alphas or Omegas without penalty. Any Omega may kill an Alpha?—

She pauses reading the rules, a low humiliating chuckle on her lips, and the crowd laughs with her, as if stating how ridiculous the very line in the rule is, and of course

she's right... because that's not how things normally go. But this time will be different...there has never been an Omega who has even killed an Alpha during the Hunt or won it, but I plan to change both those narratives.She clears her throat.

“Any who...” she continues on

All beings within the Hunt arena are able to kill and be killed. Bloodshed is expected, encouraged, and honored. No grievance shall be heard for the dead.

OMEGAS ARE CLAIMED BY RIGHT OF CAPTURE.

Any Omega caught may be used however the Alpha sees fit... body, bond, or otherwise. Consent is not required once captured. All acts are legal within the Hunt.

NO LEAVING THE GROUNDS.

All participants, whether Alpha or Omega, who cross beyond the Hunt's designated boundaries, shall be executed. No exceptions.

THE HUNT LASTS SEVEN DAYS.

The Hunt begins at the first horn blast and ends at sunset on the seventh day, after the final horn. No Alpha may claim victory, no Omega may claim freedom, and no prizes will be awarded before the seventh day ends and the eighth horn blows.

If an Alpha delivers a live Omega to the checkpoint before sunset on the final day, they must remain inside the checkpoint with their claim until the Hunt ends to be declared victor.

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Any Omega caught before the seventh sunset is still in the game and can still earn freedom as long as they reach the checkpoint unaccompanied by an Alpha.

Any Alpha or Omega caught attempting to flee the grounds early forfeits life and prize.

THE DEAD ARE LEFT TO ROT.

No retrieval of bodies is permitted until the Hunt ends. Corpses shall remain where they fall, as warning or as bait.

ALLIES ARE TEMPORARY.

Alphas may form temporary pacts, but no bond holds once an Omega is within reach. Betrayal is not only expected, it is tradition.

THE CHECKPOINT DETERMINES THE VICTOR.

To win the Hunt, an Alpha must deliver a live Omega to the checkpoint before sunset on the seventh day. Both Alpha and Omega must remain inside the checkpoint and alive until the final horn blows.

Alphas- simply catching an Omega is not enough. You must bring them in, alive, and hold them until the end.

Omeegas- simply surviving is not enough. You must arrive at the checkpoint unaccompanied by an Alpha.

If multiple Alphas reach the checkpoint with Omegas, the first Alpha to arrive with a claimed Omega is declared the victor and takes the prize.

If no Alpha delivers a live Omega or no Omega reaches the checkpoint by the final sunset, there is no winner. The Hunt ends.

Each brutal rule hangs in the air, echoed on the projections, making me feel as if I want to throw the fuck up, but I swallow that shit down fast, though a few Omegas pass out from sheer fear. The only thing that gets them is more time on the projectors and jeers.

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Focus... do not give them fanfare...

The Administrator lifts her staff and her voice rings out on all four livestreams.

“Alphas! Take your Oath!”

Deafening roars answer her as thousands of Alphas shout in savage unison.

“I am Alpha. I enter this Hunt for blood, for dominance, for the right of the strong. I shall kill as I will. I shall take what is mine. No law binds me, but the law of the Hunt. I shall not flee the grounds. I shall not cry mercy. Let the weak fall! Let the strong feast! And the wild decide!”

The sound shakes the very stones beneath us. The crowd surges to its feet again, wild with cheers. I grit my teeth harder, jaw aching. This is fucking madness. A spectacle of slaughter. This isn't a contest. It's a fucking culling!

Then the Administrator turns to us, her smile thin and sinister...

“Omegas,” she grins. “Speak your rules.”

The guards prod us. Together, the forty of us recite the words we were forced to learn in dull unison, almost as if ghosts fill the arena instead of people.

“We enter by choice or chain. We are prey. We may run, fight, or die. If claimed, we are no longer our own. If we cross the boundary, we die. If we reach the checkpoint alive on the seventh day, we may earn freedom. There is no mercy. No savior. This is

the Hunt.”

The crowd cheers again, as if we’ve promised them a fine hunt.

Fucking monsters.

Without ceremony, the guards begin herd us off the stage down the narrow steps and one by one we are handed tiny yellow and blue pills with a GG carved on them... and one by one before we are shoved into a single iron and wood box on wheels, they force us to place them on our tongues as the crowd watches them dissolve. Pheromone inducers...

I’d heard about these pills... apparently King Greed and King Gluttony love being bathed in phenomes and had harems that almost rivaled King Lust’s, but they were short a few hundred people. They created these pills to keep the pheromones going nonstop and they even get stronger over a seven-day period... I just thank the Source it’s not King Lust’s pill... it drives one mad for sex...

When it’s my turn, I do as I’m told, and I’m shoved in as well, where I see there are no seats. No comfort. Just a cage on wheels. Forty of us. In one box. Packed like sheep to slaughter.

As I, the last one, step inside, I don’t even have time to see the inside before the door slams shut behind me with a deafening clang, cutting off the cheering crowd outside like a snuffed flame.

Inside, we are silent, but I feel around and find a corner, where I lean my head back against it, heart now hammering.

Don’t panic Emerald... I practiced a bit before joining... I have strength! I am not a victim... you will win...

I will win!

Chapter 1

The Start

EMERALD

The carriage rattles beneath me on the uneven ground. Every jolt shakes through my bones and muscles, jolting me awake. Shit... how could I sleep at a time like this?

But hell, it's better to do it now since I doubt I'll get a lick of fucking sleep later. I rest my head on the chipped walls, listening to the groaning and creaking of the wood and iron, loud in the otherwise suffocating silence.

No windows. No light. Just a square box with magic pulsing faintly beneath the floorboards, humming cold and unnatural like a warning that states our fates are sealed... but I think this is an unnecessary ass warning, heavy on the overkill. I mean, if being herded like sheep into a cold dank box isn't warning enough, then shit... I don't know what is...

I don't know about the others, but just seeing those big ass, carnivorous midnight horses with sharp, shark-like teeth that draw this box was enough to keep my ass quiet.

Not to mention, there are death reapers that guide them to make sure none of the Omegas try to run away. Shit... fuck... damn, I must be out of my fucking mind... for agreeing to do this Hunt!

But I know I'm not. I'm completely fucking sane, and I'm tired. Although there are no seats, only thin, worn cushions scattered across the wooden floor like an

afterthought, I sit my ass cross-legged on the hard planks, waiting just like the other Omegas that occupy the small space.

Nobody says anything to one another... what's the point? This ain't no kumbaya moment to be bonding with bitches when the next minute they, or hell, I might be dead. So we all just sit quiet and stoic in the respective corners we'd taken up, heads bowed, jaws clenched. The air reeks of fear, determination, worry, and more than anything... pheromones.

We were rushed down into the box and forced to take pheromone inducers. All of us seem to have very thick and cloying scents that counteract each other. I can't speak for the others, but the shit is giving me a headache. However, I'm not going to complain when we all have no control over it.

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The box rattles again, louder this time. The magic beneath the floor hums hotter, sharper, almost as if it knows we're getting close, knocking all sleep from my mind. Shit... I rub the palms of my hands on my thighs, but there's no point in doing that either when I'm naked...

"I-I changed my mind," I hear from the other corner of the box, and I see it's a girl sobbing into her palms before clawing at the iron collar around her throat. "Please! By the Source, please! L-let me out! I don't want this! I... I don't want to die!" she cries and sets off another Omega near her.

Damn, now I really can't sleep. Their whimpers turn into haunting wails.

Their fear thickens the pheromones in the box, making it heavy enough to suffocate on, but I don't move. Neither do the three other women beside me... the same ones who were cast on the projector and showed no emotion.

At that exact, moment a projector pops up in the middle of the box carriage, and as if to give us all a big, "Fuck you," the Administrator's face and voice come through loud and clear with a repeat of the rules.

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After the announcement, we continue to sit in silence. Four still shapes among the wreck of panic. One has her eyes... well, her eye, because she has one covered with a black patch, closed, as her lips move in some silent chant. One with glowing red eyes stares into the darkness, deadpan as if she's thinking about nothing and cares about nothing, and the other, whose pupils are white, blinks calmly with determination in her eyes.

And me?

I keep my back straight, stare locked on the door. My breath is steady, my heart slow, because there is no backing out. I chose to be here.

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Perhaps the other three girls feel the same way, but I have no intention of being a victim. I came for the prize. For the victory. For freedom on my own damn terms.

The carriage jerks again, wheels grinding against rough earth. I place my palms on my thighs, steadying my breath.

No one speaks. We're all thinking the same thing, in our own ways: The Hunt is coming.

My mother's words drift through the back of my mind, sharp as ever. You run, and fight. Never let an Alpha catch you.

She's probably turning over in her grave right now at what I'm about to do, but I can't change shit now. I made my choice the moment I signed up for The Hunt. I'm not here to be broken. I'm here to win.

The carriage lurches hard and stops. Silence crashes, thick and absolute. I see the others glance at one another, eyes widened in wait.

BANG.

The lock snaps, and the iron door slams open with a shriek. Blinding daylight floods the box, making me squint, but I refuse to flinch.

A massive figure stands in the doorway... a death reaper, concealed head to toe in a black cloak and mask. Its presence hits like a wall... powerful, sharp-edged, laced with command. The smell of rotten decaying flesh pours into the box, making me

want to gag, coiling around us.UGH...I wrinkle my nose, cupping it, unable to help it, just like the others.

“Out,”its voice pierces the ears like nails on a chalk board and before I can blink, me and about ten other Omegas are snatched from the carriage by the neck, not leaving us room to say or do shit.

FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! I’M NOT READY!

The death reaper quickly uses its hands to try and shove the Lust pill that’s a tiny circular red pill with a simple L carved on it in my mouth. When I try to avoid its smoky grip, smoke goes up my nose, cutting off my breathing, forcing my mouth open and it shoves it directly into my mouth.

I try to spit it out, but it covers my nose and mouth with its smoky hands, leaving me no choice but to swallow the damn thing. It lands at the very bottom of my belly like a fucking hot piece of coal and IINSTANTLYlight on fire.

“AAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH! FUUUCKKKK, IIIIITTTTTTTT BURNNNSSSS!!!” I scream at the top of my lungs in sheer fucking agony, heat spilling from me everywhere.

Delirious, I kick my legs, feeling like I’m going to die as the thing turns my face left and right, seemingly inspecting me. In my haze, I’m somehow able to land a kick. The being is lighter than I expect, almost as if it’s a pile of bones. It drops me and staggers back, and in its confusion, I see the other Omegas still in the box watching, some with fear and tears in their eyes, but the other three... it’s as if their eyes convey a single word of encouragement...Fight!

I gasp for air, fire lighting in my belly as the death reaper staggers up, cocks its head to the side, and lets out an eerie laughat me and the others as we squirm on the

ground, clutching our burning bellies before the reaper dematerializes. Shit! What's happening?!

"H... h..." I can't speak because my insides clamp together, fiending for something. My throat is parched even though there is drool pooling from my mouth. My pussy walls constrict like a boa, gripping at air, crippling me.

"UGNNNN! FUCKKKK UGNNNN!" I punch at the ground, panting, drool leaking from my mouth and wetness pooling in my center. I cough, peering up where I hazily see the box's door shut and start to cart off. Shit! Shit! I think to myself as I crawl after it. What is this fire burning in me?!

I glance over to the others... I count nine other Omegas, even though my head is spinning. Fuck! My heart pounds and my stomach cramps up as if begging for something, and I know all too fucking well what it wants, but I'll be damned if I give it anything!

I try to stand and run, hot liquid pouring from my center, and I hear the signal to the start of the Hunt.

BWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM! The horn is loud, head-splittingly tumultuous as it rolls through the forest, making me wither in pain. Ahhhhh shiittttt!

When it ends, the iron collars on our necks let out distinctive

Click

After that, the chains on our hands fall to the ground.

Clink

I pant, thanking the Source, but I groan when multiple grating howls and roars that shake my core follow, nearly knocking me off my feet from the sheer hunger radiating from them.

“AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

“AAAAAWWOOOOOOO!”

Deep, nasty, horrible growls come from the woods, and I shake my head. Fuck! It’s started?!

My heart, no, my entire body pulses with a need I never knew I could feel, but I pant, locking my knees, swaying and looking from left to right, back and forth, delirious. When I hear rustling from a distance and loud, savage steps pounding into the dirt. My foggy brain is barely functioning, but I get it working enough to know I need to run. I need to get the fuck up out of here...

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I don't even stop to check on the others still withering in the dirt... why? I'm not here to play captain save a hoe. We might be out of our mind, but we know what the Hunt is. We know what we signed up for. I walk past them, ready to leave their asses in the dust, but I pause looking back, staggering and swaying.

"I... if y'all w-want to live... you... you b-better run!" I pant, wheezing, not even bothering to see if my words get through to them. I just say what the fuck I need to say and move.

With nothing but the Source's willpower, I heed my own words and run blindly, unabashedly, and frightened. I have no idea what the fuck is coming, but one thing I do know is... I won't let it catch me.

I turn to the vast forest before clutching my chest, heaving, and doing the only thing I can. Run some more! Fuck trying to get any air in my lungs. I don't know how I know, but I have a feeling breathing will be the last fucking thing I will be worried about if one of those... those beasts get to me, and I can feel them getting closer and closer.

With all my might, I sprint into the greenery. Even though the forest pulsed with an unseen danger, I can't focus on that. And as if to fucking throw fuel on my fucked up state of mind, rain starts pelting down on us hard and fucking heavy, making the ground slick and hard to run on.

FUCK!!!

I need to get away from the center where they dropped us off at... that will probably be the first place those fucking Alpha's look!

But I have a secret... unlike the others, I didn't come here with nothing... I have power... I'm not completely helpless. While I might not know how to use it completely, since I just manifested it and then signed up for the Hunt, I can somewhat use it. Well, I fucking thought I could, but for some reason, I can't remember a damn fucking thing I practiced before coming here. Is it the heat burning inside me?

Fuck! I did hear that they induce heats, but I didn't think it would be this strong. I have never had a heat so all-consuming and greedy like this one.

Not to the point I can feel my pussy ache with want each time I run and my lips rub together. I don't even know how I'm on my fucking feet right now when I want so fucking bad to drop to my knees, shove my fingers deep in my pussy, and lick on them. I'm so fucking down bad! I want to fuck something... hell, anything! But I refuse!

I ignore these false feelings and do my best to just keep going. In my haze, the forest throbs under my feet. Each leaf and tree I pass seems to whisper encouragement. The wind that I am barely able to breathe in pushes me forward, and the earth under my burning and cramped legs miraculously hides my footprints.

I run for hours... but it feels like days! Hell, longer, but it's worth it since I'm not at the center! Though I know I'm still in the first twenty-four hours of the hunt because I haven't heard that damn horn. I stop, gasping for breath, my power out of control, feeling as if it's attacking me rather than working with me. **FUCK! GET YOUR SHIT TOGETHER, EM! YOUR FREEDOM IS ON THE FUCKING LINE!!!**

I groan, biting my lips, squeezing my eyes tight, and though I want to lay the fuck down and catch my breath, the sound of an Omega screaming and thick grunts of pleasure rent the forest, telling me that one of them has been caught by someone... or hell someones!!!

“UUUGGHHHHNNNNN! NOOOO!! YESSSS!!! UGHNNNN AHHHHH!!!!!”

Grunts of pleasure fill my ears, making my pussy throb and Lust... is thick in the air. It makes my body fucking plead for something thick to fuck me just as hard as the beasts I hear fucking that Omega... but I beat my feet across the earth, running from the bullshit. I can't listen...I have to keep moving.

I know deep in my heart and soul if I stop, I might die, or worse. I might be claimed, and from where I stand, being claimed is no better than being a slave.

I REFUSE!

Branches whip at my skin, thorns tear through my feet, but fuck this pain! I don't feel it anymore... I only feel fear and a desire to survive, along with this burning heat.

Wheezing, I make a mistake and a boulder protruding from the ground that I did not spot earlier trips me. Even though I could have easily moved or softened it with my abilities, this burn deep in my belly is getting worse, spreading through my veins like hellfire.

This heat!

It's making me stupid.

Weak.

The last things I need to be in this moment. I need strength... I need— A howl shatters the air, quieting my thoughts, and awakening my body. This howl is different. It's violent, powerful...DOMINANT. It's distant, but to me it might as well be right up against my ears. For a second, the howl shakes me, causing a different kind of lava to pour from my belly.

“UGNNNNN!” I pant, listening for that howl again before I shake my head, blinking...I’m out of my fucking mind! I need to be running!

I scramble on my belly behind a fallen tree, heart thudding like war drums in my ears. My hands tremble as I press a palm to the forest floor, drawing on the power buried in my blood.

“Please! Please! Please! Source, cover me! Protect me! Shield me!” I whisper help me.

Nothing.

I’m way too drained, scared, and burning fucking hot to do a damn thing right now, but I still find strength in myself to get up, fighting even against the rain pelting harshly against my feverish skin, sizzling from the frenzy burning in me.

The trees whisper warnings as I stagger to a stop, listening to my instincts, breaths coming in ragged gasps. I’m grateful I listen because in that moment, three grey Alphas emerge from the shadows, lips curled, dull red eyes cruel and burning with carnal desire.

Fuck...

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I knew it... Omegas in heat don't get far. Not when they exude pheromones like perfume.

I watch them on guard as they bare their medium-sized, sharp fangs, growling and circling me as if to taunt me.

Delirious, I fight my heat off with sheer willpower. Even in this fevered state, I have only one instinct left: survive.

Chapter 2

I Must Fight

EMERALD

I have to get the fuck away! I have to run! But I know I can't. In this moment, fleeing is impossible... I can only fight.

"You smell like you want to be fucked," one Alpha says, licking its lips. "Let us ease your pain."

"Yes, little Omega... drop to your knees and part those pretty lips to beg to take our cocks into your mouth, and we might let you live... after we fuck you enough."

I can tell from the smug looks on their faces they want me to cower... they want to me beg and fucking plead for my life, but they got me fucked up. There will be no begging, and I for fucking sure will not be using any of the shit that fucked up camp

taught us ever in fucking life.

Instead, with what little strength and sanity I have left, I lift my head in defiance, staring at them with repugnance, which pisses them off and makes me smirk.

“You bitch! No, you whore! You dare look at us with defiance?!” one of the other two snarls, and I chuckle.

“Well, you’re barking so cutely like dogs, I couldn’t help it,” I taunt, feeling a tad bit of coolness flow through my veins. My vision clears, and the heat in me turns to rage.

“Oooo, this one’s a fighter! Do you think she’s like that black bitch in zone four?!” one snaps, and I feel something in me crack. I don’t deserve this... none of us did... we have to hear this bullshit and contend with this fucked up world that only caters to Alphas for fucking what? Just because we are Omegas?

I hate fucking Alpha’s!!! I fucking abhor them all.

“Oh ho! You dirty whore. Try saying that while you’re withering in pain with my dick shoved inside you.”

“I am the pain,” I whisper and conjure up magic to snatch the small twig near me off the bush and sharpen it. I lunge at the first Alpha just as it leaps at me. Skillfully, I’m able to dodge its fangs, jamming the broken edge of the twig hardened and sharpened by my magic into its neck.

Its roar shakes me, but it doesn’t move me much. It knocks me back, slamming me against a tree trunk, but I react and soften the bark, bouncing back up, when the Alpha catches me by the throat.

I kick at it, but it only laughs as it holds me up high for the other Alphas to see.

“See?! See how easy this was?! I won! I wo—”I’ve lived on my own for a good while, so it’s nothing to beat a mother fucker ass, so I kick my feet up and wrap my legs around its face, disgusted when my pussy nearly touches its gasping lips. But I can’t focus on that.

I suffocate it with my legs and snatch out the twig that was lodged in its throat with a sickening snap. Swiftly, I plunge the twig through the top of his skull, causing blood to geyser from his cranium as it staggers forward. It drops to its knees, and I fall to the ground, clutching my neck, watching it bleed out.

But I don’t have time to rest... because the second Alpha comes up from behind, trying to snatch me up in another chokehold. However, rather than trying to subdue me like the first one, this one is clearly going for the kill.

That’s a big fucking mistake, because I’ll never fucking fail.

I let my body go limp, baiting him, letting it think it can get me, but when it adjusts to get a better grip on me, I pull my leg back as far as I can, then swing it with the swiftness of the wind onto its nuts. When that ain’t enough to get the son of a bitch to fall, I spin and sink my teeth deep into its neck until my mouth is full of iron and its pulse throbs against my tongue.

“AHHHHHHHH!”it howls and bashes me against the tree. Because my heat is boiling higher in me, my power flickers in and out, and I’m unable to soften the bark of the tree, causing it to bite into my skin. However, I refuse... I fucking refuse to let it go. I bite harder and grasp its Adam’s apple, my nails keeping the air from getting to its lungs.

Clearly it’s ineffective based on how long it fights me, but slowly, the fight leaves him until it collapses on the ground, twitching, dying near its friend. I turn my bloodied, bruised, and battered body to the third, who is clearly the smartest, baring

teeth at its comrades' deaths.

It backs away, but I lower myself and snatch the twig from the cranium of enemy number one, eyes glowing, ready for whatever it's about to throw at me. The Alpha's tail goes between its legs and its eyes go wide with fear.

"Y-y-you're n-not an Omega," it whispers. "Wh-wh-what the hell are you?! Wh-what the hell?!"

I ignore its question and take a step forward, ready to kill the next enemy standing in my way, but before I can, it turns tail and runs. I follow the fucking coward and make quick work of it, standing over its lifeless body, breaths coming in sharp pants, and I smile. Because to them, I'm no longer a prey. I'm their predator, and I'll be the one hunting them!

My hands are slick with my enemy's blood and it feels good. I go to walk off, but I stop, and think about the book I read when I was doing research on the hunt.

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Hide the pheromones. Drown it out! Alphas can't stand other Alphas pheromones even if they are weak, they hate and steer clear of them. It's like a bug repellent... I don't know how fucking true that book was but...

I crouch beside the last body, cut it open, and dig my fingers in its guts, fishing for its pheromone gland, barely having time to be disgusted. I feel for the soft, round organ in his belly and yank it out with a grunt hearing a low...

Snap

I pull out the small sack, frowning at it, grossed the fuck out and wanting to gag, but I can't...not now. Without giving myself time to think, I smash it in my hands and smear the rank smell all over my body.

By the Source...I hear another Omega moan, crying and grunting, causing me to bite my lip, shaking. My heart aches. I want to help them, but I can't afford dead weight... if I help, it'll only put a bigger target on my back... fuck that. I came here to survive...

The deep panting and grunts of Alphas rutting the Omegas haunt me, but I don't stop. This is the Hunt... sympathy means falling into the same pitiable state, and I can't...

“UUUUUGGNNNNNEEEEE NOOO! WAIITTTT UUGNNNN!” I hear and I gasp, making a move to go to them.

“AWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOO!!!!” The same howl from last time permeates my skin, making me squeeze my legs and roll my eyes to the back of my head. I lick my

lips with a moan upon hearing it again.

“Ugnnn!” I swallow, panting, nipples aching, and pussy clenching. I close my eyes and gently listen to the grunts, ashamed as I pinch my clit with stupid envy in my body. I... want to be... fu?—

“AWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOO!!!!” That deep howl sounds in the woods again, and with tears of need, want, desire, and more than anything, lust, I withstand the crashing forces in my body. I finally stand and run off. Luckily, I stumble upon a cave that is ripe with lush green, dark enough for me to hide and light enough for me to see.

where I drop to my knees and turn my eyes to a plant growing from the stone wall.

It looks like one of those fly-trap plants, but in my delirium, I speak to it...

I need...help me... please...

The grunts of the Alphas rutting the Omegas is still hot and heavy in my brain...that howl all-consuming. I lick my lips and flip to my back, shamefully spreading my pussy and willing the grass weed to grow. I pant, feeling my eyes glow green and before my eyes, the weed moves. I don't know if I'm dreaming or hallucinating, but when the mouth of the plant opens and latches onto my clit, I gasp, biting my lips, shuddering as I feel a small suckling sensation.

“Mmmmm ugguuuuunnn!” I gasp quietly, not wanting to be found, but I spread my legs wider, letting it suck my clit more, heat pouring from my pussy onto the ground.

“AWWWWWWWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!” I inhale hearing that howl and my pussy grips around nothing, but the plant sucks harder as I convulse, cumming shamefully, passing out.

Chapter 3

The Hunt

MURDOCH

Isprint t'rough the forest, me claws tearin' intu the earth wit' each leap.

Trees whip past in red hazy blurs as me 'eart slams in me chest like a war drum.

I canna t'ink o' anyt'in' otha t'an blood an' rage....

Me howl rips t'rough the forest, shaking the tree I hang on. The sound tears out o' me raw, ragged, the voice o' a creature hollowed out by madness, an' t'at slowly 'as taken ova me mind...

Banes root.

Fer t'reeyears, the poison 'as coiled t'rough me blood, thick an' burnin', ovatakin' me day by feckin' day. I'd t'ought the Hunt would 'elp, t'at it would give me time, but instead, it's only fed the t'in' eatin' me up inside.

