

Claire

"You need to accept Alpha Tereshan's rejection before you go, Claire. It's the only way you'll truly be free of him." One of the warriors from our pack says to me.

"I don't know how."

"He rejected you, right? He said the words?"

"Yes." I say, remembering that day, one year ago tomorrow, my birthday, as if it were yesterday.

The warrior tells me the words that I have to say. Then nods at me.

"I, Claire Roberts, accept your rejection, Alpha Tereshan Colton as my mate, and I reject you as my Alpha."

"Now go. He will have felt that, even if he was asleep. Get out of here. Run that way." The warrior says pointing in the direction he wants me to go.

I feel the bond snap as well as my tether to the pack and for the first time in a year, I feel free, like I can breathe.

As I turn to leave, I think back on all the heartache and suffering of the last year. I thought this would be my final goodbye to Alpha Tereshan. I had no idea that I would have to reject him again so soon.

Only this time, I would be the Alpha.

One Year Ago

I wake in the morning like I do most mornings. Cold. My room has no heat and omegas are only allowed the tattered blankets that are discarded from the ranked members and warriors.

I uncurl my body from the tight ball I slept in, my joints and bones protesting the movement after spending so long in one place and the cold that has seeped in. I get up and stretch, washing quickly in the lukewarm water that is all I have to shower with. It's warmer than the air in my room and I'm thankful for that. It at least allows my muscles to loosen up a bit.

When I'm cleaned and dressed, I head to the kitchens. We must be up hours before everyone else to make sure the food is ready when the ranked members, especially our Alpha and Beta come down to eat. In truth, this is my favorite time of day. Only the omegas are up this early and it's quiet. No one is yelling at you, no one is making messes then blaming you for them. It's just us and we support each other.

As I walk into the kitchen, I hear several of my friends whisper 'Happy Birthday!' to me. Today is my 18th birthday. It's the first day that we can recognize our mate.

"Make a wish." Feena, our Lead Omega says quietly, handing me a blueberry muffin with a candle in it. Blueberry is my favorite.

"Maybe you'll find your mate." My friend, Vivienne, says.

"Yeah, maybe you'll be able to leave this miserable pack." Another omega says.

Every omega in this pack, the Ironbite Pack, hopes to find their mate quickly and really hopes they are from another pack. Leaving this pack is the only chance we have at a normal life. It's not guaranteed, other packs are as bad or worse than ours, but many are much better.

I take the muffin and wish for the same thing I wish for every year. 'Please let me find my mate and leave this awful place.'

When it's one of our birthdays, Feena adds a little extra mix to the muffins, so we have one extra for the birthday person.

"Here, let me cut this so we can all have some." I say, knowing that this may be the only thing any of us eats today.

"You don't have to." Vivienne says. But really, birthdays are the best for this reason.

It's not that we're not allowed to eat. It's just that we're told that we can't dawdle and not get our work done. Work that should take fifty omegas to complete, but there are only 25 of us. None of the ranked members care that there are too few of us. If the work doesn't get done, there is hell to pay.

Our pack house is filled with ranked members and warriors. My days involve getting up early, helping to make breakfast for everyone. Once everyone is eating, I help the other omegas clean the ranked members offices, preparing them for the day. And once everyone is doing their jobs for the day, I switch to cleaning the bedrooms, ensuring all of those rooms are clean.

I usually finish in enough time to help with dinner. Once everyone is done for the evening, I clean the training rooms. Sometimes there are still warriors in there working out. Most of them are nice, but sometimes we have to work fast to stay

out of their way, so we don't get kicked.

Neither our Alpha nor our Beta have found their mates, but our Gamma, Bryson, found his mate nearly a year ago. We were all hoping that having her around would make our lives a bit easier, but it hasn't. She's as mean and nasty as our Alpha and Beta.

I hand out the pieces of my muffin.

"Mmm, it's so good." One of my friends says. She's right, it's really good.

"Now, hurry up and finish that. We have a lot of work to do today. You all know that Claire shares a birthday with Alpha Tereshan. There is a big party planned this evening, so we have to start cooking dinner this morning."

"What about the rest of the day?" Vivienne asks.

"Alpha Tereshan apparently left last night with Beta Roman to party and try to find his mate. They are not expected back until later this afternoon. However, that doesn't mean that everyone else here doesn't expect to eat and have their space cleaned."

Feena looks at me kindly. "Since it's your birthday, dear, I'll give you the Alpha's bedroom and office to clean. Then you can have the evening to yourself."

"Oh no, Feena. There's too much to do. I can help." I say and she gives me a look.

"What else am I going to do? It's not like we're allowed to train. I won't be at the party." I shrug. "You know you need the help and I have nothing else to do. But I'll take you up on

cleaning the Alpha's room and office, since he's not here." I say and smile.

"Are you sure, dear?" She asks me.

"Absolutely."

"Okay, then, let's get to work."

After helping to prepare breakfast, I move to the Alpha's office. I've cleaned in here before, so I'm accustomed to how he likes things. When I walk in, I take a deep breath and my mouth instantly starts to water.

"Mmm, blueberries!" I say out loud. I love blueberries.

I take a moment to walk around and look to see if I can find the source of the smell. Blueberries aren't even in season yet, but whenever we get them in the pack, I always swipe a few. It's worth the risk of getting caught, because they are so delicious.

After searching the office and not finding any cause for the smell, I begin cleaning, making sure that Alpha Tereshan's desk is in order, that his papers are placed neatly together. My parents died years ago, but before they did, my father taught me to read. He wanted to make sure that if I ever had a chance for a better life, that my lack of reading ability wouldn't stop me. I'm one of the few omegas that can read, so I'm able to make sure that Alpha Tereshan's work is in appropriate piles. The others that can read are sent to the offices of the other ranked members.

When I'm done with the office, I move to Alpha Tereshan's room on the top floor of the pack house. He is the only one that lives up here. I go to his room and unlock the door with

the omega's key. When I walk in, the scent of blueberries is even stronger. Again, I search for the source of this delicious smell, but find nothing.

It's getting late in the afternoon, and I know the Alpha will be back soon, so I begin cleaning his room. He's left his clothes in a mess on the floor, as usual. His bathroom looks like a windstorm hit it with bottles and sprays scattered everywhere.

I straighten up the bedroom, changing the sheets and putting his clothes in a hamper that I will take down to the laundry when I'm done. Then I clean his bathroom, sniffing his shower gel to see if he's changed it to blueberry. He hasn't.

I dump the waste basket filled with used condoms into a garbage bag, before giving the bathroom one last check. Once I'm satisfied, I take a last look around before grabbing the garbage with one hand and the laundry with the other. I close and lock his door, before heading downstairs to begin helping with dinner preparations.

Tereshan

I wake in a hotel room on the morning of my 18th birthday with not one, but two she-wolves in my bed. I was disappointed last night when I didn't smell my mate after midnight. Roman and I prowled around to multiple bars trying to find her. When I finally got tired of looking, I found a couple of willing Betas and took them to my room. I'd spent the next few hours getting all three of us off.

These girls had been fun, willing to do pretty much whatever I wanted. I look at the time and realize I've got a couple hours before we have to check out. One girl has her head on my stomach, laying sideways. I reach down and slide my fingers inside her, beginning to work them in and out of her still wet pussy. The other one is laying with her back against my side, her head on my shoulder. I wrap my other hand around her breast and begin plucking and tugging at her nipple.

Almost in unison they come awake, the girl on my stomach moaning louder than the one laying against me. I slide another finger inside her, making her arch. "Suck me off." I tell her and she turns, taking me in her mouth and beginning to do as I've told her.

I turn to the girl beside me. "Ride my face." I tell her and she gets up, looking at her friend before straddling my face. I pride myself on my ability to multi-task, so making one girl come with my tongue, while getting a blow job and finger fucking another at the same time is no problem. And I'm so fucking good, I get us all off at the same time.

^{1/5} "Now switch." I pull the girl who is still on my cock off by her

hair. "You ride my face, and you," I turn to her friend, "ride my cock. Grab a condom before you do."

For the next hour, I switch our positions, until I have to shower and get ready to head back to the pack. While we're in the shower, I decide I have it in me to go one more round with each of them. When we're done, I send them on their way and meet Roman downstairs. He's just finished checking us out of the hotel and he turns watching the girls leaving. They may be limping a bit from being my personal fuck bunnies for the night.

