

Claire

After the attack, Alpha Tereshan put more patrols on to guard the borders. The workload for all of us got much worse. I probably had it the easiest because I was dedicated to Alpha Tereshan during the day, while everyone else had to split the duties of seven dead omegas between them. I found out later that one of them was Vivienne. I cried for the loss of my friend.

Several months have gone by and there is a constant tension in the pack. It's hard to get the work done properly now that there are only sixteen omegas in our pack. Because of the tension, more and more of the omegas are being abused and Ivy has at least two down in the cells at any given time, making it even harder. We all barely sleep, working around the clock to get the work done in the packhouse. Where I used to be in the kitchens at 5am, now I have to be there at 3am. Other omegas are just coming off their shifts when I walk into the kitchen. They, like me, will only have a few hours of sleep before they have to get back to work.

Every week, Beta Roman and Gamma Ivy go to get food for the pack at the human towns. Alpha Tereshan has agreed with Ivy that omegas should not be allowed into the human towns as there is too much risk that we might say or do something to alert the humans to our existence. So, every week, Gamma Bryson suffers from his 'illness'. He had asked Alpha Tereshan if he could go with his mate to the stores, but Tereshan had declined, saying he was needed to manage and monitor the patrols while Dane trained the warriors.

I had confided in Feena, letting her know what was going on with Gamma Bryson. While she feels bad for Gamma Bryson and is willing to help him in any way she can, she's not unhappy that at least one day a week, Beta Roman isn't bothering her.

We're at breakfast a few days later and one of the warriors gets angry and backhands Jacoby, another omega, sending him flying to the floor.

"How the fuck are we supposed to run these constant patrols when this is the shit you're feeding us?" The warrior shouts, standing up. He turns and looks at Alpha Tereshan.

"What kind of a fucking Alpha are you? You're running us into the ground and barely feeding us enough food to keep us alive." I can feel Alpha Tereshan getting angry beside me, feel his aura pushing out.

He stands up, slowly walking toward the warrior. "Do you have a problem with the way I run this pack, warrior?" He asks. His tone is deadly calm. If I was the warrior, I would keep my mouth shut, but he doesn't.

"Yeah, what the fuck kind of Alpha takes a personal omega while his pack suffers?" He leans around Alpha Tereshan to look at me. "I mean, if you want to fuck her, fine, but the rest of us need to have our rooms cleaned too."

In an instant, Alpha Tereshan has his hand around the warrior's neck, lifting him off the ground. "Are you questioning me, warrior?"

Finally, the warrior seems to understand the position he put himself in, but it's too late.

As Alpha Tereshan holds the warrior in the air as he gasps for breath, while he turns to the room. "Anyone else feel that I'm not doing a good enough job as your Alpha?"

You could hear a pin drop the room is so quiet.

He jerks his hand, causing the warrior's neck to snap before he drops him to the ground.

"Feena!" He barks and she comes rushing over to him.

"Yes, Alpha."

"Get that omega seen by a doctor. We can't afford to have him injured and unable to work."

"Yes, Alpha." She says before moving to help Jacoby off the floor.

"I want to leave." Jacoby says, cupping his cheek that is already starting to bruise. I know my eyes go wide and I begin shaking my head at him.

Alpha Tereshan turns to him. "What was that?"

Jacoby stands up straight. "I said, I want to leave. I'm not happy here."

Alpha Tereshan narrows his eyes at him.

"Any member of the pack is allowed to leave, Alpha. It's part of our laws." Dane says, hoping to keep Tereshan from killing Jacoby.

"That's true, Alpha." Beta Roman says, coming to stand beside Alpha Tereshan.

"You can go." Beta Roman says to him. I can see Jacoby's shock, but he turns to head to his room.

"Where are you going, omega?" Beta Roman asks him.

"To get my things." Jacoby says.

"What things, omega? You own nothing. Everything that you have was provided to you by this pack, by your Alpha. You are choosing to leave, and that is your prerogative, but you will leave with the clothes on your back and nothing else."

"But how will I survive?" He asks and my heart sinks. An omega who doesn't know how to fight stands no chance of survival.

