

## Tereshan

I've been in Claire's body for months now. As much as I don't like being an omega and I hate being this small and weak, I have actually enjoyed it more than I thought.

First, the pack is happy. Everyone laughs and jokes and even warrior training that started out horribly has become a positive experience for everyone. With more omegas joining the pack and with more of us getting stronger and shifting, Dane has created two training sessions a day and omegas attend once a day. Warriors can attend both if they want and most do. Alpha Keegan finally started sending his omegas to train and now his pack is getting stronger too.

And while I never thought I'd like cleaning, there is something satisfying about doing manual labor and seeing the results of your work immediately. The same is true of the library. I've nearly put the finishing touches on it, and I've done an amazing job, if I do say so myself.

But I'm not the only one who says it. Everyone loves the library and Claire has filled it with books. She even encouraged Alpha Keegan to allow his omegas to stay after training to be tutored on how to read. Lately, Alphas from other packs, like Alpha Elios have been calling Claire to see if they could have their omegas come to train and get mentored here as well.

She's just finishing a call with an Alpha about this when I look up at her. "You know, you should charge them for training their pack members and teaching them to read."

She looks up at me. "I don't want to give them a reason to say no. It's important to me to do what I can to help other omegas." She says to me.

"I understand that, but you, we as a pack, are providing a service. We should get paid for it. You could put the money into other things for the pack, like...an outdoor kitchen so we can have events in the back of the packhouse, or something like that."

I get a haughty, raised eyebrow look from her. "Events in the back of the packhouse?" She asks me.

I shrug. "More and more omegas are finding their mates. Maybe you could start having social gatherings or some shit, I don't know. I'm just saying, the pack is happier, we all enjoy spending time together, or most of us do, so why not?" I ask her.

The most of us doesn't include Roman. More and more he's pulling away from Claire and the pack. It's almost as if the pack's happiness has a direct impact on his unhappiness. The happier the pack, the more unhappy Roman becomes.

"I'll think about it. It's not a bad idea." She says.

I begin cleaning around the office again, before looking back up at her. I've been wanting to ask her this question for weeks, but I didn't have the balls.

Magnor snorts in my head at my joke.

"Can I ask you something?" I say.

She looks up at me and her lips twitch. "You know you ask

me that every day, right? What's on your mind today, Tereshan?" She asks.

I look back down, focusing on the spot I'm cleaning.

"Umm, so, this might sound pretty personal, but how often did you, you know, ummm..." I sigh. I'm a fucking Alpha. Spit it out.

"How often did you masturbate when you were in this body? And did it work?"

She blinks at me, and I can see I've completely shocked her. Then, I swear if my body blushed, she'd be bright red.

"I never had time for that. And even if I did, I was usually in pain or recovering from pain, so I never did."

"Never?" I ask her.

She shakes her head. "So, you've never had an orgasm?"

Her lips twitch. "Not in that body."

It takes a moment and then a smile spreads across my face. "Claire Roberts, have you been playing with my body parts?" I tease her.

Now I know she'd be as red as a lobster. She looks down. "It's right there, it's so easy." She says quietly.

I bark out a laugh. "Yeah it is, isn't it. This body," I gesture to her body, "not at all easy." I tell her.

She looks up and narrows her eyes at me. "Are you molesting my body, Tereshan?"

I can't help the smug smile that spreads across my face. "I don't know Claire, are you molesting MY body?"

She looks down at her desk. "As I said, it's so frigging easy. I mean, it's just right there, a couple of strokes and boom."

"Yeah, boom. I remember those days, the days of easy orgasms. Maybe it's because you never had one, or maybe I just needed to learn your body, but damn it took forever to get that first one out of this body. I've gotten better at it though." I give her a heated smile. If ever I return to that body, I'll have to show my mate how to get herself off.

The thought makes me jolt. My mate. When did I start thinking of her as my mate?

'Not soon enough.' Magnor says, but it's not as snarky as it used to be.

I watch her as she works. She's a hard worker, she cares about this pack as much as I do, but she understands the people better, what makes them tick. I ran the pack, the organization of it, she runs the people. She's given heart to this pack where there wasn't one before.

'That's why she was meant to be your Luna. She compliments you, us. You could be the head and she could be the heart and together, we would have made an unbeatable force.' Magnor says. This time, I don't disagree with him. He's right, I was just too blind to see it.

I finish in Claire's office and head to the library. There are wolves whispering and laughing and I even catch some new mates making out in the back. I scoot them off good-naturedly, but it makes me wonder.

If I hadn't rejected Claire, would I have pulled her into dark corners, kissing her, touching her, loving her. The old me wouldn't have, but the new me? What would it be like to have that sort of lightness with your mate, to have them want you as much as want them, to steal kisses every chance you get because you can't get enough of each other?

I finish up my night, thinking of what could have been, wondering how different things would have been if I'd never rejected Claire. Would they be as good as they are now? Probably not. I was arrogant. I thought I knew everything, and I wouldn't have listened to her. Now, I can see that she's right about a lot of things and together, we make a great team.

I shower, getting into bed, falling asleep thinking of my mate.

I wake suddenly, not sure what woke me up.

'Get up, now!' Magnor says a moment before I feel the hand over my mouth, the large body pinning me to the bed.

"Hello, my pretty little thing." Roman. I can smell the liquor on his breath.

He rips my clothes off and as he lifts his hand from my mouth, I take in a breath to scream. Claire will protect me. She won't let him do this. But before the scream leaves my mouth, Roman has backhanded me so hard I see stars.

"Keep your fucking mouth shut. Understand me, omega?"

For the next two hours, I experience pain like I've never experienced before. When he's finally done, he taps my face

and I flinch away from him.

"Now, let's keep this between you and me. Because who is Alpha going to believe? His Beta or the mate he rejected?" He says, getting off me and pulling his pants up as he walks to the door.

Before he leaves, he turns back to me. "Remember what I said. You don't want me as your enemy, omega."

When I hear the door click shut, I race to it. The lock is broken, so I run into the bathroom, closing and locking the door before curling into a ball and sobbing.