As I 'ang from the tree, I huff, snout in the air sniffin' as scents 'it me thick an' fast. Sharp, sweet, sickenin'. Omega heats....

The air is full o' their pheromones... their fear... their lust, their deaths, but I dinna care.

I let go o' the branch I'm holdin' ontu an' drop down 'ead first intu the statue in the ruined part o' the forest where t'ere are rarely any trees... I stay t'ere fer a bit, baskin' in the moon glowin' red behind me because in the forest the sun an' the moon hardly

peek t'rough

T'en I flip, landin' on me two feet wit' a loud thud, crackin' the ground. I tear t'rough the trees, nearly immediately comin' upon an Omega... a young man sprawled beneath the roots o' a tree, eyes wide an' glazed ova. Used... dead. Now jus' a trap fer Alphas who hunger for power an' money.

But only weak, greedy Alphas fall fer the ruse. Me howeva, the Hunt is'na about the prize.

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Na really. Na fer most of us The checkpoint is an aftert'ought. Fer me, the money is meanin'less. T'is is about the Hunt itself. The kill. The dominance. The blood. More importantly, it's about drownin' t'is madness in violence befer it eats me alive.

I pause in me track an' I sense 'em befer I see 'em, Alphas, who are tryin' tu hunt me as they 'ave fer the last t'ree years. T'ey always t'ink I'm the beast tu best. Tu some, the t'ought o' takin' down a dominant Lycan is better than huntin' an Omega.

I snarl, twistin' me mouth, bloodlust flarin' when ten o' 'em arise, a pack o' Ghouls, a dragon, Elks, goblins all barin' t'ere teeth bared.

I meet 'em headon, claws out, grinnin' as blood sprays, bones snap, an' me teeth sink into a t'roat befer I sling it an' lunge fer the otha's, graspin' one by the 'ead, punchin' a hole t'rough its stomach an' crackin' anotha's back on stone.

In a daze, I kill 'em all until the only t'in' remainin' in the air is death.

I throw me 'ead back an' howl. T'is time much louder, the sound echoin' t'rough the forest like thunder.

Suddenly, a new scent on the wind makes me cock me 'ead tu the side. It's na jus' any heat. Na like the others... it's more potent... Wilder. BURNING. It punches t'rough the 'aze in me 'ead, sharp an' electric, makin' me breath hitch.

Mine...

Another howl tears free, deeper, desperate, as I run toward whoever she is... whatever

she is. I will find 'er. It does'na matter... I'll 'ave 'er.

Chapter 4

The Beast

EMERALD

Wiping the blood of another Alpha from my chin, I pant, heat still bubbling madly in me.

The wind passes over me, unable to carry my scent, but for some reason... I still feel fear and anxiety. Even at night in the cave, even though I find some reprieve from the plant, I can tell the fire will not die in me until I get the real thing...an Alpha...Fuck!

I look down at my shaking hands and double over as fire licks at me from the inside, causing me to double over and collapse near the body I'd taken, panting, dazed. The fever writhes in my belly like a snake, but I stand and drag myself, using the rope I'd made to pull the body toward my cave where I drop it off, heaving.

I want to rest... but the stench of the Alphas on me is maddening. I smell like fucking wet dog! I want it off... even for a little bit. Maybe this method of keeping Alphas away isn't popular because it's making my heat hotter, having to contend with body being beat up by pheromones.

I wheeze, stumbling over to the rushing water not far from where the cave is, and I'm so fucking thankful when I find a small river. I don't even think... I dive in without a second of hesitation. But by the Source, I need this. However, not to be caught slacking, I keep my homemade weapons near and at hand.

I used some magic to harden leaves into an outfit that looks almost like the dress

belonging to Tinkerbell, setting them nearby so I can quickly change when I need to. You got this, Emerald. One day down... six more to go?—

BWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM! The sound of the second horn blowing grates on my ears and I look at the sky groaning at the rain still coming down...shit...

The wind stills and the leaves stop rustling. The river stops moving, and the fish scatter, only leaving the sound of the light rainfall, which ominously turns into a pure downpour...

Something is here.

Quickly and as quietly as I can, I try to put on my clothes, but something akin to fire overwhelms my body.

I have never had a heat so wild and ferocious that I feel as if I'm going to combust. I gasp for air, or at least I try, when the hairs on my arms rise. Before I can even hear the crunch of leaves or quiet my breathing, my hammering heart beats so loud in my ears it sounds as if the forest itself is pulsing.

With what little strength I have, I quietly go to my knees then on my belly, shaking, and crawling until I find tree to hide behind... trying to calm down, but fuck calming down. My body won't even listen to me. I grow short of breath and out of my mind. I slowly... ever so mother fucking slowly turn, only to have my heart leap out of my body with paralyzing fear.

It... whatever the fuck it is stands on two legs just beyond the mist, enormous eyes glowing red in the moonlight unlike any fucking thing I've ever seen. It looks like a monster summoned by my fear. Its hair is wild, black and curling at the ends, defying the rain as its fiercely large and sharp teeth bathe in blood. Its massive body stands well over what has to be seven feet tall, easily eclipsing my short five-foot-two frame.

Hell, its legs alone seem to take up my body!Run!

I'm paralyzed when I smell him. It hits me before I even realize I'm breathing it in, thick, and smoky, like embers burning low beneath ancient cedar and dark oak. The air hums with it, warm and rich, spiced with something raw... masculine...dangerous.

It coils around me, slides beneath my skin, in my pussy, and fucks me nastily without even being near him. I bite my lip as the velvet smoke and heat sink deeper into my pussy, licking my insides, causing every breath to hitch.

By the Source, it's not just a scent... it's a touch. A command. My knees weaken even though I'm already on the fucking ground as my pulse thuds in my throat, and my belly growls for more. I swallow hard, but it's useless. The smoke owns the air. Owns me. And the worst part? I want more. I want to drown in it. I want to fall to my knees and rise my ass in the air like the bitch in heat I am and let that thing... whatever these pheromones are attached to, fuck me to its heart's content, and then beg it to fuck me more...deeper and rougher next time...

It's hunger and possession. A real Alpha... I will myself to move but I can't stop hyperventilating as my body grows unwillingly hotter, heart beating in my throat, ears, and pussy...

Something that might as well be lava spills from me, and I hear a long, earth-shattering growl that I feel deep, deep, DEEP inside my being and my pussy.

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“Mmmm, yu smell like yu belong to me,” he growls, voice thick with something primal, ancient, and terrifying. The possessiveness in his voice causes me to scratch at my throat that wants to call out to that... that... thing. My hands that want to reach out to it and fight freeze. I squeeze my legs tight, prayerfully masking my scent that has blossomed in his feral presence.

I wheeze, delirious, head spinning, eyes running to the back of my head, nipples hardening as they're licked by the rain.

“I... I w-will never give myself t-to an Alpha!” I grit out, terror-stricken, but I won't fucking bow down!

“Litt'l Omega... who said anyt'in' about givin'? I'm goin' tu feck the heat righ' out o' that pussy, an' t'en an' only t'en will yu know... yu were powerless from the moment I caught whiff o' yu,” it growls.

Something I have never felt before simmers and simpers at this beast, and the desire flooding my body betrays my very will.

The book warned there will be Alphas who are more like betas... like the ones I killed earlier, but then there will be some where you can feel their aura like a sun boiling your blood. I remember reading that and frowning, not understanding when it said there is only one thing you as an Omega can do against those types of Alphas... I remember flipping the pages and only seeing one bold word as a stark warning...

RUN!

And that's what the fuck I do. The ground shakes when it lets out a nasty, calamitous howl in the air.

“RUN LITT’L OMEGA!... I LOVE A GUD HUNT.”

My legs go weak, but I pick myself up and will myself to run faster. Fuck... I’ll never let it catch me.

NEVER!

Chapter 5

The Scent

MURDOCH

“Raaaaahh— Ack!” The dragon roars as I smash me paw into ’is head an’ sink me canines into ’is scaly t’roat, rippin’ out its ore, the source of ’is power. I spit it out, growlin’, lowerin’ me ’ead an’ snarlin’, sendin’ a warnin’ tu the sons o’ bitches who dared surround me, who back up an’ sprint off into the dark forest as the rain begins peltin’ down.

I sprint off, drool, blood, an’ flesh flyin’ from me mouth as I continue my hunt, only tu stop in me tracks when a cool breeze comes ova me. I pause in me tracks, sniffin’ the air, huffin’ when a leaf breezes by an’ my eyes roll tu the back of me head. Again... t’at heat! Me cock unsheathes, leakin’ a profuse amount of cum as my belly grumbles so loudly the birds in the surroundin’ trees fly off in fear.

The scent is so potent, intoxicatin’...exhilaratin’. It’s a scent I’ve neva encountered in me life. Me mouth salivates, an’ the drool spills onto the ground as me tongue hangs out the side of me mouth, breath growin’ hotter wit’ me rut.

Earth an' wildflowers, soft an' rich, tangled wit' the sharp sweetness o' fresh rain. Delicate, yet it sends warnin' it won't be tamed. It's a scent t'at belongs tu the forest, tu the wild, tu no man... an' yet I know it shall be an' is mine. I snarl, hunger clawin' tu the surface.

Evera inhale is torture. T'at rain-slicked perfume wrappin' around me, draggin' me under. It seeps intu me lungs, drivin' me even more insane t'an I already am. Me body hums from it, me cock hard an' aching cum leaks, makin' me blood rush wildly t'rough me veins.

The scent o' 'er heat... the wet pussy beggin' tu be fucked even t'ough I know it's untouched. I bet it'll surrender tu the right Alpha...

I want 'er. Need 'er.

The hunger coils so tight around me cock it chokes me. Me vision sharpens, tunneled tu 'er an' 'er alone. I can 'ear the frantic beat of 'er heart beneath the rain. 'er scent calls tu evera savage instinct I possess, a siren's song meant fer me an' me alone. Mine tu chase. Mine tu take. Mine tu mark until t'at pussy remembers who she belongs tu.

I take astep toward her, an' anotha, every muscle tense wit' the fight not to lunge, not to tear away what little stands between us. I will ruin 'er with my need, an' she will t'ank me for it.

I sprint after the scent, ravenous wit' the need tu taste the bein' it's attached tu. I run so fast the ground shakes an' the trees break, fallin' over as I bound over tu the scent, salivatin' heavily, killin' any other Alpha in my way that had also caught the powerful whiff.

I dash t'rough the forest, crazed, t'at scent drivin' me insane. T'at aroma is mouth-

waterin', an' the hunger is extraordinary.

I WANT IT! I WANT IT! I WANT IT! I WANT IT! I WANT IT! I WANT IT! I
WANT IT! I WANT IT! I WANT IT! I WANT IT! I WANT IT! I WANT IT! I
WANT IT! I WANT IT! I WANT IT! I WANT IT! I WANT IT! I WANT IT! I
WANT IT! I WANT IT! I WANT IT! I WANT IT! I WANT IT! I WANT IT!

I growl, feelin' the poison in me veins drivin' me even more insane by the second...

No beast, Alpha or otherwise, can take somet'in' from me grasp when I deem it
mine, an' t'is Omega will be mine! Me ears prickle an' the 'airs on me body ache. I
hear 'er. No, I FEEL 'er...

It's as if freshflowers bloom ova the dark forest. Me nuts hurt, me dick aches, an' me
sanity cracks.

The world goes still, an' it feels like it's just me an' 'er. Me Omega an' me... me
prey... an' 'er predator. The moment she becomes aware, I see 'er reaction an' take
joy. She knows I'm here fer 'er...she knows 'er predator, 'er Alpha, is here tu claim
'er...

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She falls tu 'er knees an' crawls behind a tree, attemptin' tu hide, but it's no use. I've been locked in on 'er since day one. She has been mine since 'er scent reached me nose. The air still carries 'er sweet scent tu me on a platter, makin' me ravenous. 'er heartbeat is like music tu me ears.

I step forward, ready tu pounce an' claim wat's mine, when she turns, peekin' just once an' so briefly I pause, perplexed that sumt'in' could be so beautiful.

Green eyes wide an' shinin' like haunted jewels, skin a deep, healthy, rich brown, jus' as the old tree trunks from this ancient forest. Voluminous black hair weighed down by the rain, an' lips that send shivers down me spine... 'er age probably about twenty-three, a stark contrast tu me Lycan body o' four hundred... though in me human form, I probably appear tu be thirty-six or so...

She looksfresh an' ripe...Dangerous...

Me lungs seize at the earthly goddess before me. She is devastati'gly allurin'.Somethin' in me that 'ad long changed begins tu unravel, shakin' me when it speaks.

"Mmmm, yu smell likeyu belong to me,"I growl, shudderin' wen t'at heat 'its front an' center. I can smell 'er pussy ova the rain... I can 'ear it clench tight, beggin' fer me dick tu fill it wit' cum.

"I... I w-will never give myself t-to an Alpha!" 'er sweet voice is like candy... sugary feckin' sweet... an' I want tu feckin' eat.

“Litt’l Omega... who said anyt’in’ about givin’? I’m goin’ tu feck the heat righ’ out o’ that pussy, an’ t’en an’ only t’en will yu know... yu were powerless from the moment I caught whiff o’ yu,” I warn ’er.

An’ I feel’er body respond tu me, a feelin’ I’ve yet tu experience wit’ any other bein’ I’ve rutted. T’is one is different... t’is one will an’ is undoubtedly mine. So even when I know I should pounce an’ take ’er, fuck ’er, an’ tear t’at hot pussy t’at’s leaking fer me up, I dinna. I’m still stunned by the wolf wit’in me rattlin’ its chains... the beast in me is snarlin’ fer ’er hungrily. CLAIM! CLAIM! CLAIM! MINE! MINE! MINEEEEEEE!

“RUN LITT’L OMEGA!... I LOVE A GUD HUNT.”

Me ’eart beats erratically, me ’ead spins an’ me dick drivels cum on the ground. I want tu chase after ’er, but I let ’er run. Strangely, I want tu let ’er believe she’s got a chance, but I’ve locked in on ’er. I can hear ’er heartbeat from over twenty paces, an’ it’s slowin’.

She runs like prey.

Like me prey

Wild.

Desperate.

Feckin’ perfect.

I watch ’er sprint through the trees, body slick wit’ sweat, rain an’ blood, scent clingin’ tu the night air like a siren’s song. The way she fights... ever a stumble, ever a breathless gasp stirs somethin’ primal. Somethin’ feral.

Oh, this is so feckin' gud... the best hunt yet.

Emerald

Run! Don't stop, don't think! Just fucking run!

It's as if death itself is clawing at my heels, but I don't give a fuck! Still, the bottom of my feet are rubbed raw from the bark of the trees and rough terrain, shredded by rocks and roots. Still, I don't stop. I can't!

Every branch that slices across my bare skin, every thorn that digs into my legs... I welcome it. I'd rather have no soles on my feet than no fucking life! Pain means I'm still alive. Still breathing... still have more fight in me, and most importantly, still ahead of that thing.

Hell, I don't even know what it is.

Not truly, because I've been killing Alpha wolves and other beings this entire time, but they all pale in comparison to that big-bodied, wide, bloodied-mouthed thing. I always feel some type of anxiousness when fighting against those bastards, but this is beyond that... this is fear... this is... my body betraying me!

I should have been more vigilant and stayed in my cave, but no! I was stupid and reckless, and washed off the very thing that was protecting me and stupidly dropped the other wolves' glands. Fuck! Fuck fuck! What do I do!

What even was that? I'd only seen it once, but once was enough.

The way it looked at me, spoke to me, goaded me.

Like it knew what I'd been doing, and none of that mattered to him. To it... to him, I

was his prey.His.

Run.

I sprint forward, but I make the mistake and look back.Why did I do that?He's chasing me with vigor. He's chasing me with glee in his eyes. A shadow among shadows, a shape too big, too terrifying to make sense of.

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There is no way that fucking thing is just another Alpha, just another brute with too much pride and not enough soul for me to win against. Just the sheer fucking size of him sets him apart.

The way I hear the ancient oak trees shatter beneath his weight, like twigs under his paws. The way his narrowed red eyes glow, unnatural, like molten lava in the dark. The way the very earth trembles when he moves.

RUN!

It's not a mere thought. It's a scream from deep inside my bones. No, down to my very soul. So I run with nothing on me but skin and desperation. With no power to shield me since I can't seem to kindle even the smallest amount of magic from within me, and it's all because of my heat! This traitorous fucking heat!

My body feels like mush, my brain has not a neuron in use, and all because my body decided now is the time for my heart to peak. My body is burning from the inside out. My scent hangs in the air like an inviting feast, and it's coming for me. The sound of him crashing through the forest behind me is unbearable. This one is fast... relentless. A storm with a heartbeat.

I can't stop shaking. My chest feels as if it's caving in. My vision fizzles out, my throat feels tight. I stumble through the darkness, branches clawing at me, the cold biting my naked skin. I want to stop. I want to rest because my body is breaking down. But the moment I slow down, he speeds up. This is a game to him while I'm fighting for my life!

Just fucking sickening! I hate them all!

“Run, litt’l Omega...”it’s low, ragged, and feral voice roars out from behind me, and I peek back to see its pupils blow wide, nostrils flaring with excitement.

“Look at yer bare, bloodied feet. That sexy whorish wild scent. That erratic heartbeat. Yer body is screamin’ fer me tu feck you mercilessly!”it snarls, my body quaking, pussy aching, mind shaking as I feel his power lord over me.“Yer mine. Keep runnin’, but when I get me ’ands on yu, evera breath, evera drop of heat. Evera terrified litt’l whimper... ALL MINE! Yu can run until yer legs break. Until yer lungs burn. Litt’l Omega, yu can run until the world forgets yer name... I won’t.”

His words cause my body to pause as if it’s hearing exactly what it wants, but I turn back to see the slow, vicious smile with sharp teeth, and I tremble in fear, sprinting again, knowing I’ll never be able to rid myself of this beast. If it’s not my scent, then it’s my bloody footprints. He licks them up as if every part of my body belongs to him... down to my blood.

“Yu can run, but yu’ll neva be able tu feckin’ hide! Na from me. Because I dinna hunt. I claim. An’ once I’ve claimed yu, litt’l thin’...”he trails off.

I stumble, shrieking as he bounds closer to me and opens his mouth wide as if he’s going to bite off my head. At that moment, I duck and roll under a tree big enough to keep him at bay, but his large body pounds at it. Somehow, by the grace of the Source, I strengthen the tree trunk to keep him away and face him... my oppressor... my opponent... my enemy...

“Du yu think yer duin’ somet’in’?! That power will fade, an’ yu will weaken. Once yu du, yu’ll realize an’ bask in the fact t’ere is no escape from me... yu will yearn tu be captured... taken... fecked... devoured by me. T’is will all mean nothin’ when I get me ’ands on yu,”it growls.

His voice wraps around me like chains, hot, heavy, real. I can't breathe. I can't move. Every word he growls sinks under my skin like a brand, like a promise. My legs twitch as a warning for me to run, but it's too late. He's already inside me. Not his body, not yet, but his presence, his scent! His will. It coils around my heat like a noose, and his scent sinks into my hot, wet, dripping, pussy like heaven. I want it...

My pulse thunders. I'm shaking. By the Source... I'm shaking so fucking hard I can barely hold myself up.

Because he's right, and I can feel it... I feel that unrelenting, primal force of nature zeroing in on me like I was made to be caught by him. My thighs clench, slick shame pooling between them.

My heat pulses with a turbulent urgency as I stare into those eyes. I hate it. I hate him, yet my body is in anguish for him to make good on that promise of claim. I want him.

I want to be dominated... I want to be fucked... I want to be?—

The thought makes me sick. Makes me burn.

I snap a thick branch from the oak and harden it in my hand. I swipe my bare, bloodied hand over it, removing the small twigs, melding it to a sharp weapon. I stare into the beast's eye and spit at the tip to provoke him, and his eyes flare with exhilaration...

"No! You do not own me," I grit out and he laughs so loud the trees shudder, low and guttural, as if I just said the funniest thing.

"No, little Omega," he murmurs, breaking the tree that was keeping him away, making me leap back and bare my weapon at him as he slowly closes the space between us, eyes glowing like wildfire. "AAAAWWWWOOOOOOOOO!"

WAIT! Fuck...And that's when I know I'm doomed.

Not because I've been caught... but because I know that howl!

"Na yet, but that changes tудay."He licks his lips, settingme on fire...

It's the one that's been driving mad and sending my heat wild...fuck! Fuck! Fuck! I really am fighting a losing battle.

Chapter 6

Blood and Dirt

MURDOCH

Iwatch 'er stand there, bloodied feet, covered in scratches, scars, an' mud, pantin' hard an' naked like a cornered animal... but by the Source is she feckin' beautiful.

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Me litt'l Omega...

Eyes of the deepest green, but bred wit' fire in 'er veins an' defiance in 'er stance.

It makes me blood stir to capture 'er, me teeth ache tu sink intu the nape of 'er neck, me dick harden tu plunge deep within 'er soppin' pussy.

I. Need. Her.

Wit' 'er jagged spear made of sharpened wood, knuckles tight around it like it was forged from steel an' not jus' a desperate scrap she ripped from the forest. 'er hazy, almost crazed emerald eyes are wide with fear, but behind that fear... there lay a challenge tu 'er Alpha.

I won't submit...

Litt'l thing wants a fight, an' I canna help but grin at the prospect.

"Yu think yer goin' tu stop me wit' a twig, litt'l Omega?" I taunt, slowly circlin' 'er, lettin' the weight of me steps shake the ground, though I usually try tu be quiet as a flea, with 'er... I want 'er to feel me, me power, the inevitability of 'er submission.

"Fuck you!" she bares her teeth like a wild thing, an' it stirs me up. She's intoxicatin'.

"Cute," I sneer, tiltin' me 'ead. "Yu say such nasty words yet yu wear yer fear like perfume... but underneath it..." I sniff the air, low an' deep, tongue flickin' out across

me bottom lip. “That heat an’ hot pussy, a deadly litt’l mix, pleads fer me.”

Me words must anger ’er because she lunges damn fast fer a woman, an’ one in heat at t’at... but the edge of ’er weapon does’na even touch me, t’ough it comes straight fer me chest, wit’ all her might an’ no hesitation, no bluff. I almost laugh at ’er nerve. She barely ’adtime tu gasp as I catch it mid-air wit’ one ’and, flingin’ ’er... not hard, but jus’ enough tu send her flyin’ backward like a rag doll, an’ for ’er back tu hit the dirt wit’ a hollow thud.

I then snap her weapon intu pieces like dried bone, cuttin’ me eyes to ’er. What now...

She groans, dazed, but me Omega still tries tu push up on tremblin’ arms, still not broken.

By the Source, she is perfection.

I desire her tu be mine... now!

“Litt’l Omega, I was gonna toy wit’ yu an’ play wit’ me food befer I eat it,” I pause an’ growl, slowly walkin’ toward ’er. “But now...” I salivate at gettin’ me first taste, savorin’ the scent of ’er heat. “Now I think I’ll end it.” I tower ova ’er, drooling ova ’er hot flesh, barin’ teeth.

“I. Will. Never. Let you catch me!” ’er words are barely above a whisper, but it’s pointless. She’s mine.

I lunge fer ’er neck, an’ me jaws snap ova nothin’ but air.

She vanished!

Na moved. Vanished. One second she was there, pantin' in the dirt, an' the next she's gone. The earth swallowed 'er like water takes a stone. I freeze, eyes wide, ears perked, quietin' me heart an' listenin'. Where are you, litt'l Omega?

The trees sway an' the wind picks up as if tryin' to distort me 'earin', an' I growl at the world's defiance.

I sniff the air. T'ough the wind masks 'er scent, I howl when I catch jus' a wiff of 'er. Sweet. Tangy. Earthy... mine. I growl low in me t'roat, annoyed.

"Clever girl..." I mutter, crouchin' down, fingers diggin' intu the dirt where 'er body was. Magic. Old magic. She'd sunk intu the earth, merged wit' it like a damn phantom. I paw at it, creatin' a massive crater.

Feck!

But it dinna matter... I sniff the air an' cock me 'ead in the direction of 'er scent, gettin' serious.

She can cloak 'er body, melt intu shadows an' mud, but no matter wat, she canna shield 'er scent. Not that delicious, ripe scent that screamed ferme.

I shift me stance, crackin' me neck, lettin' me eyes burn bright.

"YU T'INK YU' ESCAPED, LITT'L OMEGA?" I snarl, voice echoin' t'rough the trees. "YOU THINK IF I CANNA SEE YOU, I CANNA' AVEYU?" I start movin' again. Slow. Intentional. Evera breath drawin' her in closer. "WELL, LET ME REMIN' YU! I DINNA NEED TU SEE. I CAN SMELL YER SHAME. I CAN FEELYU PANIC," I hiss. "BECAUSE YER SCENT WILL ALWAYS BETRAY YU. YER FEAR. YER HEAT."

The forest vibrates with defiance on her side, but I roar.

“Yu can vanish into the earth itself. But I’ll find yu.” Me lips curl into a wolfish grin.