"I guess you should have thought of that before you decided to leave the pack." Roman says.

Jacoby stands there a moment, before tears begin falling down his cheeks. He looks at Alpha Tereshan who stares back at him.

"Get off my pack lands." He snarls.

"Come on, Jacoby. I'll walk you to the borders." Dane says. I hope he at least has a spare set of clothes to give Jacoby, or he'll freeze overnight.

I watch as Dane guides Jacoby out of the packhouse. Alpha Tereshan turns heading to his office.

"Omega!" He barks and I turn to follow him.

Several days later, Dane tells Feena that he found Jacoby's body ripped to shreds in the forest. He had been attacked and

killed by predators. Dane had gone out to check on him, make sure he had food and had found his body.

Ever since we heard of Jacoby's death, the mood of the omegas has been bleak. He had given up, had enough, and so Alpha Tereshan had sent him away knowing he would die. Now, we either suffer in silence or leave and risk death.

Finally, the day comes when I can't take it any longer. Things have gone from bad to worse in the pack. The abuse, while rampant before, has become commonplace. The omegas, all of us, are being worked to the bone. Dane tries but there just aren't enough pain meds anymore. We all suffer from bruises, broken bones and lately, we're finding omegas dead in their beds, having died in their sleep.

I haven't been that lucky. Every night I continue to suffer as Alpha Tereshan sleeps with whichever she-wolf he has chosen for the night. And every morning I wake up to more and more work.

Damara has become weaker over the past year. I almost don't remember what she looks like, it's been so long since we shifted. And lately, I don't even hear her in my head.

So, I decide that in one week, on the night before my birthday, I'm going to sneak away. I'd rather risk death than continue to live like this another day.

Tereshan

My pack is falling apart around me. How has everything gone to shit so quickly. A year ago, I was on top of the world. Now, here I am, my pack is on the brink of destruction and food is getting harder and harder to come by. Even Alpha Elio, who I entered into a contract with several months ago, can't keep up with my need for food. He owns a fucking farm, you'd think that would be enough, but he said my pack was eating faster than his cows and pigs could reproduce.

For some reason, my Gamma seems to be losing his shit. He says he's fine, but he has started to look sickly. He's getting weak and the last time I asked him if he wanted to go for a run, he declined. He's never not wanted to go for a run before. If I didn't have so much other shit to worry about, I'd ask him what's going on. But he's my Gamma, if there's a problem, he should come and tell me, not force me to pull teeth to know what's going on.

Every week, Roman and Ivy have to go farther away to try to get enough food just to keep the pack fed. Tensions are getting higher and when tensions get high, pack members turn on their leaders, meaning me, just like that warrior over a month ago. Not only had he tested me in front of the pack, but he brought Claire into the discussion. That had set Magnor off and he had killed him in front of everyone. That, at least, had caused everyone to back off for a while. But tensions are already climbing again.

Then that fucking omega had said he wanted to leave. I was so angry, I was ready to kill him too. But Roman decided to

make an example out of him. And a couple of days later, when Dane found him dead, I made sure that he let all of the omegas know. Leave me and the pack, and your life is forfeit.

To make everything worse, I have omegas dying every week, leaving an increasingly larger workload for the ones that remain. The pack had become so angry that Claire was my dedicated omega, that I had to start having other assignments given to her. I waited as long as possible, knowing that the only thing I had holding Magnor in check, was time with Claire.

Even my wolf has become distant and angry lately, going off on little things, killing or nearly killing anyone that gets in his way. Claire no longer has time to go for the weekly runs we used to have. She doesn't have time to sit with us in my office during the day because there is just too much that needs to be done and fewer and fewer omegas to do the work. The less time she spends with Magnor, the angrier and more withdrawn he gets.

I call Roman to my office. "What's the status of getting more food?" I ask him.

"Ivy and I can go farther if you want, but we're trying to be careful." He says.

"What about other farms?" I ask. We need to supplement Alpha Elio's farm since he can't supply all the food we need.

