

Claire

Part of me wishes that I could have gone out the window with the others. Franco has basically challenged Tereshan twice and I had a strange reaction to smelling that other she-wolf on him. I still feel out of sorts as he lifts me into his arms and carries me out of that hideous room.

I lean against him, still feeling the need to be closer to him. What I really want is to be skin to skin, but not here. Not in this disgusting place. So, instead, I close my eyes and hope that we can escape quickly. I should have known that wouldn't be possible.

"Alpha Tereshan, leaving so soon? The night is still young."

I don't recognize the voice of the man addressing Tereshan, but I don't have to wait long to find out who it is.

"Alpha Eason, it's time for me to take my mate home. She's had enough."

"Doesn't seem like she's received sufficient training. You paid a lot to teach her, from what I heard," he says.

"Is it common practice for this brothel to discuss financial matters with you, Eason? If I wasn't questioning

the management of this place before, I certainly would be now."

"Alpha, leaving so soon?"

This voice I do recognize. Ivy.

"I'm certainly trying. I'm beginning to think you're finding ways to keep me here," Tereshan says.

"Don't be ridiculous. I just want to make sure that you got what you paid for," Ivy says.

"Perhaps I should try your little omega Luna out, she what she's learned tonight," Alpha Eason says, and I feel him grab my arm.

My eyes flash open as Tereshan sets me on my feet with one hand, while the other lifts Eason up by his throat.

"Did I tell you that you could touch my mate?" he snarls at Eason.

I've just reached out to take Tereshan's hand like he told me to, when I feel someone behind me try to tug me away.

I yip at the motion before a hand slaps down on my mouth. However, it's too late, Tereshan heard it, felt the tug on my hand and turns to look over my head at my would-be attacker.

He tosses Eason across the room before turning and

grabbing the person behind me. This time, he doesn't waste words, he just tosses Ivy across the room. I hear a crunch as her body hits the wall.

"Anyone else want to try and touch my mate?" he snarls, looking around the room that has gone absolutely quiet.

No one says a word, and Tereshan reaches down to scoop me up again before stalking out the door. He doesn't run, but he walks quickly to the car. He doesn't bother putting me into the passenger side, he gets in, putting me in his lap and starting the car.

I see Alpha Eason come rushing out the door as Tereshan peels out of the parking lot and onto the road.

I shift in Tereshan's lap, turning to see if Alpha Eason is going to follow us. Thankfully, he stands in the parking lot, watching us leave.

"Do you think they will come for us?" I ask.

"Not tonight, but yes, Franco will come for us. He has in the last two timelines, he will again. I guess the question this time will be whether or not he survives the first battle."

I look at Tereshan. "You think we'll still have two battles?"

"We have in both of the other timelines. So, I would assume so in this one too."

Since I'm now facing Tereshan, I stay in his lap and wrap my arms around his neck, continuing to look at the road behind us. As scary as tonight was, I feel safe in his arms, safe knowing that he will protect me.

"I don't like you smelling like other she-wolves." Now that I feel more normal, I can identify that I was acting possessive. It wasn't rational, Tereshan did what he had to do in order to protect all of us, but I still didn't like it.

One hand comes to rub my back. "I didn't like it either. I much prefer your lemon verbena scent. But it was necessary. I am sorry that I hurt you. If there had been any other way..."

"There wasn't. Even I recognized that."

I nuzzle his neck, realizing that at some point, I've started to really like the scent of blueberries again.

"Would you hate me if I told you that I liked your possessiveness?" he asks.

I pull back and look at him. "You did?"

"Mmhmm. I like knowing that you want me."

"I do want you." I say and I mean it. Tereshan isn't the man he used to be. He's a good man, trying to be better. He's a good Alpha and he's becoming a good mate.

His eyes flash to mine briefly before going back to the road. A few moments later, he pulls off on a side road,

driving down the road for a moment before stopping and turning off the lights.

"What do you want, Claire?" he asks, stroking my cheek with one hand, the other rubbing my thigh, from my knee to my hip.

"I want to touch you. I want your skin on mine." I say.

He pulls my dress over my head before pulling his shirt over his.

"Like this?" he asks.

"Yes." I say, running my hands over his chest, his muscular body feeling so large and powerful under my hands.

His body quivers at my touch.

"What else do you want?" he asks.

I think about it a moment. "I want you to kiss me, like you did earlier."

His hand goes into my hair, gripping it just to the point of pain, to the point of letting me know that he is in control.

"Is this what you want?" he asks, and his voice is raspy, deep.

I nod as best I can with him gripping my hair.

He pulls me to him, so I can feel his breath on my lips.
"Words, Claire."

"Yes."

His mouth slams into mine, his tongue plunging into my mouth, dominating my tongue, tasting me. His free hand comes to my chest, his thumb running over my nipple, making me whimper with need. There's an ache building deep in my core, an ache that only he can cause, and only he can ease.

When he finally releases my mouth, I don't open my eyes. "I want more."

He pulls my face away from him by my hair. "I'm not going to make love to you in a car for your first time, Claire."

"Then take me home," I tell him.

He's just started the car when the shrill sound of his phone ringing breaks our erotic bubble. Without taking his eyes off of me, he clicks to answer.

"Alpha Tereshan."

"You fucking bastard, where are they?" Franco's voice snarls through the phone.