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“I’LL ALWAYS KNOW WHERE TU DIG, AN’ I WILL FECKIN’ DIG! I’LL DIG TU THE CENTER OF THE FECKIN’ EARTH UNTIL I’VE DRAGGED YU OUT BY THE T’ROAT, TREMBLIN’ AN’ SCREAMIN’, AN’ REMIND YU EXACTLY WHO YU BELONG TU.”

Emerald

I can’t fight him. I know that in the pit of my soul. So I did the only thing I could. I ran like I was running from death, because maybe I was.

I hear him chasing after me, roaring and howling into the night, but I don’t dare look back. I refuse...I just need to keep going, but I’m tired. I run and run and run until something snaps and I just assume it’s him closing in on me, but it’s not. It’s my fucking ankle.

A scream catches in my throat as I hit the ground hard, mud smearing across my face, chest, and thighs, and I claw at the ground. Fuck! I need to rest! By the Source, I don’t know how long I’ve been running. My legs feel like they no longer belong to me, all fucking numb, shaky, soaked in blood and dirt. My lungs burn with each ragged breath, and my heart feels like it might tear itself apart from beating so fast for so long.

And now my fucking ankle?!

Ahhhhh! I pound the dirt, angry at myself. I crawl as far as my body will take me until I reach a clearing, and I’m stunned by what I see. A massive tree, one so wide it feels unreal. It towers high into the sky well above the others, its branches themselves

seeming the size of those trunks that stand beside it, worshiping it.

Its bark is wide and gnarled like the arms of a giant, thick with age and wisdom. Its leaves shimmer faintly with golden sap, leaving me afraid to approach it, but its mammoth-sized leaves rustle as if inviting me. As if it's welcoming me.

I can't think, so I just crawl to it, collapse against its surprisingly soft bark, chest heaving, yet the moment my skin touches its surface, warmth spreads through me. Soft, like a mother's arms. Like I'm being cradled in the memory of safety.

Something spills onto my knee and I gasp at the tears spilling from my eyes, and hug it back. The tree seems to lean into me gently, as if it recognizes my pain, my exhaustion. As if it wants to hold me.

Beads of thick, sweet sap weep from the tips of its leaves and drip down slowly toward me.

My mouth is dry, and my throat aches at the sight of it. Nourishment. Relief.

I have a feeling that this is what I need to keep fighting. Just one taste, and can regain enough strength to keep going, to disappear again, maybe even forever as I did earlier when my power answered and I melted into the earth. I can let the dirt cloak me, the trees shield me, the wind carry my scent away like whispered secrets. Old magic lives here. I can feel it humming under my skin.

I want to live forever with this tree... in this forest... safe... alone... numb. I reach a trembling hand toward the nearest drop, but the moment the sap kisses my fingertip...

The wind stops.

The air shifts.

And the ancient tree buzzes with warning.

STAND MY CHILD!

I stand on trembling legs as every instinct in my body screams for me to flee, but it's too late. I can hear it. Slow, deliberate steps on the moss-covered ground. Not crashing. Not wild. Calculated.

HIM.

I turn just as he steps into the clearing, his eyes burning through the stillness, glowing like twin fires in the shadow, causing the tree to scream in pain. I cover my ears at the unbearable wailing, but I don't take my eyes off his massive back that looks like a living nightmare. Tall, rippling with coiled strands, smeared with mud, blood, and something worse. Certainty.

This is it... he's done playing with me.

He looks at me, not like a man who had just found what he was chasing, but like a god who had always known where his offering would end up. He steps over to me one heavy footstep at a time and I already feel like I'm choking...

I gasp for breath when one of the floating camera orbs floats by and I know it's projecting everything to the spectators but I can seem to care... I can only focus on him...

"I was startin' to wonder," he rumbles, voice deep and slow. "If the forest 'ad stolen you from me." His eyes drift to the sap on my finger, then back to my face, and his wild grin is nothing short of nefarious.

I step back, but the tree holds me firm. Not in fear, but in warning. My powers

brought me here, and now I need to decide...fight, flee, or shit something! I can't go out like this!.

The beast takes a step closer, engulfing me in hispheromones, causing my heat to burn hotter and sweat to drip profusely from me.

It's in the air before I even know I'm breathing. Smoke... heat.Spice.It wraps around me, thick and heavy, dragging across my skin like claws, causing my legs to tremble, my breath shudder, and my aching pussy to pulse between my thighs.

My body sways and womb clenches tight and desperate. Every instinct in me screams to submit. To bare my throat, to show my belly, spread my pussy...to beg.I clench my fists. I fight to stay standing, but the scent presses harder, sinking into my blood. Into my bones. I can't think... only feel. And all I feel ishim. His hunger. His need. His right to take, and Source help me... I want to be taken.

“Yu know up until t’is hunt I neva ’ad tu use me power... but fer yu...”he pauses and cocks his head. He growls and before my eyes I see his glistening black fur shimmer and turn ginger as his entire body flares with fire, shocking the air out of me, causing my uterus to scream and my pussy to flood.

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What the fuck is that?!

“I’ll du wat’s necessary tu take wat’s mine, an’ t’is tree?”he sneers, his voice dropping to a whisper.“It canna save yu.”The tree howls hauntingly behind me at his words, but I place a hand on its trunk.“Come ’ere,”he demands and my head grows fuzzy as cream drips from my center.

What thefuck it that?!

I try to pivot, but my ankle doesn’t let me get far. The tree shifts its thick branches to cover me, but his weight slams into the trunk like the wrath of the gods itself. He crashes against it with such force that it sounds like a mountain dropping from the skies. My breath vanishes as the branches crack engulfed by flames and the oak wails, trying to shield me.

The sound is unbearable, bringing me to my knees, but I do my best to keep the fire from spreading, which makes my body grow limp. I drain every ounce of power I have left to keep the wailing mother oak from burning as the beast reaches in and pulls me from where I lay crouched. He flings me to the dirt with force, causing me to land on my back and have the wind knocked out of me. My chest heaves, my eyes feel wild, and my body burns as I come face to face with him...

There he is. Massive. Covered in ginger fur that ripples like a wild flame. His fangs gleam. His breath comes in steaming waves, hot and feral. And his eyes... by the Source! Those eyes lock onto mine and refuse to look away.

I can’t move.

He lowers his head and sniffs me deeply. I whimper, heart pounding. A rumble rolls through his chest, pleased as my body betrays me again. My heat surges, spreading slick shamefully down my thighs, from my pussy to my asshole. I whimper in fear... I know I have no more fight in me... I can feel it... I'm depleted. My body is ravaged by not just fear, but something else... something I hate myself for.

"Kill me!" I choke... "I'd rather die than belong to a monster."

A laugh rumbles from his chest, dark, hollow, and amused.

"I'm na goin' tu kill yu, litt'l wild Omega," he growls so fiercely yet speaks softly, tongue gliding up my body, eliciting a whimper. "I'm goin' tu break you in," he voices with absolute confidence. My breath hitches and hot liquid pools from my center at his heated words.

"No!" I try to move, but he paws the ground and rings of fire bind my hands to the dirt, holding me in place. He paces around me in circles before stopping at my feet. I pant, heart racing as he uses his paw to flip me over and somehow the rings of fire keep me bound yet moving to his will. He forces me to all fours as another larger, fiery rope comes from the ground. However, this one binds my neck the others come over my upper back, holding me down so that only my ass is in the air.

I pant, struggling to get out of the binding, grateful the fire doesn't burn, but still I want out. I need to get out. However, the moment his snout brushes slightly against the slick wetness of my pussy, my heart skips a beat and a loud wanton wail escapes me.

"UGGGGGGNNNNNN!"

Brutal growls pierce the night air, leaving me breathless as my body begs for something I've never had.

I should scream, but all I feel is the rapid, aching thump of my heart, the ache between my legs, and the heat pulsing deep within me as something wild and overwhelming that I can't name is begging and salivating for this beast.

Not just fear. Not just need.

Excitement.

Because something deep inside me whispers what I wouldn't dare say out loud. I wanted to be caught...

My vision blurs, green on the edges, white-hot in the center, as fear comes over me like wildfire, burning all logic. My body is betraying me, every cell screaming for him, for this virile, dominant Alpha.

"Yu've been caught, Litt'l Omega. Yu are mine," he growls. "I look forward to showin' yu an' yer goin' to love every second of it." He sinks, his canines into the back of my neck, sending an electrifying current through me. I feel as if I've been paralyzed.

But it's when his burning hot long tongue slides over my pussy that I go still and all fight... all fucking fight drains from my body. He growls, slurping me up from the back, hot tongue eating me alive. He licks every crook and crevice with his long and smooth tongue, landing on my clit.

"UGGGHGHHHHHHHNNNNNN AAHHHHHHHHHH!" I scream as the enticing, highly addicting sensation glides over my clit, making horrid lapping noises as if he cares not for the trees watching us or the beasts that lurk in the shadows. He devours me like I'm his!

I convulse, panting. There's no thought. No breath. None. Only him. His tongue, this

scent, his dominance, and his will.

When his tongue slips into the tiny hole of my pussy, I go still and my hand grips the cool dirt beneath me. I gasp as the forest blurs. The ground, the trees, the sky, they all melt away under the weight of the burning pleasure that is his tongue.

“Yu taste feckin’ divine,” he growls, tongue lapping at some unknown thing inside me that has me gasping like a fish out of water.

“Say my name!” The being growls, snout pressing into my pussy, devouring me while staking his dominance over me. His tongue trails over my pussy then my asshole, where he swirls it inside. In my hazy state, I can see his sharp claws biting into the earth as if to keep himself from devouring me too fast.

“Say it! The name of the one who’ll claim you...Murdoch!” The demand sends electricity flowing through me, cream pouring from my body, and fear ringing in my soul. Glee in my spirit...but no words can pass through my lips. I’m lost and my own name barely registers through the mist.

“SAY! ME! NAME!” he pauses his slurping of my pussy and towers over me. Desire, terror, and a shameful ache pulses through my hips and my throat as he stands over me on all fours in his beast form. Something massive, hot, and thick builds while teeth nibble on the back of my neck with brutal possession.

I bite my lip, drawing blood as they tremble, fighting to do his bidding, but I can’t... I won’t lose. However, I’m already lost based on the slick heat between my legs, the bruising grip of his claws on my thighs, and the way he growls when I moan without meaning to. I have been lost from the moment his tongue carved into my wet heat and his sharp fangs sank into my neck.

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“Surrender! An’ call yer Alpha’s name!”he snarls, voice brimming with hunger, fangs brushing my collarbone. “Yusmelllike yu want it. Like this pussy isdyin’tu be ruined.”

By the Source, I feel my will cracking. Splintering.And he knows.

“Say it! Say it, an’ this Alpha will put yu out o’ yer misery!”he growls and I whimper, tears streaming from my eyes. Not because I’ve been caught, but because it hurt... the aching throb deep within me calls for this beast to drive that thing that’s pulsing between my legs into me so far I forget myself. I cry because I want it... because I need it.I weep because I’ve been broken, shattered, and I have no will to stop it.

“M...” I pause and I hear him growl.

“SAY IT!”

“MURDOCH!” I cry out, unable to bear the throbbing any longer, and I don’t have to because all too quickly he lines that massive thing up to my slick heat and thrusts forward, and the burn.... the fire... the ache... it’s so much that it sends my vision white, leaving me to choke on a scream.Half agony, half relief.He howls, deep and brutal, shaking my bones.

“THERE IT IS! T’AT SOUND. T’AT’S MINE. THERE THE FECK IT IS! SAY IT AGAIN!”

I have no will to deny him the lava pooling inside of me as his dick is buried, pulsing

deep within my womb, leaving no room to question who the fuck is rutting me like an animal.

“MURDOCH!” I wail and the fire ropes loosen. He sinks his teeth into my neck like the beast he is and fucks me savagely, taking everything from me. Everything about him is too much. The weight, the heat, the scent of him. He’s feral, wild, soaked in the thrill of the hunt he’s won. Now that I have loose hands, they land on his still blazing fur, nails digging into whatever I can sink them in.

“AGAIN! AGAIN! AGAIN! HOWL ME NAME TU THE SOURCE O’ YER POWER AN’ TELL ’EM WHO REALLY OWNS THIS PUSSY! THIS POWER! THIS HEAT!”

“MURDOCH! MURDOCH! MURDOCH! MURDOCH! MURDOCH! MURDOCH!” I throw my ass back, unraveling with each hard thrust of his dick lodging deep inside of me. Source help me, I want more.

His hips grind with a brutal, punishing force, and I shatter around him, body locking, pleasure tearing through me like a storm. My thoughts dissolve. My resistance dies, and what’s left is raw instinct, heat, and a breathless, incoherent bliss.

“MURDOCH! MURDOCH! MURDOCH! MURDOCH! MURDOCH!
MURDOCH!” “MURDOCH! MURDOCH! MURDOCH! MURDOCH! MURDOCH!
MURDOCH! MURDOCH!” “MURDOCH! MURDOCH! MURDOCH!
MURDOCH! MURDOCH! MURDOCH!” “MURDOCH! MURDOCH!
MURDOCH! MURDOCH! MURDOCH! MURDOCH!” “MURDOCH!
MURDOCH! MURDOCH! MURDOCH! MURDOCH! MURDOCH!”
“MURDOCH! MURDOCH! MURDOCH! MURDOCH! MURDOCH!
MURDOCH!” “MURDOCH! MURDOCH! MURDOCH! MURDOCH! MURDOCH!
MURDOCH! MURDOCH!”

I sob his name. Not out of fear, not even love, but from something deeper. Worship. Bond. A need that eclipses reason.

“YES!”he growls low, face buried in my neck.“This is wat it means to betaken.Wat it means to bemine,”he howls,rumbling against my spine, low and untamed.He isn’t finished, and I’m glad.

Murdoch’s fierce, painful, and pleasurable grip on my nape is bruising, possessive, and unrelenting. His breath comes in hot and harsh against the back of my neck, and every brutal, aching thrust drives me deeper into the ground, as if he’s trying to bury me there.As if to say Iown you.

“Yu are MINE,”he snarls, voice feral, wild with rut.

I sob from the intensity and howfullI feel. From the sharp ache building inside me like an explosion behind my ribs. I can feel him and his ever-growing desire for me. His knot, thickening, swelling at the base, threatening to lock us together, threatening to finish what this madness started.

“YESSSSSSSSS!” I gasp, barely coherent, but my body is alive and his to command. My back arches, hips and ass up as his wolf plows into me, begging without words.

He roars and I choke, feeling his knot grow thicker, larger, fatter than any fucking knot that I thought could exist. My pussy feels as if it’ll split in two, but I love it. I want it...I crave it!

He thrustdeeper,deeper than ever fucking before, andthe knot lodges into my pussy, eliciting a painful yet exhilaratingly intoxicating scream as it locks inside me, thick and unyielding, pulsing with its own heartbeat.

How can I rejoice in my ruin? How can I scream for my capture? How can I plead for

my downfall? How can I? Why? Why? Why? Why? I don't fucking know! And I don't fucking care because I shatter, feeling his dick swell inside of me, spilling hotmolten lava in my belly. My eyes roll to the back of my head, eliciting a scream.

“MURRRRRRRDDDDDDOOOOOCCCHHHHHHHHH!!!!”I scream and the forest quakes around me. I feel my world brighten blindingly, with no one on earth but us...him and I.

His roar is powerful and I feel everything. With every ragged breath he takes, my body seizes and my walls tighten, clamping down on him with a desperate cry as pleasure detonates inside, shattering my entire being.

Shaking.

Crying.

Cumming so hard my vision blacks out.

He bends over me, teeth brushing my neck, his growl now low and victorious.

“Now,”he rasps.“Yu’ll neva ferget who yu belong tu.”

And as I lay there, locked together, still trembling from the aftermath, I realize he’s right... and I bask in it. Every brutal, disgusting... nasty second of it.

Chapter 7

Burning and Bound

MURDOCH

“Litt’l Omega... Litt’l Omega, let me in...” I growl, feckin’ ’er, eyes glowin’.

“Huugggnnn,” she moans low as I feck ’er mercilessly, takin’ everathin’ she has tu offer. I dinna know how many days it’s been. All I am aware of is the sun has risen an’ the moon has fallen several times ova, but to me, in this moment... I’ve knotted ’er until she’s cried out. I’ve throbbed an’ pulsed intu ’er guts so many times only tu start all ova again when the need struck, an’ by The Source, ’as it struck me ova an’ ova an’ feckin’OVAagain.

But time does not exist anymore. Not here. Not wit’ ’er. Not in this inferno where ’er scent ’as burned intu me lungs, an’ ’er name ’as been carved intu my skin an’ bones.

Emerald.

The feckin’ Source, wat a fittin’ name fer me Omega jewel. Jus’ the sheer thought of ’er name makes me rut burn hotter.

“Uggnn, mooorreeee!” ’er voice cracks beneath me as ’er pussy grows slick, tremblin’, an’ I bask in this because I’m still na satisfied either. I dinna t’ink I can be. I’ve taken ’er a dozen times, maybe more, but me need fer ’er neva ends.

Sheneva stops feedin' it or from it.

I thrust intu 'er wildly in my beastly form as 'er scent, thick an' potent, clings tu everathin'... me mouth, me hands, the walls of this hollow we've made a den. It drives me mad. I've marked 'er a hundred different ways, wit' teeth, hands,seed. She carries me inside an' out, but it's not enough. It willnevabe enough.

Me body only wants'ers. Me t'oughts can't form wit'out circlin' back tu 'er cries, 'er taste, the way shebreakseach time I claim 'er again an' she begs for more. This is wat rut is. This is wat matin' means.

Tu take.

Tu own.

Tu ruin.

An' by the Source, Iwillruin 'er a million times ova, shatterin' evera wall she's built. I'll bury me scent so deep in 'er, she'll neva breathe wit'out bein' reminded who she belongs to. I'll drive me knot intu her until she fergets wat not bein' stuffed wit' this big dick in her feels like. I'll feck the fight right out of 'er.

No more freedom.

No more hidin'.

No more pretendin' she's namine.

“That's it, me litt'l Omega... me sweet Emerald, take yer Alpha dick deep inside you...”I howl even though she's limp under me, pussy tight an' swollen as 'er t'ighs tremble from the poundin' they're takin', 'er voice hoarse from too many moans, too

many screams, too many cries of me name. Yet me litt'l jewel still begs fer me to give 'er more.

The wild possessive roll of my hips, the unabashed whimpers, the thick, heady cream still poolin' from 'er pussy... fer feck's sake, I canna tell if this heaven on earth or hell!

But I'm stillfeckin'starvin'.

"Yu feel it too,don't yu, me litt'l Omega?"I rasp intu her ear, me voice rough wit' days of growlin', pantin',ownin'."This need. This madness."

"Y— Ugnnn! Ye— Ugnnnnnn! Yesssss," she chokes out, archin' 'er back, invitin' me deeper.

"Yu were made fer this dick..."I snarl, lickin' the sweat from 'er neck."Made ferme!"I howl deliriously, waitin' fer 'er response, but nothin' comes.

She's gone.I chuckle, ravin' mad from the pheromone high I'm on due tu 'er scent.

'er body is beneath me, burnin', soppin' wet, tremblin', but 'er mind's lost in the haze of 'er heat, broken apart by the way I've taken 'er. Again. An' again. An' again.

'er lips are parted, pantin', drool slippin' down 'er chin. 'er eyes, those sharp an' once defiant eyes that used tu glare at me like green ire, are glassy now. Wet an' wild. Dazed. She moans incoherently, hips twitchin' evera time I press deeper.

By the Source, she's beautiful like this.

'er legs are shakin' around me waist, t'ighs quiverin' from theoverstimulation, but she's still clingin' tu me. 'er body greedy, wit' a hopelessneedonly I can free 'er

from.

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An' I won't... I'll neva free her. I'm goin' tu keep feckin' 'er, keep poundin' 'er, keep thrustin'. I'm goin' tu give 'ereverathin'.

I pull from 'er depths, elicitin' a whimper, an' I smile, nuzzlin' 'er legs open wit' me snout an' lappin' up the copious amount of nut I'd fed 'er, inhalin' the scent of 'er. Me scent is all over 'er now, buried in 'er skin, smeared in 'er heat, an' so deep in 'er pussy, she'll neva rid herself of it...EVA.

I sniff her pussy runnin' me calloused tongue ova her ass and pussy eye rollin' tu the back o' me 'ead from 'er taste. I eat 'er pussy until her creams releasin' both our cum on me tongue an' I lap it up nastily and happily but it's still not enough. I want 'erbound.

She lets out a sound, half gasp, half whimper, an' nods jus' barely in a drunken, instinctual motion I growl, fangs brushin' 'er clit an' nippin' it, watchin' 'er.

“Wen this is ova... I am goin' to bind yu to me, litt'l Omega,” I murmur, rough an' low, lappin' at 'er pussy. “Du yu understand, yer Alpha?”

'er eyes flutter, 'er lips part, an' a cracked voice barely escapes.

“Y-yes... Murdoch... m-more... please...” She buried 'er 'ands in me fur yankin' me closertu 'er pussy an' I shove me tongue all the way in her wall cleanin' up the cum I left, knowin' I'll put more in this pussy in a bit.

After she cums quiverin' in extasy five more times... I sit up barely able tu contain meself. Wit' urgency I line meself tu 'er depths growlin' thrustin' deep intu 'er once

more, eyes rollin' tu the back of me head, howlin' at how tigh' she is... before runnin' me snout ova 'er where 'er scent gland is.

“The Source, yu feel so gud,” I whisper against 'er ear, gruntin' as I start rockin' me hips slowly, forcin' 'er tu feel evera thick inch as I drag in an' out. “Yer pussy is so wet from 'avin' me cum inside yu... it's almost regrettable t'at I har eat some o', but this pussy is delectable, I could'na 'help meself.”

Me rut flares, molten in me blood, an' I press deeper, the base of me cock swellin'. Me knot strains, wantin' tu lock in place, wantin' to bind us. She's tight, clenchin' around me, 'er body shudderin', welcomin' it, needin' it. I bite, teeth sinkin' into the soft skin of 'er neck, sharp, brutal, perfect, an' she screams, convulsin' in release.

'er whole body quivers beneath me, an' 'er slick cream floods around me knot attemptin' tu escape, but there's no room, an' I thrust deeper, snarlin' as me knot swells inside 'er.

'er wails are music tu me ears an' the way she's archin' 'er back, I use the rough patch o' me finger addin' pressure tu 'er clit, elicitin' another climax, 'er voice crackin' an' raw. I hold 'er tight, possessive, growlin' against 'er t'roat, lickin' the mark I just made, grittin', pissed that we 'ave yet to bond...

But fer now, this will du. I love 'er like this. Me mark means I'll be able tu track 'er if she dares escape.

Me Omega.

Mine.

“Shite... ” I pant against 'er throat, still pulsing inside 'er, unable tu move. “I know yu feel me ... me knot... yer marked now.”

She moans somethin' unintelligible. Maybe me name? Maybe jus' nonsense.

I smile, proud, drunk on 'er scent, 'er heat, 'er body wrapped around me like a warm, slick, an' hot blanket.

"I told yu," I whisper, lickin' the sweat from 'er shoulder. "Yu can run. Yu can fight. Yu can scream." I press me lips tu her temple an' speak the truth intu her skin. "But in the end... yuu were always goin' tu be mine."

Chapter 8

After the Fire

EMERALD

I'm startled awake to silence with blurred vision. Wh... what? Where am I?

Confused, my breaths come out heavy as wind breezes over my semi-cool, clammy, and naked skin. I lay there, staring at the tree, feeling out of it, listening to the silence... the eerie beat of my heart as it wraps around my ears and makes my heartbeat sound louder than it should. My body feels... off. Sore. Weighted. Wet. Hot...

It's too fucking hot. Still!

I blink slowly, and the world comes into focus. Faint sunlight bleeds through leaves overhead, the earthy scent of moss and sweat, the distant rustle of trees swaying in a breeze I couldn't feel, but I feel him.

WAIT?!

He's inside of me.

Still knotted.

I try to move, but a low brutal growl escapes the massive wolf-like beast behind me with its dick still lodged and burning deep in my core, locking me in place. I can't move without feeling it... without feeling him.

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My heart jolts in my chest as I search for the events that led to this, when the gentle rustling of the massive tree before us catches my attention. I notice a huge burn mark charred and in its trunk, but what's even more shocking is that there is a green, blood-like sap pouring from it.

Murdoch.

Fire... burning... biting...licking... begging! By the Source, what have I done?!Everything comes rushing back. The Hunt. The fight. The surrender.Themarking.Please tell me I didn't!

My hand flies to the nape of my neck and I hiss at the raw, tender area where there is clearly a bite mark burned into my flesh.Marked.My stomach turns.I didn't! I couldn't! I wouldn't!

"No," I choke on my whisper, barely able to get the word out past the lump in my throat. "No, no, no..."

I was marked! How the fuck could I let this happen?!

The reality crashes against me like a wave of ice that leaves me hyperventilating.

What have I done?! Am I going to die?! I betrayed my oath to myself after I left that damn breeding camp... I swore on my mother's grave I would never... that I would never fucking let an Alpha claim, mark or bind me!

