

Claire

I shouldn't be surprised that Tereshan wants to be with me. He acts more like an Alpha now that he's an omega than he ever did when he was truly an Alpha. He acts like the Alpha he should have always been.

We're racing into the fight, and it feels like he gets distracted, even stumbling as we're running. However, when the knife goes whizzing past me to take out the warrior that was coming to fight me, I know he's got my back.

I turn and smile at him, thanking him for being the kind of mate I always wanted. I don't know if he realizes that this is what I'm thinking, but maybe I can tell him later, after I meet with Alpha Keegan.

I shift and Damara begins taking out the warriors from Roman's and his allies' packs. At first, it was hard to kill them. I hated doing it, but I realized that when it comes to war, it's us or them. And I have no intention of letting them hurt my pack, not without the best fight that I can give.

I feel the snap of a tether from one of the omegas, and then in quick succession, two more. One of my groups of three have been taken out. I push it aside. Eventually, someday, we'll be able to mourn our dead. Today is not that day.

We've been fighting for hours. Tereshan is amazing with his knives. I need to have him show me how he throws them. He's deadly accurate.

I've just killed another warrior when I feel a tether break that I wasn't expecting. Bryson.

I stop, turning toward where I know he was fighting. And that's when I see Roman's wolf, Tripp, heading straight for Tereshan. Damara leaps over Tereshan and attacks Tripp head-on, snapping and snarling, unwilling to allow him to get to her mate.

As Damara moves around Tripp, trying to find a weakness to exploit, I see that Ivy has Tereshan by the throat. And I realize that Ivy killed Bryson, her ex-mate.

I begin fighting harder, knowing that Ivy is too cruel to let Tereshan go, and in that body, Tereshan doesn't have a good chance of defeating her. I'm completely focused on Tripp when I hear Tereshan's cry of warning.

I turn, just in time to see Francine in wolf form, leaping at me. I turn, grabbing her by the throat, my teeth sinking deep into her soft flesh. I hear a cry from behind me, but I can't look as I hold Francine while she thrashes against my hold.

"IVY!" I hear Roman yell and I turn just in time to see Roman rip Tereshan's throat out.

I scream a moment before I feel my tether to Tereshan snap. Fury like nothing I've ever felt before blazes through me.

I drop Francine's dead body, turning to leap at Roman. Damara pins him to the ground, but he's holding her head away from him as she snaps at him, wild with anger and frustration at Tereshan's death.

"You've gone weak, Tereshan, letting omegas fight as if they

are warriors. No wonder you're losing this battle. You are nothing. This pack is mine. I should have taken it over a long time ago." He snarls, throwing Damara off of him and shifting quickly.

Immediately, we're back into the fight. Damara and Tripp are tearing into each other, ripping flesh and snapping teeth until it hits bone.

I can hear the fighting going on around us, but at some point, I realize that almost everyone is paying more attention to our fight than their own, wanting to know which Alpha will come out on top.

I don't know how long we've been fighting, but we're both exhausted, both bleeding from multiple places on our bodies. I know that it will take me days to heal from these battle wounds and it will take longer now that Tereshan is dead.

That thought spurs Damara forward. Roman is the reason Tereshan is dead. After everything he did to bring this pack to its knees, hurting Feena, hurting Tereshan, betraying his pack, Roman doesn't get to win, not today. Today, he dies.

With renewed strength, Damara begins fighting, ripping more flesh from Tripp's flank, his shoulder, and finally grabbing hold of his soft belly. She tears his flesh, causing his intestines to hang loosely from his body.

Tripp stumbles, falling to the ground, shifting back into Roman's form.

He looks up at Damara, sneering at us. "You always were an asshole, Tereshan."

I shift, standing over him, panting heavily, as he tries to hold his stomach together. "Takes one to know one, Roman." I snarl.

I stop a moment, looking around at the fighters and the other pack members, all standing by watching. "Let this be a lesson to all of you. If you fight against me, you will die." I say, extending my claws and slashing through Roman's throat.

I collapse onto the ground, letting Dane take charge. He rushes over to me. "You need medical attention." He says.

"Look after the pack first. Check on the omegas, they will have the hardest time healing." I tell him before half crawling, half dragging myself to Tereshan's body.

I pull him into my lap, pushing the hair out of his face. "Why now? Why, when we were just starting to come together?" I ask softly.

I hold him, rocking him as the others begin moving away. Now that Roman is dead, the other Alphas are retreating. My pack warriors are chasing their warriors off of our pack lands.

Damara is howling inside my head at the loss of her mate, my own tears pouring down my face.

I don't know if it was Damara's grief or my own that kept me from hearing her sneaking up behind me. But a moment too late, I feel the hand at my chin and a knife at my throat.

"Alpha Franco sends his regards." Ivy says, before I feel the sting of the knife as it slices through my throat.

I see Dane's head whip around, his mouth opening on a scream. I see a hammer whirling past me and hear the heavy thunk as it finds its mark in Ivy's skull.

As my head hits the ground, I realize, in the end, Tereshan and I both died again on the cusp of our 19th birthday.