

Chapter 170: Past

Tereshan

As we walk back to the packhouse, I talk to the Alphas about possibly training their omegas. It was something Claire had started in the last timeline, and I'm thrilled to start it again in this one.

"We're also starting a tutoring program. We've built a library and we're teaching our omegas to read," Claire tells them.

Emine falls into step beside Claire. "You're not worried, like other Alphas and Lunas are, that they will leave?" she asks Claire.

"On the contrary, our omegas are happier than they've ever been. Ask any of them. They'll tell you, six months ago, they were hoping to leave, to find their mates and move to another pack. Now, other omegas want to live here," Claire says.

I know she doesn't say it to be hurtful, but it's true. Before Claire, I ran a miserable pack. With her, everything has changed for the better.

"Mates change you, don't they?" Keegan says, coming to walk beside me.

"Very much so," I say, watching my mate and seeing her glance back at me. She felt my hurt at her words, but she doesn't want to make it obvious to the others.

"Talk to me some more about the education of your omegas," Nicholas says, stepping up beside me.

"I'd be interested in that as well," Elio says.

I tell them about the school, about the tutoring and the plan to teach all of our omegas to read and write.

"I'd like to see those plans for the school," Keegan says as we walk into the packhouse.

"I would as well. It's not convenient for me to bus my omegas here every day for training and school, but I could look at having a school on my pack lands," Nicholas says.

"And I'm hoping to convince, Tereshan to move the school so that it sits on both our pack lands. That way there's no question that we share it," Keegan says.

"Well, we could use more teachers, that's for sure. So you'd have to be willing to supply those if we're sharing," I tell him.

We all sit down to have lunch and Alpha Adam and Alpha Elio say their goodbyes, letting me know they will be in touch and give me a number of pack members that can help. They will also be determining if they want us to train their omegas. I'm pretty sure that Elio will, since we trained his omegas in the last timeline.

After they are gone, Nicholas, Emine, Keegan, Zoey, Claire and I all head to my office.

I pull out the plans for the nursery, handing them to Claire to show Zoey, then I pull out the plans for the school. I point

out the multiple classrooms and the safe rooms that we have in the design.

"This is well thought out," Nicholas says, looking interested.

"If you'd like, I can give you the name of the contractor that drew up the plans for me."

"I would like that, thank you," he says, finally turning to see that our mates are all looking at the plans for the nursery.

Claire's head pops up. "Oh, Tereshan, look at this. Emine has some great ideas."

I walk to Claire, stroking my hand down her back as she explains what Emine suggested.

"I'm assuming the nursery will be built first?" Keegan asks.

"Yes. We can use the library for now to teach the omegas and we have so few children that it's no problem. However, since we're anticipating a baby boom in the next few months, the nursery takes priority. And I'm sure both of you understand my need to ensure that all of the pack's pups are safe."

After a moment, Nicholas and Keegan step aside, deep in some conversation and I look at Emine. "Might I have a word?"

She steps over to my desk before turning to me, crossing her arms defensively. "What's on your mind, Alpha?"

"How do you know Weston?" I ask her.

She looks at me, assessing me for a long moment, before

dropping her arms. "I don't know him, not directly. There were a lot of rumors about the rogue alpha, he lost his mate and child, went crazy, began killing anyone and everyone that crossed his path."

"How did he lose his mate and child?"

"Don't know for sure. There are a lot of different rumors there, he killed them, he went crazy because they were murdered, no one really knows. Well, someone does, but it doesn't sound as though he does, and he's obviously been gifted a second chance mate," she says.

Not exactly. Since I know his wolf is Oskar, I know that Vivienne isn't his second chance mate, she and Deja are Oskar's fated mate. Interesting that Vivienne's wolf's name means remembrance when Weston doesn't remember anything.

"Do you believe him, that he doesn't remember anything?" she asks.

"I do."

She nods. "Maybe the past should stay in the past then. Nothing that I've ever heard about the Rogue Alpha was positive. If he's happy now, perhaps he should stay that way."

"Thank you. I appreciate the insight," I tell her just as Nicholas walks over.

"Ready to go see the rest of your rogues, Emine?" he asks her.

"Yes," she says turning to me. "Alpha Nicholas has agreed to give the rogues a place to live. I would like to give them that option before I leave, if you agree, Alpha Tereshan."

"Of course. And they are welcome to stay here if they choose."

