

Tereshan

I'm freezing cold, shivering. What the fuck is going on, why is there only one small blanket covering me? And does it matter, I'm never cold.

I open my eyes, looking around. I'm in some desolate looking room. It's cold in here and noisy. I can hear the banging of a kitchen nearby.

I move to get out of bed and my body is stiff, barely able to move. It's like I was curled up in this ball all night.

'Magnor, what's going on? Why am I so cold?' I ask. Cold and achy. My whole body hurts, like I haven't taken good care of myself in too long.

'We're weak.' He says and I've never heard his voice sound so frail.

'Magnor, what happened to you?' I ask and it all starts coming back. We died. Alpha Franco killed us. My hand flies to my throat, but I don't feel anything wrong. My throat feels fine, and it doesn't even hurt. Well, it doesn't hurt any more than the rest of my body is hurting.

I rush to the bathroom that's in the room. I duck like usual, but apparently, I don't need to. This bathroom is much taller than the ones I'm used to.

When I get to the bathroom, I realize there's no mirror. What the fuck kind of bathroom has no mirror?

I look around, seeing tattered towels and no washcloth. I turn on the water and after waiting several minutes for it to get warm, I give up and splash the lukewarm water on my face. As I dry my face with the crappy towel, I realize that my hands are very small.

I look at them, turning my much too small hands under the dim light of the bathroom. What kind of place is this, it's like a dungeon in here.

Wait! Did Alpha Franco bring us back to his pack? Maybe we ARE in a dungeon. I lift my nose in the air, but even my senses are dulled compared to what they usually are.

'Magnor, how long will it take you to heal? We need to get out of here.' I tell him.

'I'm not injured.' He says quietly.

'What do you mean you're not injured? How can you be so weak if you're not injured?' I ask him.

'I'm an omega.' He says.

What? What the fuck kind of Alice in Wonderland shit is this?

'No, you're a fucking Alpha, now act like one and heal yourself so we can get out of here.'

Magnor just lays down in my head.

Fuck! Fine! I'll get us out of here.

I go to the door, listening to see if I hear anyone on the other

side. My senses are definitely weak. Maybe we have silver in our system or wolfsbane.

'No. I told you, I'm an omega.' Magnor says again.

And maybe, my wolf is having some kind of drugged-out trip thinking he's a fucking omega when he's an Alpha.

I open the door, realizing that this door is also significantly taller than the ones I'm used to. Does Alpha Franco like extremely large doors of something?

I step into the hall and immediately smell food. My stomach growls painfully with hunger. I need to get something to eat. Maybe that will help negate whatever is in my system.

I begin sneaking my way toward the kitchen. As I get closer, I can hear the sounds of omegas working on breakfast.

When I get just outside the door, I poke my head around. Suddenly, all the smells are familiar. This is my packhouse. These are my omegas. What the fuck is going on?

I see Feena and I stride into the room, or at least I try to stride. My legs seems much shorter than normal.

"Claire!" She says, rushing over, hugging me.

"Feena, what the fuck?" I say. And since when is Feena slightly taller than me? I tower over her.

"Claire, what's wrong? I just wanted to wish you a happy birthday. I'm sorry if you didn't want the hug."

Claire's birthday, the same as my birthday. Feena turns and

gets a muffin off the counter. "Happy birthday!" She says, handing me the muffin and she and the other omegas in the kitchen sing me happy birthday very quietly.

"Make a wish." Feena says to me.

"Could somebody please tell me what the fuck is going on?" I ask.

The omegas in the room suck air through their teeth.

Feena frowns at me. "Did you forget that it's your birthday, sweetheart? It's your 18th birthday. Maybe you'll find your mate today."

Now it's my turn to frown. My 18th birthday? Claire and I turned 18 last year.

"I'm 19 today, Feena." I tell her with exaggerated patience. My Lead Omega should know how old her Alpha is.

She gives me a worried look before putting her hand on my forehead. "Are you ill, Claire? I can send you back to bed after breakfast, but I'm afraid I need you to help prepare for Alpha Tereshan's party tonight.

"Alpha Tereshan's party?" I ask. I have definitely gone down the rabbit hole. I set the muffin down and turn to go into the bathroom beside the kitchen. I flip on the light and stop short at my image in the mirror.

Holy fucking shit. I look just like Claire.

'I told you. I'm an omega and so are you.' Magnor says, coming to the surface briefly before going back into my

mind.

'I am no fucking omega.' I snarl at him.

I turn, stomping back out into the kitchen.

"Someone better start talking right now. What the fuck is going on?" I shout, only my voice is much softer and weaker than I'm used to.

"Shhh. Quiet, you'll wake Gamma Ivy." Feena says to me.

"Good! Maybe she'll know what's going on." I shout.

My Lead Warrior Dane comes into the kitchen. "What's going on? I can hear you across the packhouse." He says.

"That's what I'd like to know." I say.

"Claire, be quiet. You know you'll anger Gamma Ivy."

"So what? I don't care if I make her mad. I'm mad! I want to know what's going on!" I shout.

"What the fuck is all this noise about at this hour?" I hear Ivy come in behind me.

I turn to look at her, she's still in some barely-there nightgown. "Thank the goddess, Ivy! I'm hoping you can..."

The words are stopped by Ivy's backhand to my face. I'm startled that she hit me, but worse, I'm shocked that she's so much stronger than I am.

I cup my face, realizing that the force of the blow has

thrown me to the floor. What is going on?

I look up and see Ivy's furious eyes as she puts her face near mine. "That's Gamma Ivy to you, omega. And unless you want to spend some time in the cells, I suggest you don't forget it again. Now get your ass up and get moving. It's Alpha's birthday and you'd better have everything ready for his party tonight." She says before spinning out of the room.

Feena comes and helps me up. "Come on, Claire. I don't know what's gotten into you today, but you need to settle down. You know Gamma Ivy has no problem throwing you in the cells.

I've been slapped by women before. I've been punched in the face by men before. But nothing has ever hurt like this. My face feels swollen from the hit and it doesn't feel like I'm healing.

'Now do you believe me. I told you, we're omegas. We're in Claire's body, living her life.' He says.

If I'm in her body, who the fuck's in my body?

Claire

The closer we get to the packhouse the more nervous I feel. Beta Roman had talked for the first part of the drive, but stopped when I wasn't very responsive. I don't know what to say to him and I don't care to hear about everything the girls were willing to do with him last night. It reminds me of what he's done to Feena, how he's hurt her. And it makes me sick.

That gives me an idea. I've seen firsthand how Alpha Tereshan has managed this pack over the past year. I may not have said anything during my time in his office, but I always listened. At first, it helped me to file his paperwork properly, then I started to realize that decisions he made were negatively impacting the pack, and I listened so I could warn Feena. Then, I listened for self-preservation. As the pack started to fall apart, and tensions became higher, I needed to know who was dangerous and who was not.

So, I have an idea of how to make changes in the pack. Basically, as Alpha, if I say it, it has to be done. No questions, well, maybe some from Beta Roman, Gamma Bryson or Gamma Ivy, but if I insist, it's done.

'Yes, as an Alpha, we are in charge of the pack. We make the rules, the others follow us and our lead.'

'Do we have any idea how long this will last?' I ask Damara.
'Is it forever?'

'No idea, but I agree, we need to make some changes quickly, in case we're not Alpha very long.'

With the plan in my head, we arrive at the packhouse. I'm terrified, first that I'll be discovered and second, if Alpha Tereshan is actually in my body, what will he do? Will he convince Beta Roman that I'm a fraud? Will they punish me?