"We can keep looking, but it's not like they're everywhere. Again, we're trying to be smart about it. Maybe we should consider buying a slaughterhouse or something so no one questions why we have so many cows and pigs." He suggests.

"What the fuck are we going to do with a slaughterhouse, hmmm? Are you going to work there? Our omegas can barely keep up with the work we have here, and our warriors are running themselves ragged." I say.

"Fine. It was just a suggestion. Where is your omega, anyway?" He asks, looking around. Magnor sits up in my head growling at him.

"Fuck if I know. She's working somewhere in the packhouse. Like I said, too much to do."

"Shame. She's a pretty little thing. Nice to look at when I have to come in here and listen to you yell at me."

I give him a look and he lifts his hands in surrender.

"So, what do you want to do for your birthday this year?" He asks me.

A year ago, on the night before my birthday, Roman and I had gone out partying, trying to find my mate. I hadn't found her that night, but I'd found two pretty she-wolves that were interested in having a good time with an Alpha. I had partied hard and fucked all night. Then fucked them again several times in the morning for good measure.

This year, there will be no such party.

"Alpha Franco's daughter has asked me for refuge away from dear ol' daddy."

"Why the fuck does she need refuge?" Roman asks. It's a good question. She doesn't need refuge, she just wants to piss Franco off for some reason, and she knows I'm the best Alpha

to do that with. Plus, I'm willing to do just about anything to piss him off. Thankfully, spending time with his eager daughter isn't a hardship.

"Who knows? I'm sure he did something or other to anger her off. Maybe I'll video us fucking again. It would give me an opportunity to really get under his skin." Happy birthday to me.

"Are you sure you want to do that? I mean, last time, he nearly killed you."

"Last time, you didn't know about it. This time, you will and we'll be ready. And besides, I, for one, am itching for a fight."

"I think the whole pack is. Who knows, maybe it'll be a good thing. They can burn off some of this frustrated energy if he attacks us again. And if we decimate his pack, then we can take over his stores and the food problem goes away."

A very good point and yet another reason to make sure Alpha Franco gets some good video of me with his daughter. I need to make sure he's angry enough to attack.

On the night before my birthday, Franco's daughter comes over. Thankfully, the pretty little Alpha female likes it rough, and I get some good video to send to Alpha Franco of her deep throating my cock, getting her pussy pounded and showing her raw backside as I jack hammer her tight ass. I make sure the sound is on so he can hear her moans of pleasure as I fuck her.

After we shower, I let her sleep in my bed. I don't usually, but tomorrow is my birthday and I know I'll want to fuck that ass again when I wake up.

It's the middle of the night when I wake up, pain shooting through me, that I know something is terribly wrong.

Claire

I know that if I'm going to leave, it has to be in the middle of the night. It takes me too long to heal after Alpha Tereshan finishes with his she-wolf, and my shift starts at 3am. That leaves me a very small window of opportunity to sneak out, get past the patrols and leave the pack territory without my absence being noticed.

I don't let anyone know that I'm leaving. If Alpha Tereshan commands them to tell him, I don't want them to have been culpable in my escape. So, I sneak a small amount of food and spare set of clothes, tying them into a knot, leaving a space large enough that I can hang it on my arm.

I creep out of my bedroom, hearing the distant sounds of omegas still cleaning the packhouse. I quietly move down the omega's stairwell, and open the door to the outside, carefully closing it behind me. That was the easy part.

I look around, listening for the sounds of anyone nearby. When I don't hear anything, I begin jogging toward the forest line. When I get there, I lean against a tree, catching my breath. I've barely eaten in months and I'm still weak from Alpha Tereshan's activities earlier.

I move through the forest, careful to stop and listen periodically to make sure none of the patrols are nearby. I doubt they will care about an omega out this time of night, but you never know which warrior you'll run into and even they have become more abusive over the past few months as food has become increasingly scarce in the pack.

As I move closer to the pack borders, I start to realize there is a rhythm to the patrol pattern. I hear them run past me and then a few minutes later, I hear them again. So that's my window of opportunity, three minutes.