Emine makes her announcement before she leaves and as I anticipated, all of them want to follow their Alpha. However, some of the mates are still not up for travel, or still have a fear of leaving the pack. Nicolas tells them that he will send vans to pick up those that wish to leave, telling them to be ready tomorrow. I assure the others that they are welcome to stay for as long as they'd like.

We say goodbye to Nicholas, Emine, Keegan and Zoey and then head back inside.

I pull my mate to me. "I can feel how exhausted you are. Go lay down. I have work to do. Later, we'll go check on Holden."

She reaches up to me and I lean down to kiss her. "I love you, and I'm sorry my words hurt you earlier."

I take her hand, kissing her palm. "You didn't say anything that wasn't true. I just despise the person I used to be."

"You have so many years to be a better man. Don't let a few bad years define the person you are. Let your actions now, the changes that you have created, be what defines the person you are."

I kiss my mate, deepening it, pouring my love for her into the kiss.

When I pull away, I look at her. "I love you too, Claire. Now, go take care of my mate and my pup."

"Yes, Alpha."

Nita POV

It's been several weeks since Luna Claire went into heat. Several weeks since Bryson and I...well, that moment in the bathroom was unlike anything I've ever experienced before in my life. I've felt pain and I've suffered humiliation as part of the sexual act, but I've never felt pleasure, and definitely never pleasure that was solely meant for me.

I haven't been able to stop thinking about it. It felt so good and then, once he knew my rut haze had passed he did it again, twice.

I close my eyes, remembering the feel of his warm tongue rubbing circles around my clit. Heat begins to pool in my core just remembering the feel of his mouth on me.

"Did you need some help?"

I yelp, turning to see the man I was just daydreaming about.

"What?" I ask, wondering if he somehow heard my thoughts and is asking if I need help to alleviate the ache between my thighs. The answer is yes, yes I do. Desperately.

"You were just standing here. I wasn't sure if you needed some help getting something off a shelf," he says, walking into the pantry where I had gotten distracted.

The moment he's in the room with me, his nostrils flare and

his eyes darken.

"What's on your mind, beautiful?" he asks me, stepping closer to me.

"Oh, I, uh..."

"Because you smell mouthwatering. At the risk of sounding jealous, I hope it was thoughts of me that has you smelling like this."

His eyes are so intense that I can't look away and without thinking I nod, yes.

A slow smile spreads across his face and he leans in.

"Will you tell me what you were thinking about?"

I shake my head, no.

His nose caresses my cheek and warm breath blows over my ear making me shiver.

"Please," he asks, and his voice is so deep that it sends another wave of heat straight to my core.

"The bathroom," I say, the words tumbling out of my mouth.

He continues his assault on my cheek, moving to my jawline.

"You mean when you were going into rut?"

I nod, yes.

"Do you want to know something?"

I nod again.

"I've never tasted anything as delicious as you that day. I can't get the thought of you, of your taste, your sweet moans of pleasure out of my mind."

"Oh." I say, unable to make a coherent thought.

"Yes, 'oh'. Would it be too forward to say that I really want to taste you again?"

"No."

"Would you like it if I tasted you again?"

"Yes," my voice is barely a whisper.

"Good," he says, reaching out to close the panty door.

"Can you be quiet? There are people working in the kitchen just outside this room."

"Yes."

He purrs, and begins kissing his way down my neck, before pulling back.

"Can I touch you?"

"Yes."

The smile spreads across his face again, and this time, it's a hungry, predatory smile.

"Don't forget to be quiet."

He pushes me against the wall, pulling my leggings and panties down to my knees, effectively locking my legs in

place. He looks up at me as his tongue snakes out, flicking my clit and making my body jerk. A whimper escapes me, and he smiles again.

"I don't care who hears me pleasuring you, but you might want to try harder to be quiet, mate," he says before diving between my thighs.

For the next 45 minutes, I fight the urge to scream my pleasure, knowing that as hard as I'm trying to stay quiet, there must be some that have heard me. Bryson doesn't let up, he continues to bring one orgasm after another until I'm whimpering, crying from the constant release, completely overwhelmed by his touch.

When he finally releases me, he pulls my leggings up, sliding up my body and kissing me softly. I can smell myself on his face. He runs his nose over my jaw again, coming to my ear.

"The next time you want me to make you feel good, come to my room. Then I can take my time with you, savoring you," he says before stepping away and leaving me worn out, but more relaxed than I've ever felt in my life.

I only make it one night before I take him up on his offer.