

Tereshan

I didn't expect Claire to let me join her in the fight, but she did. I feel like we've really started to connect. I know her feelings for me aren't as strong as mine are for her. But she's getting there. She's starting to trust me. She has started to accept that I do have knowledge that can help her and that I want to help her make this pack better.

I was impressed when I asked the omegas who wanted to fight. I knew Jacoby would want to, he and I have talked about it. And there were a couple of others that I also thought might agree, but not the fifteen that volunteered. Of those, I chose ten, making sure that the other five knew that their Alpha requested that some fighters remain inside the packhouse to help in case more fighters got through their lines. Of the five that I left in the packhouse, Vivienne was one. I still have guilt over her death when I was an Alpha and her kindness to me this past year while I've been an omega. Goddess, I can't believe tomorrow will be one year.

I feel Magnor push forward in my head.

'Tomorrow is your birthday?' He asks.

'Yes, not that I expect to celebrate, but yes. Tomorrow we'll turn 19 finally.'

He becomes restless, moving around in my head. 'We need to stay close to Claire.'

'Magnor, what's going on?'

'Find a way to be beside her in this fight, Tereshan!' He practically yells in my head.

'Okay, okay. Calm down, Magnor.'

So, when Claire asks my opinion of where I'm most needed, I don't answer that I should go with the weakest omega group, I tell her that I need to be with her.

Once she gives out the assignments, we begin running toward the battle. We will be the replacements for those that have been fighting all night, and probably since yesterday afternoon.

'Tereshan, I need to tell you something.'

'Now's not really the time, buddy. Can it wait until later, I need to focus.' I tell him.

'No. No, I have to tell you now. I lost track of time when I got weak. I didn't realize how close we were to your birthday. You need to know now.' He says and I feel his anxiety.

'You've got about five minutes Magnor, then I have to focus or I'll get us killed.'

'Do you remember last year, when we died?'

'One year ago today, how could I forget?' I say to him sarcastically.

'I went to the Moon Goddess's realm. She gave me a choice. Live with how things ended or choose to live our lives as an omega for a year. It was your chance to redeem yourself,

become a better person and a chance for me to allow our mate to have the life she deserved.'

I stop, nearly falling over. 'We're in this position because of you?' I shout in my head.

'You weren't the same person back then, Tereshan. You were arrogant, dismissive of not only our mate, but me as well. I wanted our mate to have a chance at a better life, even if it meant that I was not going to be in it. But now, I don't know the exact timing, but sometime today, you will end up back in your body. We will become Alphas again.'

'About fucking time.' I snarl at him.

'You need to be ready. I don't know when or how it will happen. But when it does, my guess is Claire will be weak. She won't know what happened and she'll go from being an Alpha back to an omega. We will need to protect her.' He says.

'Does she know? Do Claire and Damara know about the deal you made?' I ask, feeling betrayed by my wolf.

'No. I was the only one that knew.' He says.

Everything I went through, all the pain, the struggles, everything was because of Magnor? My own wolf?

I think back to when we first shifted bodies. 'That's how you knew that the entire pack was killed.' I say to him. Now, some of the obscure comments that made no sense back then, make perfect sense now.

'Yes. Everyone died that day, Tereshan. I couldn't let our pack

die like that. Not when I had the choice to save them, simply by making myself an omega for a year.'

My thoughts are all over the place, but I need to focus. Sometime in the next several hours, I'll be back in my own body and when I am, Roman will die.

A part of me is thankful that Claire didn't know about this. I'd feel even more betrayed if she did, knowing everything that has happened to me.

I race into the fight, throwing a knife at a warrior that is coming at Claire. She turns, smiling at me, before leaping into the air and shifting into Damara.

That smile. That smile that has taken nearly a year to be directed at me.

It takes me a moment, but I realize that Magnor was right. I needed to be humbled, brought to my knees. It's the only way that I would have been able to see the suffering in my pack, the only way I would be able to see Claire for the amazing woman she is, to gain respect for my wolf and the strength and power that he gives to me. I am only an Alpha because he is my wolf, but I can only be a good Alpha if I, the man, choose to be.

With renewed vigor, I begin fighting, slicing and stabbing the warriors that are coming at us in an endless flood on the battlefield. Damara is amazing. Since her fight with Alpha Franco, she's only gotten stronger, becoming a better fighter.

I'm taking down another warrior when Damara leaps over me, grabbing someone behind me. When I turn, my stomach drops.

Roman.

I waste the precious moment I need because of my fear and in that instant, a hand wraps around my throat.

"Ready to watch your bastard Alpha die, omega?" I know that voice. Ivy. She and Roman are here fighting together.

I begin struggling against Ivy as I watch Damara take on Roman's wolf, Tripp. They are snapping and snarling at each other.

"Kill him, Roman." Ivy says. She's holding me pressed against her, forcing me to watch the battle between them.

"Watch as your Alpha dies, omega." She says in my ear.

From out of nowhere, Francine's wolf leaps into the fight.

"Claire, look out!" I shout, finally getting Ivy to loosen her grip.

She snarls at me, but I turn, stabbing her in the stomach. "I'm an Alpha, you fucking bitch. And you aren't strong enough to defeat me."

Her eyes go wide, and I twist the knife into her gut.

"IVY!" Roman yells, having shifted back.

He leaps up behind me. Grabbing me by my throat and tearing the knife out of Ivy's stomach. His claws extend, slicing into my throat. I feel the blood begin to pool in my windpipe, making it hard to breathe as I suck blood into my lungs, filling them as I die slowly.

"I wanted to fuck that sweet pussy one more time for before I killed you, but now you need to die."

I have a moment to realize that my birthday is going to come just a couple of hours too late before Roman rips my throat out. As the ground rushes up to me, I hear Claire's voice in my head.

"Nooooooooo!"

It's the last thing I hear before death takes me.