I bite my bottom lip hard, shame washing over me, remembering how I begged to be

taken... how I pleaded for the beast to rut me like the animal it is! I bite harder to keep the tears from spilling, so hard I taste blood. My limbs feel heavy, my muscles ache, my body betrays me even now, as I lay curled around him like I'm meant to be here.

I knew better! I fucking knew better, and I still allowed it to dictate my life. Even now I recall the sick, disturbing pleasure that coursed through my body as he fucked me. I didn't want it... but my body desired him, and my heat made it easy to give in. And that's what makes me want to scream.

"Stupid," I mutter, eyes burning. "Stupid, weak little Omega. Emerald, how could you?"

I clench my jaw, tears slipping down my cheeks. I hadn't just let him in. I welcomed him. I begged, cried for him, let him knot me and bury his scent into my skin like a fucking idiot.

Yet, here I am. Lying in a pile of leaves that smell of sex, sweat... filled, locked and branded.

I turn my head slowly, and there he is... Murdoch the beast, sleeping peacefully, his massive frame still pressed close, chest rising and falling slowly, calmly, contentedly. His wolfish arm rests over my torso, caging me in place, and no matter how I wiggle, I cannot move. Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Panic spikes in my chest as I rummage around in my brain to figure out what is there to do next. However, I scrap trying to make a plan because the ache in my body is too fucking intense. I doubt it'll carry me anywhere.

I try to calm my breathing, but how can I when the soreness between my legs, the sticky heat on my thighs, the dull throb of my neck where he'd bitten me, marked

me, is a fucking reminder of how I fumbled my winning ticket to freedom? My hands tremble as I press them to the bruises blooming across my hips, each one shaped like his grip. Like ownership.

Ughhhh!

His body is curled around mine, massive and warm, one arm draped across my torso as if I were something he cherishes. But I'm not fooled. Rage swells in my chest, hot and raw, swallowing any confusion and shame, and fist my hand, drawing blood, spilling it into the dirt. I use it to make clay until I make a small mushy spiky pike, and then I whisper a call to the earth.

The ground beneath us quivers, responding to the fury in my blood. Roots stir beneath the surface, my power stretching down into the earth, coiling, hardening my creation, leaving me with a needle-sharp spike in my hand.

I move slowly, carefully, quieting my breathing to make sure I don't wake him then I turn fast, aiming straight for his chest, wanting to drive this son of a bitch straight into his heart.

He doesn't even flinch...his eyes open lazily, red and glowing, not with surprise, but with amusement. He smirks devilishly, chuckling bored before smacking the spike away effortlessly and spinning me onto my stomach, pinning my hand to my back with a fiery rope. Shit!

"Really?" Murdoch rumbles, voice hoarse and low. "You thought I'd sleep through that?"

Before I can react, a paw presses against my throat.

"Let go of me!" I shout, pissed and kicking wildly.

“Yu say that, but this pussy is grippin’ me knot so tight, I’m unable tu,”he growls.

“You disgusting fucking pig!” I sneer.

“Yu might be ontu sumet’in’... I am quite gluttonous,”he chuckles before licking my mark, making me shudder. His growl vibrates through me, setting my body on fire at his pure Alpha dominance, leaving me trying to fight him off me.I know it’s useless, but no matter what, I won’t give up.

“The moment you let me up, I’m going to kill you and break this mark,” I seethe, and he huffs.

“Oh, yu want to fight?”he snarls, dragging my wrists above my head.“After yu begged me so prettily fer it?”

“I didn’t beg!” I lie, teeth bared. “That was myheat! That wasn’tme!”

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“Oh yeah? Let’s see yunotbeg again,”he laughs maniacally, his knot swelling again, body pressing into mine like a wave too heavy to resist.

“Ughhhnnnnn!” I cry out, pussy thumping as a flood of heat wash over through me.

“Exactly, litt’l Omega. Yu can lie with that sexy litt’l mouth o’ yers,”he growls, fangs grazing my neck.“But yer body tells me otherwise. Look how yer already whinin’ fer me,”he teases, andI buck, furious, but his weight holds me down.By the Source, he’s strong!I lash out with my power again, earth cracking, wind swirling, but he growls, licking my mark, thrusting deeper into me, knot still fat and bulging inside me, causing my eyes to roll to the back of my head, making me fizzle under his touch.

“UHNNNN FUUUUCCCKKKK!” I gasp, choking, and my hips arch against my will.

“YEEAAAHHHHHH FECKKK YEAH THIS IS THE FIGHTIN’ I WANT TU DO!”he groans darkly, lips against my ear.

“N-no...” I whimper, but my walls clench around him hungry... no, ravenous for his big ass dick, but I hate it... I...ugnntnnI hate it!

“By the Source, this is the best Omega pussy I’ve fecked!”he breathes, fucking me hard, fast, and rough.“Me Omega’s pussy so gud... me Omega’s scent... FECKYES!”

I want to scream. Tokillhim! But all I can do is bounce my ass against the onslaught of thrusts he has coming my way because even though I hate it, the delicious feeling

in my belly is something even a warrior like me can't fight.

"Ahhhh! No more, pleaseeeee!" I cry out, delirious from the pleasure, losing my mind even though I'm trying to hold it together.

"Present your mark to yer Alpha, litt'l Omega!" he demands and I curl my lip, willing myself to use a bit of my power to cut the fire rope with wind and cover my neck.

"FUCK YOU!"

"WIT' PLEASURE!" he smirks, slamming into me, causing me to rock forward out of breath as he pounds roughly into me, smacking noises echoing in the grove. His deep, deliberate strokes are meant to break me... to remind me I'm already his. Meant to blur the line between anger and desire until all that remains is submission.

I hate him because no matter how many times I swear at him... no matter how much I fight, I see now this mark outweighs my will to fight.

"Ohhhh fuckkk ugggnnnn! Source, pleaseeeee!" I cry out, scratching my mark, pussy gushing and gripping him as I whimper.

"Feck yes, this pussy always knows who's dick tu gush fer an' mold tu, even if the litt'l Omega it's attached tu doesn't," he snarls, drilling into me once more, knocking all air out of me. When his knot begins to swell again, locking me in place, I don't stop him. I only cry out.

Not from pain.

Not from his words

But because I gave in.

And my body is still whispering...please, don't stop.

But I will never in my life tell him. So I lay there, panting for God knows how long until I come down from the high he took me on and his knot goes down, spilling the last bit of his seed into me, and I thank The Source I don't break again.

When his dick slips from my depths, I stay still, not moving, secretly creating another spike as he gets up. Just as I go to strike, my mouth drops open when I see his bones crack, limbs twist, and the beast fold inward... only to rise again, as a man....

No... not quite.

A tall... very large... very savageman! His skin is dark and scarred, his chest broad and smeared with dirt and blood with glowing red tattoos. Wild black hair tangled with leaves, fangs still gleaming beneath human lips. By The Source! I cross myself as he cuts his red eyes over to me before he comes over and crouches down in front of me, naked and godlike, his burning gaze never once leaving my face.

And I'm ashamed... but my face goes hot as I try to avert my eyes at the thing lying on the dirt like a fucking elephant trunk! Thicker than a canteen and by The Source... it... how could something be that long and thick... and fit inside people?!

"Hand it 'ere, lass," he growls, holding out his hand, but I set my jaw firm.

"I don't know what you're talk—" He reaches over, making my pussy gush out his cum from tightening when I smell his pheromones as he snatches the spike from me. As he grabs it, I use my left hand to go for this mother fucker's jugular, but he bats both of my weapons away. Just as I knew he would. I just needed a moment to run.

Noodle legs, sore pussy and ass be damned, I just want to get away, but feel heat on my back, limping I run as fast as my sprained leg will take me into the forest and look

out the corner of my eye to see a fire whip. In no time, this mother fucker lassos and catches me by the leg, making me lose my balance.

“Ugh! LET ME FUCKING GO! LET ME GO!” I shout, but he drags me, whistling nonchalantly as I kick and scream, clawing at the dirt without a fucking care in the world until he drags me to a tree far from the mother tree. To my disgust, he binds my hands and grabs me up off my stomach, forcing me to sit down before he binds me tight to the tree.

“Stay!”

“I HATE YOU!”

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“Aye? An’ I’m supposed tu care?” he smirks and I spit at his feet, but he throws his head back laughing.

“Now, now wee litt’l Omega, if yu want tu spit on sumt’in’, I’ve got sumt’in’ else fer yu,” he snarls and I grit my teeth pissed, but I don’t say anything. I just turn my head muttering. “I t’ought so,” he snorts, walking away and I grit my teeth, silently vowing to kill him one day.

Murdoch

I crack me, shoulders feelin’ stiff from bein’ in me beastly form so long. I cut me eyes tu her, smirkin’ at ’er as she discreetly tries tu use her abilities tu cut the rope, but litt’l does the lass know t’ere’s no gettin’ out o’ me grasp once I’ve caught ’er. Fer now, it’s best tu leave ’er tied tu the tree because I know the minx will run again, given the opportunity.

Even wit’ ’er scent thick in the air, me knot jus’ barely finished pulsin’ inside ’er. Even wit’ me mark still raw an’ red on ’er throat, she will try. T’at’s jus’ the kind o’ Omega she is.

Defiant. Proud. An’ stubborn tu the core.

Mine.

Me perfect wee litt’l warrior.

’er wrists are bound by me thick, fiery vines t’at I shaped myself, makin’ sure the

edges are soft so they dinna bruise her, but I notice 'er bare feet arecaked wit' dirt an' blood, while 'er legs tremble, yet her chin is high an' her eyes are ablaze.

“You’re a bastard. Untie me now,” she demands, breath catchin’. “Or I swear I’ll rip your throat out,” she spits, an’ I chuckle, ignorin’ 'er, goin’ over tu a tree, one t’at looks old, withered, an’ is suckin’ the life from the forest. I use me fire tu cut t’rough the bark easily, ignorin’ 'er protest.

I sit on the stump, usin’ me nail an’ carve intu it, creatin’ bucket. While she shouts insults an’ calls me evera name but a child o’ the Source, I creep through the forest to a pond. I shift back intu me Lycan form, cuttin’ me eyes tu the feckers t’at dare lurk by, darin’ 'em tu touch wat’s mine. Feck! Because o’ the Banes root, I am na able tu stay in me human form fer long...

Wen I hear 'em whimper an’ scatter off, I dip the bucket intu the water an’ slowly make me way back tu where me Omega is.

“WHERE THE HELL WERE YOU?! UNTIE ME, BASTARD!”

“Sorry, lass. No can du,” I answer as I carry the bucket ova tu 'er.

“You filthy, feral, overgrown Alpha mongrel!” she mutters, an’ I smirk goin’ back ova an’ crouchin’ in front of 'er, settin’ it down, stretchin’ lazily like the wolf I am, baskin’ in her fury.

“Careful,” I murmur, voice low. “I get hard when yu compliment me like that, lass.”

“Disgusting dog!” she snarls, jerkin’ at the vines, but o’ course they hold. I let me gaze roam down 'er sweaty, flushed, an’ wrecked body from the hunt an’ from meself. I canna help but lean intu 'er, growlin’ deeply.

“Well I’m not the one t’at was beggin’ t’isdogtu feck yu harder, am I?” I whisper, jus’ to watch ’er face burn. “Anyway, should yerdogclean his wee Omega up?”

“Untie me, and I’ll do it myself!” she grits, furious, tremblin’, spittin’ venom an’ by The Source... I’ve neva wanted anyt’in’ more t’an t’is angry, spiteful wee one befer me. I lean in close, brushin’ me lips against ’ers.

“No,” I smirk plain an’ simple, watchin’ ’er open t’at pretty we mouth o’ ’er’s tu hurl another insult, but the words die when she feels me fingers graze ’er ankle. She tries tu snatch it away from me, but I hold still liftin’ ’er leg, glarin’ at how torn tu hell, bruised, bloody, an’ cut from all the runnin’, she did.

Me brave Omega.

I shake me head an’ pull one foot intu me lap, ignorin’ the way she’s glarin’ at me an’ flinches as if expectin’ pain, but I look ’er in the eye seriously.

“Hey, unhand m...” I quiet her by dippin’ ’er feet intu the bucket, washin’ the dried, caked-up dirt an’ blood, elicitin’ a gasp, especially once the brutal cuts are revealed. Shite... I stand, goin’ ova tu the big tree, an’ rip off some o’ the sap filled leaves befer I go back ova tu her, grabbin’ ’er feet t’at she’d tucked unda ’erself. I bite the leaves, chewin’ an’ suckin’ the sap from it, holdin’ it up tu her foot. “What are you d—” I hold out me tongue an’ brush it gently ova ’er open wound. “HEY ST?—”

“Yu dinnaget it, du you, wee Omega?” I mutter, dippin’ me head, lickin’ ’er wounds, causin’ ’er whole body tu jerk, an’ ’er thighs tu squeeze together.

“St-stop it!” she snaps, voice shakin’, too breathless to be convincin’, but I lick again. Slow an’ fuckin’ purposeful, tastin’ ’er blood t’at’s sharp on me tongue, ’er skin hot in me ’and. I lap at ’er heel, ’er sole, ’er ankle... ’er calf, ’er thighs, growlin’ an’ watchin’ in real time as me wee Omega’s bodygets wet fer me again. I can smell

it. The spike in 'er arousal even as she trembles wit' anger. "Y-you're disgusting," she chokes out, but 'er t'ighs are pressin' together tighter, an' 'er hips are twitchin'.

"Yer Alpha is kneelin' befer yu, cleanin' the feet yu ran raw on fer days, an' yer still fightin'?" I growl, slidin' me tongue up 'er thighs, pushin' 'em apart. "But this sweet litt'l cunt keeps beggin' fer me."

"You are NOT my Alpha!" she hisses in denial, angerin' me.

"Oh yeah?" I rise on me knees an' between 'er legs, 'ead tilted.

"Yes... I fucking hate you," she whispers, voice shakin'.

"I hope yu du," I growl, shiftin' back intu me human form, findin' it much easier tu maintain wen I'm near 'er. "It makes this so much better wen yu break." I suck on 'er, coilin' me long tongue around 'er clit, nippin' it wit' me teeth, watchin' 'er arch 'er back. I glide me cock up an' down 'er pussy, soakin' it, usin' me flames tu dance ova 'er nipples, suckin' 'em jus' as I sink balls deep intu 'er slowly, watchin' 'er evera reaction.

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'er lack o' resistance, 'er pussy already bein' soaked, 'er gasps o' pleasure as I knock the air from 'er lungs. 'er eyes squeeze shut, an' 'er lips part in a sexy arse silent scream as I start tu rock intu 'er, witherin' body lockin' around mine like it missed me.

"Aye, me wee Omega feels so feckin' good." I bite 'er shoulder, not hard enough tu bleed, she's bled enough, but jus' enough tu remind 'er jus' who the feck she truly belongs tu.

"Oh fu-fuck! Sh-shit!" she whimpers, gaspin' fer air, but I slide me tongue intu 'er mouth, suckin' the air right back out. I want 'er tu shatter fer me... I want tu 'er break fer me... I want 'er tu live fer me as mine.

"Shite," I grunt, graspin' 'er arse. Slammin' intu 'er, I lose me self in it.

In 'er.

Me Omega.

Me obsession.

Aye, she fights me ever a second, but 'er body tells the feckin' truth, an' that truth is she is mine.

Even now, as I feck 'er, as she bites her lip bloody tu keep from beggin', I run me tongue ova it, inhalin' 'er desperate whimpers as she lets out labored breaths. She cuts emerald eyes at me, glarin'.

“I— I’ll n-ever stop fightin’ this... I’ll never stop fightingyou,” she growls and I thrust deep in ’er, watchin’ ’er cum again, convulsin’.

“Gud... neither will I. Befer t’is hunt is ova, I’ll bound yu tu me,” I groan against ’er lips an’ she bites deep on me lip, forcin’ me tu shove in ’arder.

“AHHHHH!” she cries as I spill me nut deep in ’er womb. “Even if I ’ave to break yu. Even if you ’ate me. Yu will always be mine,” I growl. “An’ yernevaleavin’ me.”

She sobs, ’er body already shudderin’ around me, heat risin’ an’ triggerin’ me rut, makin’ me take ’er again, meanin’ evera feckin’ word.

Chapter 9

Silence of the Forest

EMERALD

Ihate him.

Ihatehim.

I lay with wrists still tied due to the vines, thighs aching from how much he fucked me, body still humming with the last echo of unwanted pleasure, but my feet are almost healed as well as the majority of the scratches and bruises on my body. I hate him...or well, I’m supposed to, but I’ve never had anyone take care of me like that. Let alone an Alpha.

To Alphas, Omegas are nothing but dirty, disgusting, filthy fuck toys willing to spread their legs at the first whiff of an Alpha’s pheromones.

I watch him take the fish from the stake over the fire and come over to me. To my surprise, he gently peels off the skin and meat and blows on it, cooling off the steam before he holds it out against my lips. I narrow my eyes at him, expecting him to laugh, take the food back, and eat it for himself, but he only keeps his hands held out.

“Eat!” he gruffly demands, and once again, even though I don't want to, my body listens to its Alpha. I hate this...

“Ughnn,” I groan at the savory, buttery taste of the fish, eyes wide in shock...how? I cut my eyes over to the herbs laying on the log, shocked that a dominant Alpha such as himself would know how to utilize forest herbs so well. Most of them live posh lives in castles on the outskirts of town and grand homes with butlers, maids, and resources that guarantee they never have to see a kitchen a day in their lives.

Most of them participate in the hunt to fuck and kill Omegas however they want...fucking disgusting murderers! Or for the riches...so why is such a prominent Alpha here? I want to ask, but I don't want to seem interested in him. Maybe it's the mark that has me softening to him...it is said that marking softens the heart and makes one weak to their captor.

“Good girl,” he smiles, wiping my lips, and my heart skips a beat. I stare into his fiery red eyes, swallowing, belly growing hot, nipples hardening... forcing me to look away, but he gently turns me to look at him. “You canna hide nothin' from me,” he growls and my throat hitches as he sets the plate to the side. “Say it, an' I swear by The Source... as yer Alpha, I'll make it so,” he whispers sweet words that I know are soaked in oil so he can light them on fire later...just as all Alphas do.

My chest heaves and my tongue feels heavy because for some reason those eyes... those eyes make me want to believe him. Fuck, this mark is destroying my reasoning.

“I want nothing but to be freed from this bondage,” I seethe, heart aching when his

eyes soften.

“Then I apologize, wee lass, but yu’ve gained the obsession o’ a beast an’ I’m neva lettin’ yu go,” he throws at me pointedly. I know deep down what he’s saying is true. I’ll never be rid of him. I’m not one to cry... I’ve been through hell as an Omega in this prejudiced land, but this is too much, and the tears start to fall.

I turn my head away because I don’t want to cry in front of him. Not ever. But the rage is too much. The humiliation is unbearable. The betrayal of my own body is heartbreaking. I press my cheek against the cool bark of the tree and close my eyes, feeling the wind gently caressing my hot, sticky skin.

He cuts the fiery rope and scoops me into his arms, carrying me through the trees as the tears still spill over to the cave I’d called my home before I met him during the hunt. Then truth slams into me, cold and sharp. This man had always been tracking me... I was never not in his grasp...

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I cut my tear-stained eyes to him, wondering why we're here. When we enter, I'm surprised when I see there's a makeshift bed in the far corner that was not there when I occupied the cave. I'd opted out of comfort so I could stay alert if anyone snuck up on me...so this is where he was when he left the clearing.

He sets me down on the surprisingly soft straw, but I quickly roll over, not wanting to look at him, feeling odd because this is about the most stillness I've ever had in my life. However, there is no peace... only him. Always him.

I feel him lie down next to me, and I scooch to the edge of the bed and try to jump up, but his huge hand wraps around my waist and roughly pulls me to him, cool breath on the back of my neck near my mark.

Chills spread over me and heat spills from my center when I feel him kiss it. I close my eyes tightly as he caresses my body... my body that wants him, yearns for him, screams for him. However, in my heart, I want to rip him apart. I desire to end him, but the thought renders me numb.

My fingers bite into his skin, but I only feel his dick grow along my back, and hear him grunt as nut slides down my ass crack.

"Careful luv, yer turnin' me on."

"Ugh!"

One day...I promise myself silently. One day I'll kill him. Slowly. I'll carve my freedom out of his flesh, but not tonight. Tonight, I close my eyes, let the tears soak

into the roots beneath me, and let my rage cradle me to sleep in my captor's arms.

Murdoch

She's cryin'.

She t'inks I dinna notice, t'at I canna see the way 'er shoulders tremble, or the way she's buried 'er face inta the straw, prentendin' tu sleep.

But I du... I notice evera broken sob she swallows, evera fist she makes, drawin' blood, an' even though we 'ave not bonded an' our telepathy 'as not been established, I hear evera vile t'ought she 'as, an' somet'in' in me gut t'at I dinna 'ave a name fer twists.

An' yet... I still dinna regret markin' 'er against 'er will.

'ow can I wen 'er scent still lingers on me skin like an' expensive perfume? 'ow can I wen me mark shines so beautifully on 'er t'roat? Or wen I know wat it feels like tu beinside'er?I feckin' regret not'in', but still, me 'eart aches.Feck!

As 'er sobs turn tu calmbreaths, lettin' me know she's truly fallen asleep, I canna 'elp but marvel at me Omega's beautiful dark skin glowin' in the moonlight. I run me eyes ova 'er wild hair, tangles wrapped around 'er face like a crown of shadows, untamable, an' defiant like 'er. Long black lashes fan against 'er wet cheeks, tremblin' evera time her plump, dark brown lip stutter out a breath in 'er sleep.

'ow devastatin'ly beautiful.

Me rare, wild Omega, an' not jus' rare because o' 'er abilities. Not jus' because 'er scent drives me inta madness, but because she's me warrior. The only Omega who didn't drop to 'er knees the moment she encountered me. The only one who,bit,ran

an' fought metu the bitter end. The only one who looks more beautiful covered in scratches an' 'atred than any polished jewel in a palace.

I reach out, rough fingers nervously shakin', scared tu disturb 'er first peaceful slumber wit' me, but I brush a strand o' hair from her cheek. Me heart stalls when she whimpers an' flinches in 'er sleep.

"N-no! Please! D-don't!" she whimpers an' I grit me teeth. Is it me she's fearful o' even in 'er sleep? "Please, M-Master Lorsol! Please! I... I'll be good!" she yelps in 'er sleep an' I feel hell raise in me veins. Lorsol? Who the feck is t'at? Master?

Perhaps a previous owner? I know that dependin' on the region, Omegas are rounded up like cattle an' sum sold intu slavery. Some even choose tu be sex slaves an' concubines... I neva cared about Omegas. I only joined the hunt fer the thrill, but now I see me ignorance...

I use the back o' me 'and tu gently wipe a tear from 'er face, vowin' t'at sumeday she'll undastand. Sumday she'll see wat it means tu be mine. Not jus' owned. Not jus' knotted an' marked.

Butkept.

Protected.

Worshipped.

She'll undastand the wat it mean tu be chosen by me, tu know t'at I'll make it so she neva cries again. I've neva been more sure o' anyt'in' in me life.

She was made fer me.

An' one day, I'll make 'ersee it.

Chapter 10

His Fever

MURDOCH

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Source Creation Date: June 23, 2025, 7:46 am

The fire is everawhere!

“MIRRRRAAAA!” I pant, staggerin’ as I limp dazed down the burnin’ halls o’ me ancestral keep, searchin’ fer me mate. “MIRA!”

“AHHHH HELP ME! HELP MEEEE!” I use me power tu smite the flames off a mother in me pack an’ her pup, goin’ t’rough the hall smitin’ as many o’ the fires as I can, though it causes wateva is in me system tu speed up, runnin’ it’s deadly course in me.

“MIRA! CALL TU ME!” I blink t’rough the smoke, shakin’ me ’ead in disbelief at the fire lickin’ at the bones o’ me dead brethren. Me ears prickle at the sound o’ the screams o’ me pack... mefamily... echoin’ like ghosts across the stone.

An’ standin’ ova the balcony, smilin’ wickedly as if t’is travesty is the greatest joy he’s eva witnessed is me twin brother... Me second in command ... but it was decided t’at I would inherit the pack instead. Garven showed me approval an’ no remorse... so why... why?

“Garven! Wat ’ave yu done?!” I growl, tryin’ tu stay on me feet, but I can feel sum odd, unknown substance coursing t’rough me veins.

“Oh? Did yu wake up? Shite, I t’ought I placed enough Banes root in yer beer tu keep yu knocked out until mornin’.” He turns, lookin’ at me wit’ ’ell in ’is eyes.

“Til mornin’?” I shake me ’ead, barely able tu comprehend the Banes root, the only plant t’at can run an Alpha wit’ power mad an’ drive ’em tu death eventually. How

could 'e get it? No, why would 'e? Wat is t'is about?"**"WHY?! WAT... WAT IS THE MEANIN' O' T'IS?! AN' WHERE IS MIRA?!"**I roar, tryin' tu keep meself up, but the poison is warpin' me mind an' drainin' me energy.