I wait until the next patrol runs past, giving myself a minute for them to move away before I race to the borders. I run as fast as I can, trying to get far enough away that they can't hear me. My smell shouldn't matter to them, I'm part of their pack, unless they realize that I'm leaving, and they try to chase me down.

I've only been running for a couple of minutes when I hear a low growl behind me. I whip around, ready to be torn to shreds by one of the patrols. As I watch, Dane shifts back to his human form.

"Claire, what are you doing?"

I shake my head at him, not wanting to get him in trouble. I watch as realization dawns on him and he nods.

"Be careful, it's dangerous out there. If I had known, I'd have given you money to help you." He says.

"If you knew anything, you could be commanded to tell Alpha Tereshan. You know nothing." I say to him.

I hear him huff. "Still trying to protect everyone, I see. You're just like Feena."

As with everything else, Beta Roman's abuse of Feena has gotten worse as things in the pack have gotten more tense. Now that I know the signs, I've found her vomiting more times than I care to remember and that doesn't include the times

that he was so rough with her that she could barely walk.

"And like you." I tell him. It's true. He's one of the very few in our pack that truly cares.

"You need to accept Alpha Tereshan's rejection before you go, Claire. It's the only way you'll truly be free of him." Dane says bringing me back to the here and now.

"I don't know how." I tell him. It's the biggest reason I never did it. I wasn't sure how to do it and not get caught. Now, I guess it doesn't matter.

"He rejected you, right? He said the words?"

"Yes." I say, remembering that day, one year ago tomorrow, my birthday, as if it were yesterday.

He tells me the words that I have to say. Then nods at me.

"I, Claire Roberts, accept your rejection, Alpha Tereshan Colton as my mate and I reject you as my Alpha." I feel the bond snap as well as my tether to the pack and for the first time in a year, I feel free, like I can breathe. Even Damara shifts around in my head for a moment before going back to wherever she resides these days.

"Now go. He will have felt that, even if he was asleep. Get out of here. Run that way." He says pointing in the direction he wants me to go.

"You'll find a small river. Run upstream as fast as you can, then find a safe place to hide. I'll do my best to divert them away from you."

"Thank you, Dane. You've been a good friend. Tell Feena I'm

sorry."

"I will." He turns heading back to the pack lands.

I run in the direction he pointed me in until I come to the river. I step into the frigid water that is rushing against my legs, trying to swipe them out from under me. Somehow, I begin to move upstream. I push harder moving into deeper water as the river widens. When I hear the sounds of voices from the edge of the river, I duck my entire body under, leaving only my head above water as I continue to push forward.

I'm not sure who this group of werewolves is, but they are heading toward my old pack, not away from it. They are not here searching for me, but, either way, I'm not safe if they find me. I continue to walk upstream, staying nearly submerged in the water. When my teeth begin to chatter, I start looking for a place to sleep for the rest of the night.

It's another hour at least before I find a place. By then, I'm exhausted, and I can barely feel my arms and legs. I've just taken a step to get out of the river, when I slip on a rock. The motion swipes my legs out from under me, sending me underwater as the current begins taking me back the way I came.

I try to move my arms, to bring my face back to the surface so I can breathe, but my body doesn't respond. I'm so tired, and the water is so cold. I struggle for a few more moments, before finally my screaming lungs force me to try and breathe.

Instead of air, I suck in water, icy cold water. I know the end is near, and I should care that I'm about to die, but I don't. Death is better than the life I've been living. I will happily let this life

go and hope that the next one, in the Moon Goddess's realm,
is better.

It's the last thought I have as I stop fighting against the water
and I let the darkness take me.

Tereshan

I don't know how long I'm asleep when I'm suddenly awakened by a sharp pain in my chest. The pain is so strong that I can barely breathe. I roll off the bed, unable to stand and begin making my way to the bathroom.

'Magnor, what the fuck is going on.' I ask my wolf. He had withdrawn inside my head like he always does when I'm with a she-wolf, refusing to participate because it's not Claire, but he stays quiet about it because I've threatened to keep Claire from him if he says anything. It's not a great feeling, being at odds with your wolf, but it's worked for the past year.