"Have a good night?" Roman asks me as he watches them leave.

"I did. You?"

"Hell yeah."

"Okay, time to get back to the pack. We have another party to attend, right?"

"We sure do. Are you thinking your mate might be in our pack?" He asks me as we toss our bags into the trunk and get into the car.

I think about it for a minute. "I hope not. There's not really anyone in our pack that I can see as Luna material. Can you?"

He looks thoughtful for a moment. "There's a couple of warriors, but no one that stands out as a Luna."

"Yeah, unfortunately, our parents only had one child each, a son. So, no ranked females in our pack. Disappointing." I say as we head back to the pack house.

Both our parents died when we were sixteen. It was an attack on our pack, one that left us alone and in charge at a young age. It's why it's so important to me to be the strongest Alpha and pack in the country.

When we arrive, I step out of the car and stretch. "I'm going to check my emails and change before the party. See you there?"

"Sounds good." Roman says before tossing me my bag and grabbing his, closing the trunk.

We walk inside and I split off to head to my office. The minute I open the door to my office, I smell it. Lemon verbena. I know that's the scent because I smelled it once and my mouth watered. I had to ask the she-wolf I was with what scent her candle was. And now, that scent is in my office, only, it's about 1000 times better than the candle I smelled years ago.

I close the door and take a deep breath, my wolf sitting up in my head.

'Magnor?' I ask my wolf.

'We need to find that scent.'

'You think we've found our mate?'

'Yes, but I won't know until I see her.'

Damn, I was so hoping our mate wouldn't be in our pack. Well, maybe if she's a warrior I can make do, but if she's an omega....No way, the Moon Goddess would never pair me with an omega. I'm one of the strongest Alphas in the country. Magnor is feared by other packs. He's big, strong and fierce. And so am I. No one would dare to attack our pack. We keep our pack safe. We deserve a Luna that can

match us.

I quickly look through my emails, before rushing upstairs to get ready. As soon as I walk into my room, I smell it again. That scent. Magnor rumbles around in my head, enjoying the scent as well. That is, until I realize that there is only one type of person that would have been in both my office AND my locked bedroom.

'Son of a bitch, Magnor. Our mate is an omega.'

'I don't care. She's our mate. I wonder if she's cute.' He says.

'Magnor, she's an omega! Don't you get it? Having an omega as our Luna will weaken our pack. We'll look weak to other Alphas, opening us up for attacks and putting our pack at risk. I'm not losing my pack, not for some lowly omega.'

'You haven't even met her yet. You know nothing about her. She could be amazing. The Moon Goddess chose her for us.'

'I refuse to accept an omega, that's final.'

Magnor snarls in my head, giving me a headache. 'Knock it off.'

When I finish getting ready, I head downstairs. I'm anxious to find my mate, but also not wanting the pack to realize I'm mated to an omega. Now that I know what I'm smelling, I can smell her scent everywhere. It's tantalizing and it's making my mouth water.

There are ranked members from other packs here tonight, especially since I'm an Alpha that turned 18. Most of the older generation brought their daughters hoping that she'd be my mate. After speaking to all of the guests, I go around to my

warriors, talking about training and keeping my eyes on the omegas, waiting for the scent to get closer.

It isn't until closer to the end of the night that I finally smell her. I turn, taking a sip of my drink to hide my look of interest. I see her staying out of the way, collecting used dishes and taking them back into the kitchen. As I watch, I see her lift her nose, sniffing the air. So, she smells it too.

As she heads back to the kitchen, I take the opportunity to go to her. I wait until she drops off the dishes that she's carrying, seeing her interact with the other omegas in the kitchen before turning to come back out. I casually step in her way, and she runs right into me.

I watch her take a deep breath before looking up into my eyes.

'Mate.' Magnor says in my head. I'll admit, she's a pretty little thing. She's got strawberry blond hair that's up in a ponytail and grey-green eyes. She can't be more than 5'3" tall, so I'm about a foot taller than she is. I tower over her.

When she looks at me, her eyes go wide. "Alpha." She says and her voice is sweet and beautiful. Is this the mate bond? Why do I find her so attractive?

"Come with me." Is all I say to her. I take her hand and pull her to my room. Once inside, I close and lock the door behind me.

Tereshan

"Does your wolf know what I am to you?" I ask her, wondering if her wolf is even strong enough to recognize the mate bond.

'Of course, she is, asshole. She's our mate.' Magnor says.

"Damara called you our mate." She says. I'm not sure I like the look in her eyes. Is it fear, or is it timidity? Either way, it's not a good look for a Luna.

"Magnor said the same." I say and I reach out, touching her cheek with my knuckles. I feel the tingles of the mate bond that I've heard so much about. It feels incredible.

"He did?" She asks, looking up at me with her innocent eyes. I haven't seen a woman with this type of innocence in a very long time. I go rock hard at the thought of burying myself deep inside her, where no man has ever been before.

I lean forward, brushing my nose against hers, feeling the tingles ignite in my face. "Do you feel that?" I whisper against her lips.

"Yes." She whispers and the sweet scent of lemons hits my nose.

I wrap my arms around her, pulling her close and kissing her, groaning at the taste of lemons on her lips. I nip at them and when she gasps, trying to pull away, I hold her close, plunging my tongue into her sweetness. I bury one hand into her hair, pulling it out of the ponytail and then wrapping my hand in the silkiness of her hair.

I pull her face to the side, giving myself better access to her. When we're both breathless, something that's new for me, I reach down and pick her up by her thighs.

"Wrap your legs around me." I tell her, moving to the bed. She does as I instruct her to do, her legs wrapped around my waist.

I continue kissing her until I get her to the bed, setting her down on the edge. I reach down, unbuttoning her shirt, wanting access to her, wanting to taste the rest of her.

When I feel her body go rigid, I step back, taking off my shirt. As expected, her eyes go dark when she looks at me. Not only do I have good Alpha genetics, but I work out hard. I'm very proud of my body and how muscular I am. And women love my body.

Keeping my eyes on her, I take her hands and put them on my chest. The feel of her touch is unlike anything I've ever felt before. When she starts to pull away, I hold her hands there.

"Don't." I say, and unlike my usual dominating tone, this comes out as a request. I want her to touch me.

"Okay." She says quietly and begins to gently move her hands over my chest and shoulders.

I move back to her shirt, unbuttoning the last couple of buttons before pushing it down her arms. Her bra is a simple, white cotton thing that screams virgin, just as I thought. I reach around her and expertly unhook her bra before pulling it down her arms too.

When she goes to cover herself, I take her arms, pulling them to her side and removing her shirt and bra. I look down at her

and realize she's small everywhere. She's tiny, like she doesn't get enough to eat. I don't know why that bothers me. I know all the omegas are allowed to eat. Unlike some packs that only let them eat once a day, my omegas are allowed to eat when they are hungry. But as I look at her, I can practically count her ribs.

I refocus my attention on her breasts. They are small, but they are perky and round, her pink nipples contracting as I watch. She begins to squirm, so I push her back on the bed and take one of those nipples into my mouth, licking and sucking until I feel her body begin to respond. Her hand goes into my hair, and she begins tugging, holding me against her. Her back is arched, and I can smell the scent of lemons getting stronger.

I switch to the other nipple and begin unbuttoning her pants. When I feel her about to protest, I suck harder, gently biting her nipple, distracting her with my mouth while I pull her pants off.

"Alpha." She says, as I stand to look at her naked body in front of me.

"For tonight, call me Tere. And what is your name, little mate?"

"Claire. Claire Roberts."

"Claire Roberts, you are beautiful." I watch as her face blushes a gorgeous shade of pink, making the freckles across her nose stand out.

She licks her lips, and I can tell she's uncomfortable being naked in front of me.

"I want to taste you." I say and watch her eyes go wide.

I don't take my eyes off of hers as I slide her farther up on the bed, then pull one of her legs over my shoulder. Her eyes go even wider as I take my tongue and slide it between her folds, licking from her ass to her clit. Fuck she tastes good, like the sugared lemon candy I used to love when I was a child.

"Alpha." She says and it comes out as a squeak.

I growl against her clit, making her body shiver. "Tere."

"T...Tere, what are you doing?"

"Tasting you." I say and bury my face in her lemony scent. She may be feeling self-conscious, but her body is responding to my touch. She's already wet for me.