"Why?! Why yu ask? Because yu STOLE from me! Yu stole me kingdom righ' from under me nose! Yu t'ink yer sumt'in' because yu inherited some power from the Deity Balor t'at I dinna! Yu t'ink yer better because the Source chose yu ova me tu be blessed wit' Lycan abilities! They t'ink yer better t'an me jus' because yer the first Alpha who can transform intu t'at feekin' Lycan form in our pack! I'll neva stand by an' let sumone take wat was meant tu be mine!"he roars, eye glowin' wit' inferiority ... the bastard.

"So all o' this destruction because yu could'na control yer inferiority! The death o' our people! The destruction o' our land! The dismantlin' o' wat our ancestors built! Yu could 'ave ruled beside me! Yu could 'ave told me! Yu could 'ave done anyt'in'! Anyt'in' but t'is!"I seethe, knees goin' weak because the Banes root is tryin' tu make its way up tu me heart, but I steady me breath because I know once it reaches it, I'm as good as dead.

"FECK T'IS LAND AN' ITS PEOPLE! ALL YU CARE ABOUT IS POWER! I'LL BURN IT ALL DOWN! I'LL NEVA LET T'IS LAND KNOW PEACE AS LONG AS I'M ALIVE! AN' AS FER MIRA..."he smiles wickedly an' me anger flares.

"WHERE IS SHE?!"I know... no... I can feel I need tu keep calm so the poison won't flow t'rough me an' end me faster but... I canna stand by an' watch.

"I WILL NEVA TELL!"Wit' wat wee strength I 'ave left, I conjure up the fire in me veins an' smash me paw intu the ground, smitin' all the flames near an' t'at wen the true death an' destruction o' our people is revealed. Hundreds burned... broken, battered, cryin', an' me 'eart aches... I shake me 'ead in disbelief...

It was all a lie! 'e smiled in me face, pretendin' tu be happy wen I was chosen ova him. 'e congratulated me, rooted fer me, an' it was all lies... the feckin' coward! I stand in the blood o' me people an' while regulatin' me 'eart rate... even t'ough I'm panicked at not findin' Mira.

“WHERE IS SHE?!”I roar an' Garven's laughter rings hatred in me heart an' sparks the fire in me veins.

“Well, tu find 'er, yu'll have tu catch me first, BROTHER!”e challenges, an' I lunge fer 'im, but stop wen is see me mate Mira use 'er power tu materialize in front o' me. I sigh an' relief spreads t'rough me.

“Mira! Where were you?”I run ova tu 'er pullin' 'er intu me arms, but she does'na say anyt'in'. And

But out o' the corner o' me eyes, I see Garven leap towards 'er wit' a dagger. I use me fire rope tu bind 'im when pain... unimaginable pain floods me. Me power fizzles, out an' I see Mira step back wit' blood on 'er 'and an' I feel a dagger in me stomach. Suddenly, Mira goes ova tu Garven an' 'elps him up.

“Mira... wh...”

“Good job, baby,”Garven groans as 'e grasps 'er around the waist an' I watch in disbelief as 'e pulls 'er intu a deep kiss t'at rocks me.

“Sorry fer takin' so long baby, I was busy getting' t'is,” Mira smirks an' pulls out me crown and I watch him take it from 'er, laughin'manically.

“WAT THE 'ELL ARE YU DUIN', MIRA?!”I lunge forward, but me 'eart beats as if it's breakin'. I see why wen Mira moves 'er 'air tu the side, an' watch dumbstruck wen Garven licks me mark on 'er neck an' I see him bite an' bond wit' her. I roar at

the pain of our mark breakin' an' their forced bond formin'. "MIRA! WHY?!"

"Wat me Queen does is o' no concern tu yu, BROTHER," he growls, placin' me crown on 'is head. Me 'eart thumps, causin' the Banes root tu shoot tu me 'eart, almost bringin' me tu me knees, but I 'old steady, grittin' me teeth so 'ard they crack.

"I'm goin' tu feckin' kill yu!" I growl, blood spillin' from me mouth as Garven smirks,

"You were never meant tu rule, brother. Yu were only meant tu bleed, an' I will not stop until I see everat'in' yu desire taken from yu as yu 'ave taken from me!" e grasps 'is neck befer he takes some o' t'at damned root from his pocket, places it on 'is knife, an' cuts me rope, droppin' an' disappearin', sendin' a painful roar from me intu the air, leavin' me tu choke on ash, on flames, on failure.

"HEY! I SAID LET ME THE FECK GO!" I jump awake with a gasp, my body slick wit' sweat, the air around me pulsin' like a battlefield. The room is dark, silent, 'eart beatin'. I clutch it, feelin' the Banes root I'd barely kept at bay since the betrayal. Fer the past three years I've bitterly woken up alone, but t'is time...she's 'ere.

Emerald

The cave is surprisingly warm with the flames and sparkles still dancing along the walls that once felt so cold and bleak when I was here alone... I blink counting his breaths for what feels like the millionth time but I cannot be too careful if I'm going to make my escape. I need to make sure he's truly sleeping.

This beast might appear to be a man, but I cannot forget the aura he wields in that beastly form he possesses. I go to stand and leave when I pause heart racing when his hand grasps mine. I go to conjure my power to fight him but I stop when I hear a whimper...

“Mira...” I hear pitifully come from his lips and my heart tinges at the name...Mira? I turn thinking he’s talking about me. His eyes are closed but his usually calm and playfully smug face is turned up in a grimace... an expression I’m all too familiar with... pain. “M-Mira...” He gasps before I hear a deep growl and whimper and to my shock I see sadness on this beast face. “M-Mira... wh-why?”

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I didn't know a beast could be sad... I have yet to see anything on their face but lust, wrath and greed... but something about it disturbs my spirit...I hate it...this tears this beast shed makes my heart do incomprehensible things...

"Mira?" I grumble with an unspoken question I want to ask but why do I even give a damn? But when his grip goes slack, I happily turn. Yes! I can run!

But the moment I go is when a painful whimper pierces my ears, slowing my steps. No! Don't stop! Keep going! Fuck this beast!

"Awwwwwooooo!" The sad whimper draws me to a stop and I turn to see he's soaked in sweat, tear streaming down his eyes and his body convulsing. Shit! I go to run over to him, but I stop once more... No! I shouldn't help him! He's the enemy! He's my captor h— "Awwoooo!" he whines and I see him seize up. Even if I don't want to, my feet carry me over to his side and before I can think I'm shaking him awake.

"HEY! WAKE UP!" I shake his heavy ass but he still stays tensed up so I lift my hand and slap the fuck out of him. His bloodshot eyes pop open and his teeth grit, growling hard. "Hey, is everything alright?" I narrow my eyes at him and he turns them to me, unblinking, making me flinch.

I step back, watching him sit up in bed, sweat pooling down his back, panting, muscles bulging and tense. I hate how attractive he looks... I hate how much I would think he would be my type... if I had a type.

When he doesn't answer I roll my eyes and turn up my nose uncaring and go to lay

back down and pretend to sleep since I was dumb enough to wake him up and ruin my chances of getting away, but a knot tugs in the pit of my stomach and before I can stop myself I find myself sitting up and asking...

“Who is Mira?”

I didn't think it was possible for such a taut back to coil up more but he does, and his glowing red eyes speak of an ugly fury I didn't know an Alpha could possess, considering their cushy lives.

“How du yu know t'at name?! 're yu workin' wit' 'er?!” he growls, accent so deep I can barely understand his words... but in my heart... or well because of this damn mark, it's like I automatically know what he's saying no matter how hard it is to understand his words.

“Are you daft?! I asked you because I don't know her, hell I don't even know if it is a her,” I sneer and I watch him relax a bit, but narrow his eyes at me but hell I narrow them back at him because he makes no move to answer my question. I scoop a clump of mud from the ground, hardening it up, and chuck it at his head, causing him to look at me with confused, blinking eyes. “I believe I asked you a question!”

“An'?” he raises a brow at me.

“And I expect you to answer!”

“Oh?” he smirks.

“Don'tohme. I want to know who the hell this Mira person you're whimpering about is? Because you might have marked me, but I'll be damned if you think I'm willing going to let you drag me into a harem of bitches to breed!” I sneer and he chuckles, placing a hand on his knee, watching me.

“A harem of bitches I breed? Interesting...”

“I don’t see anything interesting about it,” I sneer, “I’ll kill you before I get caught up in some shit like that.” I bare my teeth and I mean it.

“So you’re saying you won’t kill me if you aren’t taken to a situation like that...?” he smirks and fire licks at my bare feet. Though it doesn’t burn... instinctually I run from it and straight into his arms like the idiot I know myself not to be.

When I try to push out of his grasp, he holds me steady and forces me to look at him...

“Let go!”

“Why? When I’m tryin’ to answer me Omega’s question...?”

“I don’t care about the answer anymore.” I push away but he holds me tightly and pulls me close, sniffing the tender part of my neck before he runs his tongue over the place my heart is beating, growling.

“Hmm, but what if yer Alpha wantstu give yu the answer?” he murmurs, sliding his dick between my pussy lips.

“Why? I don’t care if you have some bitch named Mira waiting for you at home!” I growl with a bit more animosity than I should and he places his hand on my ass, grinding against me, sparking something in me.

“I have no one like that at home, lass. Only yu...” The words knock the fight right out of me.

“W-what do you m-mean by th-that?!” I try to sound defiant but I fail miserably.

“I mean, yu are me only Omega, me only weakness... me only everat’in’. Me Queen...” His pretty lie sends my heart thumping as he grasps my breast, slurping my nipple into his mouth, looking into my eyes seriously, hungrily, lustfully as if the Demon King Legend appears in him.

“An Omega Queen?” I snort, but my stomach dips. “In what universe is that a thing?” I sneer and he pops in my breast right out of his mouth.

“Mine,” he growls, capturing my lips into a kiss. “Mine,” he grasps a handful of my hair, holding me tight and still giving me no room to run. I’m ashamed... after everything I’ve been through, this man... this beast... thisAlpha...I shamefully wilt in his arms, desiring his savage touch.

“And you expect me to believe that?” I moan against his lips as he slides his tongue into my mouth, murmuring.

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“Lass, even if I weren’t a king, I’d fell a nation jus’ tu keep me promise tu yu,” he growls seductively, dipping his thick fingers into my pussy and swirling them around.

“Your pretty lies...” I throw my head back moaning, gasping for breath and rocking against them shamefully, knowing this time there is no heat forcing me to do his bidding... it’s just him, his lies, and this mark... organic lust.

“No lies.” He spins me to my back, transforming his tongue, sliding it down my body, and spreading my legs. “I would neva, me precious one.” I hate him... his words are blatant lies to get me to let my guard down, but this stupid mark has me desiring with all my might to believe them.

But I can’t be fooled... I won’t. I take a fist full of his hair and shove him down between my legs, annoyed when I hear that sexy ass chuckle and gasp for breath when his long, rough tongue invades my body, sending fire burning in my veins.

“Ugnnn!” I arch my back, panting.

“Yu taste heavenly. Give me more,” he grunts, licking every crevice of my insides, making me quiver with want and need.

They say that the Hunt is the only tradition the seven demon kings ever agreed to... even King Sloth, whose usually too lazy to even have input on anything, agreed. The idea of watching beings lose their minds in such a barbaric way for sex, money, and power it appealed them all... not only that, but having the event take place in regions the Kings have heavily imbued with their magic is on purpose...

Here in this forest... in his arms... I feel his lust for me... I feel his desire to take me and fuck me delirious... I feel it, and I hate how much I want it.

“More, lass, give me more o’ yu... help yer Alpha ferget me troubles as yu always du an’ I’ll du anyt’in’,” he begs and I can hardly stand how much I want to give him what he’s asking for, though I don’t know what I’m helping him forget...is it Mira?

I say nothing, though the question remains heavy on my tongue. I just let him slide up my body and plunge into me, grasping my legs and fucking me so hard the makeshift cot starts to crumble.

His grunts echo around the cave as my moans dance nastily right alongside them. The way he fucks me so hard yet gently fucks my head up. Taking yet giving. Owing yet asking...it’s too much.

“Give me more, lass. Give yer Alpha more of yu!” he growls, thrusting into me, suckling on my neck, hands flying everywhere, breast rocking from his relentless pursuit of pleasure.

“By the Source! Yes!” I cling onto his body, gasping for breath, wondering what is happening. How can I feel this desperate for him even without a heat demanding I let this beast wreck me? Each thrust leaves not one fucking question of who’s taking me, but rather a challenge, daring me to deny this fire.

But I can’t!

“Du yu feel this, lass?” he growls against my lips, plowing into me, dick feeling as if it’s going to split me in two, his voice is rough and broken...sexy. “Du you feel wat yudutu me? The Mad Wolf King taken down only by his queen... his Luna.” He thrust harder. Deeper! Rougher!

He makes me cry out, unable to hold anything back. My pussy clenches around him, wet from nothing but need for him, though I don't understand why.

"Feck, lass, yu make me want tu lock yu away! Yu drive me a different kind of mad," he grunts, whispering into my ear, and I hate how I tremble in his arms like I'm truly his... I despise how I cling to him, wailing for more.

This beast is huge, and as he fucks me, his ragged breath and thrusts feel as if he's been waiting for centuries for me. His eyes glow like embers, watching me not like prey...but like something holy he's about to desecrate.

"Talk to me, lass. Tell yer Alpha yu feel 'im," he growls, voice frayed and feral.

"No!" I lie breathlessly.

"Dinna lie tu me, lass. T'ere's no heat t'is time. Yu want t'is dick, yu want yer Alpha... yu want me."

My breath stutters in my chest. My body arches of its own will, like it recognizes him. Welcomes him.

"No! No! No!" I shake, unbelievable pleasure washing over me.

"Yer tremblin'," he murmurs, low and rough. "Not because yer body tells you tu, but because I du." His lips crash into mine and I bite his bottom lip hard, making him groan a low, guttural sound that sends shivers down my spine before slamming into me, brutal, unforgiving screams clawing at my throat, resounding around the cave.

Not in pain. In shock. In need. And I don't want him to stop.

Each thrust is punishing, possessive like he's trying to remind me of something I

haven't even forgotten.

“Yer mine,” he snarls against my throat, teeth dragging over the deep purple hickey mark he'd left before. “Even wit'out the heat... this pussy takes me so well.”

I whimper, clawing at his back, blood pooling down it, hating the way my hips meet every brutal thrust with desperation, hungry for him.

He shouldn't feel this good.

I shouldn't want him this much.

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I really fucking shouldn't, but damnit, I do.

“Let go, me precious wee Omega. Let go an' give in tu yer Alpha,” he demands, begs, pleads.

“Murdoch...” I gasp, shaking.

“Fuckin' aye! T'ers's no instinct left tu blame,” he growls. “No excuses. Just us. Let go an' give me everat'in'.” He splits me open harder, forcing me to cry out, every sound pulled from somewhere I didn't know I had. His body is everywhere, inside, around me, against me, making it hard to hold myself together. I can tell I'm not falling, but being broken down to the bone.

“I hate you,” I scream, sobbing, convulsing, unraveling with nothing to guide me but the terrifying truth of how much I want him. He captures my lips in a seething hot kiss, sending pleasure crashing onto me like a boulder.

“No,” he whispers, shoving deep into me, sending a silent scream from my lips to his. “You hate t'at this is real,” hwgrunts, and his words tell no lie. “But I swear by the Source, I'll hear wat I want an' soon. Me precious one, me wee Omega... I'll knock t'at fight righ' on out o' yu.”

Chapter 11

Wild and Wrath

EMERALD

By the Source! I can't breathe! I stand ready to leave the cave as he packs a makeshift bag for the long journey to the finish line.

"Where are yu goin', lass?" he growls, making me pause at the cave exit.

"I... uhm... I need some fresh air," I tell him, and it's not a lie. The entire fucking cave smells like him. My skin still tingles from his touch...his hands, his mouth, his name. It's without question this damn beast has etched himself like a brand across every nerve of my fucking body.

There is no part of me he hasn't reached... under my flesh, between my legs... and I hate to fucking admit it, but in my heart. I hate it, and by the smug smirk on this bastard's face, he knows it!

"Aye, but dinna go far. We leave soon," he reminds me, and I glare. I wasn't fucking asking. But I nod and stomp out, with him chuckling behind me.

I walk over to the river, wishing I could go to the mother tree, but the trees move, so I know it will take me ages to find it again. Still, I'm grateful that the cave and lake seem to move in tandem with each other, so finding it is easy.

Tired, I grit my teeth, inhaling deeply to get some air in my lungs, but nope! All I smell is him!

"Fuck!" I press both hands against my chest, trying to ground myself, trying to shake the image of him taking me all night, then holding me tight and kissing me to sleep. It was peaceful, vulnerable, and beautiful in a way that hurt.

He wasn't supposed to feel like safety. He's supposed to be the monster. My captor... yet he cleaned my wounds, kisses me tenderly, and whispers my name like it's sacred. He hadn't just claimed me... he had seen me, and I him...

And If I'm brutally honest, it scares the fucking life out of me. I've seen what it's like for Omegas who trust Alphas. I know too many of them who were hopeful that they'd found their mates, only to be told later of their demise and attending the funeral that the government had to pay for. Sadly and pitifully, the only things remaining of them are their memories and an ugly ass, crooked white cross that barely spells their names correctly. They don't even bother to write the date of birth or death...

I fucking know better! That is why I chose to participate in the Hunt, to take my freedom into my own hands and win the prize! I never wanted to be claimed. But Source help me, my body wants him. Not the heat. Not the mark. Me. And that truth sits in my chest like rot.

Because what does that get me? I'll just wind up as just another Omega swayed by dominance and strength. Just another girl who was broken down and reshaped into a possession. And if I'm lucky, I'll be tossed away with no baby... a bastard hated by society as they claim their mother a whore who sold pussy and pheromones and got knocked up. That's if I'm lucky... if not... a coffin?

But Murdoch... he seems different... no he feels different... IS different.

I feel so scared... I'm falling. That cave was no longer a cave. That makeshift cot was no longer just a cot. It was ours, and last night in his arms... for the first time in this life, even for a little bit, I let go and it felt good. Being with him... no heat to cloud my judgment... I shudder thinking about it. I felt the first tingles of happiness in my life. Happiness... love

No.

No!

Alarm bells as loud as the horn rings in my head. To love an Alpha means nothing

butdeath.

The thought of having something and trusting someone sends a fear even worse than an Alpha attacking me rippling through my bones.Love...I gasp for air, breathing hard, cheeks flushed, chest warm with something I hadn't let myself ever feel.

Wrong. This feeling is wrong! These thoughts of happiness are wrong!

I spin on my heel, listening for Murdoch, and quickly use my powers to make a leaf and rope dress and some shoes as quickly as possible. Thankfully, it's easily doable with all the rest and my wounds healing from the leaves of the mother tree.

Quickly, I throw everything on and I move with the original plan.Win this hunt alone! I just need to get closer to the checkpoint... it's already day six...Get to the finish line, win and disappear. If I'm lucky, I'll go to the human realm and shed this Omega stigma.

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I glance back at the cave, heart aching, telling me to go back, but all I know is what logic tells me. Omegas can never trust an Alpha...

And I run... it's the only thing I can do because I know I cannot kill him... and not because of his power, but because I literally do not have the drive anymore.

I clutch my aching heart, wheezing and sweating, the further I get from him... missing him more with every step. My body pulses with every centimeter I stray away.

GO BACK!

I shake the thought from my head and run... I run... I pause... looking back, puffing because I can't run! As I bite my lip, fear, realization, and dread coursing through me. I can't leave him?—

The crack of a branch behind me sends adrenaline slicing through my spine. Murdoch... did he catch up with me already? The happiness that spreads through me is confirmation enough that I can't leave him. I spin on my heels with an excuse on my lips, but the trees whisper distressing words to me, causing my stance to change. My fists clench, magic humming at my fingertips.

Nothing...

But I'm not stupid... I don't let my guard down and use my power to cut down a branch. Before it hits the ground, I carve the edges into a spear and grasp it, crouching.

“Come out you, fucking cowards,” I grit out.

A growl answers back. It’s low and repulses me. Not my Murdoch.

“Didn’t think he’d let you wander this far,” a voice drawls from the shadows. “But lucky us... now we can get a taste of the sweet pussy we’ve smelled for days.” A man steps from behind a tree. Tall. Pale, with scars across his chest. Definitely an Alpha, but this one is a ghoul. Still...I can handle him...Or so I thought, when six other Alphas flank me, circling like dogs. I curl my lip, disgusted, and snort.

“Oh, you couldn’t handle lil ol’ me by yourself, so you big strong Alphas had to gang up on me? A helpless Omega?” I raise a brow and the ringleader snorts.

“Helpless? I don’t think anyone in the forest doesn’t know what you did to those poor Alphas... so we decided to move differently... because we’re smart. But believe me when I tell you, we can more than handle you, the same way the other Alphas and I handled the other nine Omegas,” it smirks. Those mother fuckers!

I gasp and spit on the spear, furious not only at them but myself...I could have helped them... I arch my hand back, throwing it and using the wind to shoot it straight through the heart of the Alpha next to him panting with ire.

The yelp is loud and satisfying, but so is hearing its body drop to the ground with a thud. Deep down I knew... I knew I was the last one standing. My heart aches for them... we didn’t deserve this... fuck... rest in power. I might not have known you all, but I’ll avenge as many of you as I can... not out of obligation, but out of need for vengeance

“Smart?” I shake my head, holding in a wince when my stomach starts to burn with heat... No... Source, not right now! I can’t afford to go in heat now... “No, I don’t think you’re smart at all, because if you were smart you’d know not to fuck with a

woman who's on a mission," I grunt as I call a vine up and hook it though my spear, sending it back to me.

"You bitch!" it chokes out on his last breath.

"I know you are, but what am I?!" I stick my tongue out at him.

"She's mouthy. I can't wait to fuck her... she screamed so prettily in that cave..." it laughs and I blast a huge clump of dirt his way, sending it slamming into a severed tree branch I'd just cut off, groaning, blood spewing from its mouth and chest.

"Anyone else?!" I smirk, and one of them chuckles. Meanwhile, the others flinch.

"You think power makes you untouchable?" the lead Alpha hisses, stepping closer. "But you're just an Omega that's been used and marked... easy prey... no Alpha even has to claim you. We can just take you to the finish line, fuck you, and kill you... that's the Hunt. Those are the rules... that's the fun."

"Well, I want to see you try," I growl and it laughs and lunges at me, face turning large and clumpy, screeching

"GET THAT BITCH!" it shouts and they all charge at me at once.

I scream, ready to fight, but before it can even reach me, its body goes flying with the swipe of a large paw. Murdoch!

"You found me!"

"I'll feckin' deal wit' yu later!" he growls, catching one of the Alphas in his mouth, crushing its bones, and flinging it to the side.

I know it's strange... but I'm not even upset. I'm... happy, no...I feel on top of the world! He came after me!

Murdoch

She ran... jus' like I knew she would the moment she t'ought she was out o' me sight. Even t'ough I knew she would, I canna stop the disappointment t'at flares t'rough me. I stamp it down an' focus on trackin' 'er as she bobs an' weaves t'rough the woods.

But tu me surprise, she stops an' looks back at me.Can she see me?No, the steam I'm emmitin' from me body cloaks me, creatin' a mirage, practically makin' me invisible tu everat'in' includin' the pests t'at try tu attack her from behind.

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So wat is she lookin' at?

I see 'er face morph intu one o' pain as she goes tu turn around, but a crack is heard. Jus' as me Omega does, she wastes no time gettin' ready. I lower me stance, ready tu pounce on the feckers who dare surround me Omega.

But she makes quick work out o' two an' the other pussy goes tu lunge fer 'er, but befer 'e gets tu 'er, I drop the mirage an' bat 'im out o' the air.

“You foundme!” she exclaims, sendin' rage t'rough me veins

“I'll feckin' deal wit' yu later!” I growl, graspin' anotha in me jaw, crushin' 'is skull.

One by one, wit' 'er at me side, fightin' jus' as hard, rippin' 'em tu shreds! Until none are left... until it's jus' 'er an' I, pantin', soaked in blood an' gazin' at one anotha.

“Murdoch, I?—”

“Du na speak!” I growl. I expect me Omega tu fight, but wit' no hesitation, she quiets an' I scoop 'er intu me arms, carryin' 'er off, tryin' tu contain me anger.

Chapter 12

The Claiming

EMERALD

Surrounded by the dead, I watch him in awe, waiting for him to yell, roar, or shout, but nothing comes.

“Yu ran from me.”

My heart...

“I did...”

“Yu endangered yer life,”he speaks quietly, though his voice might as well be thunder.

I look away, shame crawling upmy throat.

“I know.”

He steps forward, growling, still in his Lycan form.

“Yu fergot who yu belong tu.”

I swallow, shivering, panting at the pheromones emanating from his body.

“I didn’t forget.”

He pauses, and his voice drops lower than I’ve ever heard it.

“Then prove it,”he challenges. My breath hitches in my throat, and my pussy clenches.Prove it...?

The words burn in my ears and light a blaze in my gut because the part of me that is too ashamed is bashful to admit to wanting this punishment. Because a part of my

body... is scared to say that it aches for his correction... one I haven't asked for yet
crave all the same.

"I'm sorry," I whisper.