And, what if Alpha Tereshan isn't in my body? What if Claire's body is still washed up on a shoreline somewhere? Then what?

When we park, I step out of the car, looking at the packhouse door. Beta Roman grabs our bags from the back and comes to slap a hand on my shoulder. It was unexpected and I thought it would hurt, but I barely feel it. I could really get used to this Alpha thing.

"Alpha, are you alright?" He asks.

"Yeah." I turn to look at him, smiling. "Let's do this."

He frowns at me but follows me inside. As I walk inside, I smack my head on the doorframe again.

"Ugh! I say, smacking my hand against my head again. Seriously?"

'We're really tall now. You'll have to adjust.' Damara says to me.

'That will take some getting used to.' I say, stepping into the main entrance. The minute I do, I smell it, the smell that one year ago I loved and now I despise. Blueberries.

I hear the sound of footfalls and Feena's whispered plea.

"Claire, no!"

"You! What did you do? How dare you! Switch it back! Switch it..." Claire's voice, my voice, cuts off as Beta Roman grabs Tereshan by the throat and lifts my omega body off the ground. I've never seen it from this perspective, but it looks like she, me, weighs nothing.

Well, that answers my questions. My body is alive and well, sort of, and Alpha Tereshan is now in my body.

"Watch your fucking mouth, omega." Beta Roman snarls in her face. "How dare you disrespect your Alpha that way.

"Roman it's me, can't you tell..." My body's voice cuts off with a yelp as Roman cuts off the air supply to stop Tereshan from talking.

"That's Beta Roman to you, omega." He says.

The smell of blueberries is starting to make me feel sick. I look at Tereshan in my body, my entire head looks to be no bigger than Beta Roman's hand.

'Don't, Claire.' Damara pleads.

'I won't allow him to hurt you again, Damara.'

'But Magnor...'

'We'll figure that out. He helped you, we'll help him.'

I feel her nod silently in my head. Neither of us wants to reject Magnor, but I won't allow him to have any control over

me, now while I can help it.

"I..."

'Remember that we're Alpha Tereshan, Claire. We have to reject him as if we're Alpha and he's the omega.' Damara says quickly in my head.

"I, Alpha Tereshan Colton, reject you, Claire Roberts, as my mate and Luna." I hear Roman, Feena and Dane suck in their breath. Roman's head snaps in my direction.

I watch as pain jerks through what used to be my small body. I know what that pain feels like, I don't need to see it. I turn, striding from the room as fast as I can.

"Put her down, Roman." I say as I leave.

I hear her body drop to the floor before Roman's footfalls jog to catch up to me.

"Geez Alpha. I was beginning to worry about you, but now I get it." His hand comes down on my shoulder again.

"But, seriously Alpha, you should have fucked her before you rejected her. I hear that sex with your mate is the best sex you'll ever have in your life." He says.

I remember that day very clearly. It wasn't great for me.

"Not worth it." I say.

"I guess I should be happy that after a year, I found my mate." I add.

"A year?" He asks.

I turn looking at him, frowning. He's looking at me with that same weird look on his face.

'Damara, why does he seem surprised?'

I can feel her thinking in my head. 'Claire, when we turned 18, Alpha Tereshan had gone out partying. Do you remember? He came home late that day. It's why we didn't smell him until later in the day.'

'Do you think this is our 18th birthday again? But how would that be possible?'

'No ideas, but we need to know for sure. Maybe we get the entire year of our lives back.'

'Except I remember all of it.'

'But Beta Roman doesn't, obviously. And it would give us a chance to make things right. Heath, Selah, Vivienne, Jacoby, all of them would still be alive and we could make sure they stay that way.'

She's right. If we did get the last year of our lives back, I could make so many changes, make things better for the omegas here.

I try to feign nonchalance. "How old am I again?"

He snorts. "Are you testing me, Alpha? Forget it, I know you're 18."

"Can't get anything past you." I say, tongue in cheek. I'm

realizing that Beta Roman believes what he wants to believe. He never listens, none of them ever did, except Gamma Bryson. And now, he can't even tell that his Alpha isn't his Alpha.

'We'll have to be careful of Gamma Bryson. He would be the one that could figure out what's going on.' Damara says.

'Were you always this smart, Damara, or is it because you're an Alpha now?' I joke with her. I feel her sorrow and I instantly regret my joke.

'I am the same wolf, Claire. I was just too weak to do anything.'

'But now we're strong. And we CAN do something.'

I look at Roman. "Meet me in my office in an hour." I tell him.

"Yes, Alpha. He says before turning to head to his own office. He only takes a step before turning back.

"Did you want me to send you someone who can take the edge off after finding your mate, Alpha?" He says, smirking at me.

"No, I just want to be alone." I say, walking into Tereshan's office.

I close my office door, feeling the sting of tears in my eyes. No matter how much it needed to be done, it still hurts to know that we rejected Magnor.

Tereshan

I knew the moment I smelled her that she was in my body. Once again, I let my anger take control. How fucking dare she do this?

'Why do you think she's the one responsible?' Magnor asks in my head. I hate hearing him so weak.

'Who else could have done this?' I ask him, pushing him back into my head space before he can answer.

I rush out to the hallway. Ivy's an idiot, but there's no way Roman won't recognize me. He's my fucking Beta.

I'm shocked when he lifts me by my throat. It's as if I weigh nothing, and remembering how little Claire is, I guess I do weigh next to nothing. I realize very quickly that if he wanted to snap my neck, right here, right now, he could do it. Easily.

And when he addresses me as if I'm an omega, I understand how alone I really am. No one knows what happened except me and her. No one knows that I'm more than just an omega.

'Fucking sucks, doesn't it.' Magnor pipes in.

'Shut it. I always recognized my omegas.' I tell him.

He scoffs, watching his mate. Jeez, I never realized how tall I was compared to Claire. I'm a fucking giant. It hurts my neck

to look up at her in my body. I can see that she's knocked her head, my head, on the doorframe. I learned long ago to duck when walking into a room.

I try once more to let Roman know it's me, but he only squeezes my throat so I can't breathe. It's then that Claire looks at me. Has my face always been so cruel looking, or is it that I'm just seeing it differently now?

When she rejects me, it's worse than it was yesterday when she rejected me. It feels the same, feels like my heart is literally tearing in two. The difference is my smaller, weaker body can't handle this pain. It's overwhelming.

I hear her tell Roman to put me down, but I'm not prepared to be dropped. I barely notice the sting of my legs hitting the concrete as I crumble to the floor, curling into a ball of pain. I hear him tell her that she should have fucked me before rejecting me. I have a moment of disbelief that he would say that, but I'm too overcome with pain to think much more about it.

As soon as they are gone, Feena is there.

"Breathe Claire. Breathe. It'll pass." She pulls my head into her lap.

"Is this why she's been acting so strangely all morning?" Dane, my lead warrior asks her, coming to kneel down beside us.

"I would assume so. Do you have any pain meds for her?" She asks Dane.

Pain meds? Why would Dane have pain meds? I don't think about it too long. The pain in my body is overwhelming and Magnor is howling in my head.

Dane returns, lifting my head and putting a pill into my mouth. "Drink this down. It will take a few minutes to take effect, but it will help." He puts a glass of water to my lips, and I drink the pill down.

I've never felt so weak in my entire life.

'Imagine how Claire felt when you rejected her after taking her virginity and then ordered her from our room. She at least got up and left. You can't even stand.' Magnor snarls at me. Or, it would be a snarl if he were strong enough to snarl.

'Aren't you pissed that she rejected you?' I ask him.