I take one hand and begin tugging on her nipple again, making her back arch before she's pushing her pussy into my face again. Perfect. Using my tongue, I begin rubbing circles around her clit before sucking it into my mouth.

Her gasp and moan are all I need to continue. I slide a finger inside her and now it's my turn to moan at how tight she is. I begin to move my finger in and out of her, feeling her getting more and more wet with each stroke. I slide a second finger in and begin to stretch her out. She's so small and so tight. I can't wait to bury my cock deep inside her.

I continue to pluck her nipple as I rub my tongue over her clit and slide my fingers in and out of her. I can tell she's getting close and as I feel her walls start to flutter around my fingers, I hook them up, making sure to hit her perfect spot. Her walls clamp down on my fingers. So. Fucking. Tight.

I bring her down, looking at her face as I get up off the bed. I remove my pants and boxer briefs, letting my cock spring free

from its constraints. Before she has a chance to see how big I am, I slide back over top of her, taking her mouth, sliding my tongue inside, forcing her to taste herself.

"You taste delicious, little mate."

Her sweet, innocent eyes look up at me. "Thank you."

I lean down, taking her nipple again, getting her ready for me as I fist my cock in my hand, rubbing it against her entrance.

"Al...I mean Tere."

I look back up and as expected, she looks terrified.

"Shhh, you were made for me." I tell her before sliding inside her.

She hisses at the intrusion, her pussy stretching to accommodate my large girth. When I reach resistance, I lean down, kissing her until I feel her relax before thrusting into her, burying myself to the hilt.

Her cry of pain makes me stop for a moment. Those tingles that I was feeling before are shooting up my cock and all over my body.

"Shhh, it'll be better in a moment." I say and begin to move inside her. Fuck she feels so good. No one has ever felt this good. I'm going to blow my fucking load in another couple of strokes.

I can feel Magnor trying to push forward, and I feel my canines start to come out. I increase my speed, feeling practically euphoric and just as I start to cum, I pull out, spilling my seed all over her stomach.

My body convulses with an orgasm so strong I nearly pass out. When I finally come down, and my canines have retracted, I realize I can smell the salt of her tears, and the blood where her body must have torn to take me in.

That was amazing, but I still can't accept her as my mate. I lift off of her, going to the bathroom and getting a washcloth. I wet it before bringing it back out and wiping off her stomach.

"That was the best sex I've ever had. But I, Alpha Tereshan Colton, reject you, Claire Roberts as my mate and Luna."

Magnor is snarling in my head, angry at me for rejecting our mate. I watch as she doubles over in pain at the rejection, gasping for breath, tears streaming down her face. I can't take Magnor's snarling and her crying.

"Get out." I say to her. When she doesn't immediately respond I toss her clothes at her. "I said, GET OUT!"

I watch as she pulls my sheet off the bed, wraps it around herself, and grabs her clothes before racing from my room.

Claire

Somehow, I make it to my room without anyone seeing me. I lock my door and fall onto my bed, sobbing. Everything had been so good at first. He had been sweet and kind, but then, he hadn't seemed to care that he was hurting me and then... then he rejected me. Damara was howling in pain in my head. I had heard him say something but between the pain and Damara, I couldn't hear him. Then he was screaming at me to leave.

I curl up in a ball, my body aching from his intrusion and the rejection. I cry until I fall asleep. When I wake, his smell is all around me. I kick the sheet onto the floor, and I get up, going to the shower. I don't care how cold it is, I have to get his smell off of me.

I stand under the lukewarm shower until it turns icy, but I don't feel it. My mind has gone cold, my wolf has gone silent. The cold just numbs my aching body. I get dressed and head downstairs. No matter how much I hurt, I still have my job to do.

I walk into the kitchen, ready to start work. I don't speak, I just get to work. It's not long before Feena calls me into the pantry.

"What happened?" She asks.

"Nothing." I say, looking at the ground.

"Was it Beta Roman?" She asks. We all know to steer clear of Beta Roman. He's made it clear that he feels he should be

allowed to use omegas as he wants. Only Alpha Tereshan keeps him from raping us as he chooses. I guess Alpha Tereshan is at least decent enough to not let us be abused that way. He doesn't care about physical or emotional abuse, but we're not allowed to be raped. I guess what happened to me last night was considered consensual.

"No." I say, not wanting to share my embarrassment and horror with her.

"Okay, get back to work. I'll try to make your day as easy as possible."

"Thank you, Feena."

I've been chopping vegetables and making bread for the breakfast sandwiches when Feena calls me over again.

I walk over and see Dane, one of our warriors, standing beside her. He nods at her, and she walks away. Dane has always been kind to us, always looks out for the omegas and helps us when we can.

"Here. Take these." He gives me three pills.

"What are they?" I ask, looking at the large white pills in my hand.

"Pain killers. You're very small, so you can probably take a half, maybe even a quarter. That will make them last longer."

I look up at him, seeing nothing but kindness and concern on his face. He's about ten years older than I am.

"What makes you think I need pain killers?"

He leans in, moving close to my ear. "I can smell the blood on

you." He whispers before pulling back.

My eyes fill with tears at his kindness. "Thank you." I whisper back at him.

"Let me know if you need anything. I'll help you in any way I can."

And that's the key. He's only a warrior, there's only so much he can do.

I nod and he sneaks out the back of the kitchen, going back to whatever warrior duty he has.

I turn, heading back to the kitchen and Feena hands me a glass of water, giving me a meaningful look.

"You're already limping. It will only get worse. Believe me." I look up at her and realize she understands what I'm going through. Well, sort of. I have to assume that the person that assaulted her wasn't her mate. I snap a pill in half and pop it in my mouth, swallowing it down with the water.

It takes about 30 minutes before it kicks in, but when it does, I realize the best thing I could have done was to take that pill. I feel numb and the pain is muted.

"I'm giving you Gamma Bryson's office to clean today." Feena tells me. He's the easiest of the ranked members to get along with. He's not cruel, but he also doesn't do anything to stop the others from being abusive, including his mate.

I nod as I finish my kitchen duties and grab my cleaning supplies.

"Here, you didn't eat." She says, pushing a breakfast sandwich

into my hands.

"Thank you, I'm not hungry. Maybe the others can share it?" I ask her.

She takes my hands, holding me in place. "You need to eat. You'll heal faster, and so will Damara."

At the mention of my wolf, a tear falls down my cheek.

"Has she gone quiet?" Feena asks me.

I nod, not able to speak through the pain in my chest.

"She's not gone. She'll be back. But you need to help her. You need to keep up your strength so she can get stronger too." She pushes the food back into my hands. "So, eat. If not for me, do it for her."

I start to turn, but in a rush of emotion, I throw myself into Feena's arms. She's like a mother to all of us. She looks after us and ever since my parents died, she's looked after me.

"Thank you." I say, teary.

She rubs her thumbs over my cheeks. "You're stronger than you know, sweetheart. You'll get through this. You'll survive. I'm always here if you need me." I nod before heading to Gamma Bryson's office.

The offices of the ranked members are on the first floor next to each other. This way, they can go to see each other quickly if needed. Or, in instances where they aren't talking about something private, they can shout across the hallway to each other.

When I turn the corner, I make sure that Alpha Tereshan isn't

in his office. I have to pass it to get to Gamma Bryson's office. I rush to his office and knock quickly before walking in.

"What the fuck, omega?" Gamma Ivy is here and apparently I interrupted something because she is in Gamma Bryson's chair straddling his lap.

"I'm sorry, I thought you'd be at breakfast." I say, my eyes on the floor.

"Well, you thought wrong, didn't you?" She comes to stand over me.

"Ivy, leave her be. She's here to clean my office."

"Maybe she should wait outside until we're done, Bryson."

"I have work to do, Ivy. We can continue this later."

She leans down, putting her mouth near my ear. "Watch yourself omega." She sniffs.

"Why do you smell like our Alpha?"

My heart constricts. What do I say?

'Cleaning.' Damara pushes forward to help me.

"I cleaned his office and his bedroom yesterday. His scent must still be on me."

"Make sure my mate's scent isn't on you when you leave his office today. If it is, this will be your last day on this earth. Clear?"

"Clear." I say, still looking at the floor.

She stomps out of the room, and I hear Gamma Bryson sigh.

"Come in, Claire. Go ahead and start cleaning. I'll be leaving shortly."