"Prove. It! You dinna get tu say sorry an' t'ink it's enough," he growls. "I need
tu feel it."

I pant, glancing up at the sky, feeling the heat rise up in me. However, I stomp
it down somehow. I don't want his moment to be drowned out by fever. I want him to
know just how I feel. My heart races, and even though they're bloody, I feel my palms
sweat as I slide to my knees and bow at his feet.

Though my head is bowed, I can't get rid of the sight of blood that clings to his
hands, his chest, and his jaw out of my head. Although none of it is mine, it was
spilled for me. Powerful... strong... mine! The mere thought sends chills of ecstasy
down my spine.

That alone should make me feel somewhat safe in his presence, but I don't. His bitter
gaze bares down on me, sucking the air from my lungs, the rage boiling within him
clear and evident from his aura alone. I don't blame him... not after what I did.

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Though our bond isn't complete, I knew I shouldn't have left him, but I allowed my fear of being owned to get the better of me. Murdoch is not like any Alpha... he's my Alpha... and I should have trusted him...

When he says nothing, I chew my lip, fiddling with my bloody fingers as the silence between us screams louder than any words.

"Say it." He grips my hair, and I stare up at his mighty Lycan form, juices seeping out of me, panting, licking my lips. Seeing him like this is too much... the power radiates off him... his black fur turns ginger with his flame power whipping in the wind, his deep glowing red eyes all-knowing and all-consuming. I want him to devour me. He tilts my face up to look at him, and the fact that his eyes aren't soft makes my nipples harden. They're fire.

"I'm yours."

"Again."

"I am yours, Murdoch."

"Again."

"Murdoch is my—" I stammer. "Uhm, Emerald Givin's Alpha, and I receive him," I whisper and bite my lip, watching him unsheathe his dick moaning at the sheer size of it... large, long, and dripping cum, causing my heart to sputter. That was in me... how did I not die?

I inhale his pheromones, eyes rolling to the back of my head, feeling high on my man. Barely able to stand it any longer, I open my mouth to swallow my Alpha whole, listening to the deep growl that shakes the ground as he grasps my head, shoving his dick down my throat. I don't resist him... I take my Alpha down my throat, gagging, choking... drinking the nut he gives me.

“Take t’at dick like a good wee Omega!”he growls and I whimper, slurping his dick like my life depends on it.“Bloody feckin’ ’ell yu suck dick so good, precious one!”He takes my face, fucking my mouth hard, rough, and fast, nut and drool coming down my chin, mixing with the blood of those he’d killed for me, and that just turns me on more.

“UGHNNNN AHHHH UUGNNNN!” I moan, taking everything he gives me.

His growls are wild, and his demand for me untamed. I love it... I love it! I love it! This aggressive, unchained desire for me. I need him... all of him! As he fucks my face, dick bruising my lips. I widen my throat, even though his dick is so wide it burns going down my throat.

When he pulls out of me, drool hanging between us, I gasp, sucking in air. He wastes no time snatching me up and stripping me bare, and I don't fight him as he grabs my ass with his bloody hands, spreads my cheeks, and shoves his tongue in my ass.

“AHHHHHH!” I scream

“Mmmmmmm!”he grunts, biting my ass hard as fuck, making mearch my back.

“PLEASE! PLEASE! TAKE ME! FUCK ME, MURDOCH!” I beg, dying to have him inside of me! But he ignores me, siding his tongue up my ass and down to my pussy, making me shudder and cum on my Alpha's tongue, listening to him nastily slurp me up.

“Bare yerself tu me.”he grunts, and I pant, holding my ass cheeks spread and baring my neck to him. I’m ready and prepared to give myself to him because I knowthisis how we speak. This is how Alphas and Omegascommunicatewhen words fail.

I wait for him to slide that fat thing against my pussy, but I tense up when I feel him line that bulging dick with my asshole.

“Murdoch! Alpha wa?—”

“Silence!”he growls, grasping my hips, and I fist my hand into the dirt as he pops the tip into my asshole, grasping my hips, growling.“FECKKKK!”he grunts and grasps harder, nails biting into my flesh, making my eyes roll back as he once again stakes his claim on me.Punishingly slow.

And by The Source, does my bodysingfor it.

“MURDOCH! MURDOCH! YESSSSS!” I scream, moaning his name, clawing at the dirt, gasping for air once I finally feel myAlpha bottom out, and I can do nothing but match his rhythm with wild abandon.

“Yer mine,”he snarls against my neck, wrapping his hands tightly around my throat, daring me to say otherwise, but I won’t... I can’t.“Say it.”

“I’M YOURS!” I yell so loud the leaves tremble.

“REPEAT!”he growls, thrusting into me with a force that makes even the trees shudder with envy.

“I’M YOURS! I’M YOURS! I’M YOURS!” I scream.

“FECKIN’ RIGH’ YU ARE!”he snatches me up by the throat, red eyes glaring at me

with fierce need and anger that makes me beg for more.

“PLEASE!” I gasp for air, tears streaming down my cheeks, but he sneers, cocking a brow.

“Please, wat?”he growls

“Forgive me...” I pant, pussy throbbing around his dick and he snorts, grasping mythighs.

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“Yer goin’ tu ’ave tu feck me longer an’ harder fer me tu even considert’at.” By The Source, please! “Now,” he pauses and flips us over so that he’s on his back, leaving me on top, while placing his rough, calloused hands on my hips. “Show yer Alpha jus’ how sorry yu are.” he smirks, making me pant. Shit... I fucked up.

Murdoch

She ran from me... from me, ’er Alpha... ’er king...

I grit me teeth, ’oldin’ in the snarl t’at wants tu erupt from me... I want tu punish ’er more... I want tu dig me teeth in ’er flesh an’ force ’er tu submit, but lookin’ intu me wee one’s teary eyes makes me want tu fergive ’er an’ ’er sins against me.

I am na a fergivin’ man but wit’ ’er... she takes me breath away an’ forces me tu t’row away all me rules.

“Murdoch! Forgive me!” she cries out, pussy slammin’ down on me dick an’ I bite me lip, t’rowin’ back me ’ead in ecstasy, drownin’ meself in me Omega as she finds pleasure ridin’ ’er Alpha.

“Yu keep feckin’ me like t’is, I’ll be doin’ more t’an fergive yu!” I pant, t’rustin’ up intu her wetness, ’earin’ it echo around the forest fer the pests tu hear who she really belongs tu.

“PLEASE! PLEASE PLEASE! FORGIVE ME! FORGIVE ME!” She rolls her hips, nails diggin’ intu me skin, sendin’ chills down me spine an’ makin’ me toes curl.

“AYE, BEG MORE FER ME!”I demand, feckin’ ’er at a punishin’ rate, makin’ sure tu stamp fear intu ’er soul because the idea of losin’ ’er leaves me even more mad t’an the feckin’ Banes root.

She needs tu be reminded! I grip ’er by the hips, smashin’ ’er down. Not wit’ anger. Wit’ownership.She needs tu feel evera inch o’ t’is dick... tu know wat it means tu run from me. To defy t’is bond. Tu spit in the face o’ wat we are. I’m goin’ tu feck ’er up fer t’at... I’ll make it so she’s neva the same.

I massage ’er arse, fingerin’ ’er hole until four fingers can fit inside... wit’ evera thrust down ontu me, I massage ’er insides. I du it so much she loses her feckin’ mind, but it dinna let ’er cum. Evera time she’s close tu the edge, I pull back, rockin’ intu ’er pussy an’ arse gently, drivin’ ’er equally if na more mad than I was wen I tracked ’er. I will not let ’er cum because o’ the madness she made me feel. I crave it because deep down she, me sweet, precious Omega, knows shedeservesit.

Those sexy arse emerald eyes shift tu me, raw an’ glistenin’. ’er lips quiver wit’ me name, but ’er spine bowed wit’ lust an’ ’er eyes simper wit’ submission!Aye... t’is is wat we’ve both craved all along, jus’ pure submission an’ dominance.

No more fightin’.

“Aye, take t’is dick like a good girl! Feck me like yu mean it,”I growl, sittin’ up an’ suckin’ ’er tits, shiftin’ me teeth, bitin’ ’er nipple, suckin’ the blood an’ groanin’ at ’er taste.

She moans like it hurt ’er. The way ’er head falls back,t’roat bare, tears streaking down ’er cheeks, howlin’ fer more, I knowt’isis wat she’s always wanted... tu let go... tu trust... tu be free o’ burden... tu hand t’is sexy lustful body ova tu me from the start...

She's always wanted 'er Alpha tu chase 'er down an' rut the feck ou t o' t'is pussy! She's always wanted t'is pussy tu pay the price her t'at strong feckin' personality o' 'ers! She's always wanted t'is nasty body t'at cums on command, aches fer big dick, an' wither's fer pain tu be worshipped. An' I'm just' the Alpha tu du it.

I'm the Alpha t'ats goin' tu put t'is pussy in it's place!

“MURDOCH! I FEEL IT! BY THE SOURCE I... I FEEL YOU!” She vibrates, eyes rollin' tu the back o' her head. I snatch' 'er off me dick, flip 'er ontu 'er back an' shoot rope after rope o' cum on 'er arse an' pussy. “MURDOCH!” she cries out, disappointed, but I ignore 'er words, rubbin' me nut all in 'er feckin' skin, bathin' 'er in me cum.

I rub it in like oil, makin' sure she'll neva be able tu wash me scent off t'is body. I stare at 'er, pantin', chest risin' an' fallin' as 'er pussy opens an' closes, gushin' juices, beggin' fer dick, but she's not gettin' t'is dick righ' now... no... I want sumt'in' else...

I bend 'er ova, making 'er knees touch 'er feckin' forehead, causin' 'er tu gasp, especially wen I line me dick wit' her wee arse hole, makin' 'er eyes widen.

“M-MURDOCH! W?—”

“DINNAYU DARE TELL ME SHITE WEN I'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH!” I growl an' she snaps her lips shut, noddin', pussy gushin' more. T'at's jus' like me precious one... she's so used tu fightin', she does'na know wen tu bow down an' out, but tудay I'll tame 'er an' t'is body. “Tell me yu want it,” I smirk, feelin' 'er cum glide down me dick lined with 'er arse hole.

“I... I want it.”

“Tell yer Alpha specifically WATyu want...”I wet me already soppin’ dick with ’er cum, slidin’ it up an’ down ’er pussy t’en t’ump it down ontu ’er arse, gently shovin’ in jus’ the tip, causin’ ’er body tu seize up.

“AH! M-MUR... F-FUCK!” she shudders, feet shakin’, arse tryin’ tu shove me out.

“Come on precious one... tell yer Alpha how yu want him tu fer yer wee arse until it’s hard tu walk... cry tu ’er Alpha while explainin’ tu ’er Alpha how yer dyin’ tu be fecked intu submission.”

“I... I want my Al-Alpha to... I want m-my Alpha to f-fuck me i-into s-s-submission,” she whimpers an’ feckin’ ’ell is she beautiful sayin’ it.

T’ose eyes once full o’ condemnation now ovacome wit’ desire tu be shoved off a ledge an’ put out ’er misery by me.

“Feckin’ aye, I’ll give it tu yu...”I spin ’er tu ’er knees... the perfect position fer claimin’, face down, arseup. I grasp ’er arse an’ slide intu ’er depths, inch by feckin’ inch...,gruntin’ at ’er tightness.

“UGNNNN! AHHHHHH! YESSSSS!!!! UUGHHHHHNNNN!”

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“T’ats it, precious one. Submit an’ open t’at pussy up fer yer Alpha,” I growl, feelin’ crazed, feelin’ sumt’in’ stronger t’an Banes root seepintu me soul, makin’ me feel delirious wit’ need.

“ALPHAAAAAAAAA MMMUUURRRRRDOOOOCCCCCHHHHHHHH UGNNNN! PLEASE PLEASESSSSSEEEEEEE!” She claws at the dirt, but I sink me claws in ’er, hoppin’ on me feet an’ wit’ comin’ out o’ the side o’ me mouth as I howl tu the feckin’ moon from how gud me precious Omega feels.

“AWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!” I feckin’ snatch ’er, latchin’ ontu ’er neck, ’eart t’umpin’ wildly. Me vision sharpens an’ I feel evera emotion, evera ache, evera desire she’s eva felt. ’er memories, ’er t’oughts, ’er fears ovacome me, sufficatin’ me, casuin’ tears tu flood me eyes.

MIIIIIINNNNNNNNNEEEEEEE! I call out tu ’er soul, drivin’ out each doubt, stampin’ me, an’ only me in its place, lettin’ me precious one know I’m ’ere. Lettin’ me precious one know I’ll neva leave ’er or forsake ’er ... lettin’ me precious one know as I feck ’er she will neva be alone again.

’er screams o’ submission are valuable tu me... ’er trust in me is everat’in’

“I’M YOURSSSSS!”

“AYE! MINE! MINE! MINE!” I growl, usin’ ’er body until I feel me nuts tingle an’ tighten. I pull out an’ shove intu ’er pussy while finger feckin’ ’er arse as me knot balloons in her, makin’ me eyes cross from the sheer feckin’ pleasure.

“MUURRRRDDDDOOOCCHHHHHH!”she screams an’ I bite deeper into ’er neck, stampin’ me rage, need,an’ devotion into ’er soulwhile me knot still grows, causin’ ’er tu convulse an’ scream as cum floods ’er pussy an’ ’er belly bulges from the nut I pour into ’er. “UUUGGGNNNNNN!!!! I CAN’T! I CAN’T TAKE IT! PLEASE, IT’S TOO MUCH! IT’S TOO BIGPLEASETAKE ITOUTI’MGOINGTODIIEEEEEE!” she screams, words blendin’ together, but I hold ’er still, chest tu back, feelin’ ’er heart beat fer me in rhythm, in synch.

“TAKE IT, EMERALD!”I gasp fer air, holdin’ on fer dear life, slammin’ into ’er, pourin’ everat’in’ I ’ave into ’er, shakin’.

“UUUUGNNNNNNNGGGGGGGGNNNNNN! YESSSSSSSSSSSS MURRRRRDDDDOOOCCHHHHHHH!!!!” she screams an’ a massive green light shoots from ’er mouth, bathin’ the forest in a beautiful otha worldly green light fer five seconds befer I feel ’er body go limp.

But I dinna let ’er go... me knot still connects us, cum still pourin’ from me, so I hold her tight... securely... tenderly...mine... me precious one... me Omega.

I lick the tears from ’er eyes, whimperin’.I swear... I’ll protect yu even if it costs me sanity... yu will neva ’ave tu chase ’appiness again.

Chapter 13

Chained To Him

EMERALD

Igroan, stretching my body, feeling light, and though sore, it feels amazing.

I giggle when something soft and sweet-smelling tickles my nose. I wiggle it, but it

continues, and I sneeze, sitting up, opening my eyes before blinking, shocked. Whoa...!

The world looks... new. A field of flowers dances around me, the air thick with their perfume, and their colors swirl around me. Violet, gold, white, silver. Some of the blooms shimmer faintly, as though the very earth was bathed with magic. The grass is cool and lush beneath me, cradling my bare body as if I were its child.

My heart pounds, and a smile lights my face. I can feel everything! The hum of the earth beneath my fingers. The wind, whispering congratulations across my skin like a mother's touch, the trees smiling down on me with praise at my union, and deep inside... my power. It's no longer flickering with doubt. Instead, it burns with light and love, no longer held back by fear. It surges through me, pulsing, humming, wild and fierce... like my Alpha!

The power in me suddenly just makes sense. I'm able to explore the extent and ways to use it, as if I understand more about my abilities now... I close my eyes and smile, looking up at the trees. I hear you better... I whisper to them...

I glance up at the sky first seeing the floating camera orb watching me but I look past it and gasp, stunned that the dome licks even the top of the trees, burning hot and bright, but surprisingly not causing harm to the trees... my Alpha! A smile spreads across my face, and my fingers sink into the flowers and earth, my heart beating loudly in my ears, and before I can even ask the Source where I am, I feel the man I desire to see more than anything.

My body thumps with a reminder of him claiming me, and me handing myself over to him on a silver platter. I look around for him and gasp when I see a massive cage of fire just beyond where the field of flowers stops.

Him.

Murdoch.

My Alpha!

I scramble to my feet, falling due to the delicious pain of him being buried between my legs so deep last night and all the way until this morning...but I don't care about that! In fact, I want more! I want him to take me again and again and again... I want his cum to swell my belly. I want all of him.

I barely notice that I'm naked and washed of all sweat, but what I do notice is that I'm still covered in his strong pheromones. I drink the air, wanting to hoard it all, feeling the bond I was so afraid of alive, vibrant, and beautiful in me. How was I afraid of this?

I touch my heart and ache in my chest, ashamed at how the world I'd been born into almost caused me to miss out on this feeling. I soon shake that away and follow the tether pulling me toward him.

I run... no, I sprint, every beat of my heart whispering his name. I need him...now.

I run through the flowers, across the meadow, the earth parting for me, urging me onward with cheer, when the sound of rushing water fills my ears...a river? Desperately, I break through the thicket and...there he is.

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My breath hitches in my chest with an emotion I've never experienced. It's so foreign, yet raw and real. I can't move... I can only see... I can only feel.

Murdoch!

And he must feel me too because his eyes glow deep, even despite the sun being high in the sky, and they lock onto me the moment I break through the trees.

We stare at each other, communicating with nothing but our eyes. He takes me in as I take him in, and I can tell he feels just as elated to see me as I do. My man... my Alpha stands waist-deep in the river, sunlight glistening on his skin. He looks...unreal.Ethereal. Like a god. His muscles ripple beneath bronzed skin, and his black hair is slicked back in a braid halfway down his back.Damn... he's fine!

I don't think I've ever seen a man so magnificent... Alpha or otherwise. I lick my lips, body hungry for him all over again, a need not only driven by instinct, but want... desire... obsession...

When his arms open wide, a deep rumble tearing from his chest, I nearly fall to my knees from the sheer desire...I want him...

"Come to me, little one."

I don't think. I just run. Faster, harder, like I never have before until my feet hit the water and I leap into his arms, closing my eyes completely trusting him to catch me. He grabs me midair, with a growl that vibrates through my soul. His arms lock around me, lifting me against his soaking wet body, but he holds me tight against his

chest. I don't think I've ever felt more secure in my life. I wrap my arms around his shoulders and bury my face in his neck, trembling.

I'm exactly where I always needed to be.

Yer trembling... he whispers into my mind through our bond, making me shudder as he lowers us into the cool water. And I just stare at him in awe.

My heart beats wildly and my pussy aches... even the water is no match for my wetness for him and he knows it. His hands move with intention, washing me clean, slowly and carefully as if I were made of something precious.

Every touch sends sparks through my body and to our bond, tightening our thread until it thrums like a beautiful chord, and I can't help but reach between us, grasping his length.

"I'll wreck yu righ' now, precious one... stop," he growls in warning, but I don't want to... I know he'll fuck me into oblivion! I know he won't be able to stop! I know! He'll destroy my pussy... I know... and I want it all...

So I don't stop... I can't. I massage his length and call to the vine to come down and grasp onto me and wrap and spread my legs and pussy open for him. He snarls, causing him to kiss and lick down my neck as I line him up with my throbbing pussy, and let him sink to the pit of my stomach, as I throw my head back gasping, choking on the air in my lungs.

My toes curling from the pleasure-pain of his thickness and in this position I can feel everything... I can see everything... the way his big dick forces its way into my small body stretching me beyond capacity! The way his teeth bare, trying to hold on... the way his eyes flicker with an incessant need.

Fuck me, Alpha!

I beg desperately and as my Alpha always does, he slams into my pussy, rocking hard. He grasps my neck, claws showing and snarling as he slowly smashes into me, river rocking with waves from his thrusts.

“UGGHHHNNN!” Desperation and agony. Neither of us say a word... we don't have to. We just rock with the river, taking us to heights I can feel are new for both of us.

“FECK!” His thrusts are punishing, his grunts hard, his kisses feverish! My pussy grips him like it never wants to let go. I throw my head back moaning while he takes me with everything he's got not holding back, fucking me in both human and Lycan form, and I bask in both, wanting him to take more.

I gasp, grinding on his dick, desperate for every inch of him to touch my insides... to fuck me without shame.

More, Murdoch!

Feck me, litt'l one! Yu feel so feckin' gud!

“YESSSS! MORE AHHHH UGNN!” I bite his neck, flipping over on the vine and he pulls out, taking my ass, making my eyes cross from the pleasure. “Ughhhnnnn! Yes Murdoch!”

We pant, heart rates skyrocketing, ears humming, face and body flaming. Panting, clawing at each other, wanting to be closer. This feral need to taste every inch of him has me seeing why Omegas go crazy for their mates.

More!

The need is unreal, this itch is unscratchable, this flame unextinguishable. I'm on fire, and I'm happy about it. I'm dying and I feel nothing but bliss. I shatter, feeling him spill inside of me and I'm sad... thirsty for more...

I'll give yu everat'in' yer 'eart desires. He kisses the top of my head and cradles me to his chest, dick growing hard in me again, and I throw my head back in bliss, not even bothering to ask myself if his words are true because I know they are... I feel it... When t'is is ova... yu'll neva want fer anyt'in' again.

BWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM! The sound of the seventh horn blares in the background of my passion and I don't even care... it's just him and I.

As he thrust with demanding grunts inside of me and I just lose myself in him, almost forgetting that we still need to get to the checkpoint. Forgetting about winning. The hunt. It all feels so distant, so small compared to the fire burning between us.

The thing I desired more than life was freedom... and the prize money was the only way I could think to get it, but now... I couldn't care less about it. The gold, the ticket to the human realm... I don't care.

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To me, I have already won.

I have him.

And I'm never letting go.

Chapter 14

The Only One

MURDOCH

The river 'ad faded behind us a while ago, but the memory o' me cock buried in 'er body is present even now. 'er pheromones, an' the scent o' 'er sweetness beneath the wildflowers an' river moss are drivin' me mad as she walks beside me, close enough that 'er shoulder brushes me arm evera so often.

I pull 'er tu me, running me tongue ova her deep brown skin, shudderin' at 'er taste, especially wen she looks up at me as if she expects me tu strip 'er o' the clothes she's jus' made 'erself an' feck 'er against the nearest tree. Shite...

Me mate. Me Omega. Me Emerald. She's goin' tu be the death o' me. Too beautiful... too perfect... loved by the earth. Even the crystal water drops from the river still clin' ontu 'er skin as if desperate tu be with wit' 'er even a second longer. The wind lovin'ly caresses 'er 'air, not a lick o' frizz in sight. I want tu give 'er the world... an' t'is dick...

The t'ought o' snatchin' 'er up, cockin' a leg ova me shoulder, an' shovin' me tongue intu 'er arse an' pussy runs like a nasty replay in me mind, an' I'm tempted tu du it...but we're so feekin' close tu being' done wit' t'is game! I want 'er laid out on the fur o' me bed naked an' soakin' me sheets.

The path ahead twists t'rough a thin stretch o' silver-barked trees. We are na far from the checkpoint. Close tu riddin' 'er o' the pain an' trauma she's been running from. I canna allow me cock tu take t'at from 'er, no matter 'ow prettily she begs me wit' t'ose sexy, emerald eyes.

I will na allow it.

I need tu get 'er tu safety... I would 'ave jus' taken 'er an' removed 'er from the arena, but it is'na possible. The Demon Kings imbued the area wit' a barrier t'at instantly kills those who so much as caress it, so the only way out is the check point or death.

I want more... I smirk, glancin' at 'er wen her t'oughts connect wit' me t'rough our bond. She unlike me, canna control wat t'oughts I hear, so often times, 'er mind brushes mine, sparkin' the protective instinct in me. 'er t'oughts are precious, always shy an' warm, wit' questions about me t'at she always talks 'erself out o' askin' because she dinna want tu be a bother tu me... but litt'l does she know she's the one person who could neva be a bother. 'ell, if I'm honest, bits o' 'er memory leave me wit' questions o' me own.

A dim cell, metal chains, the pungent stench o' filth, despair, an' disease keep flashin' in me mind, along wit' a woman who looks jus' like me precious one, but a wee bit older. 'er eyes are like Emerald's eyes, an' she looks kind yet tired as she stares down, rockin' a younger version o' me soulmate'er mum? Sister? Aunt? Whoever she is, she whispers words o' despair intu me mate's ear even as 'er own heart broke.

Leave this place, Emerald... don't trust Alphas. They will only use you, break your heart, and leave you with a bond and a baby you can't break or afford...Pain an' anger lance me chest at 'er memory, t'ough it is'na all me pain an' anger...most o' it is 'ers...

The memory flashes across me mind once more... an' it's as if she's battlin' wat the woman told 'er an' the bond she's created wit' me.Which one is real? Whose words should she trus'?

“Who's the woman yer t'inkin' about?” I ask, causin' 'er tu gape up at me in shock, but realization comes ova 'er an' she bashfully looks down at the ground befer lookin' ahead. Wen she speaks, 'er voice is soft, yet t'ere is bitterness...

“My mother...”

“Ah... she's beautiful...”

“Was...” she corrects an' I glance at me precious one, takin' 'er hand.