He's quiet for a moment, then his sad voice trickles into my head. 'She accepted the rejection. After all this time, she finally accepted the rejection, and she has also rejected us as her Alpha. She left the pack. She left us.'

I'm lying on the floor, feeling like I'm about to vomit.

'What do you mean she accepted the rejection? She accepted it a year ago.' I say.

'Apparently, she didn't. I didn't realize or I would never have allowed this to go on.' He says meaning me sleeping with the she-wolves. His sadness at the pain we've been causing our ex-mate is clear in his voice.

'Yes, I guess she is our ex-mate now.' He says withdrawing into the back of my mind again.

'Magnor...!' I start to say, but he shuts me off, distraught that

she rejected him and left us.

I have no idea how long I lay on the floor, but I can't believe that Claire survived this kind of pain. And not just this pain. I've had a she-wolf in my bed every night and forced her to clean my room every day. I can only imagine how painful this last year has been for her.

'That's because my mate was stronger than you ever gave her credit for, you asshole.'

Magnor pushes forward to tell me before disappearing into my mind again.

Suddenly, I hear the patrols in my head. "Breach! The borders have been breached! We need all available..."

His voice cuts off and a moment later Roman is bursting into my room. He looks at the bed where Alpha Franco's daughter leaps up screaming.

He looks and finds me on the floor. "Alpha, what happened?" He says, looking accusingly at the girl who is scrambling off the bed.

"Help me up." I tell him and he pulls me to my feet. "Is it Franco?" I ask.

"Yes. Did she..." He growls, looking back at the girl who is staring at me wide-eyed.

"No, this has nothing to do with her." I say before stumbling past him and out of the room. I have to protect my pack. I'm getting exactly what I had wanted, but I hadn't known that I would be in this weakened state.

I race down the stairs, holding the stair railing for support as I go. When I get to the bottom, I shift, noticing that it hurts more than it has since our first shift.

'Now you know why our mate never shifted. She couldn't after what you did to her.' Magnor snarls at me.

'Hate me after we kill Franco.' I tell him, as we rush into the fight.

Similar to last time he was here, Alpha Franco is waiting for me. As I move to jump into the battle, he tackles me from the side.

The force of it has Magnor rolling once before he's able to gain his feet again. Oskar, Alpha Franco's wolf, is on us in an instant. I can tell that Magnor is weak from the rejection. He's fighting, but we're not as strong as we usually are. I have a moment to be thankful that she didn't reject us while we're in the middle of this battle. If she had, we'd already be dead.

'We should die anyway for what we did to her.' Magnor says and it's only his hate for Alpha Franco and Oskar and what they've done to our pack, that keeps him fighting.

'Focus Magnor. We need to kill Franco now, then we'll go find her. We can get her back. She can't have gotten too far. The sooner he's dead, the sooner we find her.' I tell him.

Oskar leaps on top of us. Magnor reaches around him, grabbing Oskar by the fur and ripping him off. Oskar goes flying and Magnor leaps on top of him.

But Oskar is fast. He flips over and as we land, his back paws, begin scratching at our soft, unprotected stomach, slicing it

open and leaving a gaping wound. Magnor snarls and pushes off of Oskar before turning back to face him.

Oskar is already back on his feet, his muzzle soaked red from our blood, more is dripping from his mouth. Before we have a chance to move, Oskar leaps at us again, pushing Magnor down. This time, he grabs hold of Magnor's flank and rips a chunk of flesh out of our thigh.

Magnor's yelp of pain quickly turns to a roar of anger. He wheels around, reaching for Oskar's throat. Instead, he grabs a mouthful of fur, but he shakes his head, tearing it off. Oskar latches on to Magnor's front leg, biting down hard, snapping the bone before shaking his head and nearly ripping the leg off. I hear a pop before I feel the pain and know that it's been dislocated.

I have no concept of time as we bite and scratch at each other, both trying to get the upper hand, but we're both losing a lot of blood. Magnor's body isn't healing as fast as normal because of the recent rejection and Oskar keeps adding to our injuries. Now, with the broken and dislocated leg, we're at a serious disadvantage. But Magnor has hurt Oskar too. He has scratches, bites and open wounds that aren't healing quickly any longer either.