I begin cleaning the office, hoping that I can get out of here before Alpha Tereshan gets to his office.

Tereshan

Magnor refuses to speak to me. He's so angry with me that when he does speak, he's snarling and threatening to shift and never let me shift back.

I didn't get any sleep last night. After Claire left, I tried to lay down, but her scent was all over the sheets and for some reason, her scent still makes my mouth water. I stripped the sheets and put new ones on, balling the used ones up and throwing them into a corner.

I had laid down on the clean sheets, but the memory of having her, my mate, Claire, in my bed wouldn't go away. I kept seeing her horrified eyes when I rejected her, the smell of her tears and blood. I hadn't even checked to see if she was okay. Maybe she bled out overnight and is lying dead somewhere. I'll have to check with Feena to see if there are any missing omegas today.

When I go downstairs for breakfast, I look for her. I know I shouldn't, but I can't help myself. Last night was beyond incredible. If I had planned to take her as my mate, I would have taken my time, made it last, made it better for her. But I knew I was going to reject her and when Magnor tried to push forward, tried to mark her against my will, I knew I had to be fast. So, I had plunged into her and no matter how good it felt to me, I knew it had not been the experience that a virgin should have had.

When I don't see her serving at breakfast, I take my food and coffee and head to my office. Once I turn down my hallway, I stop short. Her scent is strong in this hallway. She's cleaning

one of the offices. Could I be lucky enough to have her cleaning my office?

As I walk to my office, Magnor sits up in my head. It's the first time he's shown an interest in anything since I rejected her, and an idea begins to form in my mind. Maybe, if I keep her close, he'll be manageable.

'Would you like that Magnor? To have her close to us? To have her scent around us every day?'

He doesn't respond, but he doesn't thrash around in my head either.

When I get to my office, I realize she isn't cleaning my office today. I walk further down the hallway until I find her. She's in my Gamma's office. I don't let her see me, and I turn to head back to my office, leaving the door open. I want to see her when she leaves.

It takes her a couple of hours to finish before I hear her coming out of the office. I stop what I'm doing, which was nothing other than smelling her scent and coming up with a plan to get Magnor to speak to me again.

When she passes by my office, I watch her peek in. When she realizes that I'm there, she curls into herself, rushing past my door to go wherever she does after cleaning the offices.

He may not say it, but I know that Magnor would like to see her every day, smell her scent every day. I may not want her as my mate, but her scent is still delectable.

I open my mind link. "Feena, my office."

My Lead Omega manages all the schedules for the omegas.

She's the one that will ensure that Claire is in my office and bedroom every day.

She arrives at my office in just a couple of minutes. "Alpha." She says, her head down in submission.

"Feena, come in, close the door." I see the flash of fear in her eyes before she complies. I blow it off, knowing that I am a menacing presence, especially to an omega.

When she sits, I look at her. Her hands are folded in her lap. She's older, in her mid-thirties, I think. But she does a good job managing my omegas.

"Feena, I would like Claire to be reassigned."

I watch as she looks up with her eyes but keeps her head down. When she sees me watching she instantly lowers her eyes.

"Reassigned where, Alpha?"

"To me. I want her and only her to clean my office and my bedroom from now on."

"You want Omega Claire to be dedicated to you, Alpha?" She asks.

"Hmmm, I like that. Dedicated to me. Yes. Let's add in that she will serve me at meals as well. Can you make that happen, Feena?"

"Yes, Alpha." She agrees, but her knuckles have gone white, she's clenching her fingers together tightly.

"Is there a problem, Feena?"

"No Alpha."

"Good. Have her start her new assignment tomorrow."

"Yes, Alpha. Will that be all?"

"Yes. And close my door on your way out."

Feeling good that I have a solution to my Magnor problem, I grab the phone and call a Gamma female from a neighboring pack.

"Alpha." She purrs when she answers.

"Want to have a private party in my bedroom tonight?" I ask her.

"Depends, do I get to ride you?" I like this girl, she's sassy.

"Only if you're a very good girl."

"Then yes, but Alpha, no leaving handprints on my ass this time. I couldn't sit for a week without feeling your hand on my ass last time."

"Are you trying to discourage me, because you're only encouraging me to do it again."

"What time do you want me?" She asks.

I look at the clock. It's right about lunch time. "Come in time for dinner. I'll give you something good to eat."

I hear her low purring. "I love what you feed me, Alpha. I'll be there at six."

"See you then."

When I hang up, I have to smile. That's one way to get that omega's scent out of my room.

I let Roman and Bryson know that I will be busy tonight. I mind link Feena and tell her to have two dinners sent to my room around 6:30 pm. As a last-minute thought, I tell her to have Claire bring the food up.

I want to make sure she realizes that there is no future for her. I don't want her holding out hope that she will become Luna of this pack. And what better way to ensure she understands that than to see I already have another woman in my bed.

Magnor starts snarling in my head again. "Knock it off, or I'll make sure you never see her. At least this way, you'll get to be close to her."

He snarls again before going quiet. Oh yes, this will work for both of us.

Claire

When Feena told me that I've been reassigned directly to Alpha Tereshan, I cringed. I was hoping to stay out of his way, not be forced into close proximity every day. Is he trying to torture me? Why?

I had just taken another half a pain pill when Feena comes to my room and tells me that Alpha Tereshan specifically asked for me to bring his dinner. She gives me a look before clarifying that it is two dinners that he requested. Of course. He didn't want me, and it's not like I haven't seen his garbage can. He has a different she-wolf in his bed every night. Last night, it was me.

I get his food and head up to his room. I'm dreading this, but I'm thankful that I've taken the pain pill. It not only takes the pain away, but it dulls my senses, letting Damara rest.

Before I get to his room, I feel a sickening feeling in my stomach, almost as if I ate something that is going to make me throw up. As I haven't eaten since this morning, I can't imagine what is making me feel this way.

I knock on the door and hear Alpha Tereshan call out for me to enter. When I open the door, I stop short. He is sitting on his couch, his pants open, and a she-wolf is on her knees between his legs, sucking him off. She stops when I enter, turning to look at me over her shoulder.

"Don't stop." He orders her and she looks up at him before sliding him back into her mouth, bobbing her head up and down on him.

When I look up, he's watching me. "Close the door and bring in the food."

I do as instructed and look around for a place to put the tray.

He moans loudly, grabbing the she-wolf's hair and pushing her head down while pushing his body upward. "That's it. Take it all, baby."

I thought maybe he was hurting her until I hear her moaning too.

"Right here." He says to me, pointing to a table right behind him.

He lays his head on the back of the couch, his eyes closed. "Fuck baby, your mouth is so good." He says and now I really feel like I'm going to vomit.

I start to leave, but his eyes fly open. "Set the table and put our plates out so it's ready for us." He growls at me.

I turn back to the table, trying to ignore what is going on right in front of me.

"Fuck, yes, just like that baby." He says and from the corner of my eye, I can see her head bobbing faster.

I start to set the table and I hear him growl. "Fuck!"

I don't look, but I know from last night that he just finished in her mouth.

"Damn baby, your mouth is golden."

"Thank you, Alpha." It's quiet for a moment.

"I didn't know we were going to have an audience." She says.

"She's just an omega, ignore her."

"Maybe we could teach her something." The she-wolf says, and I know they can both hear my heart rate increase as fear rushes like a wave over me.

"Do you like to watch, omega?" She asks me.

"I'm just setting up the food." I say, wanting nothing more than to get out of here.

"Awww, such a sweet omega." She says.

I don't turn around, but I hear her moan. When I do turn, I see she's climbed onto Alpha Tereshan's lap and is now moving her body up and down on him. He's pulled her dress down so her breasts are on display for him.

"Fuck, Alpha, you're so big."

"That's right baby, ride my big fucking cock." He says and I hear his hand slap against her butt cheek.

I race out the door, closing it behind me before racing to my room and throwing up. I dry heave for a while before I can finally get up and wipe my mouth.

Is this what my life is going to be like now?

It doesn't take long before I have my answer. The next morning, Alpha Tereshan insists that I serve his food, being his personal omega. He obviously has no intention of changing his ways, since the smell of that she-wolf is still all over him.

For the rest of the day, I am forced into proximity with him. At least, after breakfast, he showers so the she-wolf's scent is mostly gone. I clean his office, trying to stay out of his way. However, he makes a point of asking me to come move files on his desk, arrange them for him so I have to be close to him.