'She had her reasons.' He says quietly, and I know he's hurt that she rejected us again.

"Go lay down Claire. I'll figure out how to get ready for tonight without you."

I nod, sitting up, and pushing myself to my feet. I'm wobbly, but Dane helps me to my room. "Get some rest Claire. It'll get better." He says, pulling the poor excuse of a blanket over me and leaving the room.

I lay there, wondering what happened that I ended up here. I have to be dead, that's the only possible explanation for this. Oh my goddess, is this hell? Did I piss off our Moon Goddess and I've ended up in some terrible place where I have to suffer for the rest of eternity?

'Stop being dramatic. We're not in hell. If we were, Claire wouldn't be here.' Magnor says to me.

I feel the numbness of the pill as it starts to take over and a blessed sleep pulls me under. I don't know how long I'm asleep, when I feel someone shaking me awake.

"Claire. Claire, wake up." Feena says, her voice nervous.

"What is it? I thought you were going to let me sleep."

"I was. But Alpha Tereshan has requested that both of us come to his office. Hurry, we have to go."

I drag myself out of bed, following Feena to my office. I guess it's Claire's office now.

When we get there, she knocks, straightening out her clothing. Was she always this nervous to see me? I made sure that I treated her with respect and kindness.

'Yeah, like the day you back-handed her and knocked her to the ground?' Magnor says.

'That hasn't happened yet, in this timeframe.' I tell him.

'It wasn't the first time though, was it?' He asks.

I'm interrupted when I hear my voice say to come in. Feena opens the door and walks in. I see her flinch, but she stands, holding the door open to let me come in behind her. Roman is already sitting across from me, or Claire I guess, waiting for us.

"Come in, Feena. Have a seat." Claire tells her.

She closes the door and I notice the way Beta Roman watches her. He always looked at the omegas like that, but I never let him do anything about it.

"Claire." The sharpness of the voice makes me jolt. Goddess, I hate feeling this weak.

"Have a seat over there. I'll get to you in a minute." I'm directed to a seating area off to the side. It's where I would have had her sit, if she hadn't been in my lap most of the time while she was working.

I sit, watching and seeing myself as if for the first time. Claire folds my hands looking at Feena, who is looking down. Roman has a smirk on his face as if he's getting a huge amount of joy at her discomfort.

"Feena, I've been doing some thinking about how things are done here in this pack, and I want to make some changes."

I see Roman's gaze shift from Feena to Claire. She didn't tell him what this was about. He hates not knowing something ahead of time.

"I know that the omegas in this pack have been mistreated for far too long. That ends today. As the Lead Omega, I know you take your role as protector of the omegas very seriously. I am putting you in charge of letting me know if and when any abuse happens to any omega in this pack. I will be making a formal announcement later today, but I wanted you to hear it first."

I see her give Roman a side-eyed glance before looking in Claire's general direction.

"You will answer directly to me, Feena. If anyone, and I mean ANYONE, in this pack abuses an omega in any way, you will come directly to me. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Alpha." Feena nods, but it's Roman's response that is interesting. His teeth are clenched, and his hands are in fists.

"Thank you Feena. As I said, I'll be making an announcement to the entire pack later today. You're dismissed."

"Excuse me, Alpha. But what about Claire?" She says, pointing at where I'm sitting.

"Claire will be assigned to my office every day. I don't want her in my bedroom, I don't trust her. But here I can keep an eye on her. You can reassign her other duties to someone that can assist you in the kitchens."

"Yes, Alpha." Feena gives me a worried look before exiting the room. The moment she does, Roman blows up.

"What the fuck, Alpha?"

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He turns, looking at her. "What about her?"

"And this is why Feena is reporting to me, and not you. Do you not see the bruise on her face? How about those fingerprints you left on her throat, hmmm? You can't see those either?"

He throws his hands up in the air. "She disrespected you! Was I supposed to let that go? You're a fucking Alpha. Aren't you?"

Oh shit. He's already figured it out. I notice that Tereshan is smirking. It looks completely different since it's on my face and not his, but he knows I'm not acting like an Alpha.

'Then act like an Alpha.' Damara says, pushing forward. Her snarl of anger is unlike anything I've ever heard from her before. She sounds...vicious.

"Are you questioning my authority in this pack, Beta?" This time, we do use his title. I understand now what he means about me using his title when I'm upset with him.

Damara pushes an aura that is so strong it has Tereshan on his knees, baring his throat to me. Roman isn't far behind. I walk around the desk leaning over him. "I asked you a question, Beta?" Damara is still snarling at him.

I can see that my aura, Damara's aura, is practically suffocating him. He's struggling to answer me.

"No, Alpha." He squeaks out.

"Are you sure?" I ask, leaning over to get in his face.

"Yes, Alpha."

I stand there a moment longer before stepping back, Damara dropping her aura.

"Let the pack know I'll be addressing them in an hour. "

"Yes, Alpha." He says, getting up, glaring at Tereshan as he does. Typical, he's blaming Tereshan as if he caused this.

The smug look on Tereshan's face is gone. He wasn't expecting to be impacted by Damara's aura. Quite frankly, I was surprised too.

When Roman leaves, I turn to go back to the desk. I had noticed that all of the information that I had previously organized is now all over Tereshan's desk again. My desk now. Time for some clean up.

"Why did you do it?" He asks me, his voice small.

Why did I say he'd be assigned to my office or why did I reject him? Either way the answer is the same.

"I don't trust you." I say, not looking up at him.

He doesn't say anything for a moment, and I look up at him. He's looking at the door.

"No, I mean, why did you tell Feena to report directly to you and not to Roman?" He asks me.

I put my head in my hands, remembering the daily aftermath of Roman's abuse to Feena.

"After you ordered him not to forcibly take an omega, he gave Feena a choice. She could agree to do whatever he wanted to her, or he would do it with one of us. She willingly sacrificed herself and he's been abusing her for the last year. Well, longer actually." I say, looking back down at the paperwork in front of me.

"No, he wouldn't do that. I told him to leave the omegas alone."

I look back up at him and scoff. "Beta Roman does many things that you don't see or perhaps you chose not to notice. I don't know or care. But as long as I'm in this position, as long as I'm Alpha, I won't allow my omegas to be harmed. Feena reporting directly to me takes Roman out of it so he doesn't have a chance to lie or manipulate the situation to suit himself."

He's quiet a moment longer and I begin to organize the chaos on the desk.

"I didn't know." He says and I look up at him again.

"Why would you? It's not like you actually cared about any of us."

"That's not true." He says, clenching his fists.

"Really? Half of the omegas out there are only alive because of whatever this is." I say, moving my hand back and forth between us. "They died because of you. And that doesn't include the ones that died of starvation or the cold because you couldn't care enough to provide us with proper blankets or even warm water to bath in."

"What are you talking about? I always made sure you had blankets. I had the water heater fixed over there two years ago. Well, a year ago now."

I look at him. Is he really going to stand there and try to justify to me that he did everything possible? I lived that life.

"Did you wake up in my bed this morning?" I ask him.

"Yes."

"Were you cold?"

He frowns. "Yes."

"How was that blanket on your bed? Comfy? It's the only blanket I've ever gotten in my nineteen years of living here."

"But, Ivy puts in requests every year to get new blankets for all of the omegas." He says.

Now it's my turn to frown.

"Show me." I tell him. As he passes me, I grab his arm. "And don't try to trick me. Believe me when I say you have much more to lose than I do at this point."

He nods, going to the desk. He digs through some papers before finally handing me one. I look at it and realize that he's right. He did, at least, sign off on new blankets for the omegas.

