

Claire

After Alpha Keegan had warned us, we told him that we have already increased our patrols of not only our pack lands, but also his.

It's less than a week before our new patrol schedule is put to the test.

I'm on the training fields, having started training with the other warriors a couple of months ago. Both Dane and Tereshan felt that I was ready, and it has been good to test myself against my warriors. I'm not sure who was more scared the first time, them or me, but in the end, the Alpha genes and strength helped me to defeat my warriors and my fighting skills are improving quickly.

When the alarm goes up, Damara pushes forward. Before she shifts, I turn to Tereshan. "Get to the safe rooms."

"But I can help." He says to me.

I rush up to him. "Help them. Make sure everyone gets to a room and that there is a good fighter among them. Remember what happened the last time. Don't let it happen again."

He nods and Damara pushes the shift, following Dane out of our pack lands. As we head toward the fight, I open the mind link to the pack warriors. "Keep an eye on our borders. This could be a distraction to infiltrate our pack while we are gone."

"Yes Alpha."

When we arrive, Damara and I jump into the fight. I'm surprised that there aren't more wolves here. Our patrols are overpowering them easily. There are enough to keep us busy, enough to cause chaos, but not enough to have destroyed the food supplies like I was expecting.

"Dane, something doesn't seem right." I say to him.

"I agree, this is too easy."

At that moment, we get the alert from home.

"We're under attack! We're under attack!" The mind link cuts off.

"Patrols, stay here." I order. "Get these intruders under control and to Alpha Keegan's dungeons. Everyone else, back to our pack!" I say before Damara is racing to get back.

I can't have the blood of my omegas on my hands. I can't. I can't see those seven decimated bodies knowing that this time it was my fault.

When we get back to our pack lands, I realize the attack on Alpha Keegan's was as I expected. It was the distraction, pulling our warriors to his pack and leaving ours less protected.

'There.' Damara snarls, seeing Roman fighting against our warriors.

That bastard! We begin racing toward him, this time I will kill him for hurting our pack members. Out of nowhere,

Damara is slammed into from the side, sending her flying through the air.

She tumbles sideways, but quickly collects herself, getting back on our feet to confront the new attacker. When I turn, I see Oskar, Alpha Franco's wolf. He's snarling at us, saliva dripping from his mouth with his fighting frenzy.

All of Damara's hackles go up and she lowers her head, snarling more savagely than I've ever heard her.

'I will protect my pack.' She snarls in my head before leaping at Oskar.

Dane had told me early on that Damara would know how to fight, all Alpha wolves instinctively know how to fight and protect their packs. It was me that had to learn. Now, as I watch her fighting Oskar, I see that Dane was right. Damara is a natural when it comes to battle. I had a moment of fear that we were taking on our first Alpha, and maybe if we were in human form, it would have been harder, but in wolf form, Damara is a fighting machine.

Her jaws are snapping at Alpha Franco's throat, her claws scratching at every surface she can reach. As her teeth sink into the flesh of his shoulder, I feel his teeth clamp onto the side of Damara's neck. Thankfully, he doesn't get anything more than skin.

Damara viciously shakes her head, ripping a chunk of flesh out of Oskar's shoulder. He yelps, letting go of her throat. She immediately turns, leaping onto his back, snapping at his neck, trying to get hold of his spine.

He tosses her off, turning quickly and slicing his claws down

her back leg. Pain flashes through her leg, but she ignores it, the adrenaline of the fight letting her push through the pain. Turning, she clamps her teeth into his back thigh, her teeth snapping together and hitting bone. This time when she shakes her head, we feel the bone snap and his yelp of pain is much louder.

Oskar turns, snapping his jaws closed on Damara's back, trying to break her spine. She throws herself sideways, slamming her body on top of Oskar's, forcing him to release his hold. However, he begins scratching her with his good legs, leaving long gaping wounds down her side.

Damara hops up, turning to face him again. Now both of us are bleeding, panting from the exertion and fighting to stay on our feet. Damara is in better shape than Oskar, but unfortunately, Oskar is a more experienced fighter than we are.

Damara leaps at him again, trying to gain the upper hand, but this time, he's ready for us. He reaches up, grabbing her by the neck. She begins thrashing wildly, but he uses what's left of his strength to push Damara to the ground, snarling over top of her.

He shifts his weight, laying over top of Damara's body, pinning us to the ground.

'Damara?'

'I can't get away.' I hear the fear and panic in her voice. She's still thrashing as best she can, but he releases his hold, ready to grab her by the back of the neck to snap it in two.

His growl of victory reverberates through our body, but just

before his teeth sink into our neck, I hear a voice I didn't expect.

"Fuck you, Franco."

Hot blood spurts all over our face and neck. I feel Oskar collapse on top of me, his breath raspy as if he's choking before it abruptly cuts off.

The adrenaline of the fight is quickly rushing out of my body, and I begin to feel faint. Damara forces the shift back to my human form.

Oskar's body is pushed off of me and I can hear the keening of Franco's pack as they mourn the death of their Alpha.

"I've got you Claire." I hear Tereshan say, just as I hear footsteps rushing up.

"What happened?" Dane asks.

"Franco had her, but I slit his throat." He tells Dane.

"Here, I'll carry her, you can't in that body. You're too small." Dane says.

I feel strong hands lifting me up, and then we're racing into the packhouse.

"Contact the doctor." Dane says.

"He's already here." Tereshan tells him. I can hear him running to keep up with Dane's much larger stride as he races to get me to my room.

"The omegas?" I can smell the blood. There's so much blood.

I'm not sure if I ask it out loud or only in my head.

'No one in our pack died, Claire. All of the omegas survived.' I hear Tereshan say as I lose the fight and darkness overtakes me.