



Tereshan

I made sure my scent was all over Claire before we went to warrior training. Short of actually scenting her or marking and mating her, it's the best way to make sure she smells like me. She's mine and I want everyone to know it.

Today, Feena is in warrior training. It's her day of rotation. She may be my acting Beta female, but she has never trained, and we need to build her strength just like everyone else's.

Dane walks me and Claire through the defensive training steps for this group before I pull Claire aside to begin our training.

"Feena, you're with me," Dane calls to her.

I watch as she looks like she'll balk, but he just raises an eyebrow at her, and she walks over. I turn back to Claire and begin working with her on revising her fighting style to match the smaller size in this body.





I feel the subtle shift in the warriors and omegas. I've felt it every day as they watched Claire, but today it is different. I hold my hand up, letting Claire know that I need a moment and I look up, wanting to know what has captured the pack's attention.

When I look, I see it immediately. Feena is sparring with Dane and she's doing it well. I can see that his skill still far exceeds hers, but since this is her first day, she shouldn't know the sparring moves that she obviously does. I move closer, wanting to see her actual skill and form up close.

Dane is giving her instructions, 'hands up', 'protect your face', 'spread your feet farther apart', but for the most part, she looks like a warrior that hasn't fought in years and the memory of her fighting is coming back. Her body is weak, but the skill is there. I dig through my memories of Feena. She's older than I am, but I only ever remember her as an omega. She was still a teenager when she came to my pack.

"Again." Dane says and Feena comes at him





again. She's not on defense as the other omegas are today, she's on offense, sending punches and kicks at him. She's rusty, but there is definite skill here.

I move to take the position of her instructor, Dane understanding immediately, and taking on a more sparring role. I begin giving her directions on the moves I want to make, jab, uppercut, roundhouse kick, every move she does without a second thought.

When she's panting, sweat dripping off her face, I stop them. The pack begins clapping for Feena and she smiles shyly at them.

"Oh you," she says to them, waving them off.

"You want to tell me how my Lead Omega, my acting Beta female knows how to spar?" I ask her as Claire brings over a towel and water for her.

She wipes her face and drinks some water before answering. When she does, she looks at me and then at Dane.

"I wasn't always an omega," she says.





“No shit. I figured that out when you shot your first arrow last night. And if that wasn’t enough, your first punch this morning would have had me realizing that you’re no omega,” Dane says.

“You’re not an omega?” I ask.

“No, not by birth, anyway.”

“What do you mean?” Claire asks and I’m glad I’m not the only one that didn’t know this.

The group that is training today has gone quiet, wanting to hear how Feena knows how to spar so well.

“I became an omega when my parents were killed in a pack war. I was young, an only child and the Alpha who took over the pack made me an omega rather than killing me.”

“Killing you?” I ask. The only reason an Alpha who takes over a pack would kill a child is if the child was a ranked member.

“My parents were the pack’s Betas. If I had





been older, the Alpha would have killed me. But I was only 7 years old at the time. My father, being a Beta, began teaching me to fight at a young age.”

“You’re a Beta?” Dane asks incredulously.

“No, I have Beta blood. I’m an omega.”

Dane looks at her, then at me, then back to her.

“And you never thought to tell anyone?” He asks, his voice rising.

“Who was I going to tell, Dane? Roman? Ivy?” She looks at me.

“Yeah, I know,” I say. “Telling me wouldn’t have helped you either.”

I look at her a long moment. “Well, I guess it’s good that you’re my acting Beta female then. You’re right where you were meant to be.”

I look at the group. “That’s it for today everyone. Make sure you are signed up for





evening training classes as well, your Betas are teaching you how to use weapons.”

“I’m just an acting Beta,” Feena mumbles.

“We’ll see about that,” Dane says, making Feena blush.

I slap him on the shoulder as I pass, knowing he's working to get Feena to agree to be his mate. “Claire, let’s get some food, then I want to take you to let Damara shift. Alpha Keegan is looking over the land and testing the soil today, I thought we could head over there, let Magnor and Damara stretch their legs a bit and then meet up with him.”

I watch as Damara pushes forward. “Really?”

Magnor tries to push forward, but I hold him off for a moment. Damara is my mate too, just like Claire is his.

I reach my hand out, stroking her cheek, loving how she rubs her face against my hand. “Really. It’s time I got to see my other beautiful mate. So, let’s get you fed.”





I let Magnor push forward to rub his face against Damara's. "Let's hurry, I want to run with you, little mate."

We rush inside, and hurry to eat, quickly going over everything that needs to get done today with the other ranked members.

When we're done, I have Claire go change into a dress. It's easy for Damara to carry in her mouth and easy to get off and on while she's shifting.

When she's back, we walk into the forest. I know this first shift may be difficult. I'm hoping it won't be since she's stronger after marking me, but I'd rather not have an audience. Not only that, but I also don't want anyone looking at my naked mate.

I find a spot where the sun has warmed the grass and turn to her. "Okay, my mates, let's do this."

Claire pulls off her dress and kneels on the ground. I watch as she calls to Damara. I hear the bones breaking in her body, rearranging themselves to shift her into her wolf form.





Claire whimpers as the process takes longer than it should.

I'm out of my clothes and shifted into Magnor before I hear the next bone break. Instantly, he's at her side, purring at her, rubbing himself against her, letting her know we're here. I feel her panting ease as she relaxes against Magnor, his touch soothing her as she shifts.

It still takes longer than it should, but finally, Damara stands, shaking out her fur. Magnor growls possessively at her, moving to walk around her, looking over her gorgeous body. She's still smaller than Magnor, but she's sleek and her coat is a slightly darker version of Claire's.

As he looks her over, I see her stretching herself, standing tall for him.

When he's walked around her body, he runs his face down her side, scenting her. She nips at him, recognizing what he's doing, but he ignores her, moving down the other side, making sure that she's covered in his scent.





When he's done, he begins licking her face, showing his love for her. She rubs her head underneath his, showing her submission to her mate. Then she begins licking at his mouth, wanting his approval of her. Magnor stands over her, rubbing his face against hers, purring at her. Even I can feel her relax as she senses how much we want her.

Once that is established, Damara barks at Magnor, before leaning down on her front legs and leaving her butt in the air, her tail wagging like a metronome.

He growls low, beginning to play-stalk her. She yips excitedly, taking off like a shot, leading Magnor on a merry game of chase.