"Well, besides being a cheat and an otherwise nasty person, it looks like Gamma Ivy is a thief as well." I say.

"If you've signed off on this every year, I can't imagine how much money she's tucked away. I wonder what other areas she's been siphoning off money."

"I can help you." He says.

I shake my head, changing the subject.

"Did Dane give you pain meds?" I ask instead.

He frowns. "How did you know?"

I snort humorlessly. "He's our unofficial supplier. He makes sure we have enough for all the broken bones, bruises your pack members gave us and the pain that Feena suffered."

I see something that looks like pain in his eyes. "I didn't know." He insists.

"But you were the Alpha. Shouldn't you have known what was going on in your own pack? Not knowing isn't an excuse for what happened to us, day in and day out."

Tereshan

She's given me a lot of information to think about, but I have one burning question that I need answered right now.

"Why did you reject me?" I ask her.

"Because I don't trust you." She says.

'You never gave her a reason to trust you.' Magnor says to me.

"Magnor." She says and he pushes forward. Her eyes have gone dark as Damara pushes forward. "I am sorry we had to reject you. We, both Claire and I, love you. But neither of us trusts your human and we couldn't take the chance that he would weaken us like he did before. I hope you understand."

"I do."

"We would like to spend time with you, though. You were always kind to us. I don't know if you can shift, but even if you can't, we already know that my wolf can carry your human body."

It's strange seeing gentleness in my eyes. I would never have expected that emotion. And there is love, love between Damara and Magnor. I knew he always loved her, but I didn't know that she always loved him.

I see her eyes lighten and she begins looking around. Magnor pulls back.

"What time is it?" She asks herself.

"You have a watch on." I tell her, seeing the large, expensive watch I bought myself for my 17th birthday.

"Oh." She frowns, looking at her watch. "I need to get going."

She starts to leave the office. "Come on. I'm certainly not leaving you in here alone to try and set me up." She says.

"I'll figure out how to fix this, switch us back so I'm Alpha again." I tell her.

She just shrugs. "Probably, but by then, hopefully, I'll have turned this pack around. Maybe then you'll see how poorly you run it."

I snort. "Not likely."

She waits for me to walk out of the room and I get a moment of pleasure when she smacks her head on the doorframe.

"Ugh!"

I snicker as we walk.

'You're such an asshole. No wonder she doesn't trust you.' Magnor says.

'She's in my fucking office, giving orders to my lead omega, my Beta and now she's going to order the entire pack to change their interactions? Who the fuck does she think she is?' I ask him.

'You are such a prick, you know that? And she's the Alpha, or did you forget?'

'She's not the Alpha. I'm the Alpha. She's nothing more than an omega.'

'News flash. You're an omega, not her. Did you feel that aura? I wonder if that was our aura or if that was actually what her aura would have felt like if you hadn't weakened her so much.' Magnor ponders.

'I'm sure it was ours.' I say, but I'm not convinced. That was powerful. For someone that hasn't been an Alpha very long, she certainly wielded that aura like it was hers.

I realize that I have to run to keep up with her long strides. Did she always have to run to keep up with me? I don't remember her ever running.

'She was always behind you. How would you know, moron?'

'Fuck off, Magnor.'

We get outside and I begin to follow her. She stops and I nearly run into her. "Omegas are over there, Claire." She says to me.

I turn, seeing them all over huddled together.

"You can't be serious." I say to her.

She leans over me, easily intimidating me with her height. "I'm deadly serious, omega." She says, stressing my title, or lack of one.

"Claire. Claire, come stand by me." I hear Feena's voice calling me.

She stares at me until I turn and walk toward Feena. When I get there, I see that Claire is already on the stage.

There's a moment where I can see her indecision. I'm not sure if everyone can see it or if it's just me since I know what to look for, but it's just like it was back in her office. I was so sure that Roman had finally figured her out. But then she'd gone all Alpha on him.

'That was Damara. She was spectacular.' Magnor says.

I shake my head and watch as Damara pushes forward, giving Claire strength. Claire may not know how to be an Alpha, but her wolf sure does.

'Yes, she does.' Magnor says proudly, watching his mate.

"Attention everyone. I have an announcement to make. You all know it's my birthday." Everyone cheers. Everyone except those around me.

"Who cares, we have work to do."

"Yeah, if we're late, Gamma Ivy will have our hides."

"I don't want to end up in the cells again."

The omegas around me begin talking quietly to each other.

"Did he punish you?" An omega that's even smaller than Claire asks, coming over and taking my hand. I pull it free.

"Why would he?" I ask. Since when did I punish Claire for being my mate?

'Every fucking day. Seriously, are you this stupid?' Magnor asks me.

"Because he was your mate and you tried to act like a Luna to him." She girl says.

"Act like a Luna, what do you mean?"

"You were shouting at Alpha. We all heard it and that was after Gamma Ivy hit you."

"Vivienne, come here. We need to listen." Feena says, calling the girl over to her.

I turn back to the stage. "Anyone that is found to have intentionally hurt or abused an omega will be banished from this pack. From this moment forward, they will be treated with the respect they deserve. In addition," Claire turns, looking at Dane, "they will begin training every day."

You can hear a pin drop, it's so quiet out here. Training? As in warrior training? Everyone knows that omegas aren't strong enough to train.

"Any questions?" Claire asks.

There aren't any.

"Dismissed."

Feena pulls me back to the kitchen, asking if I'm able to help tonight. Fuck yeah, I want to help. I need to know what this

bitch of a mate is going to do during my party. Maybe it's the drugs, but I'm feeling okay right now.

When we get back into the kitchen, I have no idea what to do. Feena keeps telling me to do things, but I have no idea where things are or what I'm supposed to be doing.

"Claire, I'm giving you a pass today because it's your birthday and because you were rejected, but tomorrow, you have to be back on your feet. Gamma Ivy won't allow you to slack off like this and I can only do so much to protect you." She says.

Great, I have one day to get a crash course on how to be an omega. After that, I'd better figure out how to get back into my body, because I have no intention of cooking and cleaning for the rest of my life.

Claire

After my announcement, I start to walk to my room, then Damara reminds me that I am the Alpha, and my room is Tereshan's room.

When I get there, I look around. It smells like him, like blueberries.

"Feena." I mind link her.

"Yes, Alpha."

"Can someone come and change my sheets?" I ask her.

"Of course, Alpha, right away."

I go to the closet, wondering what I should wear. It's my birthday, there will be others here and I need to put on a good show tonight. If I don't, I may be at risk of alerting someone that something is off.

There's a knock at my door. "Come in."

Feena walks in with sheets in her arms. I walk over to her, grabbing them out of her hands.

"Feena, what are you doing here? Don't you have more important things to be doing?"

She lowers her head and looks at the floor. I hate it, her deference to me.

"I wanted to find out what went wrong when someone cleaned your room today." She says.

"Nothing's wrong, Feena. It just smells...off." What else am I going to say? It smells like Tereshan. I'm supposed to be Tereshan.

She stands there and I realize she's waiting for me to hand the sheets to her.

I reach out and she begins to take them from me.

"Feena. You don't have to be afraid of me. I meant what I said earlier. No one is to hurt you or anyone else in my pack."

She glances up at me and a small smile graces her face, just for a moment.

I let her go, turning back to the closet. I still struggling with what to wear when an idea comes to me. If there is anyone in this pack that I can trust, it's Feena.

"Feena, can you help me with something?" I ask her.

"Of course, Alpha."

"What would you suggest that I wear tonight?" I ask.

"Excuse me?"

