

## Chapter 125: Option

Feena

Alpha Tereshan coming over to encourage the group I'm working with today made all the difference in the world. Once he left, everyone tried harder, listened to my instructions and by then of training two of them had hit a bullseye.

I watch as they rush over to tell our Alpha and Luna what they did. The change in Alpha Tereshan and this pack is tremendous in a very short amount of time.

I watch a moment as Tereshan smiles and congratulates his omegas, telling them of others that did well during training and acknowledging their accomplishments. I see Claire tell the ones that are disappointed in themselves that she too needs more practice.

I smile, turning to collect up the bows and arrows to put them away. Now that the spare room is turning into a library, I'll have to ask if we can make a weapons room or build a better storage area for them. The one we have is basically a moldy room on the side of the packhouse.

"Here, I'll take those," Dane says, coming over to assist me. He has a bag over his shoulder filled with knives, hatchets, and hammers.

I hand him the bows and arrows and grab a bag that we use to hold them, helping him slide them inside. He hooks that bag over his shoulder, taking my hand as we begin to walk to the makeshift storage room.

"So, I was thinking about what Alpha said earlier today," Dane says as we head to the side of the packhouse.

"Which part?" I ask.

He stops, turning me to face him. "The part about you marking me until you're ready to let me mark you."

I'm shaking my head before he finishes. "Dane..."

We've argued about this several times already. He deserves someone who can be a true mate to him. I don't know if I can ever be that for him.

"Listen to me," he says, cupping my face, "the only reason I accepted your rejection is because you begged me to. But I never wanted to reject you. I've only ever wanted you, Feena. You are my mate, regardless of the rejection."

"You know why I did that, Dane. There was no reason for both of us to suffer with Roman's abuse," I say.

It's true. I knew Dane was my mate. We'd both known since I turned 18. Maybe if I hadn't waited the first time to mark him, things would have been different. Or maybe not. Roman really didn't care who he hurt as long

as he got what he wanted. According to Claire, he slept with Ivy knowing that Bryson could feel it in one of their previous lives, so why would he care if he raped me knowing my mate could feel it?

As soon as I had made the deal with Roman, I had rejected Dane. It had taken him several days of feeling the pain of the abuse of the mate bond before he had finally agreed to accept my rejection. I had cried, begging him until he did. I didn't want him to feel that pain, not when it was a choice I made to protect the omegas.

What surprised me the most was that he never left my side, he never took another mate. He accepted my rejection, but he still cared for me as best he could.

Now, he wants me to be his mate, to accept him, to mark him.

We drop the weapons off into the storage room and he pulls me farther from the packhouse.

"Feena, there will never be anyone for me, but you. I stood by, helpless because there was nothing I could do while that monster took advantage of you. That killed me. But now, I'm a Beta, I can make a difference. You are the acting Beta female. Let's make it official. The pack is already changing so much under this new leadership. We have a chance to make a better life together, to make a difference in this pack."

"Dane..."

"I know you're not ready to let me mark you. I know you're not anywhere near being ready for the intimacy that it will bring, but we can take our time, we can move slowly. I want to know, I need to know, that you want me as much as I want you. Luna said it helped her to feel Alpha's emotions. You would feel mine, you will know what I'm thinking and feeling, all the time."

"Dane, what if I can never..."

"Listen to me. You took the brunt of the pain before. You rejected me to protect me, basically forced me to reject you, to protect me. Now, I will take all the risk. If you never let me mark you, so be it. There will never, ever be anyone for me but you, Feena. You are the love of my life. You are all that I want, and if this is the only way that I can have you, then I'll take what I can get."

How did I ever deserve this man? This amazing, incredible man.

"Okay," I sigh. "Okay, I'll mark you. We'll figure out a time..."

"Now! Right now," he says, taking my hand and pulling me into the forest.

"Dane, you can't be serious."

"Feena, I have no intention of giving you time to talk

yourself out of this. I want your mark on me, and I want it now. You said yes, so unless you've already changed your mind, I want to do this now," he says, pulling me into the shadows of the forest, and pulling his shirt over his head before leaning against a tree.

I watch him as he lifts his neck, exposing his throat to me. Tears burn and threaten to fall as he watches me, begging me with his eyes to mark him, to give him what he's asking for.

This time, it's him begging me.

I step forward, running my hands over his chest, watching as his muscles quiver under my touch. His hands come to rest gently on my hips, but otherwise, he holds perfectly still, waiting for me.

I run my nose over his collarbone, to the small dent in his neck before moving to his marking spot. My wolf is prowling in my head, anxious and ready to finally mark her mate. It's the most energy she's had since Roman began assaulting me daily.

Even after the rejection, Dane's scent of freshly baked banana bread didn't go away. It was fainter, more easily ignored, but it's still the scent that I adore. I lick his skin, tasting him, softening the skin where I will sink my canines.

"Feena..." my name is a wish, a prayer on his lips.

How can I not give this man the only thing he asks of me, the one thing that I can give him.

My mouth begins to water, and my canines extend, my wolf pushing me to mark him, make him ours. It isn't hard to fight her, to hold her back in her weakened state, but I let her forward as I slowly, gently slide my canines into his skin. His blood enters my mouth and instantly the bond snaps into place, his love flowing into me.

Dane's hand comes to the back of head, holding me as I push my body against him, milking my venom into his neck, flooding his system with my scent, marking him as mine forever.

I hear his growl of pleasure, but I also smell the salt of tears. When I finally pull away, I lick the wound, healing it before looking up at him.

I wipe his eyes and kiss him softly.

"Thank you," he whispers, putting his forehead against mine.

"Thank you for making me yours."