

Tereshan

I hate letting Claire rush into the fight. It should be me. This is where I excel, and this is where she will struggle. She may be good at building up the pack, making them stronger overall, but when it comes to direct fighting, that is my area of expertise.

But she's right. In this body, I can't fight, especially since Magnor is so weak. I wouldn't even be able to shift to help her.

From the battle last year, I know which safe room Alpha Franco's pack will attack. At least, I hope it will be the same one, because I intend to be ready for them. I move Vivienne out of this room and into the room with Feena. I intend to fight, to protect the omegas in my safe room, but just in case, I don't want her in here.

"Be careful." Feena tells me as I shove Vivienne into the room with her.

"You have weapons, just in case?" I ask her. Claire made sure that every safe room had weapons for this type of situation.

"We do." Feena says.

"Use them if you need them." I tell her before rushing back to the safe room where I had one of the omegas hold the door for me. When he sees me, he breathes a sigh of relief. We can already hear the sounds of fighting outside.

I had heard Claire tell the patrols here to be ready in case the attack on Keegan was a diversion and she had been right. Almost immediately after she left the pack lands, the attack here started. I hear them crashing into the packhouse just as I close and bolt the door.

I flick on a lantern, one that we keep away from the door, hoping that intruders will not be able to find us. I turn, looking at the people around me. "Okay, if they come for us, if they break into this room, we are all going to fight."

The omegas look terrified, but I'm their leader, even if they don't know it. My job is to lead and guide them to do what I need them to do. "Deep breaths. Alpha Tereshan has been training us to fight so that we could be prepared if this ever happened, right?"

They all nod their heads.

"Okay, grab a weapon, whatever weapon you are most comfortable with."

I wait for them to grab two weapons each, one for each hand and I take what's left, knives. I haven't practiced throwing knives in this body, but I'm adept at it in mine.

As soon as I hear the weight hit the door, I know that history is repeating itself. Franco's men are here to hurt my pack, my omegas. But he won't get to them this time. This time, they are facing me.

As soon as the door bursts open, I throw one of the knives, satisfied when I hear it hit the mark, sinking into the chest of the first man in the room. The next one is hit with a hammer from the omega beside me.

"Nice." I say quietly to him, encouraging him as the man he hit falls to the ground.

I hear the snarls of the others behind them, angry that they've lost two of their pack members. We may be backed into a corner, but they have a narrow entryway to get to us and we're ready. As the next one steps in, I'm ready to throw my second knife when another one whizzes past my head. I turn, seeing a girl smaller than Claire staring wide-eyed as the man she just hit thrashes around, yanking the knife out of his chest.

I leap into action and before he can throw the knife, I slit his throat. Our last assailant, backhands me, sending me sailing back into the room, my small body slamming against the wall. Immediately the other omegas leap into action throwing their weapons at him, attacking him and bringing him to the ground.

I get up slowly, my back aching and bruised from where I hit the wall. Being an omega sucks. Being an omega without a wolf at full strength sucks even more.

'You're doing great, but we need to check on our mate.'
Magnor says to me.

I feel him pushing his healing into my back.

'Save your strength. I want you back, buddy. I'll heal, it'll just be slower without you helping.'

I turn to the omegas who all look terrified at what they've done. Some are staring at the blood on their hands. I know it's the first time they've ever killed someone.

"Hey." I say, getting their attention. "It was us or them. This is why we train, so that it's never us, always them."

They all nod, not saying anything.

"Is everyone good?"

They nod again.

"Grab your weapons. I don't think anyone else will come for us but just in case, you need to be prepared." I tell them, grabbing my knives from the floor.

"Where are you going?" Jacoby asks me.

"I'm going to see if I can help outside."

We can all hear the fighting that is still going on.

Their eyes go wide again.

"It's okay, I'll be okay. Just stay here and I'll be back as soon as I can."

"You should stay here with us." The small girl says to me. I don't know her name, but she's obviously young. Younger than Claire.

"I can't. I have to go make sure Alpha is okay." I say, stepping out of the room. I look around making sure there is no one else nearby before racing out the back of the packhouse.

Instantly, I see Dane fighting against Roman. That fucking bastard. I should have known he'd have no qualms about coming here and killing his old pack members.

As I look, I see Damara and my heart sinks as I realize she's fighting Oskar. He's a good fighter, he nearly took me down the first time we fought, and he killed me the second time. I have no idea what will happen if Claire dies again, but I have no intention of finding out.

As I'm racing toward her, I see Oskar shift, getting the leverage he needs to get the upper hand in the fight. I can see that he's injured, Damara has put up a good fight. But now, he's got her and he's going to kill her.

'Get him!' Magnor snarls in my head, thrashing around with more energy than he's had since the Roman event.

I race up to Oskar, watching as Damara tries to get away unsuccessfully. Just as he opens his mouth to snap her neck, I reach around his neck, putting the knife to his throat.

"Fuck you, Franco." I say, slicing his throat open from ear to ear. He collapses on top of Damara, splashing her fur with his blood. The howl of his pack is instantaneous as the tethers to their Alpha are severed.

I can feel the fight going out of Damara and she forces the shift back to Claire just as Dane comes running over.

"What happened?" He's injured and I look past him to see if Roman is dead. When I see the area is empty, I look back at him and he shakes his head. Roman got away.

He carries Claire into the packhouse. Just before I walk in, I turn, and I see Roman standing at the tree line away from the fighting. He's looking right at me. He points two fingers at his eyes then points one at me. He's watching me.

Guess what asswipe? I'm watching you too.

I turn back, rushing to catch up to Claire and Dane. I hear her ask about the omegas, knowing she'd be worried that they died again in this timeframe. I mind link her to let her know that they are all alive.

I run in front of Dane as he carries her into the bedroom.

"Bathroom." I tell him. "Put her in the bath." I say rushing ahead of him to start the water. There's so much blood, we need to know where her injuries are.

Dane helps me get her washed up as the doctor comes in.

He checks her over, looking at the gashes that even I can see are healing.

"Magnor will heal him, he just needs some time. I'll wrap up the injuries, but he needs sleep. When he wakes up, he'll need to eat and I'd say in 24 hours, Alpha Tereshan will be back to normal."

"Good." Dane says.

After the doctor leaves, I help him dress Claire then get her into bed.

"I'll stay with her." I tell him. "You take care of the pack."

He looks at me a long moment. "I will. That's why she made me her Beta."

I smile at him. "She made the right choice."

After Dane leaves, I quickly shower, washing the blood off of

me before crawling into bed and curling up with Claire. I remember that laying with her when I was injured helped me to heal even faster and I hope it's the same for her.