I turn and look at her. She's frowning as if I am speaking a foreign language and making no sense. I'm probably not. I'm sure Tereshan never asked for her assistance.

"I need to make a good impression tonight. I want to appear strong, in control. What do you suggest I wear to give off that sort of persona?"

She slowly approaches me, watching me warily, before walking into my closet.

I stand at the closet door, watching her but not approaching. I can already hear her heart rate increasing. I, or actually, Tereshan, make her nervous.

'She doesn't know we won't hurt her.' Damara says.

'She'll learn. It'll take time, but eventually, she won't be afraid.'

She pulls out a pair of black slacks, turning to look at me. I reach out my hand and she passes them to me.

"You want to look powerful and in control but as if you don't care? Is that correct, Alpha?"

Leave it to Feena to know exactly what I need. "Yes, Feena, that's it exactly."

She smiles and turns back to the closet. She pulls out a black t-shirt and black blazer.

"No tie?" I ask.

She puts the shirt and blazer up against my chest turning her head slightly.

"No. I think you'll lose the look of careless elegance if you put a tie on."

"Thank you, Feena." I say to her.

She nods, heading back to the bed to finish remaking it. "Oh, and Feena." I say, stopping at the bathroom door. "Make sure everyone gets a piece of my cake tonight."

Her smile is huge. "Yes, Alpha."

Pleased with myself, I shower and get dressed. I've just finished when Roman knocks and walks in.

"Damn, Alpha! Did you have to go making the rest of us look like we're paupers?"

He makes a point of walking around me, looking me up and down. "Who is the lucky bitch going to be tonight?" He asks.

I shrug. I have no intention of bringing anyone back to this room.

"Good thinking, leave it open. Let them fight over you." He says and we walk out.

When we get downstairs, the party is in full swing. I've barely made it into the room when some she-wolf jumps into my arms. Instinctively, I grab her and realize she weighs nothing.

Her legs wrap around my waist, and she plants a kiss on my lips, her tongue sliding into my mouth. Behind me, I hear someone drop a platter of food. I pull back and turn, trying to figure out what is happening.

"Hey, hey, hey. Get off our Alpha. It's his birthday, he wants to mingle." Roman says, pulling the girl off me.

It's only when she's standing in front of me that I recognize her. She was the girl that Tereshan had in his room the night after he had taken my virginity. He had forced me to bring food into his room and set the table while she gave him a blow job then had sex with him.

I grit my teeth. I had hoped never to see her again. I never got her name, but her friend comes over and pulls her away.

Roman leans into me. "Well, there's one easy fuck for you, if you're interested."

"Yeah." I say, not interested at all.

Across the room, I see Alpha Keegan. I didn't know he came to Tereshan's party. That was obviously before the alliance meeting when everything turned ugly. I want to make sure that doesn't happen again.

I begin walking toward him, but Dane steps into my path. "Alpha, may I have a word?"

I don't know how frequently Dane has asked to speak to Alpha Tereshan, but I know him well enough to know that whatever he's about to say is important.

"Of course, Dane." I look around, finding a quiet spot to talk.

"What's on your mind?" I ask him.

"We're you serious today, when you said the omegas should start training?"

"Do you disagree with that?" I ask, surprised.

"No! You know I don't. I just....I'm just glad you finally agreed to it." Agreed to it? Does he mean that he had asked Tereshan about teaching us how to fight and Tereshan said no?

"Well, it's important that all of our pack members know how to protect themselves at least." I say, thinking of the massacre from Alpha Franco's pack.

"I couldn't agree more. But Alpha, there are some warriors, not me, but some that may give some push back about it." He says.

"You send them to me. I'll deal with them personally. And Dane, if you see any abuse happening with the omegas..."

"I'll let you know, Alpha."

"Good. Anything else?"

"No, I just....at the risk of sounding condescending, I think the changes that you are making are good, Alpha."

"Thank you, Dane."

I continue to make my way toward Alpha Keegan. I'm stopped several times by she-wolves wanting to wish me a happy birthday. Their idea of wishing me a happy birthday is kissing me full on the mouth, several slide their tongues into my mouth, and one slid her hand down the front of my pants.

When I finally get to Alpha Keegan, he gives me a kind smile.

"Alpha Keegan." I say, extending my hand. He frowns slightly

but takes my hand.

"Alpha Tereshan. Happy birthday."

"Thank you."

"Eighteen is a big year. You could find your mate." He says and I look at the omegas in the room, not seeing Tereshan anywhere.

"Yes, I could."

"I was wondering, Alpha, if I could put some time on your calendar. I'd like to talk to you about some things that I think will be beneficial for both of us." He says.

I look at him. "An alliance?" I ask.

"Uh, well, yes actually."

"Alpha, I think that's a great idea. Email me some dates and we'll set up a time to meet."

He blinks at me, obviously surprised. "Thank you, Alpha."

"Thank you, Alpha Keegan. You supply food to every pack in a hundred-mile radius."

"Two hundred."

I nod my head in acknowledgement. "Two-hundred-mile radius. The service you provide to our packs is invaluable. I want to make sure that nothing impacts the two of us having a positive relationship in the future."

"I have to admit, Alpha, I'm surprised to hear you say that, but I'm glad. I'll find a time that works for both of us, and I can come here to meet with you."

"I look forward to it, Alpha." I say, shaking his hand.

I turn, watching the circus that is my birthday party unfolding in front of me.

What a waste of money and resources that could be used for the pack.

Tereshan

I had fully intended to be in the party, 'assisting' so I could keep an eye on Claire. However, the moment she walked in with Roman, Nova had jumped into her arms and kissed her. I remember that she had done the same to me, but I had been looking for my mate and was distracted.

This time, however, pain slices through my chest and stomach. The tray of drinks that I'm carrying comes crashing to the floor. Feena is at my side immediately to help me. Almost as quickly as it started, the pain stops. I pant heavily and Feena gives me a knowing look.

"Help me clean this up and then you can go lay down." She says to me as she begins to pick up the glasses. I follow her lead, but I'm distracted. What was that pain?

'That is what it feels like when your mate cheats on you.' Magnor says in my head quietly.

'But she wasn't cheating on us. That bitch Nova just jumped in her arms and kissed her.'

'It doesn't matter. The mate bond doesn't recognize the difference. And it only becomes more intense the more you cheat.'

'Meaning?'

'Meaning, imagine what it was like for Claire to walk in the day after you rejected her, and that slut of a Gamma was

going down on you. Not only was her pain more intense than what you just felt, you also forced her to be in the room with you.'

I stop, looking over at Claire. I feel pain slice through me again as another she-wolf throws her arms around her neck and kisses her. What would it be like to have to stand in a room, watching as she had sex, feeling like this.

'Let's not forget you were forcing her to work at the same time, you prick. You ordered her to bring food and then stay and set the table while you fucked that worthless Gamma.'

He's right. I did. I continue helping Feena clean up as pain slices through me again. I can barely breath each time a new she-wolf kisses her.

"Claire. Go get in bed. It's going to be a long night. It's very likely that Alpha Tereshan will take one of these she-wolves to his bed tonight. You'll feel it. I'll have Dane give you a pain pill to take. It will help."

I shake my head. I doubt the real Claire will take a she-wolf to her bed. She was mated to me, after all. And even though she's in my body, the mate bond would draw her to men, not women. Even if she did decide to take revenge on me and sleep with a she-wolf, I want to know what it felt like. She survived this every day for a year. If she can, so can I.

'Are you sure about that?' Magnor says. 'You already dropped a tray and can barely breathe.'