“Me condolences.” I kiss the back o' 'er hand an' she smiles, t'ough it does'na reach 'er eyes. I stay quiet, givin' 'er the space tu speak if she wants or tu remain quiet, but she squeezes me 'and wit' strength.

“It's not your fault...”

“No... but Alphas are at fault,” I tell 'er, 'avin' seen enough tu know t'at much, an' she goes quiet again befer breakin' the silence.

“Theyare, but not all... and I see that now,” she speaks quietly an' with intention... the words o' a woman who's learned a lesson she can instill in others...kind, remorseful words o' a queen.

“Who ’urt yu?” I demand an’ answer. I want tu leave room fer ’er tu speak wen she’s ready, but even if I ’ave tu crawl t’rough the recesses o’ ’er mind, I’ll find those names... t’ose tribes... an’ I’ll carve ’er memory in t’ere flesh righ’ befer they die.

She peeksup at me as if she’d ’erd me t’oughts, an’ I’m sure she did. I was’na tryin’ tu keep ’em tu meself. Wen she speaks wit’ intention, I’ll act wit’ it... an’ they will die, an’ luckily, me precious one is’na tu soft-hearted tu deny me takin’ ’er retribution.

“The Ashfang Tribe,” she answers an’ cuts ’er eyes at me.

“Tell me...” I nod, notatin’ ’er words.

“W-well... they rounded us up when I was six,” she murmurs, keepin’ ’er gaze on the path ahead. “Even though I was so young, I still remember that day so vividly... the burning huts, the screaming people...” she grits ’er teeth. “While I don’t remember a lot about our village, I do remember that it was quiet... a bit boring at times, but the people were kind...”

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“Yer father?” I ask an’ she shrugs.

“Your guess is as good as mine... before my mother’s death, she told me that she’d foolishly fallen in love with an Alpha that left her pregnant with me and told me never to follow in her steps... but by then, I didn’t need her words to tell me that much. We’d been in bondage for years and came to the conclusion all on my own that I hated Alphas already...” she spits an’ I dinna blame her.

“Rightfully so,” I growl, fistin’ me ’ands.

“I agree... when you see that type of death and destruction towards the people you care about and love, how can you not hate the group responsible? But still, it wasn’t the death of my tribe that scared me... it was my mother believing the very people who lied, stole, and killed...

My mother was a kind woman, but she was... to put it kindly, a romantic. She wanted love and marriage, and she was beautiful, so even when we were rounded up like cattle and sent to camps, she stood out and received special treatment. She used that to get in good with the tribe leader and she was once again too trusting. The leader not only forced a bond on her, but he forced her to stay in a pheromone-induced, sex-crazed haze and used her as his special product...” she bitterly recalls. Shite.

“He was so cruel... I barely remember seeing her... sometimes weeks at a time, but when I did, she was haggard. Her beauty had already started to fade... that mother fucker and his clients used her until there was nothing left but skin and bones on her body and grief and hatred in my heart. When she died, they tried to make me replace her... hell, I think they tried before then, but my mother would fight against it.

I think that's when they decided to kill her, but regardless, I wasn't going to see myself have the same fate. I found an opening and ran like never before... I lived from village to village, fighting and fending for myself. I think that's around the time I developed my power, but it was weak. However, any power was better than nothing.

Once I received this power and honed it just a bit, I decided to join the Hunt, believing it was my way out. Win the prize money, buy my passage to the human world... a place where we could hide, where Alphas don't treat Omegas as trash. I wanted out, even if I had to die trying... it was better than waiting to be used as a sex slave," she finishes an' I look at 'er eyes, gleamin', fierce, an' vulnerable all at once. "That's why I ran. That's why I fought."

She voices as if tryin' tu defend 'er earlier actions o' running from me. I 'ate tu admit it, but I understand 'ow she feels. She 'ad a reason tu run...a growl rumbles in me chest, low, primal, an' protective...I'll kill 'em all.

I will'na let fear seep intu 'er conscience again. Not while I live. Not while I breathe.

I pause, pullin' 'er intu me arms. kissin' the top o' 'er 'ead.

"Yu will 'ave t'at freedom, precious one. I'll see tu it. No matter the cost." She peeks at me, 'er gaze soft, 'er eyes low as she stands on 'er tip toes.

"I already have it..." She wraps 'er arms around me neck an' a growl rips from me. I scoop 'er intu me arms, runnin' me tongue ova 'er lips. I dip me 'and under 'er t'igh, ready tu play wit' me precious one's pussy... but curiosity ripples between us.

"The scar on your stomach..." she asks, leanin' back wit' not a care in the world, knowin' I'll neva drop 'er. She runs 'er 'and ova the scar in me chest, causin' me tu shudder. "How did you get it? Don't lie and say hunting... I can tell you're not just some ordinary hunter... I can feel it."

I give a short laugh. Smart, as always. T'ere's no hidin' me shite past from 'er... but t'ere are certain t'in's I want tu keep from 'er... I want tu surprise 'er wit' thereal freedom only a queen is allotted, but fer now...

"I joined the Hunt fer blood," I admit. "Me brother..." I trail off an' 'er head tilts.

"One of the ones whose scent lingers on your anger..."

Another growl escapes me. Befer I can stop it, the memories rise, causin' 'atred tu boil in me chest.

"Aye, brother, Garven, an' me ex-lover..." I spit out bitterly. "I trusted 'em both... an' they betrayed me. Tugether, t'ey colluded an' tried tu burn our kingdom tu ash. T'ey also poisoned me with Banes root. I made the mistake o' trustin' the wrong person an' was stabbed in the back fer it... or rather, the stomach." A gasp comes from 'er, 'ands goin' ova 'er mouth in shock.

"BANES ROOT?!" She bares her teeth an' I smile at 'er anger. "THEY WERE TRYING TO KILL YOU!" she growls an' I kiss her sweet lips.

"T'ey tried, but yer Alpha is stronger t'an t'at."

"But..." She cups my face frownin', lookin' me ova. "Are you okay now? Banes Root is..."

"I'm fine now, but t'en... wen I could stand the pain o' bloodlust no longer, I left me land an' joined the Hunt. It gave me an outlet... I needed a place where the killin' was permitted, givin' me a place tu burn out the poison t'at seeped intu me heart. The Hunt kept me sane... the Hunt helped me keep wat litt'l reason I had left so I could meet yu."

“Me?”

“Aye, me precious one... I dinna know if it’s because o’ yer power ova the earth, but yu calm the slow madness t’at was takin ova me... it ’as faded, an’ me dull senses are sharpenin’. It’s all because o’ yu I ’ave not lost meself tu the madness.” I take ’er ’and, kissin’ the palm, seein’ ’er flush, an’ feelin’ ’er pleasure ripple through the bond.

“Thank the Source...” she deflates an’ I jus’ canna get ova how adorable me soulmate is. She remains silent fer a moment as if tryin’ tu process ’er t’oughts’.

“Wat’s on yermind, precious one?”

“You... only you.” She looks intu me eyes an’ by the Source, me ’eart is goin’ tu burst. Bloody feckin’ ’ell, she’s drivin’ me mad! The checkpoint is jus’ up ahead...if I jus’ plunge intu ’er depth fer a b— I go stiff, quickly shiftin’ from me ’uman form tu me lycan form, liftin’ me snout in the air, sniffin’, growlin’.

Him.

“Murdoch... w?—”

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“Emerald...” I ’old ’er tight jus’ as a figure rises from the trees. A ginger-’aired wolf wit’ dull yellow eyes. “GARVEN?!”

“Litt’l brother,” he sneers. “Fancy seein’ yu ’ere,” Garven smirks an’ I growl, crouchin’ low, snarlin’.

“Yu fecker,” I murmur. “Wat the feck are yu duin’ ’ere?”

“Wat am I duin’ ’ere? Why, I’ve always been ’ere. Yu were jus’ tu mad tu know... I’ve jus’ been sittin’ idly by, watchin’ me dear wee brother lose ’is mind day by feckin’ glorious day. So imagine me surprise wen I see him ruttin’ a bi—” A ball o’ fire shoots from me ’and, blastin’ ’im in the face, singin’ off half his fur. “AHHHHHH!!!! YU SON O’ A BITCH!”

“YER SPEAKIN’ ABOUT ME MATE... WATCH YER FECKIN’ MOUTH, BROTHER!” I snarl, huffin’, tryin’ tu t’ink o’ the best way out wit’out fightin’. I know Emerald is strong, but from how much I knotted her... t’ere’s a small chance she’s pregnant wit’ me pups. The Banes root ’as a side effect o’ causin’ infertility... so the chances are slim, but... I gently caress ’er belly... I dinna want ’er fightin’. Shite... me heart knocks me chest an’ the bond between Emerald an’ me flares, ’er power risin’ as she gears tu drop from me arms, but I ’old ’er steady. I’m not lettin’ ’er down. No matter wat, I need tu keep ’er next tu me.

An’ I’m glad o’ me foresight wen I hear growls an’ peek from the corner o’ me eye tu see a gang o’ some o’ the other Alpha’s from the hunt move.

Feck!

Emerald's arm brushes mine, 'er scent sharp an' ripe wit' determination.

Let me down, Murdoch...

No. I voice wit' equal determination.

But...

We're surrounded, precious one. It's better fer yu tu stick tu me.

I inform 'er t'rough our bond link as the branches around us crack, an' the scent of fur an' blood rise thick in the air as wolves, dragons, ghouls, an' any otha Alphas who'd been in the Hunt stalk in from ev'ry side.

T'ere are hundreds... four tu five hundred at least, by me quick count.

Fer me... I can take 'em... but wit' me precious one?

"YER GOIN' TU REGRET THAT!" Garven paws off the last o' the embers t'at were still burnin' on 'is face as 'e sends up a signal, an' the earth begins tu shake beneath the weight o' their charge.

A savage growl rips from me chest as I erupt a fire around us an' Emerald uses the vines from the trees an' pulls 'erself from me arms, yankin' 'em down as the as they entwine up 'er arm an' she grasps 'em, crouchin', snappin' 'em against the ground like the makeshift whips t'ey are.

"Dinnaeven try... run," I order. "I'll 'old t'em back. Run now!" I've experienced me precious one run... she can go an' win...

"Never!" the stubborn, fierce litt'l minx shakes 'er 'ead, glarin' at our enemies "I

won't leave you."

"Emerald, yu c—"It's too late. The first wave 'its, bargain' against the fire barrier I've created, an' I can tell it will'na hold up long. While the Banes root 'as faded in me body, I 'ave not been able tu fully regain control o' me full power. Feck!

Me 'eart races as I glance from me precious one tu the crackin' barrier. I need tu get 'er an' our baren out o' 'ere.

But the barrier breaks, an' like a pourin' wave o' viciousness, the Alphas attack me an' Emerald. We counterattack jus' as fiercely, back tu back. I light 'er whips on fire an' she swings 'em t'in's around, smackin' mother feckers out o' the way left an' righ' while she uses 'er vines tu tie me fire swords tu me 'ands as I slice an' dice anyone who dares approach us.

Murdoch! Another wave is coming!

Emerald urgently shouts in me mind an' I glance back tu see t'ey're attackin' 'er side more t'an mine, causin' me tu wrap around 'er waist wit' me tail an' swing 'er around on me side as I take on 'er side. Howe'va, the sons o' bitches follow 'er movements, ovawhelmin' 'er.

Emerald, I'm goin' tu t'row yu. Use the vine an' swin' ova t'em an' run! Get tu the finish line a?—

No! Don't you dare tell me to leave you when I just got you! Don't y?—

I AM YER MAN! YER ALPHA! YER KING! DINNA QUESTION ME AN' RUN!

I grasp 'er again an' I whip 'er around tu the top o' the trees where she glances down at me jus' as fangs tear intu me arms, claws rake me back, an' I use me fire tu smite

'em all while keepin' an eye on me precious one as she dance on the tree leaves.

I roar, flingin' feckers off me left an' righ', me beast's madness surgin' tu the surface as I start tu ovawhelm 'em. I push forward toward me brother, teeth snappin', limbs breakin', though I heal me wounds beneath me fury. But t'ere are tu many. Fer evera ten alphas I t'row, t'irty more take t'eir place, an' the worst part... t'ey are'na fightin' tu kill... t'ey are fightin' tu 'old me off... tu keep me from 'er an' Garven.

I can barely see t'rough the mass o' bodies pilin' on, butme gaze stays locked on Emerald, me brave, foolish girl, fightin' like 'ell, claws bared, blood streakin' 'er cheek.

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I'LL FECKIN' KILL 'EM! I'LL KILL 'EM ALL!!!

Me power flares up, burstin' out, sendin' all the feckers away as I sprint tu me Omega, but befer I get tu 'er, two hundred Alphas pile ontu me, tearin' at me flesh. Suddenly, I feel the familiar sensation o' Banes root enterin' me body an' I see sumone behind me wit' a glintin' syringe.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!” I bellow, tryin' tu surge toward 'er, but Alphas latch ontu my legs, arms, an' back, jaws sinkin' deep. Blood flows intu me mouth as I howl, fightin' not fer me life, but fer 'ers.

Me sanity slips from me, but no matter how much it slips, I keep 'er in the forefront o' me mind, cuttin' down feckers, usin' evera single t'ing in me arsenal, all me power no matter how t'ey tear at me flesh. I 'ave tu get tu 'er!

Flesh rippin', bones fracturin', none of it matters.

RUN, PRECIOUS ONE! RUN! FIGHT!

I bulldoze t'rough the pack, eyes on 'er wen I see Garven leap intu the air, graspin' 'er an' seizin' 'er by the 'air while she claws at 'im. Me heart beatswildly... sweat an' blood pour from me as I work overtime tu slin' as many o' t'em away, fire eruptin' again, knockin' back a hundred o' t'em, but more pour on. Still fightin', I watch 'elpless as I see 'im wit' the same lookin' syringe as the fecker used on me, an' sinks it intu her neck.

“MURDOCH!” she screams me name as an' I feel somet'in in me die as I witness 'er

body sag.

“No, no, no... Emerald!” me voice cracks, raw an’ low wit’ desperation as I feel the Banes root I’ve been kept at bay fer three years ovacome me. The last t’in’ I see is Garven sneerin’ down at me.

“Wat did I tell yu, brother? Yu’ll never know peace. I’ll take everat’in’ from yu jus’ as yu took everat’in’ from me.” ’e presses a mockin’ kiss tu ’er neck ova me mark. I feel crazed... insane... mad as ’e sneers at me. “She’s mine now,” ’e whispers an’ vanishes intu the trees wit’ ’er cradled against his chest.

“EEEEEEEMMMMMMMEEEEEEEEERRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAALLLLLLLLLDDDDDDDD
roar ’er name t’rough blurred vision, a broken cry t’at is ripped straight from me soul as fire hotter t’an lava pours from me, sendin’ all the Alpha’s flyin’ back an’ burnin’ tu ash the moment it touches ’em.

Everat’in’ goes black... all I can t’ink o’ is death, killin’, an’ blood as darkness consumes me... yet I still call out one name.

“Emerald! Emerald! Emerald! Emerald! Emerald! Emerald! Emerald! Emerald!
Emerald! Emerald! Emerald! Emerald! Emerald! Emerald! Emerald! Emerald!
Emerald! Emerald! Emerald! Emerald! Emerald! Emerald! Emerald! Emerald!
Emerald! Emerald! Emerald! Emerald! Emerald! Emerald! Emerald! Emerald!
Emerald! Emerald! Emerald! Emerald!”

Chapter 15

Stolen

EMERALD

Darkness swirls me, heavy and thick. It's suffocating.

At first, there is only the dull throb in my head. In my veins, a strange sensation under my skin that leaves me feeling as if I'm on fire. I float in it... weightless, thoughtless, something comforting about the quietness. Suddenly, something shifts.

Searing pains burn through me, as I feel an immeasurable amount of power overwhelm and wrap around the Banes root like coils of smoke and flame. It drinks the toxin in, devouring it like the holy grail, melding it into something else. Strength, heat, a living current that races through me.

I can feel it... throbbing in my core, pulsing in my bones, my entire being. My power is changing. Growing, taking in the Banes Boot for everything it has to offer.

Em! Baby, get up! Get up! Don't let the Alphas get you! Run! Fight! Kill! Don't let them win!

I hear and frown? Mama?

EM! GET UP! GET UP! GET UP! GET UP!

I'm trying! Mama, I can't! I'm tired of the fighting!

GET UP! GET UP! GET UP! GET UP! GET UP! GET UP! GET UP! GET UP! GET UP!
GET UP! GET UP! GET UP! GET UP! GET UP! GET UP! GET UP! GET UP! GET UP!
GET UP! GET UP! GET UP! GET UP! GET UP! GET UP! GET UP! GET UP! GET UP!
GET UP! GET UP! GET UP!

The words are haunting and loud, making my brain rattle like a loud church bell being rung directly in my ear. The words plead on repeat... desperate.

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UP! GET UP! GET UP!

Unable to take the wailing, I gasp, heart racing so loud I can hear it in my ears and I feel it. The poison that is meant to break me churns in my blood, like oil and water fighting, painfully ripping me to bits. I bite my lip to hold in the scream before a sharp jolt snaps me awake.

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My eyes fly open, but I'm not still. The world spins, shapes flickering past as trees zip by. Wind crashes harshly into my ears, and one arm is locked under my knees, another around my back...wait, am I being carried?

Murdoch? I look up, wondering when I passed out while I was just fighting, but panic snaps me fully alert when my nose wrinkles. I don't need to see the face to know whose foul scent is clinging to me. Garven! What the fuck? When... how?

I try to wrack my brain to think about what happened, but my breathing stills and a lump rises in my chest when I hear it. Cheers, voices, the hum of the finish line. His stride is fast, and way too fucking purposeful not to know what he's going to do. He's taking me to be claimed.

No!

Not without a fight! Or so I think. When I try to summon my power, I feel a dull hum in my veins as if something is blocking it. That's when I move and feel cold steel. Fucking shackles bite into my wrists, runes carved deep into the metal, and I know instantly this is the thing binding my power. Shit!

With each step he gets closer and closer to the finish line, my brain flickers to Murdoch, but I can't afford to do that right now. I need to stop this mother fucker from claiming me. I need to make him feel safe. I need to make him think he's won!

I need to stall because I know Murdoch would never leave me. I have all faith that my man, my Alpha is coming, and he's not going to get taken out by some pussies ganging up on him! I just need to do my part and stop this fucker from ruining

everything Murdoch and I have built!

My heart races and honestly, I thought he would hear it. Murdoch's hearing is so good, but it seems his brother can't even measure up on that! I use it to my advantage and I wait...timing my move until we get close enough to the finish line. When the time is right, I kick out of his arms and shoot up, slamming my knee between his legs as hard as I can.

A strangled grunt comes from his throat as he falters, and with a loud, sharp cry, I roll to the group, dirt getting into my mouth as he drops me, but I waste no time and scramble to my feet with a snort. His nuts ain't even that big, what's the big deal?! But as much as I want to laugh in his face, I turn to run, hearing a gasp come from the at the sudden change of events.

I run as hard as I can... not toward the cheering crowds at the finish line, but towards where my heart pulls me ...towards Murdoch.

"I'm coming!" I gasp, sprinting through the trees. But before I get too far, Garven grabs my leg, pulling me down, but I break my fall with my hands.

"Not so fast," he switches up, huffing as he drags me by the foot, trying to act nice. "Where are yu goin'? Let's cross the finish line tugetha! Yu can take the prize money! I'm not here tu hurt yu. I jus' want tu break 'im!" Garven tries to explain, but I can see through his lies. I'm sure another Omega would jump at his tempting words, but my nails claw at the dirt. Pain be damned, I know the implication of letting him get a better grip on me. Rage boils my blood and I twist, kicking the fuck out of his face with my free leg.

Crack.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHH! YU BITCH!" he roars and I smirk at the satisfying crunch

from the impact of the bones in his noses shattering beneath my foot. Not even the blood that sprays me stops me from rejoicing, but pain sinks into my ankle, and I glance down to see his claws digging into my legs, blood spilling onto the ground like a red river as he yanks me back with a scream coming from my lips.

“FUCKKKK!” I kick him again, but this time he blocks me and lets his guard down. He releases me and I scramble to my feet, already running, looking for a twig to pick the lock of these shackles. However, when nothing works and he gets a grip on me, I spin out of his grasp, chest heaving, fists clenched despite the cuffs.

“Come on,” I spit at his feet. “If you want me, you’ll have to do exactly as your brother did, asshole. You’ll fight for this,” I glare and he throws his head back laughing, blood streaming down his face, eyes wild. His lips twist in a cruel smile as he lunges for me, but I sidestep him, gritting my teeth when I land on my fucked up foot, but I bare it and smash the cuffs into his nose again.

“AHHHHHHHHH YU FECKIN’ BITCH! I’LL KILL YU!!!!!”

“Oh please. Stop being a pussy. Your brother took worse,” I goad, lying, knowing damn well I couldn’t get even a lick in on that big mother fucker, but he don’t have to know that! This teasing is good enough. I can smell the bitch in him... the inferiority complex is strong with this fucker and that’s perfect! I eat dogs like him for breakfast! I’ll never lose against a weak bastard like him.

“Feck... I see why he’s so crazy about yu. Yer not so easy tu tame, are yu?” he mocks, circling me. “Not like’er. No, no, no, yer much better t’an t’at poor, pathetic t’in’ Murdoch played wit’ befer yu. She was so desperate fer ’is attention, blind wit’ jealousy weneva ’e so much as looked at anotha woman, t’inkin’ he’d claim ’em an’ not ’er... it made it easy tu get ’er tu betray him.

It was fun tu see the look o’ betrayal on ’is face wen she stabbed ’im, but the fun

dinna last because he cut 'er off, not even botherin' tu look fer 'er after she left. She quickly ran 'er course, so I disposed o' 'er but yu..."he pauses and shakes his head. "I see yu will'na just break 'im, but yu'll feck 'im up completely. Now Ireallymust 'ave yu. Come on, join me! Yu can 'ave the prize, I dinna even care. I jus' need tu see 'is face wen 'e sees yu 'ave betrayed him!"

Fury surges in me, sharp as steel at his words. His very presence repulses me...

"You disgust me." I meet his gaze head-on, voice steady. "I can hardly believe you share the same blood as Murdoch! And you'll never witness such a thing. I'll never betray him. EVER!"

Garven's smile deepens, dark with lust.

"I know," he speaks softly. "T'at's why I want yu." He steps closer, voice dripping poison. "T'at's why I'm goin' the other route... I can jus' see it now... me brother's face wen I parade yu across the stage like a trophy! 'is soul mate, claimed by law tu me, yet bound tu 'im. The perfect way to break 'im... the only way tu own 'im."

My heart thunders in my chest, but I stand tall, not faulting at his vile words.

"I'll never let that happen," I spit and he chuckles.

"Oh?" His eyes gleam. "An' who's goin' tu stop me?"

"Me." I crouch, ready to fight, but I know deep down I can only hold out for so long. "Now bring it on, you ugly son of a bitch!" I lunge for him, ready to kill him or die trying. However, I'm not worried. I know without a doubt... he is coming for me.

Chapter 16

Mine

KILL! KILL! KILL! KILL! KILL! KILL! KILL! KILL! KILL! KILL! KILL!
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KILL! KILL! KILL! KILL! KILL! KILL! KILL! KILL! KILL! KILL! KILL!
KILL! KILL! KILL!

A roar rips from me t'roat, shakin' the trees. The few alphas t'at 'ave been foolish enough tu block me path are already dead... but sum'tin' nags in me brain... piercin' me 'ead an' me 'eart, causin' me tu feel immeasurable pain... theonly pain I can fathom int'is dark space...

“AAAAAAWWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOOO”I howl from the deep crevices o' me chest. Me vision narrows, tunnelin' red. The wolf in me... thebeast, shakin' wit' unstoppable hunger fer blood. Fer vengeance...but vengeance fer wat?

T'ere are no words left, no memories. Jus' an endless, gnawin' need tu destroy.

I move t'rough the forest like a shadow, a walkin' nightmare. Limbs slick wit' blood, jaws stained wit' flesh still clingin' tu it, claws draggin' t'rough earth an' broken bodies. Anyt'in' that moved, dead.

Maddened, I run t'rough aimlessly, eyes bloodshot an' crazed, lookin' fer sumth'in, but fer wat? The forest floor is bathed in blood an' dead, decayin' bodies...wat am I searchin' fer... who... why?

I dinna knowwatI want. I jus' want it...

I burst t'rough the last line o' trees, breathin' raged, eyes catchin' any sign o' t'at t'in' t'at's naggin' me. I stumble tu a stop in a clearin', body shakin', wen sumt'in wafts ova me...

A scent.

Like the beast I am, I lift me nose inthe air, takin' a long, deep wift o' the sweet, sharp, wild, an' earthy aroma t'at wraps around the deepest parts o' me like a warm embrace. Me head snaps up. Me pupils dilate befer slinkin' tu slits. Me chest heaves as instinct surges.

MATE.

A feral, guttural growl rips from me t'roat.

“AAAAWWWWOOOOOOOOO!!!!”Me body lunges forward befer t'ought can follow, tearin' t'rough brush an' stone, followin' the trail like a starved predator.