In an attempt to get the upper hand, Magnor leaps, trying to pin Oskar to the ground, but instead of pinning him, Oskar turns his head, his teeth sinking into Magnor's throat.

Magnor gurgles as he tries to breathe, Oskar dragging him to the ground at his feet, holding Magnor while he drowns in his own blood. A moment later, Oskar rips out our throat. I have a moment to see that my pack is dead or dying around me.

It's the last thing I see before death takes me.

Magnor

I jolt awake, jumping to my feet and looking around. I'm alone in a forest. There are birds chirping, animals scurrying through the forest brush. The wind is blowing through the trees and the sun is shining. I can feel it's warmth on my fur.

I look around. Wasn't I just in a fight? Where is everyone? Did I die?

'Tereshan?' I ask, searching my mind for my human. He's not there, not anywhere. Where the fuck am I?

"Language, Magnor." A melodic voice says to me, and I look up to see a beautiful woman, bathed in light, walking toward me.

"Mother." I say, inclining my head at the mother of all wolves. The Moon Goddess.

"Hello, my child." She says, coming to stand in front of me, running her fingers through the fur on my head.

"So, I am dead?" I ask her.

"That is to be determined. You see, I've been watching you, Magnor. You, who never gave up on your mate. You, who did everything you could to protect her, even fight against your human."

"He should never have rejected her. She was perfect for me, for us. But he couldn't see it."

"No, he couldn't, and his rejection of your mate set a chain of events in motion that caused his own death one year later."

I look up at my mother. "His rejection caused that?"

"Indirectly, yes. He never gave Claire and Damara the chance to prove that they were more than just omegas, people he has no respect for."

"Yes, Tereshan can be a real asshole."

She smiles at that, turning and starting to walk away from me. I follow her, feeling like I'm supposed to, even though she hasn't told me to.

"Would you like to finally meet her?" She asks me, coming to a stop and looking at me over her shoulder.

"Who?" I ask.

"Damara, your mate."

"Yes!" I say, leaping forward.

She steps aside and there on the ground, is Damara. I rush to her, sniffing her and looking her over. Her fur is a soft reddish blonde color, so similar to Claire's hair. Her eyes are closed but she is breathing.

"What's wrong with her?" I ask, turning to look at the Moon Goddess. I can't believe that she would hurt one of her children, but if she did....

"Relax, Magnor. I would never hurt her. But she and Claire also died on this night, trying to escape your human."

I nod, laying down and putting my head across her neck. "She accepted our rejection before she left. It weakened me and I couldn't fight, not like I should have been able to. I died before I could go find her."

"Yes, and your pack was destroyed by Alpha Franco and Oskar. There is no one left."

I lift my head, looking at her. "No one?"

"No one." She confirms and my heart hurts. I not only failed my mate, I failed my entire pack. I am the Alpha, I was meant to protect them, and I didn't.

"That is true." The Moon Goddess says, hearing my thoughts. "But your human had a role in that as well. You are not a wolf, but a werewolf. The union of the human and wolf is what brings strength to the pack and the Alpha. When the wolf and human are at odds, you will never be as strong as you were meant to be."

"So, why am I here? Why is Damara in this state?" I ask her.

"Because I'm giving you a choice, Magnor. You can stay here, with me, with Damara and let life on earth continue as it is. Or you can choose to live her life for one year."

"What do you mean, live her life for one year?" I ask, although, I'd be willing to do just about anything to have my mate.

"They call it 'walking a mile in my shoes'. It means, you and Tereshan would live your lives as Claire and Damara and they would live their lives as you. It would give your human a chance to see what could happen if your mate was in charge and made the decisions. It would also give him a chance to

see the things that happened in your pack that he was blind to."

"What kind of things?" I ask.

She smiles at me. "If I told you, it wouldn't be a lesson, now would it."

I look back down at Damara. "So, she would be an Alpha and I would be a what?" I look at the Moon Goddess, already knowing the answer.

"You, my child, would have to humble yourself and become an omega. Are you willing to do that? Are you willing to give your Alpha status to your mate?"