'She's an omega, I'm an Alpha. I can take anything that she can.' I tell him.

'She lost her wolf because of her suffering. Are you willing to lose me to prove your point?'

'Okay, no. I'm not willing to risk you, Magnor.'

'Good to know.' He says as pain slices through me again.

"Go, Claire. I've got this." Feena says to me. "Just be back to work at 5am tomorrow."

I nod, standing. I look over and see Claire making her way through the crowd.

'You should help her.' Magnor says to me.

"Help her what?" I ask him.

"Help her. Show her how to be an Alpha.'

'Fuck that. I'm going to remind her that she's an omega as soon as I figure this shit out.'

Magnor just shakes his head. I turn and head back to my room, well, Claire's poor excuse of a room. When I get there, I lay down on the bed, pulling the tiny blanket over me. Damn, it really is cold in here.

That gives me pause and I sit up. I go over and turn the dim light on and look at the bed. The sheets are threadbare and barely holding together. The bed itself is not much more than a cot with a thin pad on it. The blanket has been sewn together so many times it looks like a patchwork quilt. Or it would, if it had any quilting in it at all. It's as thin as a sheet.

I go out to the hallway and look at the thermostat. I have to

jump to even be able to see it. The screen is blank. I jump, tapping it when I can reach it, then stand back. It's broken. How long has it been broken?

What the fuck has Ivy been doing with all of the money I've been giving her to run this part of the house?

'Check the water. Remember when we had the hot water heater fixed last year? I don't remember it getting warm this morning.' Magnor says.

'It didn't.' I say, ignoring another slice of pain as I go to the bathroom. I turn on the water and wait. And wait. And wait. It goes from lukewarm to cold.

That fucking bitch! She's been stealing from me.

'In the words of our mate. You're the Alpha, shouldn't you have known what was going on in our pack?'

'I'm one person, Magnor.'

'A person that didn't trust Ivy to begin with. So, why would you think that she would do things right?' He asks me.

I shake my head, crawling back into bed. I curl into a ball, trying to find some warmth, but this body is so small and so thin that I can't get comfortable.

There's a knock at the door and Dane pokes his head in.

"Hey, Claire. Feena said you needed some pain meds."

I sit up, already feeling my body aching from the cold and the pain from earlier. I shrug. I don't want to take a pain

med, but I don't see any way to get any sleep tonight. And if I'm tired, then I won't be able to figure out how to get back into my own body.

"Here, I brought you a couple of them. You're small enough that you can probably take a half a pill and it will be enough. This will get you through for several days. I'll see if I can get you some more, but it may be hard with the omegas starting to train."

"Yeah, it's not like we're strong enough to be warriors." I say, popping a half pill in my mouth. I'll take the others later after he leaves. Pain meds don't affect me unless I take several.

Dane looks at me sharply. "That's not it at all; Claire. You should be grateful that Alpha has finally decided to allow you and the other omegas to spar."

"Why?" I ask, because seriously, what reason do omegas have to fight.

"The stronger you are, the stronger your wolf is. Not only that, but whether or not you're strong enough to be a warrior, you would still know how to protect yourself if we're ever attacked. It isn't likely that anyone would get into the packhouse, but if they did, you would want to at least have a chance to fight and survive, not sit around and be slaughtered."

I'm instantly reminded of Alpha Franco's attack. I lost seven omegas because they didn't know how to fight. Roman told me they were slaughtered.

I look at Dane again. He had asked me several times if he could teach the omegas even basic training, defensive moves to protect themselves. I had declined, saying that his talents were needed for the warriors, not the omegas. Now, I wonder if teaching these omegas to fight will change things. If history repeats itself, I guess we'll find out.

Suddenly, I feel the room start to spin. I shake my head. Dane chuckles.

"That pain med is already taking effect, huh? Good. It's likely that Alpha will sleep with some she-wolf tonight, so it would be better if you were unconscious. Keep those for when you need them." He says, putting the rest on the bedside table, or, more accurately, a milk crate. There isn't even proper furniture in this room.

He helps me get back into bed as I stumble, feeling loopy. He pulls the blanket over me. "Get some sleep. I'll be meeting with Alpha tomorrow to set up a schedule for omega training. I want you there, Claire. I know you don't like the idea of fighting, but you need to learn."

Oh, Dane. You have no idea.

He leaves, closing the door behind him and I curl up into a ball again, trying to get warm. As I start to fall asleep, my stomach grumbles and I realize I never ate anything today.

Claire

I had to stay up late, since technically it was my party. I was exhausted when I dropped into bed, a very warm and comfortable bed. Dang, it must be nice to sleep like this every night.

I'd had to skirt around multiple she-wolves wanting to help me 'warm my bed'. Ugh! How many times and ways can a person say no? Thankfully, several of the she-wolves were there with their parents who took them home when they left. The others either got drunk or finally went off with someone else.

I'm lying in bed, exhausted and comfortable, but I can't sleep. My mind is going a mile a minute with everything that has happened in the last two days. I rejected my mate. Twice. I died, I think. And now I'm Alpha, like a real Alpha.

I have to figure out quickly how to run a pack, I need to confront Ivy about her misuse of the funds and making sure the omegas get heat, hot water and proper bedding. I need to figure out what Tereshan's normal day and activities look like so I can keep up the façade that I am him. And I need to learn how to fight.

It's great that I have Dane planning to train the omegas, but I'm the Alpha. I should have been fighting and sparring my entire life, and this is definitely a point where I could easily be found out. I don't know the first thing about sparring. I have to guess that Tereshan has no knowledge of how to

cook or clean. Feena is going to realize something is wrong there too.

So, do I take a huge risk and confide in both of them, or do I try to fake it on my own? The quick answer is that I have to have Dane on my side. There's no way I can learn to spar and fight without him. He's the lead warrior and he can train me. I know he can. But if I show up, not knowing what I'm doing, he'll start asking questions.

Once I decide that I'm going to tell Dane, my mind settles, and I fall asleep. However, I've been getting up to work at 3am for months, and before that it was 5am, so I'm wide awake a couple hours later.

I get up and head to my office, tentatively reaching out to Dane via the mind link. His response is instantaneous, and he sounds like he's been up for a while. He probably has, he's usually in the kitchens checking on us in the morning.

"Dane, can you meet me in my office and if you're in the kitchen, can you get me some coffee?"

"Yes, Alpha." He says, his surprise at my early wakefulness evident in his tone.

I begin pacing while I wait for him. This will either help me tremendously or it could ruin everything.

'Dane has always been a good friend to the omegas. I think we can trust him.' Damara says.

When he knocks, I tell him to come in and close the door behind him. He brings my cup of coffee over to my desk.

"Have a seat, Dane." I tell him.

"Did I do something wrong, Alpha?" He asks.

"No." I have to smile at that. Of course, Tereshan would only call him to the office if something was wrong. "No, you haven't done anything wrong Dane. But I do need to ask you something."

I take my coffee and come to sit down in the chair beside him. He frowns. Tereshan always stays behind his desk, maintaining his position of power. I'm making this a more casual conversation.

"You can ask me anything, Alpha."

"Can I trust you, Dane?"

He blinks at me. "Of course, Alpha."

"I mean, implicitly. I mean that no matter what I say, it stays in this room. You won't tell anyone."

"You're my Alpha, I would never betray you." That is true. For everything that Dane did for us, for the pack, he never once betrayed Alpha Tereshan. Which could work for or against me, I really have no idea which way he'll go.

I stand beginning to pace again. "I'm going to tell you a story, and I need you to listen until the end."

"Alright."

