

Claire

Feena and I have a great time ordering clothing for everyone. Of course, Feena knows everyone's sizes. She always had to make sure that we had clothing. The difference is that before, our clothing was standard uniforms. Stiff, uncomfortable, bland uniforms. Now, the clothing will be comfortable, colorful and useful for not only cleaning and cooking, but we also got everyone clothing for sparring.

When it's all done, the total is thousands of dollars.

"Maybe we should take some of my clothes out of the cart." I tell Feena.

"Claire, you already got less than everyone else. Alpha wanted you to have some clothes that aren't a uniform. You need clothes suitable for a Luna." She says.

"But Feena, if it's too much, then he'll take away the clothes for the omegas. They all need clothing more than I do. I'll be fine. I'll figure it out."

Just then, Tereshan walks in. I could tell he was aggravated about something, but since I had no idea what it was, I didn't say anything when he came in. I gave Feena a look to keep her mouth shut.

"Tereshan, I think this might be more money than you were intending to spend. Can you come take a look?" I say. He immediately comes over to stand behind me, his hands on my shoulders.

"That's actually less than I was expecting. Show me which ones are yours." He says.

Less? Seriously?

I pull up the cart and show him the outfits I ordered for myself. I look up at him and he's frowning.

"That's three outfits, Claire. Did they not have anything else that you liked?" He asks, looking down at me. His aura is still strong with whatever aggravated him, and I struggle not to shrink away from him. I know he's not angry at me, but I still have a fear that he'll take it out on me.

I look down. "I'll order more." I say quietly, not sure how to respond to him when he's like this.

"Feena, give us a few moments, please." He says to her.

"Yes, Alpha." She says and walks out of the room.

He turns my chair and kneels down in front of me.

"Talk to me, what's going on?"

I glance at him before looking down again.

"Why are you angry?"

He frowns. "I'm not angry at you."

He gets up and begins pacing. I've realized that he has a lot of energy. When he's agitated, or angry, he paces to work it off.

"The sheets were delivered today. There was something off

about the delivery guy. He asked about Roman and there was something familiar about him, I just can't remember where I've seen him before."

If he was asking about Roman, that's not good.

I think for a moment. "Do you remember him from this timeline?" I ask Tereshan and he stops pacing, turning to look at me.

"No." He says slowly, thoughtfully.

"Last timeline?" I ask him.

He comes to sit down beside me, taking my hand and rubbing his thumb over my knuckles while his eyes remain unfocused with his thoughts.

"No, I don't think so."

"So, you remember him from the first timeline?" I ask.

His eyes are tracking back and forth, almost as if he is replaying scenarios in his mind from the first timeline.

"I'm not sure, but that feels right. I just wish I could remember where I saw him."

"Do you remember talking to him?"

He's shaking his head before I'm done asking. "No, I'd remember that."

"The war? Maybe he was in the battle?"

"Maybe....but that doesn't feel right either." He sighs. "Well,

at least we've narrowed it down. I'll try to remember where I saw him."

His eyes refocus on me. "So, now that you know what's aggravating me, why do you only have three outfits in your cart?"

He leans forward, putting his elbows on his knees, putting himself at eye level with me.

"I thought it was too much money and I didn't want you to take anything away from the other omegas, so I only got a few things."

He shakes his head, reaching out to stroke my cheek. "Always worried about others."

He reaches into the side drawer, the one where he found the credit card I needed in the last timeline.

"Use this card, there's plenty of money on it. Buy whatever you want and need. I plan to take you places, Claire. Other packs, on dates, dinner meetings with other Alphas, I need to know that you have clothing for all of those things. Don't forget shoes. Money is not a problem, my love. We have plenty of it. It just never made its way to the omegas before now."

"Where do you think Ivy hid that money?" I ask him, taking the credit card.

He gives me a look like I'm crazy.

"I just assumed she gave it to Alpha Franco." He says.

Now it's my turn to look at him like he's crazy.

"Ivy was the most selfish person I've ever met. She would never give her money to someone else without getting something in return. She wanted to be a Luna, and she's not, so that money is still in her possession somewhere." I say.

Tereshan stands up quickly.

"Or, it's here in the packhouse, hidden away somewhere. Claire Roberts, it's time to go on a treasure hunt!"

We searched for hours, finally giving up.

"You know what we should do? We should put the omegas on it. If anyone can find something hidden in this packhouse or even on the pack lands, it's them."

"If that's the case, maybe they already found it."

"No, Ivy would have come in kicking and screaming that someone stole her money, and she never did."

"Let's do it. Treasure hunt for the pack. Winner keeps half. I'll announce it at dinner."

"No giving special treatment to Vivienne." I tell him.

He shrugs. "She was good to me. I can't help that I always want to try and repay her kindness."

He smiles. "I ordered her book today."

"That will make her happy."

"And what will make you happy, my Luna?" He asks, taking

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my hands in his.

I'm struggling to find an answer when I see his eyes go unfocused. Suddenly he growls viciously.

When his eyes refocus, they are dark with Magnor's presence.

"Bryson is at the border."