"But how will that work? There is no female Alpha? The pack would never accept waking up to her being their Alpha." I say.

"Not unless she's remains in Tereshan's body, and you remain in hers. The only people that will know that the swap has occurred are you, Tereshan, Claire and Damara."

"But we're dead. How would we just come back to life?"

"I would give you the last year of your life back, to live over. Your time would start on your 18th birthday."

"And what happens at the end of the year?" I ask.

"You will swap back. Then, whatever happens is up to you and Tereshan."

"So, I would live an omega's life for one year? And then I'd return to being an Alpha, but she would return to being an omega?" I clarify.

"Or a Luna, if Tereshan learns his lesson. Otherwise, history will repeat itself and you will end up back here."

I look at Damara. I would give anything to be with her again, to make this right. If that means that I have to give up being Alpha for a year, for her, I will do it. I look back at the Moon Goddess.

"Yes, I agree, Mother. Make her an Alpha. I will live the life of an omega for a year."

She smiles at me. "You are a good wolf, Magnor, a good mate, and a good child of mine."

Her hand swipes over my face and darkness overtakes me.

Claire

I'm slow to come awake. I feel warm. Since when have I ever woken warm? Never in my life do I remember waking up warm. Not only that, but the bed underneath me is soft and fluffy.

Where am I? The last thing I remember was drowning in the river. Did someone rescue me?

I look down and see that there are two other females lying in bed with me. One is tucked up against my side and the other has her head on my stomach. I frown, since when do I sleep naked and since when does my stomach look tan and muscular.

I lift my hand to touch my stomach and stop, looking at my hand. My hand is huge. I turn it back and forth. Yep, it's mine. What is going on?

I carefully move the girl on my stomach off to the side and sit up, ready to get out of bed.

"Mmm, Alpha, don't go yet." One of the she-wolves says.

I freeze. Alpha? Who are they talking to? I sniff the air and look around. I don't smell an Alpha in the room, just me and these two she-wolves. There's no one else here.

I crawl over them, trying to be careful not to wake them, but this bed is so soft that it dips as I move, making them roll together. They curl up together and I move off the bed.

I look around the room. This doesn't look like the packhouse, and it certainly doesn't look like my room.

I start to walk to the bathroom and realize that there is something hanging between my legs. I look down and jolt. Holy Moon Goddess, what is THAT between my legs?

I look away quickly, moving in a bow-legged form, trying not to touch anything between my legs as I rush to the bathroom. I smack my head on the top of the doorframe as I rush in.

I grab my head and turn to look in the mirror. I gasp, staring at the image reflected back at me, my hand falling from my head. I stand there stunned for a moment before I reach out and touch the image in the mirror.

'Damara, what's going on?' I ask my wolf.

'I have no idea.' She says and her voice sounds stronger than I remember it sounding in a very long time, maybe ever.

'You're back?' I ask, getting momentarily sidetracked.

'I...I am. I feel....strong. Stronger than I've ever felt in my life.'

'Oh, Damara, I'm so glad. Now help me figure out why I look like Alpha Tereshan.' I say.

'I don't know, but I can tell you this. I'm an Alpha wolf, Claire. An Alpha! And that makes you...'

'An Alpha.' I say, staring at myself in the mirror. Or should I say, staring at my Alpha's image in the mirror.

I move my body, feeling his strength.

'Is this what it's like being an Alpha, Damara? No wonder he's so arrogant. This feels amazing! I'm so strong.' I say, flexing my muscles in the mirror.

'And healthy. He's been eating where we have not. His body is strong AND healthy, unlike our omega body.'

We both watch as I move around, flexing the muscles. 'I'm so tall now too.' I say.

She snickers. 'What are you going to do with that?' She says, nodding to the equipment I now have between my legs.

'I have no idea. How do they even walk with all of this hanging between their legs?'

'No clue, but while we're in this body, you'd better figure it out.'

I stop, looking at my reflection in the mirror. 'Why am I in this body? Why are you an Alpha? Didn't we...didn't we die?' I ask her.