I start at the beginning, and I go through the last year's events. I don't leave anything out, Alpha Keegan, Alpha

Franco, the loss of food, Heath, Selah, Jacoby, the seven omegas killed in the first battle with Alpha Franco, and finally, me leaving the pack with his assistance and my death.

"I woke up yesterday morning in a hotel room with two she-wolves, not having any idea how I got there. To me, it was my 19th birthday, but everyone here seems to think I turned 18 yesterday. And now, I'm in Alpha Tereshan's body and he is in mine."

As I've been talking, Dane's eyes have gotten larger, and his mouth has dropped open. He gets ahold of himself, closing his mouth and scrubbing his hands down his face.

"That's quite a story." He finally says.

"Yes."

He frowns. "So, you are Claire and Alpha Tereshan is in your body?"

"Yes."

"Please don't take this the wrong way Alpha, but how do I know you're not just pulling a prank on me?"

"Besides telling you that Heath and Selah are responsible for the rogue attacks, which we'll get to later, I know about the agreement that Feena made with Beta Roman to protect the omegas."

He teeth snap together audibly.

"You and I both know that Alpha Tereshan didn't know about

that." I tell him.

He looks at me for a long moment. "Claire?" He asks in disbelief.

I smile. "Yeah, it's me."

I see the wheels start turning in his head. "This is why you said that no one is to abuse the omegas. This is why I finally got permission to train the omegas." He says, my decisions yesterday finally making sense to him.

"Yes. You were right about the omegas needing to protect themselves. We do. They do."

I give him a moment to digest everything. "So, can I trust you to keep my secret?" I ask my burning question.

He stands, coming to stand in front of me. "You're my Alpha. I would never betray you. Whether you are Tereshan or Claire, you're still my Alpha. I don't understand it, but I'm willing to help you in any way I can."

I chuckle. "Trust me, I don't understand it either. But there is one huge thing I need your help with."

"Anything."

"I need to learn how to fight."

"Then, I'm your man, Alpha." He says with a smile.

Tereshan

I slept, but only until the pain meds wore off. After that, I was so cold and so stiff that I couldn't sleep. So, unlike any other time of my life, I am up early. I quickly shower, realizing that the water is only going to get colder, not warmer.

It's when I'm running my hands over her body that I realize how small she is. As I touch her body, I realize that this is the longest I've gone without having sex. But unlike when I'm in my body, I don't feel the constant desire to fuck running through me. Is it because I'm an omega, or is it because I'm in a female body?

I run my hands over her small tits, plucking at the nipples. Okay, that at least feels good. Maybe if I get myself off, I can clear my head and figure out what the fuck is going on so I can get back to my body and some normalcy.

Usually, I would leave the water on while I jack off, but it's too cold and will only distract me. It shouldn't take me too long, I'm good at getting women off.

I run my fingers between my thighs, sliding my hand over my pussy lips. The only wetness I feel is from the water. Shit. Okay, I bring up an image of me fucking Alpha Franco's daughter. I start with my cock in her mouth, then flipping her over to pound into her from behind. But then, I remember that this is what caused my death, and my eyes fly open.

My hand slides to my pussy lips again, still dry. Fuck. Okay, let's try something else. I move my fingers to begin stroking her clit. I rub around trying to find it. Where the fuck is it?

I look down, pulling the pussy lips aside and frown. This seems so much easier when my face is between a woman's legs. I mean, I've never had any complaints, so I must be doing it right.

Magnor snickers in my head. 'Either that or the women you are with are good at faking it.'

'No, I've been with lots of women. They all get off. I would know if they didn't.'

'Would you? How would you know?' He asks me.

'I can feel it, asshole. I can feel their pussy clamping down on me.'

'Really? Maybe you should ask the other female omegas if women fake it. Claire wouldn't know, she was a virgin when you took her and you're not a woman.' He snarks.

'Shut up. I can do this.'

I begin moving my fingers around until I find something that feels somewhat good. I begin stroking. Okay, here we go. Wait, I lost it. Fuck.

'A lot easier when you just have a dick hanging there that you can grab onto, isn't it?' Magnor asks.

'I need a fucking mirror. If I can see it, I'll be able to make it work.'

'Keep telling yourself that.'

Suddenly there's a knock at the door. "Claire?"

It's one of the omegas from the kitchen yesterday morning, Vivienne I think her name is.

"Yeah." I call out, giving up and moving to quickly dry myself off.

"You're late. Feena wanted me to come check on you."

I pull clothes on and open the door. "I'm ready." I say to her.

She looks at me, frowning. "What?"

"Are you going to brush your hair?"

Oh shit. My hair is short. I don't have to do anything to it other than put some product in it. But Claire's is long.

"Uh, yeah." I turn, going back into the bathroom. There is a poor excuse for a brush in here and I begin to yank it through my hair. Shit that hurts.

"Here, I'll help you." Vivienne says, taking the brush from me. She begins to gently brush the knots out of Claire's hair.

"How are you feeling, you know, after yesterday?" She asks.

Are she and Claire friends? It seems like it. Maybe I can get some information from her.

"You know, it hurt, him not wanting me." I say.

"Yeah, but it's not like any of us want to stay in this pack

anyway, right? Maybe it's for the best that he rejected you."

I frown. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, I'm sorry he rejected you, but we've all talked about finding our mate in another pack so we can leave. I'm sure it hurts, him being your mate and all, but now you can find someone else. You still have a chance to get out of here."

"But where would I go?" I ask. Was Claire really thinking of leaving? Was she going to find someone else?

'She did leave. Remember, asshole? She rejected us and left.'

Vivienne shrugs. "Anywhere but here. Somewhere where they take care of their omegas. You've seen the ones in the grocery stores, the ones that seem happy. I want to go to one of those packs. That's where you should strive to go."

"I don't have any way to get to another pack." I tell her, wondering how many of my omegas want to leave my pack.

She shrugs again. "None of us do. But, if I find my mate and he's from another pack, I'll try to bring you with me, okay?" She says, putting the brush down. I realize that it felt really good having her brush my hair. Since I've always kept my hair short, I've never experienced someone brushing my hair.

We turn, heading out of the room. "How will you meet your mate?" I ask her. There aren't social gatherings for omegas. Well, there are, I just never sent mine.

"I keep hoping that I'll find him in the grocery stores. Although maybe he's not an omega and that's why I can't

find him.”

“Hey, can I ask you a question?” I say, thinking back to earlier.

“Sure.”

“Have you ever had sex?” I ask.

“Claire, you know I haven’t. We were both saving ourselves for our mates.”

“Right. I was just wondering, since Alpha Tereshan was my mate and he has all those she-wolves falling all over him all the time, do you think he’s really that good in bed?” I ask.

‘Subtle.’ Magnor chimes in.

Vivienne looks around and pulls me aside. “I thought I told you.”

“Told me what?” I frown.

“I overheard one of the warriors not long ago. She had been with Alpha Tereshan. She said he was okay, but not nearly as good as he thought he was. She said that while he was big, down there, and that felt good, he was more worried about getting himself off and not her.”

“What?” I ask, startled. More worried about getting myself off? I always make sure to get the female off. Maybe I get off first, but I always make sure they always leave me satisfied.

‘Apparently not.’ Magnor smirks in my mind.

"Yeah, and the warrior she was talking to said that he didn't even know how to find her clit. She said he went down on her for so long that she finally faked it, so he'd actually have sex with her. She said if he wasn't so big, she wouldn't waste her time."

I stand there, reeling. I've been priding myself on how good I am in bed and all this time, the she-wolves have been faking it with me?