When he has a meeting, I move to the bathroom, ready to clean it while they talk. I'm surprised that they don't seem to care about having me nearby while they discuss things like rogue attacks and alliances with other packs.

When I'm done, I go to leave, and Beta Roman stops me. "Alpha, what's this I hear about you claiming one of our omegas as your personal omega. Maybe I want to try her out." I flinch, looking up at Alpha Tereshan.

"Perks of being an Alpha, Roman. I get the best of the best. If you want your own omega chose one, but you can't have mine. Mine apparently can read." My heads whips up and I look at him.

"What's the matter, omega. You didn't realize I was testing you earlier?"

I shake my head and move to leave. "Where are you going?" He asks me sharply.

"To clean your bedroom." I say, turning to him but keeping my head lowered.

"That's a good omega. Make sure you wash off my couch."

I nod before rushing out of the office. As the door closes, I hear Beta Roman. "You didn't make your she-bitch clean that shit up for you? I never let them leave a drop."

Chapter 6: Heartbreak

The door closes on their laughter. As soon as I get to Alpha Tereshan's room, I rush to the bathroom and vomit.

Then, I begin cleaning. The smell of the she-wolf is strong, but by the time I'm done, it's mostly gone. Damara is happy that her scent is gone, but she's still quiet. She knows that tonight, it will just be another she-wolf.

'I hope he doesn't make me come in here again, Damara.' I feel her sadness, but she curls up in my mind, shutting me out again.

That night, he has me serve him dinner in the dining room. I'm thankful that tonight's she-wolf isn't coming until afterward, maybe I can avoid seeing him with someone else. Throughout dinner, he talks about who is coming tonight to spend the night, but thankfully, he doesn't request that I bring him anything.

My new normal begins. I serve Alpha Tereshan at breakfast and dinner, bringing his lunch to him in his office. And while he doesn't force me to watch him with a she-wolf again, every day, I have to clean his office before going to his bedroom to clean up the sheets that still smell of the previous night's she-wolf. The bathroom waste basket is always full of used condoms.

It doesn't take too long before the scent of blueberries, which I used to love, becomes a smell that makes me nauseous.

I also realize that I never accepted Alpha Tereshan's rejection. Once my pain pills are gone, I feel it every night when he's with another she-wolf.

Tereshan

When I had Claire bring my dinner that first night after rejecting her, my plan had been to make sure she understood there was no future with us. However, the moment she entered the room, and her sweet lemony scent filled my nose, the blow job I was getting shot off the Richter scale. Even her scent made sex more amazing than it ever had been before.

However, when I refused to let Claire leave, Magnor started raging in my mind. He threatened to kill the Beta female riding my cock if I didn't let her leave. He wants her close, but he refuses to let me torment her, as he calls it.

I'm still not sure why her scent makes such an impact on me. But, more importantly, it makes an impact on Magnor. As long as I don't 'mistreat' her, as he calls it, he stays calm in my head and he leaves me alone about fucking other she-wolves.

That first day in my office, my plan had been to have her close, calming Magnor, but then I realized she actually knew how to read. There are very few omegas that know how to read. They start working at a young age, helping their parents with their work, so they don't go to school. For my omega to be able to read was pretty impressive.

'Of course she's impressive. She's our mate.'

'She's not our mate. Not anymore.'

'She's my mate. I won't accept another.'

'Then I'll just have to take a chosen mate when the time

comes. Maybe by then you'll change your mind. Or we can always keep her close so you have her, and we both get our needs met.'

'You're an asshole, you know that.'

'I have a pack to run. It's not just about being the strongest Alpha, you also have to have someone strong at your side. An omega isn't strong. I don't know what the Moon Goddess was thinking.'

'Maybe she was thinking that our mate could make us better. But now we'll never know.'

'I don't need to be better, I just need to be stronger.' I tell him, as Roman and Bryson walk into my office.

I don't care that Claire hears us talking about pack politics, it's not like there's anything she can do about it. But Magnor comes raging to the surface when Roman begins talking about wanting Claire in his office and bedroom.

'Say no, or I'll kill him. She belongs to me. If you don't want her, fine. But I'll kill anyone that tries to touch what's mine.'

'Fine! Fuck! Calm down. You know Roman is a bit off when it comes to the omegas.'

'Then maybe he shouldn't be our Beta.'

'He's a good Beta. He's strong and has never let us down.'

'That you know of.'

'What's that mean?'

'I don't trust him. And I'm warning you, he touches my mate,

he's dead.'

'I won't let you hurt our Beta.'

'I'd like to see you stop me. I'm the Alpha wolf, you are just the human that I got stuck with.'

'You really are an asshole.'

'Takes one to know one.'

So, I got into a habit of making sure that Claire is close to us throughout most of the day. I've even started to dread having women in my bed. Their scent overpowers the scent of lemons that Magnor and I love.

It's been a month in our new arrangement and so far, things are working well. That is until Magnor decides he wants to meet Claire's wolf.

'What the fuck, Magnor. What am I supposed to say when we go running with her.'

'Figure it out, I want to meet Damara.'

'Fine, you little prick. Just remember this when I'm fucking the she-wolves. I don't want to hear you grumbling in my head anymore distracting me.'

'Get a fucking lemon scented candle. Maybe that will help you.'

Fuck, that's actually a good idea.

I leave my office early, wanting to catch Claire while she's in my bedroom. When I get there, I see my sheets balled up by the door and I hear her cleaning the bathroom. I walk to the

bathroom door and the scent of lemons nearly brings me to my knees.

No candle in the world will smell this good. I stand there, watching her, remembering her beautiful body under mine.

'Are you sure you remember it. You were basically a two-pump chump that night.' My asshole wolf says to me.

Because he's pissed me off, my tone is sharper when I address Claire.

"How long before you'll be done?" I bark at her.

She jumps, a yelp leaving her mouth. And the Moon Goddess thought she'd make a good Luna? I don't think so.

She looks down. "I'll hurry, Alpha."

I don't say anything. I go and sit on my couch, waiting for her to finish.

When she comes out, she collects her cleaning materials and begins preparing to leave.

"Magnor wants to meet Damara." I tell her as she steps toward the door.

She stops. "Why?" She whispers.

"That is none of your business. Your Alpha wants to meet your wolf."

"I can't." She says.

I snarl and, in an instant, I have her by the throat and against the wall. Her eyes are wide, and her small hands grab my

wrist.

Magnor begins thrashing in my head. 'Let her go! Let her go, now!' He shouts.

I drop her to the ground but keep my hand around her throat.

"What did you say?" I tower over her, and I use my height to intimidate her. She is an omega. She will not refuse me.

"I can't shift. Not since...."

Not since the rejection.

'I can help her.' Magnor says in my head.

"He wants to spend time with you and her anyway. Finish your work and meet me in the forest."

She looks up at me. "But..."

"But?" I ask, and I know my voice is harsh.

She shakes her head. "Nothing."

"You have ten minutes."

She races out the door.

Nine minutes later, I'm standing in the forest, watching as she walks toward me. I can tell she's terrified.

'She thinks you're going to kill her.' Magnor says.

'Then she's more stupid than she looks.' I say.

He snarls in my head. 'Knock it off or you won't get any time with her.'

'Have I mentioned you're an asshole?' He says.

When she walks up to me, her hands are clasped in front of her.

"I'm going to shift, then give Magnor control. He thinks he can help Damara shift." Her eyes flash up to mine and for an instant I feel the longing that I did on my birthday. I push it down and force my voice to be harsh.

"Do you understand?"

"Yes."

I begin to take off my clothes and I'm surprised when she turns away. She's seen me naked, mostly, but she's still very shy about it.

I let Magnor have control and he pushes the shift. When we're in wolf form, he shakes out his fur and walks up to Claire. He gently puts his head under her hand.

She gasps and turns, looking at him.

"Hello, Magnor." She says and her fingers run through his fur. The feel of her fingers sends shivers through Magnor's body as well as mine.

He leans down, using his head to push her around to him.

'Magnor, what are you doing?' I ask him.

'Spending time with my mate. If you don't like it, get lost.' He says.

I watch as he patiently nudges Claire onto his back. When she's on, her weight so light it's barely noticeable, and he takes off.

He runs her through the forest. It takes a while but eventually, I can hear her laughter through Magnor's ears. I feel his happiness flood into my system. Fuck, why did she have to be an omega?