Every step sends fresh agony t'rough me soul, but I canna stop. In fact, the further I run, the stronger the scent becomes, pullin' me deeper intu madness, deeper intu obsession.

I need that scent.

NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED!
NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED!
NEED!NEED! NEED!

NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED!
NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED!
NEED! NEED!

NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED!
NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED! NEED!
NEED! NEED!

T'at scent floods me brain like a drug, deeper t'an any poison I could eva take in. It fills evera broken part o' me mind.

[illegible][illegible]

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MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE!
MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE!

MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE!
MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE!

I break t'rough a boulder, growlin', foam on me lips, breath wheezin'. I can almost see 'er in the 'aze now...a shadow in me mind, golden, deep brown skin, fierce green eyes, dark curls tangled in me claws... no,me arms...

I shake me 'ead, 'owlin' as I 'it me head on the broken boulder, not understandin' the deep searin' pain in me chest.

“AAAAAAAWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
UUUUUUUGGGGHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

Another strangled roar bursts from me t'roat raw as I charge forward, a maddened, blood-soaked t'in' wit' only one t'ough' left:

Find it! Or die tr—No! Dyin' is'na an option!

Sumt'in' flickers in me mind... a smile... a moan... a whisper o' passion, an' profound sadness ovacomes me.FIND IT! FIND IT!

From the corner o' me eye, a flicker o' movement ahead. Befer I can even see wat it is, I know it's wat I'm searchin' fer. I lock eyes on 'er... the bein' t'at consumed me, causin' 'er tu go still with shock.

Murdoch!

I hear in the deep recesses o' me mind, but not clearly... I jus' step forward, wantin' 'er...

MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE!
MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE!

MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE!
MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE!

MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE!
MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE!

MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE!
MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE!

“AAAAAAWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO,” I howl, takin' another step forward, but sumt'in' steps in between me an' me obsession... me mate... everat'in' INEED.

I blink t'rough 'azy red eyes, cockin' me 'ead tu the side.

“Brother! I see yu've finally losttu the madness! Look at yu! Yer a pure beast!” the t'in' laughs, gratin' me ears. “But it's too late... brother,” e grunts, 'and around 'er t'roat. “She's mine, now! 'ow du yu feel? Yer about tu lose everat'in'...again,” the t'in' cackles...

I meet 'is gaze, teeth bared in a snarl, seein' its 'and on wat is mine... an' I feel me blood boil, mind shatterin' as sumt'in' screams inside me. A rage, severe possession, the desperate need tu take wat is mine. Me body trembles, teeth snappin', eyes

glowin' bright red. I turn feral, claws sharpenin'.

No one will take wat is mine from me!

No one.

I lunge as me eyes widen, crazed, na stoppin' even wen he t'rows 'er at me. I jus' growl, swattin' 'er out the way, eyes only on the fecker t'at dared keep me from wat I want!

“N-NO! W-WAIT! BROTHER, W-WAIT!” I size 'im by the t'roat, liftin' 'im from the ground like a rag doll, claws sinkin' deep intu his flesh. My grip tightens until 'is gasps turn tu chokin' gurgles. “PU-PLE-PLEA— ACKKK... BRO?—”

I screech, slammin' 'im intu the ground wit' a force that rattles the earth itself. Me fist connects wit' 'is jaw in a sickenin' crunch. He fights, but t'ere's no point as a snarl tears from me t'roat. Me teeth find 'is shoulder an' I bite, tearin', rippin' it apart .

“MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE!
MINE!

MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE!

MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE!

MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE!

MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE!

MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE!
MINE!”

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I roar, crazed, the word possessive, echoin' in the clearin', an' wit' one final surge o' raw, animalistic strength, I rip 'is head from 'is shoulders, blood rainin' down, spatterin' the earth, 'is body twitchin' once befer it stills.

“AWWWWWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!” I howl like a bullhorn in the forest.

I barely register the crowd o' alphas, betas, an' hunters frozen at the edges o' sun line, eyes wide with horror as blood spatters the ground. Their cheers 'ave died to a stunned silence as t'ey watch me. I'll kill 'em next... but first...

I take a step toward me prize, lickin' me lip as she scooches toward me, strugglin' tu break free o' chains

Murdoch! Snap out of it! It's me!

I growl, 'eavy footsteps inchin' closer tu 'er...hungry....

'er green eyes burn, fixed on me.

Murdoch, she whispers. Murdoch... look at me. But the beast would'na relent. I take a step toward 'er, breath ragged, body tremblin' under the weight o' bloodlust. The crowd around us deathly still. No one dares move tu intervene, afraid o' me wrath fallin' upon 'em.

Emerald

Murdoch.

My Alpha... but not as I've ever seen him.

Just soaked in blood, across his chest, dripping from his claws, smeared in streaks across his face. Carnage...

His eyes... red, but they might as well be black. Bottomless. Unalive...

Please, my Alpha... I speak into his mind through our bond, but I feel it's hazy and barely holding on. I cry, fighting the cuffs, trying to stomp my fear down, but I'd seen him tear through his own brother like parchment without a care...

It wasn't a fight.

It wasn't even rage.

Suddenly, the hazy memories of what he'd done to those Alphas in the forest flickers through my mind, sending fear gripping my chest. It was a purge...

His chest rises and falls with unnatural force as he watches me. He stalks me like prey, not the mate he's bound to him with love. In those eyes, I mean nothing to him... I'm but a thing he wants to claim...

He snarls, and I flinch, getting to a rock and slamming my hand against it, not caring if I need to sever them. I need to stop him before he does something he'll regret... he'll die if he hurts me...

I need to stop him because those eyes... they don't recognize me.

His claws flex. His lip curls as he takes one last step toward me, and I feel the bond

strain like a thin, flimsy hair struggling against the madness of the Banes Root.

Snap.

He snatches me up, his blood-red eyes empty, teeth bare as he squeezes my throat. I whimper, but don't scream... I don't beg. I just I reach for him, cuff be damned, cupping his cheek.

Murdoch. It's me. I'm here.

Uncaring if I die... if it's at hands, it's a worthy death... but still, I don't want him to hurt, and the thought alone sends power surging from my chest to our bond, raw and wide open. I don't speak into his ears. I speak to his soul.

I'm safe. Come back. Come back to me.

He freezes, and his body trembles, claws twitching against my neck, breathing fractured.

I'm yours. Emerald. Your Omega. Your mate. COME BACK!

I watch his body jolt as his grips goes slack on my neck. I slip from his hands and fall, clutching my neck, coughing as he drops to his knees. Hard. Like his body gives out.

“AAAAWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOO!!!!” he howls.

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Not a battle cry.

Not a threat.

Agrief-ridden, love-drunk, soul-breaking howl that tears through the forest. Tears stream down his face, mixing with blood.

“Me precious one... I could’na feel yu,” he chokes. “I could’na feel you. I t’ought?—”

I press my forehead to his as he trembles against me, blood-soaked and shaking. But his arms reach for me, holding me as if he’d never let go.

“But I felt you. I knew you would find me... you always do.” I hold him, kissing his head, anchoring him to reality, feeling as if I let him go, I’ll really lose him.

He grasps the cuffs, and they glow and shatter as if they were made of dust. He scoops me into his arms, burying his face in my hair, and that’s when the silence breaks around us and cheers rise, shocking both of us. We turn and see the crowd cheering, giving way to wild, frenzied roars.

And I feel my Alpha stagger, picking me up and carrying me one haggard yet confident step at a time over to the checkpoint where I expect him to carry me over, but to my surprise, he sets me down right at the final step.

“Wh...?”

“Yer free, precious one... cross the checkpoint an’ show ’em t’at Omegas are’na as

weak as they t'ink they are," he huffs and I'm stunned by his words. I joined the Hunt to win... to take the prize and go to the human realm where I can be free.

Instead, I wound up bound to a beast and falling madly and helplessly in love. He's right... I can cross this finish line and win. Even though he knows I won't leave him...I, Emerald, can cross on my own, as my own person, not as an Omega captured by an Alpha. One is what I've always, wanted, but...

I take his hand and watch his eyes go wide as I crawl back into his arms Safe!

"I'm yours," I tell him. I feel his body shudder and our bond tighten.

"Aye, an' I am yers," he kisses me, stepping over the check point line.

BWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM! The eighth and final horn blares, and the crowd pours from the stands around us, cheering.

"AAAAAAAAAAWWWWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!" he howls, this time to the moon... to the Source.... to the Demon Kings who created this broken game...

A sound of triumph.

We won!

Chapter 17

WE WON

MURDOCH

The Hunt was neva about the Omega or the prize... I neva aimed fer t'em, but as she stands at me side, blood-washed, radiant, power still flickerin' over 'er skin like starlight, I feel damned glad tu 'ave been afflicted wit' the Banes root because I would'na 'ave met 'er 'ad me brother na done wat 'e done...

As we stride forward, the crowd parts, all watchin' wit' widened eyes, unable tu deny wat they saw.

The winner o' the Hunt is 'na me alone. It is us.

Emerald, unbowed. Unbroken. Me mate. Me equal. I keep one arm wrapped firmly around 'er waist as we reach the stone podium where the prize is displayed: a gilded chest overflowin' wit' gold, jewels, rare elixirs, an' more wealth than most packs would see in several lifetimes, an' all supposedly from the Demon King o' Lust's vast coffers... it's rumored tu not even be .000000001 percent o' 'is wealth... yet he's nowhere tu be found...

A council member o' the Demon King o' Lust steps forward, in place o' the Administrator, an' honestly I'm glad it is 'na her... I neva liked 'er.

"Lord... Murdoch..." 'is gaze flickers tu her, wary. "...and your... your m-mate..."

"Queen," I correct him, voice low but commandin'. "Address 'er properly," I growl.

The man swallows hard an' bows.

"Y-Your Majesty."

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Emerald's 'and tightens on mine, 'er lips 'oldin' back a smile. Beautiful... Goddess, I could 'ave fallen tu me knees righ' t'ere jus' tu worship 'er. The council stands, presentin' the chest. I pull out me bag t'at holds infinite space an' it swallows the treasure befer I press it intu 'er 'ands an' 'er lips pop open.

Fer you, me love. Me voice is wrought wit' emotion in me 'ead but tu the world...

"Murdoch! No, I don't n—" I quiet 'er wit' a kiss.

"Yu fought fer this, bled fer this. Take it. Yu 'ave earned it, precious one."

She blinks an' a tear falls, but I block 'er from the view o' them. They dinna deserve any more o' 'er tears, so I scoop 'er intu me arms as she 'olds the pouch tu 'er chest, wailin'.

Ignoring the gasps o' the crowd, I carry 'er from t'is cursed arena, na lookin' back an' takin' 'er tu the grandest hotel in the area. The clerk bows when seein' me. I migh' 'ave lost me mind, but they know not tu feck wit' me.

"H-how m-may I h-help you?"

"The best room," I reply.

"No I'm okay with som—" I cut me eyes tu 'er an' she quiets down as the shop keep pulls out a key.

"Penthouse suite, sir," I swipe it an' make me way up tu the top floor, ignorin' the

stares. They know we jus' won the hunt... I'm sure it was broadcast over the entire 7thhell, just like the rest o' the hunts were...

I enter into the room an' smirk at 'er gasp, but I dinna not give 'er time tu marvel. I jus' take 'er straigh' tu the shower an' turn it on, washin' all the dirt, grime, an' blood from us, which nearly clogs the drains.

I then run 'er a bath an' listen tu 'er pretty moans as I du the honor o' scrubbin' 'er down t'oroughly an' let 'er soak while orderin' food. It's been days since she's 'ad a proper meal, an' years fer me...but I'm na worried about me.

After she eats a surprisin'ly small amount, I dinna force 'er tu eat more. I want tu, but I dinna want tu overwhelm 'er. But still...

Emerald

"Why dinna yu try tu eat more while I go tu grab the bandages?" he tells me and I nod. Even though I'm not hungry, I see he's putting in effort to truly care for me, and I don't want to seem ungrateful.

"Okay," I smile nodding and watch him get up and kiss me on the head, leaving me alone for the first time since we left the hunting grounds. I blow out a huge breath, not knowing how to feel...

All my life I've literally had to fight for just scraps of food... but now I've got a bag full of gold on a bedside table near me, I'm laying a plush bed big enough for a ten foot giant baby, fresh fruit... and an Alpha who's calls me his precious one and even more than that... he treats me like it too...

A lump rises in my chest, but like always, I swallow it down...Don't cry... don't cry... d...Tears spill from my eyes, and an all-encompassing anger pours from

me. Why... why couldn't I have shown my mama this kind of life? Followed by Envy that people could actually live lives like this from birth!

I sob silently to myself when I hear a sudden loud blaring horn than make me jump and my heart pound... I know that horn... I pant, sweating immediately, anxiety overcoming me, feeling as if I'm back in the Hunt, but I see my peripheral, the projector is on, and it's broadcasting the Hunt...

I frown, eyes drawn to the flying projector even if I don't want to look. It's as if I cannot help it... The projector is split into four quadrants, and if you want, you can click and watch one full screen, but I just let all four of them play, eye greedily but horridly taking in everything.

In my zone, the reruns of the so called "epic battle" replays constantly, zeroing in on my battered and blood-slick body, but I don't want to see that... living it was enough for me... no, I turn my gaze and watch them. The others. The strong ones I noticed from the carriage ride, the only ones who didn't break, just like me... and I smile with pride to see them still alive!

The one with the eyepatch fights alone in a black wasteland... no sun, no sky. Just jagged obsidian and choking ash. Her blade drips with Alpha blood, her body a blur of motion, and I can tell she's being chased, but every time she stumbles, she rises again, faster, determination never wavering.

The red-eyed one is in a burning desert split by a volcano mouth, rivers of molten lava and rock at every turn, yet she moves between the flows, covered in soot, teeth bared, fighting off five Alphas at once. Her fists are savage. Her will unbroken.

Then the white-eyed one fights in a blizzard wasteland. Ice cutting the air like blades, yet she stands bare-armed in the storm, an ice spear twirling in her hands, facing down a massive polar bear alpha. Her breath steams in ragged bursts as a cold smirk

plays on her lips, her grip tightening...

YES!

I swallow hard, wiping my tears! You're still fighting. Pride builds up in my chest.

I close my eyes and send out a prayer to the Source to protect them.

Don't stop. Keep fighting. There is life after the Hunt! WIN!

"AHHHHHHHH!" I look up shocked to see them all glow and show simultaneously.

The eyepatch fighter surges forward in the abyss, cutting down her unseen opponent with a scream of pure fury.

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The red-eyed one ducks low, driving her blade into an Alpha's heart.

The white-eyed one spins her spear, piercing through the bear's throat with a final, perfect strike.

They all look in the distance, and the cameras pan on their faces, their eyes so fierce my breath catches. It's as if we see each other... all four of us connect and I reach out to the projector, but a shadow falls across me and I look up to see my Alpha standing over me.

Murdoch! You're back!

Aye an' I see you dinna eat anymore...

He takes a seat in front of me, and the projector moves back. He waves a hand, and it turns off.

"I was watc?—"

His gaze pins me. Voice low. Rough.

"Yu've seen enough."

I don't argue... I just let him take up my hand and smile at him gently looking at my wounds as if he'll cry. How adorable...

Murdoch

I see evera bruise, evera cut, evera mark... not only t'at but I see's been cryin'

"I'm sorry," I murmur, sittin' on the edge o' the bed, voice quiet, an' she cocks 'er head tu the side.

"Why?"

"Everat'in'... fer hurtin' yu, fer yu hav'in tu join the hunt in the first place... jus' evera t'in'." She dinna say anyt'in'... she just stares at me, watchin' me wit' those glowin' green eyes, too sharp fer someone still so young...

"I don't want your apology, Murdoch... besides... I volunteered for the Hunt. It's not like I was forced like s—" 'er voice cracks an' 'er lip wobbles. "It's not l-like I was forced into t-the Hunt l-like some of those other Omegas..." she blinks, a few tears spillin' from 'er beautiful eyes an' I wipe 'em.

"Aye, yu volunteered... but yu still dinna deserved t'at."

"No, and neitherdid they... I should have helped more.. maybe I wouldn't have been the only one to cross the finish line..." She fists 'er 'ands.

"Or they migh' 'ave weigh'ed yu down an' got yu caught, killed, or worse... betrayed yu. Yu did the righ' t'in' wen yu fended fer yerself," I let 'er know.

"Bu—"

"T'ere are no buts, yu were na responsible fer no one but yerself... the deaths o' t'ose Omegas are'na on yer 'and'." I take 'er 'and, kissin' the back of it.

Thank you, Murdoch... I needed to hear that. You telling me that I did the right thing is enough for me," she states wit' a small smile on 'er lips t'at are still wobblin'. I

dinna t'ink it's enough, but I 'ave a feelin' no matta wat I say, t'is particular t'in' will haunt 'er wit regret fer a long time, even if it should'na.

I want tu pull 'er intu me arms an' comfort 'er, but I dinna want tu move 'er... she's so broken an' battered. I jus' want 'er tu lay down, rest, and be lazy.

The silence hangs between us, peaceful an' serene... almost tu quiet since we're so used tu the noise o' the forest. I bandage 'er wounds, causin' 'er tu flinch an' it nearly breaks me.'er pain... one I neva want tu witness again.

I cut me eyes tu 'er, afraid o' 'urtin' 'er, but she gives the smallest nod an' I frown, cleanin' 'er wounds slowly, reverently, grimacin' as the washcloths turn pink.

“Does it 'urt?”

“No,” she smiles. “It only stung, but let me he?—”

“No... I want tu take care o' yu.”

“And you do, so please... stop acting me like I'll break,” she chuckles

“Yu already 'ave. Jus' look at yu,” I whisper, an' t'at makes 'er look at me....reallylook, an' Source 'elp me, Imeltunder 'er gaze.

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“I’m still here, aren’t I?”

I canna breathe fer a second, t’inkin’ about wat could ’ave ’appened if I were even a bit later...

She touches my ’and, fingers slidin’ ova me knuckles t’at are broken due tu smashin’ me fist ontu so many bones. ’er power, quiet an’ hummin’, slides against mine like silk, no longer resistin’. No longer afraid o’ one anotha...

“Murdoch... I’m okay...”

“I could ’ave lost yu... t’is feels like a dream...” I murmur, feelin’ as if I’m still roamin’ aimlessly in the forest. She climbs intu me lap, straddlin’ me slowly, deliberately, ’er eyes neva leavin’ mine.

“Iamhere... with you... FEELme,” she whispers, gently pressin’ ’er lips tu mine. “Feel our bond. Feel what’s yours, what belongs to you.” ’er lips press on me ’ead, tu me eyes... tu me cheeks, tu me nose. I look up at ’er completely an’ utterly enthralled, ’elplessly in love...mine.

’er ’ands t’read intu me hair, an’ I ’old ’er as if she’s made of the finest porcelain.

Feel me... please

She kisses me lips an’ I canna eva say no tu such a request. All tu soon, the space between us is gone an’ I enter her, slow... ’ard... an’hot!

'er cries are drowned out by me lips as 'er sweet pussy takes me deep, moldin' tu me cock, knowin' she was made fer me.

“Ugnnn!” she breathes out, shakin' an' rockin' against me, rollin' 'er hips wit' nasty grace.

“Feckkkkk!” I groan an' grasp 'er arse as we move like the world does'na exist like. It's jus' us two, causin' our bond tu flare again, na forced, na burned, butforged. A sacred thread tyin' us tugether, soul tu soul.

Me chest heaves, raw wit' hunger, blazin' fer more.

“Yu drive me mad, precious one,” I growl against 'er t'roat, voice shredded with need. “By The Source, yu've ruined me.”

She gasps, body rockin' 'arder against me, moanin' an' settin' me on feckin' fire, body betrayin' 'er wit' evera deep thrust o' me dick, juices already poolin' from 'er pussy.

“Then fuck me harder! I dare you! Show me how much I drive you wild...” she whispers defiantly in me ear, unduin' all the work I did tu convince meself tu take it slow wit' 'er after the Hunt. A deep, feral growl rumbles from me, dangerous, an' possessive.

“Oh, I feckin' dare,” I growl. Wit'out anotha word, I seize 'er by the hips an' slam intu 'er pussy so hard 'er mouth drops open an' 'er eyes roll tu the back o' her head in a silent scream.

She barely manages a gasp before I pick 'er up an' slam 'er down again, spinnin' 'er, cagin' 'er in like prey. I grasp 'er titties wit' me calloused 'ands, shiftin' me tongue an' lickin' 'er all ova while rockin' intu 'er pussy wit' a bruisin' force, tongue

thrustin' deep, tastin' 'er moans.

“AHHHHH! MURDOCH!” She arches beneath me, clutchin' me 'air, 'er own now jus' as wild. “MORE! MORE! MORE!” she begs, sendin' a snarl from me lips.

“Take as much dick as yu desire, precious one,” I grunt against 'er lips, slammin' intu 'er. “Feckin' aye, take it!”

“YYYESSSSS! I'M YOURS, MURDOCH! BY THE SOURCE I'M YOURS!” she screams so loud I'm sure the entire 7thhell can 'ear! Me dick pulses wit' need, wit' love, an' obsession.

“Look at me,” I command, voice breakin' on edge an' she obeys, 'er gaze lockin' on mine.

Emerald

“Look at me!” he demands and of course I do as my Alpha tells me, but what I see steals my breath away. Utter possession... desperate devotion... an Alpha entirely undone by his Omega. “Who do yu belong to, Emerald?” he growls, thrusting deep into me, making my eyes cross, my toes curl, and my legs lock. He feels so fucking good...I can never get enough.

“You, Murdoch! I belong to you!” I moan, throwing my head back, racing my hands down his back, panting as he bites into my neck, sucking and fucking me deep and hard just like he did in the forest, claiming me with a growl of savage ecstasy. “Mmmmm yyyeeessssss!” I cry out, shaking withering beneath him.

There is no softness here, no gentleness. Only all-consuming need. He fucks me with relentless power, grinding hard in my guts as though to imprint himself in my very fucking soul.

“Say it again,” he gasps, sweat smacking between us.

“I’m yours, Murdoch! I’m... yours forever!”

“FECK! FECK! FECK!” With a broken snarl, he loses control, rutting into me with brutal, fevered thrusts, his fangs buried in my neck as his knot swells, binding us and sending me crashing and convulsing.

“MMMUUURRRDDDDOOOCCCHHHHH!” I scream in release, stars bursting behind my eyes, body trembling with pleasure only he can give me.

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Murdoch follows with a hoarse roar, pouring every ounce of his being into me, wetting the sheets, leaving us both panting against one another

“I’ll worship yu, evera night... evera life,” he vows, voice husky, lips brushing my skin. “Yer me queen. Me mate. Mine.”

“You better,” I chuckle, unable to keep my eyes open any longer.

Epilogue

MY QUEEN

Murdoch

She has’na woken up fer hours. Even after I stepped t’rough the portal an’ I made the long trek tu me land, I jus’ cradle ’er in me arms, occasionally kissin’ the top o’ ’er ’ead like the precious one she is.

I wanted tu wake ’er but I dinna ’ave the ’eart tu du it... she’s finally restin’ after days o’ ’avin’ nightmares about the Hunt. Even t’ough she was ready tu leave, she begged me tu allow us tu stay until we got the results o’ the otha hunts. After they were ova, she jus’ collapsed from exhaustion, relief, an’ sadness. Me precious one deserves rest an’ recovery... an’ me desire jus’ tu see ’er smile an’ hear ’er voice should’na supersede t’at.

Instead, I jus’ carry ’er an’ enter intu the gates o’ our kingdom holdin’ ’er gently, hopin’ tu put her tu bed in the royal chamber, but she stirs in me arms, rubbin’ ’er eye

as if instinctually knowin' we've made it home.

"Are we there yet?" she groans an' I smile, kissin' the top o' 'er head.

"Aye, we're 'ere," I tell 'er an' she sits up smilin', but 'er mouth drops open an' a gasp escapes 'er sexy lips at the golden twin towers that soar above, wrapped in ivy, their windows glowin' wit' soft, golden light an' vast green an' gold land ripe wit' life...

"By the Source!" she gapes in awe. "It's beautiful," she breathes.

"Not 'alf as beautiful as the queen who now rules it," I murmur an' she frowns, but we enter the massive carved gate an' horns sound. Laid befer us are all the citizens, the nobles, warriors, and pack members, evera last one o' the people o' our kingdom.

"All hail the Queen Emerald!" their voices ring out in unison.

Emerald stiffens in me arms, startled. I set 'er gently on 'er feet, but dinna let her go.

"M-Murdoch... w... what's this?!" she panics an' I chuckle at 'er adorable reaction.

"T'is," I whisper against her ear. "Is the freedom yu won... not jus' gold, but a kingdom, a people, a mate... a king who would upturn the world fer yu."

"I... I ... I don't ... I don't know what to say. Me... a r-real queen?"

"Not jus' any queen, but me precious queen. Jus' say yu accept... t'at's enough fer me." I take 'er 'and, bowin' at 'er feet jus' as our people follow all o' us kneelin' at 'er feet.

"I'll always choose you," she murmurs Forever. She speaks t'rough our bond an' I kiss 'er 'and again.

Fereva.

The End...