"So, you see Claire. You dodged a bullet. He wouldn't have been good in bed anyway. And we both know you can't tell Alpha Tereshan anything, so it's not like he would have listened if you'd tried to tell him he was doing it wrong."

Has anyone tried to tell me I was doing it wrong? I honestly don't remember.

'Why would you? You thought you were doing it right, you arrogant asshole.' Magnor says.

My mind is still stumbling over what Vivienne said, when she pulls on my arm.

"Come on. We're going to the store today after we get breakfast made. It's going to be a good day, Claire. Feena knows you need to be away from the pack, so you don't see him. And you know how much we both like shopping!"

Oh goodie. I get to go food shopping.

'After you make breakfast.' Magnor chortles in my head.

He's enjoying this way too much.

Claire

After setting up a plan with Dane to meet him each morning in the gym at 4 am, and discussing a plan for the omega's training, I begin my workday. I had asked Dane if he had any idea what Tereshan did all day, and he was as clueless as I am.

"No worries, I'll figure it out." I tell him.

"I have no doubt. You're an intelligent woman, Claire. If you need anything at all, let me know. I'll support you in any way that I can."

I begin by looking over the invoices that Ivy had submitted for all the things that she didn't give to us, the omegas. Tereshan had been telling the truth, he paid for the electric and hot water heater to be fixed and he'd been paying for new blankets each year.

I mind link Feena.

"Yes, Alpha?"

"When you're done making breakfast, please bring two plates to my office."

"Yes, Alpha, I'll be right there."

When she arrives, she sets the plates on the table. "That plate is yours."

She frowns. "Have a seat. I'd like to chat."

She sits, putting her hands in her lap.

"Eat Feena. I mean, unless you poisoned my food?" I ask jokingly. Feena may hate it here, but she's not a murderer and she'd never intentionally hurt anyone in the pack.

"Of course not." She says and begins eating. I watch as her eyes roll back in her head. I wonder how long it's been since she's eating a real meal.

"Did the omegas get some cake last night?" I ask, digging into my food as well. Tereshan's appetite is incredible. I'm starving even after eating last night.

She smiles. "Yes, Alpha. That was very kind, thank you."

"I meant what I said about not allowing abuse to the omegas, Feena. As my lead omega, I want you to start adding in food breaks for all of them. Especially now that they are going to be training, they will need nourishment to recover. Speak with Dane to set up a schedule. He and I agreed that in the beginning, omegas would only train two days a week. We need to build them up before we increase that."

"Yes, Alpha." She says, looking around.

"What is it?" I ask.

"I'd like to write this down, so I don't forget anything."

I look at her for a long moment. "In all the time I've known you, Feena, you've never once forgotten anything."

For the first time in my life, I see Feena blush. "I don't want to let you down, Alpha." She says looking down.

Is this what it is like when an Alpha supports his pack members? Feena was always true to Tereshan, never went against him, but she was never this intent on making sure things were exactly the way he wanted them. Tereshan is a fool for not realizing that this is how you get your pack to support you.

"You won't, Feena, I know you won't. But if it makes you feel better, there is paper and pen on my desk."

She jumps up, going to get some before coming back and making notes.

I wait until she's done. "Are there any concerns with the treatment of the omegas, Feena?" I ask her, wanting to make sure everyone in the pack is adhering to my command.

"There has been some grumbling, but no one has reported any abuse nor have I seen any indication of it."

"Good. Now, I was going through some old invoices, and I see that the electric and the hot water heater on the other side of the house were fixed in the last couple of years. How are they working?"

I already know the answer, but I don't want to be too obvious in identifying the problems.

"Oh, well, they don't work." She says, putting her fork down again.

"At all?" I ask, pointing my fork at hers, indicating that she should continue eating.

"No, Alpha." She says and continues eating.

"Do you remember who came out here to fix them?"

She shakes her head. "Gamma Ivy had the name of someone, they came out and said it was fixed."

"Really? And was it fixed?"

I can feel her discomfort and I understand it. Speaking against Ivy is a good way to end up in the cells.

"It's okay, Feena. I already know the answer. I was hoping though, that you knew who came out. Do you know if it was the same person for both the electric and the hot water?"

She thinks back. "Yes, I believe it was."

"I know this question will make you nervous, but I need you to answer me honestly, Feena. And if anything is said about it when I'm not around, you mind link me right away."

She nods, already looking worried.

"Did Gamma Ivy know that the systems weren't working after the person supposedly fixed them?"

She clenches her teeth, before playing with her napkin. "Yes, Alpha. I made sure that she was aware."

I nod, looking down at my plate that is now empty. Goddess, how am I still hungry? It was so much food, I didn't think

there was any way I'd finish it.

I look over and realize that Feena brought a plate for a ranked member. I can see her picking at her food, much like I did when Tereshan tried to force me to eat. It's too much food for our smaller stomachs.

"You don't have to eat all of that, Feena." I say, and relief washes over her face.

"Thank you, Alpha. I thought it was for Beta Roman. I didn't realize it was for me. I can't eat all of this."

I reach over and pull the plate to me, finishing it off. "I'd like to meet with you every morning, Feena. We can go over what is going on with the omegas, talk about any problems you are having and discuss any issues with the omegas. So tomorrow, could you put more food on my plate and less on yours?" I ask her smiling.

"Yes, Alpha." She says, smiling back at me. Feena's smile is beautiful. I know I've never seen it before, not like this anyway.

"Oh, and have you seen Gamma Ivy this morning? I'd like to speak with her."

"She's gone with the omegas shopping for food, Alpha."

"Okay, I'll catch her when she gets back. Thank you, Feena."

Feena grabs our plates and when she opens the door to leave, I see Roman standing with his fist up as if he was about to knock on the door. Feena skirts around him and he

watches as she walks down the hall.

"Did you need something, Roman?" I ask him, wanting to divert his attention away from Feena.

He turns back to me, scrubbing his hands down his face. "What the fuck are you doing up so early this morning?" He asks me, coming in and closing the door.

"Working. You should try it sometime." I say, moving back to my desk.

He snorts, thinking I'm joking and slouches in a chair on the other side of my desk.

"What are we working on today, Alpha?" He asks, exaggerating the word 'working'.

"What do we know about electricians and plumbers?" I ask.

"How the fuck would I know, ask Bryson." I watch as his eyes go unfocused. "He's on his way."

Bryson knocks and I call for him to enter.

"Bryson what do we know about electricians and plumbers?"

"We have a couple of names we use for both, why?"

"Who fixed the electric and hot water heater for the omegas side of the house?"

He frowns. "I'm not sure. Ivy handled that. I don't remember her asking me for a name."

"Find out and let me know."

I turn to Roman. "I want you to work with Dane on the schedule for omega training."

"You're serious about that?" He asks.

"Absolutely. If we want to be the strongest pack, we need everyone in our pack to be strong, that includes our omegas."

He rolls his eyes. "Fine, but I'm getting some breakfast first." He pushes out of his chair and heads out.

I turn back to Bryson, about to discuss my issue with his mate, when he doubles over in pain.

"Bryson!" I rush around my desk, squatting down in front of him.

He begins to pant then jerks in pain, falling out of the chair. I race to the bathroom, getting a washcloth and coming back to him.

"I'm okay, Alpha, it'll pass." He says, rolling around on the floor, his arms wrapped around his mid-section like he's trying to hold himself together.

I kneel down beside him, putting the washcloth on his forehead.

"How long has this been going on?" I ask him, because I can't believe that Ivy is cheating on him again. And this time, it's not with Beta Roman.