She's quiet for a moment. 'Yes, we did, or at least, I thought we did.'

'We were in the river, we were drowning.' I say.

I stare at Tereshan's image in the mirror. 'Are we dreaming?'

'No, this is real.' Damara says.

'Are you sure?' I ask.

I feel her shrug inside my head. 'Punch something.' She says.

'What? Are you kidding me? Do you know how long it will take to heal?' I ask.

'If it's a dream, it won't hurt at all. If it's real, and we really are Alphas now, it'll heal almost immediately.' She says.

I turn, looking at the wall behind me. Shrugging, I slam my fist into the wall, punching a huge hole into the wall. I'm shocked that I made such a large hole. My hand hurts, but nothing breaks. I look at my hand to see that the skin is torn and bleeding but as I watch, the knuckles begin to heal.

'Holy Moon Goddess, Damara.' I turn back to the mirror.

'We're Alphas!' We exclaim in unison.

After realizing that we really are Alphas, Damara suggests getting in the shower and washing off the smell of the she-wolves in the other room.

'Do you think that Alpha Tereshan was here last night? I thought he had some she-wolf come to him?' I say as I'm washing.

Wow, Alpha Tereshan's body is really muscular. In our one night, I didn't get to spend too much time touching him. Who am I kidding, it wasn't one night, it was more like one hour. A wham-bam-thank you ma'am before he rejected me and kicked me out.

'I don't know. I was dying, Claire. His constant cheating was too much for me to bear.'

'I should have rejected him sooner, I'm sorry Damara.'

'Maybe that's why we're here? Because we rejected him?' She

asks.

'I don't know, but what I do want to know is what happened to our body. Did it wash up on shore? Is this an alternate reality?' I stop, reality dawning on me.

'Damara, what if HE is in our body?'

She's thoughtful for a moment. 'We need to find out.'

I finish washing and go back out to the bedroom. "Alpha, come back to bed." One of the she-wolves says, patting the bed beside her.

"Yeah, we want to give you your birthday present." Birthday present. So, it is my birthday, which means it's also Tereshan's birthday.

"Uh, another time girls." I say noticing how deep my voice is. I move quickly to get some clothes to cover his body. I don't know why I care, he never does, but I, at least, am modest.

I pull on a pair of boxer briefs and feel like everything hanging between my legs finally has a proper place to reside, out of the way.

I finish getting dressed and then head to the door. "Don't forget your wallet, Alpha." One of the she-wolves says, getting out of bed and sauntering toward me, completely naked.

When she gets to me, she runs her hands up and down my chest. "Are you sure you don't want your birthday present? You were pretty clear last night that you wanted my mouth on you again this morning, something about stretching my

throat and making sure I took all of you this time." She says in a purr that probably works for Tereshan but isn't ever going to work for me.

"Uh, yep, I'm sure. Thanks though." I say, heading out of the room as quickly as I can.

I rush down the hall and realize I'm in a hotel, not that I've ever been in a hotel, but I've heard of them. When I get downstairs, I hear a familiar voice.

"Alpha!" I turn and see Beta Roman heading my way. Instantly, I look down.

"Beta Roman."

He smacks my arm. "Happy birthday, Alpha. Did you have a good time last night?"

"Uh, yes, Beta, thank you."

It's quiet for a moment.

"What are you looking at?" He asks.

"What?"

"On the floor, what are you looking at?"

"Oh, nothing, Beta." I say, looking up. He thinks I'm an Alpha, and I need to act like one or he'll figure out what happened and punish me.

"Did I do something to offend you, Alpha?" He asks me.

I look and see worry on his face. "No, why would you think

that?"

He shrugs, watching me closely and I know that he's going to figure it out.

"You only ever call me Beta when you're putting me in my place. If I did something to offend you, Alpha, I apologize. I thought you were okay that I took the other two girls to my bed last night. If you wanted them all, you know you only needed to tell me." He rushes to say, trying to placate me.

"No, no. It's fine. How are we getting back to the packhouse?" I ask, trying to divert the conversation.

"Same way we got here." He says, holding up a set of keys. "I'm driving."

"Then let's go." I say.