

## Tereshan

Keegan is a mess. When Claire brings the sisters back into the room, we leave them to talk in private. I find Feena and make sure that there is an extra room made up for Keegan. I told him I would do this so no matter what happens, he can stay the night.

I feel like this day has gone on forever, and unfortunately, the day continues. Claire and I have to go back to the party. Claire had remembered to tell Feena to give the omegas some cake and when we pass the kitchens, we see them devouring the treats.

We spend the next couple of hours talking to others. I make note of the ones that ask about Roman and that fought with him against us in last timeline. They are not and will most likely never be our allies.

However, I make a special effort to spend time with the ones that did help us, specifically those that were Keegan's friends and supported us by fighting and getting us food.

At the end of the night, I'm exhausted, ready to fall into bed.

I take Claire back to our room and only once we're inside do I remember that she might not feel comfortable here.

I turn to her. "Claire, I had Feena get you some pajamas. They should be in the closet now, washed and clean for you. I told her to get ones that would make you feel comfortable, so you'd want to stay here with me. However, if you would

feel better sleeping in your old room..."

"I'll stay here. This room was mine for the last year too. It feels more like mine than the other one did." She tells me, making my heart soar.

"I want you to know, nothing will happen between us. I won't force you into anything you don't want. Believe me, I understand very well what it's like to be forced into a sexual encounter that you don't want." I tell her, remembering Roman.

She comes to stand in front of me, looking absolutely gorgeous. I lean down and she puts her hand on my cheek. I close my eyes, enjoying her touch.

"I know you won't." She says to me, before turning and going into the closet.

I wait, not wanting her to feel uncomfortable and bolt from the bedroom. When she comes back out, she's wearing an oversized t shirt and shorts.

"Those look comfortable." I say to her.

She smiles. "They are."

I walk past her, into the closet. It smells like her again. I love it. There's nothing in the world better than her sweet lemon scent.

I get changed, putting on sleep pants that Feena bought me today too. She knew I wouldn't have any, since they've never washed any for me. And she knew that sleeping naked with Claire was not a good idea. I got used to sleeping in pajamas

over the last year, so it's not too uncomfortable wearing them.

When I come out of the closet, I see that Claire is not in the bed. I have a moment of panic before I hear the sounds of her brushing her hair in the bathroom.

I walk in, taking the brush from her. "Vivienne used to brush my hair for me. I have to admit, it felt amazing." I say, pulling the brush through her hair and pulling out hidden bobby pins as I go.

When I'm finally able to run the brush through her long hair, I hear Claire whimper softly. Yeah, I know it feels good. I make a mental note to brush her hair every night.

When I'm done, I put the brush down and take her hand, leading her to the bed. I lift her up on the side she used to sleep on.

"Is this good?" I ask her.

"Yes." She says, getting under the clean blankets.

I turn off the light and move to the other side of the bed. I get under the blankets and lay down, trying not to touch Claire, not sure if she wants the physical contact or not.

She turns, curling into my side and I lift my arm, wrapping it around her. She snuggles up against me, her body cool to the touch.

"Are you cold?" I ask her.

"A little."

"Here." I say and turn on my side, wrapping myself around her body.

She practically buries herself against me, getting as close as she can, drawing heat from me.

I feel her cold nose, rubbing against my chest.

"I had a thought about what I could get you for your birthday, Tereshan." She says.

"I told you, Claire. Everything I want is right here." I say, pulling her closer to me.

"I know and I know it's after midnight, so I'm late, but....I think you'll like my gift. Well, I hope you will."

I can hear the hesitation in her voice, and I jump to reassure her.

"I'll love it, no matter what it is." I tell her.

She surprises me by pushing against my body. I roll on my back, and she climbs on top of me, straddling me.

This is not a good idea. I was already semi-hard, just laying with her. Now, I've gone rock hard.

"Claire, what are you doing?" I ask, trying not to sound desperate to get her off of me before my body's reaction scares her away indefinitely.

She sits up, looking down at me. Damn if I don't have a vision of what it will hopefully be like one day if she finally accepts me and she's riding me. That small body taking my length, that hair drifting around both our bodies and

hopefully her head falling back in ecstasy as she screams my name.

"You said you wanted me to mark you."

That gets my attention and my eyes flash to hers, my attention solely on what she's saying.

"Yes." Even I can hear the desperation in my voice.

"I thought...for your birthday... that I could mark you. I'm not ready...."

"Yes." I say instantly, cutting her off.

"I don't care if you're ready for my mark. I will wait. I want to wear your mark, Claire. I want you to feel confident that I want you, that you know what I'm feeling all the time. I have nothing to hide from you. I want you and I want you to know that." I tell her.

I push myself up, keeping her in my lap and leaning against the headboard.

"Did...did you want to mark me now?" I ask her.

"Yes, if you want me to."

Instead of answering, I do what I've never done before. I lift my head, exposing my throat to my mate.

I feel her eyes on me, then I feel her lean forward. I know she may not know what to do, but Damara will.

Magnor pushes forward, wanting to encourage his mate. His growls softly as her nose runs up our throat.

She sniffs her way down to my marking spot, finding just the right place before I feel her tongue lick me, sending an intense wave of pleasure through my body.

I hear Damara's growl a moment before I hear her claim me.

"Mine." She says before sinking her canines into my neck.