After a couple of hours, he brings her back. He gently lays down, letting her get off his back. When she does, she runs around him, wrapping her arms around his neck.

"Thank you, Magnor. Damara says thank you too." She whispers.

He licks her face, tasting her sweet lemon taste. I moan in my head.

He nudges her toward the pack house. As she starts to walk away, I push the shift and call out to her.

"Omega, Magnor expects to spend time with you at least once a week." I tell her.

She turns, looking at me and nods before racing into the pack house.

Claire

That night, after running with Magnor through the forest, Damara felt better than she had since the night of the rejection over a month ago. Magnor's attention and care of her had even helped to heal the pain of the nightly sexual encounters that Tereshan had with other she-wolves. That is, until that night's she-wolf showed up.

'It's Tereshan that doesn't want us.' I tell Damara, hoping it will make her feel better knowing that Magnor would accept us.

'They are one, Claire, just like we are.'

I don't have an answer for that, so I suffer for hours until the pain subsides, and I can fall asleep.

The next morning, I'm up and helping to make breakfast. I'm summoned to serve Tereshan breakfast in the dining room. I stand beside him, waiting for him to tell me what he wants to eat.

"What do you suggest, omega?" He never fails to use my title, or lack of, instead of using my name.

"The omelets look good. They are made with potatoes and vegetables and some bacon as well." I answer.

"Make me an omelet omega and when you bring it, add some extra bacon on the side and some juice."

As I start to walk away, Ivy stops me. "I'll take the same, omega."

I look at Tereshan, but he isn't paying attention.

"Did you hear me, omega? Or are you deaf?" She says, smacking me on the side of my head.

"I heard you, you'll have the same."

"Good. Now, run along. You have food to make." She smirks before turning back to Bryson. He watches, but as usual, he doesn't say anything.

I race into the kitchen and begin preparing to make two omelets and fry up some bacon. When it's nearly done, I grab two glasses of orange juice before plating the omelets and heading back out. When I get there, I serve Tereshan first, giving him his food. He takes it without acknowledging me and I move around the table, setting the second plate and juice in front of Gamma Ivy.

"What is this?" She says, motioning to the juice.

"It's orange juice." I say.

"Since when do I drink orange juice?" She says loudly and the room goes quiet, waiting to see what's about to happen.

"You said you wanted the same as Alpha Tereshan. He ordered orange juice."

"Is that what I asked you, omega? No, it is not. I asked when you think I started drinking orange juice."

"I can replace it with something else." I say, moving to grab the juice. Before I can take it, she has grabbed the glass and thrown it on me.

"Ooops, omegas can be so clumsy. Now, go get me an apple juice."

When I stand there, dripping in juice, she snaps at me. "Don't make me wait until my food is gone to get my juice, omega!" I jump, looking up to see Tereshan watching, but not saying anything.

I turn and race into the kitchen. Feena is there with a glass of apple juice. "She knew what she was doing. She did that on purpose."

"It doesn't matter." And it shouldn't. I'm used to being embarrassed in front of the pack. Everyone is. It's so common that it shouldn't bother me, but it still does.

I race back into the dining room and hand Ivy her apple juice. She completely ignores me as she feeds her food to Bryson.

As I turn to leave, Tereshan gets up. "My office, ten minutes, omega. And make sure you've cleaned yourself up." He says before leaving the dining hall.

I race over to grab his plate and juice glass before running back into the kitchen. "Give me that." Feena says, taking the empty dishes from me. "Go get changed and wipe your face and neck. That juice will get sticky."

I nod and race to my room, changing my clothes, quickly washing my face and neck before racing to Alpha Tereshan's office. I knock before opening the door and walking in. I stop in the doorway, Alpha Tereshan has one of our female warriors up against the wall, kissing her. I knew my stomach was bothering me, but I thought it was because of the juice incident.

"Come in, omega. You can start in the bathroom today." He says.

"Alpha, we shouldn't." I hear the warrior say.

"Says who?"

I close the door to the bathroom, hoping to drown out the sounds. However, the closed door does nothing for the pain that shoots through my stomach. I sit on the floor, laying my head against the cool bathtub, panting through the pain while Tereshan has sex with the warrior in the next room.

She's loud and I know they are almost done when she starts screaming his name. When I hear the door open and close a few minutes later, the pain begins to subside.

"Omega, get out here."

I stand, splashing water on my face before walking out. He looks at me a moment before turning back to his desk.

"I need you to organize these files for me." He says, pointing to a stack of folders on his desk.

When I walk over to him, he pulls me into his lap. I squeak. "What

are you doing, Alpha?"

"Quiet. Magnor wants to be close to you." He says and I'm forced to sit on his lap while I work on organizing the files on his desk.

It's not long before he growls low in his chest. I jump, yelping at him growling so close to my ear.

"I thought I told you to get cleaned up. Why do I still smell orange juice on you."

"I was in a hurry to get here on time." I say quietly, hoping he won't get angry with me.

"Go get that smell off of you and come back when you're done."

I race to my room, but as I'm passing the kitchen, I hear a noise. Since everyone should be in the offices and bedrooms cleaning, I quietly move forward to see what it is.

What I see makes my stomach hurt almost as much as when Tereshan is having sex with a she-wolf.

Feena is on her knees in front of Beta Roman. His pants are down and he's shoving his cock into her mouth, making her gag.

"Take what I'm giving you omega. You know you want it." He says as I watch Feena's fists clench at her sides.

"Look at me." He orders her and she looks up at him. Before I can see anymore, I race to my room, jumping in the shower, washing off the juice, and trying to wash away what I just saw.

When I'm sure I have all the juice off me, I get dressed and walk back to the kitchen. Beta Roman is gone, but I find Feena in the bathroom, vomiting into the toilet. I rush in, holding her hair. I don't say anything until she's done.

She drops to the floor, leaning against the wall.

"How long has it been going on?"

She looks at me. "I'm just not feeling well." She says, not meeting my eyes.

"Feena, I saw. How long has it been going on."

She looks at me with haunted eyes. "I don't know anymore. A long time."

"You have to tell Alpha Tereshan. He doesn't allow us to be abused that way."

She snorts sardonically at that. "Who do you think he'll believe, hmmm? Me or his Beta?"

She leans over the toilet again, dry heaving. I get a washcloth and put some water on it, giving it to her when she's done.

"Besides, it keeps all of you safe."

"What do you mean?" I ask, sitting down beside her.

She looks at me and her eyes are much older than they should be.

"He gave me a choice a long time ago. I could either accept

whatever he asks of me, or he'll go after you rest of you. Me letting him have his way with me keeps all of you safe."

"Feena, no."

"Yes. It's my choice, Claire, and I made it a long time ago. We're omegas, we don't get a lot of choices in life, but you are all my children in my eyes. And I can and will always make the choices that keep you as safe as I can."

I reach over and hug her tightly. "Thank you, Feena."

She hugs me back. "Now go. I don't want you getting in trouble with the Alpha. I can't save you from that. And Claire, no one else can know."

I nod and help her up. She gives me a knowing look and I realize she knows. She knows that Tereshan was my mate and that he rejected me, but not until he took advantage of me. And that's how she knew I needed the pain meds. She has suffered something similar with Beta Roman.

Only he wasn't her mate, and it's gone on for much, much longer.

Tereshan

I hadn't planned to fuck the pretty warrior, but when Claire walked in and the scent of sugared lemons hit my nose, I got rock hard, and I had to have her.

Magnor was raging in my head, so when I finished, I called Claire over and pulled her into my lap. I thought that would be enough to placate him, but the scent of the orange juice Ivy threw on her this morning still lingered, making Magnor even angrier at me for allowing her to be abused like that.

'It's just juice, Magnor, stop. She's in our lap.'

'All I can smell is that fucking orange juice. Let her go get cleaned up.'

I send her to get cleaned up, preparing for my meeting with Roman. We have a meeting coming up with a neighboring pack that wants an alliance. I'm not sure it's a good idea. The pack is weak which means they need our protection, but they have nothing to give us.

When Roman walks in, he's adjusting himself. I raise my eyebrow at him.

"Don't give me that look, we all heard that warrior screaming in here."

I shrug. Yeah, she was loud, but it was the scent of lemons that had me fucking her like jackhammer.

He comes in, slouching in the chair in front of me looking around. "Where's your pretty little omega?"

Magnor snarls in my head. "She's showering off the orange juice Ivy threw on her."

Roman snorts. "You should just fuck her and be done with her. Let the rest of us have a turn."

I feel the Magnor's fur ripple over my body and he tries to force the shift. I hold him in check and glare at my Beta.

"Don't fucking say that shit to me again. We've talked about this before. If you force any of our pack members, I'll toss you out on your ass. I won't have our pack members abused like that."

He snorts again. "Oh yeah, that's off limits but the other shit is acceptable. You're a hypocrite."

This time, I can't hold Magnor back. Roman's disrespect is more than he's willing to accept. "Know your place, Beta, or I'll remind you." He snarls.

Tripp, Roman's wolf, immediately lifts his head, baring his neck.

"And don't fucking lay a hand on Claire or I'll rip your arms off before I tear your head from your body." Magnor snarls again before I regain control.

'Goddess, Magnor, why don't you announce to the entire fucking pack that she was our mate.'

'I would if you'd let me.'

"What's up with Magnor?" Roman asks me.

"He likes the omega, so do yourself a favor and leave her alone."

"Can do." He says, raising his hands in a placating gesture.

There's a soft knock on the door and I know it's Claire before she opens the door. When she sees Roman in the room, she flinches. She immediately looks down before heading toward the bathroom.

"Where are you going?" I ask her, noticing the way Roman watches her. I don't like it any more than Magnor does, but he's been warned, and my Beta won't go against me.

"I was going to clean the bathroom while you have your meeting."

I crook my finger at her. "My files. You're not done." I say.

I watch as she glances at Roman before coming over to me.

Magnor practically rips her off the floor as I move her back into my lap.

Roman lifts a brow but doesn't say anything more.

"So, about this Alpha, Alpha Keegan. What was his proposal?" I say, scooting forward so Claire can reach the folders, before sitting back and looking at my Beta.

Roman looks at Claire, this time assessing what he can and can't say in front of her.

"He wants an alliance. He wants our protection."

"Obviously, but what can he offer us in return?"

Roman snorts. "He's offering food."

If she wasn't sitting on my lap, I would have missed the slight jerk of Claire's body and how she quickly looked up at Roman. What is that about?

I refocus on Roman. "That's it? Food? We have food. We don't need food."

I'm focusing more on Claire, since she seems interested in the food. Why would she care?

"Exactly, so my vote is not to form an alliance." Roman tells me.

"I would have to agree. I'll meet with him tomorrow and tell him we respectfully decline his offer."

I don't miss the way Claire stays rigid on my lap. This time, it isn't about where she's, sitting it's about the conversation. My ex-mate is a smart girl, I wonder what she's concerned about.

"Why don't you ask her?" Magnor says.

I tilt my head, looking at her. "What do you think, omega?"

This time she jumps, turning to look at me.

Oh, I like her looking at me over her shoulder. I can imagine fucking her from behind and her looking at me like that.

My dick instantly goes hard, and I see her eyes widen as she feels my length pressing against her ass.

When she doesn't answer my question, I raise an eyebrow at her and Roman snorts.

"Why did you even bother asking her?" He says.

I shrug. I won't tell him it's because of Magnor.

"You seemed concerned about her listening in to our conversation. I thought I'd allay your fears."

I focus back on the matters at hand. "What's going on with the rogue attacks? I hear they are attacking packs in this area." I say.

"Do you have those reports I sent you?" He asks and before I can say anything, Claire slides them in front of me.

I look up at Roman, smirking that my omega is so smart.

'Mate. She's our fucking mate.' Magnor snarls in my head.

'Fuck off, Magnor, or I'll remove her from our lap.' I tell him.

He growls at me but remains silent. I grab the file, leaning back again and reading.

"So, they are attacking packs all around us, but not us?"

"That's what it looks like to me." Roman says.

I close the file, thinking. "Let's double patrols. I don't think we'll get attacked, but I don't want to lose any warriors because we were being complacent."

"Yes, Alpha. Anything else?"

"Not today."

He stands and leaves. When he does, I look at Claire. "Are you done?"

"Yes, Alpha."

Fuck, I love that she calls me Alpha. She is required to, I am her Alpha, but there is something about the way she says it that has my dick twitching again.

"Go clean the bathroom in here, then get to work on my bedroom. I have company coming tonight." I tell her, making sure she knows that her sitting in my lap doesn't mean anything to me.

She nods, before rushing into the bathroom, closing the door behind her.

Claire

The rest of my day is the same as it usually is. I finish cleaning Alpha Tereshan's office, then I move to clean his room, removing the scent of the previous night's she-wolf before heading down to dinner.

Because Alpha Tereshan is going out tonight, I don't have to serve him dinner. While I'm in the kitchen, I find a moment to speak to Feena.

"Feena, who is the Alpha that supplies all the grocery stores in our area." I whisper, not wanting to be overheard.

"Alpha Keegan, why?" She asks, coming to stand beside me.

I glance around making sure no one is watching us.

"What would happen if he got angry with us. Could he limit the food supply to our pack?" I ask.

"I suppose it's possible. Several of the grocery stores actually belong to him. He could definitely make it difficult for us to get food locally and easily. Why do you ask."

I look around again, then motion for her to follow me into the hallway.

"While I was working for Alpha Tereshan today, he and Beta

Roman were talking about declining an alliance with Alpha Keegan. Apparently, they either don't care or don't realize that he supplies all the food in our area."

Feena's eyes drift behind me, unseeing, as she thinks. "Do you know when it's going to happen?"

"Alpha Tereshan said he would be meet with him tomorrow to decline the alliance." I tell her.

She nods. "Thank you for letting me know. I'll do a quick inventory and get someone to the store first thing in the morning, just in case. After that, we'll have to figure it out."

"I'll let you know if I hear anything else tomorrow."

"Good."

I start to walk away but she grabs my arm. "Be careful. If he knows that you're paying attention, he may stop speaking freely in front of you. Anything you can learn that will help us manage the pack better is important."

"Okay, I'll be careful."

"Once you're done cooking, go take the night off. You deserve it."

"Why don't I take inventory for you? Alpha Tereshan won't be back until later, and since he's bringing someone home with him, I won't be able to sleep anyway."

She looks at me sadly. "Can you work through the pain?"

"It's got to be better than just laying there feeling it." I tell her.

"I'll see if Dane has any more pain meds. Maybe that will help."

"No, save them. There's bound to be someone with a broken nose or cracked cheekbone again soon. I can handle it."

"You're a good person, Claire. Don't ever let any of them make you feel like you aren't."

"Thanks, Feena."

After I finish cooking, I head into the pantry with the clipboard that we use to take inventory. I haven't been in there more than an hour before the pain begins. I lean against the wall, resting my head against the cool metal of the shelving unit holding the food and take deep breaths. When I can, I take inventory and mark off what we have and what we need.

A couple hours later, it finally ends. I'm panting, sitting on the floor, when Dane comes in and finds me there.

"Claire, what are you doing in here?"

"I was taking inventory." I say, grabbing the clipboard from the floor and standing up.

He looks at me for a long moment before reaching his hand into his pocket and handing me a pill. "Take it. You'll feel better."

I look at the pill for a moment, before taking it, breaking it in half, popping half into my mouth and pocketing the other half for

another day when the pain is unbearable.

"Thanks, Dane."

He shrugs. "It's not much, but at least it's something. Do you need any help?"

"Actually, I can't see the top shelves, could you help me inventory them quickly and then I'll be done."

He works with me for about 30 minutes before Feena comes into the pantry. "Claire, Alpha Tereshan is asking for you."

"But he has company."

"She left. He's asking for you now."

I know my heart rate shoots into the stratosphere. Why would he want me to come to his room this late at night? He just had a she-wolf with him.

"Are you sure she's gone?" I ask.

Feena nods. "I saw her leave."

I pull on every bit of bravery I have, before turning and walking out of the pantry.

"Claire, I'll check on you later. I have more pain meds if you need them." Dane says to me.

I nod and continue to walk to Alpha Tereshan's room. I hope he doesn't want to have sex with me. I can't stand the thought of

being with him again, especially after he was just with another she-wolf.

When I get to his room, I knock and wait for him to answer.

"Come in."

I open the door and when I walk in, I see that he's just getting out of the shower. He is wearing sweatpants that hang low on his hips and nothing else. He is towel drying his hair as he looks at me, his eyes narrowing.

"What took you so long?" He demands.

"I was in the pantry, Feena couldn't find me." I say, making it up so she won't get in trouble.

"Fine. I need a massage. My muscles are tense. Strip the sheets and replace them with fresh ones."

"Okay." I say frowning. He's never asked for this before.

I strip the sheets, getting rid of the nearly overpowering scent of a she-wolf and sex. When I'm done, he goes to lay on the bed, face down.

I walk to the edge of the bed, trying to reach him, but I'm not tall enough.

"Get on the bed, omega. I need a full body massage, not a half body massage because you can't reach." He says.

I crawl on the bed that still has the lingering scent of sex. I hate that I still find his body incredibly attractive to look at, even as the scent of sex lingers in my nose. I sit on my knees beside him, and I begin to massage his shoulders while Damara howls in my head at the smell of another she-wolf in his bed.

"I need you to give me a deeper massage. Straddle my back if you need more leverage."

I look at his back, not wanting to remember what it felt like to have him between my thighs. When I don't move, he lifts his head looking at me.

"Is there a problem, omega?"

"No, Alpha." I say quickly.

"Then straddle my fucking back and start giving me a real massage." He says before laying back down.

I do as he says, sitting on his lower back and I begin to massage his shoulders and neck. He has his hands under his face, so I slide my hands over his arms. The motion makes me slide my body against his before sliding back up to his back. Then I run my thumbs down his spine before kneading my way up his back to his shoulders.

"Mmmm, fuck that feels good. Keep doing that." He says so I continue with massaging his arms, shoulders, neck and back.

Suddenly, he turns over, so he's laying facing me. I squeak,

starting to move off of him. He grabs my hips and holds me still. I can feel his hard length under me, pressing against me.

"You're not done. My chest and stomach need to be massaged too." He says, putting his hands under his head and watching me as I stare at him.

"Problem, omega?" He asks me when I don't immediately begin massaging him.

"No." I squeak again before laying my hands on his chest.

I close my eyes, remembering the feel of his chest against my hands. When I open my eyes, he's watching me intently. I look away and begin massaging his chest, arms and stomach like I did on his back.

This time, when I lean forward to rub my hands over his arms, it brings my face much too close to his. As I lean forward, I feel his cock twitch underneath me and I jerk in response.

He ignores my reaction and I continue to massage. I try to stop my massage just below his chest, not wanting to feel his length twitching against me again, but he insists I massage his stomach as well.

"Lower." He says and when I look, I see his eyes are closed.

I massage his stomach down to where his sweatpants start before moving my way back up his body. His hips begin thrusting gently against me and I rip my hands off his chest.

He opens his eyes for a moment. "Don't stop." He growls before closing his eyes again.

The next time I lay against him while massaging his arms, he moans in my ear, turning his head and sniffing my hair. I move back as quickly as I can't without angering him and beginning rubbing my hands over his chest and down his stomach again.

His muscles begin contracting under my hands and his breathing gets faster. His hips begin thrusting again rubbing his length between my thighs. I continue to massage him and the next time I move down his stomach his thrusts get faster and he grabs my hips, holding me still.

I feel his body jerk under me before his eyes open and I swear he's angry at me for some reason.

He holds me against him while his body continues to release. When he's done, he looks at me, sneering.

"Get out."

I jump off of him and race from the room.

Tereshan

That fucking she-wolf had been wearing so much perfume that I was practically choking on it. It overpowered everything, including the sugary lemon scent of my ex-mate that usually lingers in my room. I've never had performance issues in my life, but with her scent in my nose, I almost couldn't get off.

Almost.

I had called Claire into my room to get the scent of the she-wolf out. When I walked out of the shower, having washed her scent off me, Claire's scent wasn't strong enough to overpower the perfume, so I made up the excuse about the massage. At least then it made sense why I wanted my sheets changed.

The problem was that once she touched me and her scent was in my nose, I could feel my body responding. I'm not sure I've had an orgasm without being inside a she-wolf or jacking off since my last wet dream years ago. And that orgasm was better than all but one, the one I had with Claire after I found out she was my mate.

Goddess, why did I have to be mated to an omega. Even if she'd been a warrior, I might have been able to deal with it. But an omega? One who can't even shift. I thought letting Magnor spend time with her would help her get stronger, but two months later and she still can't shift.

'She is stronger when she leaves us. But the next day she's weak again.'

It doesn't make any sense.

'Maybe if you stopped treating our mate like she's your personal assistant.'

'She's our ex-mate and she's our personal omega. I did that for you, so shut up about it or I'll find someone else, and you'll never see her.'

'Still an asshole. And you didn't have to jack off with her sitting on you. Have some self-respect.'

'That wasn't intentional, and you know it.'

'I might believe that if you hadn't rolled over and held her against you while shot your load into your sweatpants.'

Her hands had just felt so good touching me, and her scent filling my nose....I snarl, getting out of bed and going back into the shower to wash off the remnants of Claire's effect on me.

When I crawl back into bed, her lingering scent soothes me, and I fall into a deep sleep.

The next morning, I have her serve me at breakfast like always. Ivy begins ordering her around again and Magnor has had enough.

"Ivy, if you want your own personal omega, pick one, but leave mine alone." I snarl at her, making Claire jump beside me.

"I'm just asking her to get me what you're having." She says, acting as if I'm too stupid to figure out what she's doing. I had asked for orange juice again.

"Ivy, I fucking had to give her time to take another shower yesterday because you were being a bitch. So, get someone else to get your breakfast and order what you fucking want."

"Easy, Alpha. I'm sure she didn't mean it." Bryson says, coming to his mate's rescue.

I turn my glare to my Gamma. "Does your mate know what she likes to drink or doesn't she?" I snarl again.

"It's fine, Bryson. I'll get someone else to get my food." Ivy says, realizing that I'm not putting up with her bullshit. Bryson may, but I'm not.

"Good idea." I say and the entire dining room has gone silent.

I begin eating when Claire brings my food. I can feel the others at my table looking at each other trying to figure out what set me off.

"So, what's the plan with Alpha Keegan today?" Roman asks me.

I look up at the clock on the wall. "He'll be here in a couple of hours. I'll tell him we're not interested, and he should be gone before lunch time." I say before looking at Claire.

"I'll need you to be in my office, dressed appropriately to serve our guest any food or drinks that he would like."

"Yes, Alpha." She says, her eyes on the floor, her hands clasped in front of her. She would have made a perfect submissive. Images of her backside going pink under a paddle flash through my mind.

'Don't you fucking dare.' Magnor says in my head.

'You know I'm not into rape, Magnor. She'd have to be willing, which I know she isn't.'

'Last night was crossing the line. Keep it up and you'll be worse than Roman soon.'

'You keep up this line of discussion and I'll make sure you never see Claire again. Don't fucking compare me to our Beta. He's got a freak side, I know, but I don't allow our omegas to be mistreated.'

'Yeah, I'm sure that kid across the room sporting the black eye would agree with you.' Magnor says to me.

I look up and see that Magnor is correct. One of the omegas does have a black eye.

"Omega!" I say sharply to Claire.

She jumps, as usual. "Yes, Alpha."

"Why does that omega have a black eye?" I ask, watching as everyone at my table turns to look where I point my knife. The omega blushes and rushes from the room, head lowered.

I notice that Ivy turns to glare at Claire. When Claire turns around and sees Ivy staring at her, she immediately looks down.

"I don't know." She mumbles.

I take my knife and put it under her chin lifting her head. "You wouldn't lie to me, would you, omega?"

She shakes her head, her heart pounding.

"He fell." Feena says, coming out of the kitchen. "He tripped and fell into the refrigerator yesterday."

I see my Lead Warrior, Dane, start to stand and Feena subtly shake her head at him.

"That's right." Ivy says, looking at Feena. "I think I saw him fall into the fridge."

"Feena, make sure he puts some ice on that. And keep him out of sight when Alpha Keegan is here. It doesn't look good to other packs if my omegas have bruises on their faces." I say.

"Yes, Alpha."

I finish eating and start to walk from the room. "Omega, with me." I say as she starts to collect my empty plates.

I watch as she looks up at Feena.

"OMEGA!"

She jumps, dropping the plates with a clatter before rushing to follow me.

I walk to my office, noticing that she has to jog to keep up with me,

Chapter 11: Bruises

but I don't slow down.

