

## Tereshan

Magnor refuses to speak to me. He's so angry with me that when he does speak, he's snarling and threatening to shift and never let me shift back.

I didn't get any sleep last night. After Claire left, I tried to lay down, but her scent was all over the sheets and for some reason, her scent still makes my mouth water. I stripped the sheets and put new ones on, balling the used ones up and throwing them into a corner.

I had laid down on the clean sheets, but the memory of having her, my mate, Claire, in my bed wouldn't go away. I kept seeing her horrified eyes when I rejected her, the smell of her tears and blood. I

hadn't even checked to see if she was okay. Maybe she bled out overnight and is lying dead somewhere. I'll have to check with Feena to see if there are any missing omegas today.

When I go downstairs for breakfast, I look for her. I know I shouldn't, but I can't help myself. Last night was beyond incredible. If I had planned to take her as my mate, I would have taken my time, made it last, made it better for her. But I knew I was going to reject her and when Magnor tried to push forward, tried to mark her against my will, I knew I had to be fast. So, I had plunged into her and no matter how good it felt to me, I knew it had not been the experience that a virgin should have had.

When I don't see her serving at breakfast, I take my food and coffee and head to my office. Once I turn down my hallway, I

stop short. Her scent is strong in this hallway. She's cleaning one of the offices. Could I be lucky enough to have her cleaning my office?

As I walk to my office, Magnor sits up in my head. It's the first time he's shown an interest in anything since I rejected her, and an idea begins to form in my mind. Maybe, if I keep her close, he'll be manageable.

'Would you like that Magnor? To have her close to us? To have her scent around us every day?'

He doesn't respond, but he doesn't thrash around in my head either.

When I get to my office, I realize she isn't cleaning my office today. I walk further down the hallway until I find her. She's in

my Gamma's office. I don't let her see me, and I turn to head back to my office, leaving the door open. I want to see her when she leaves.

It takes her a couple of hours to finish before I hear her coming out of the office. I stop what I'm doing, which was nothing other than smelling her scent and coming up with a plan to get Magnor to speak to me again.

When she passes by my office, I watch her peek in. When she realizes that I'm there, she curls into herself, rushing past my door to go wherever she does after cleaning the offices.

He may not say it, but I know that Magnor would like to see her every day, smell her scent every day. I may not want her as my mate, but her scent is still delectable.

I open my mind link. "Feena, my office."

My Lead Omega manages all the schedules for the omegas. She's the one that will ensure that Claire is in my office and bedroom every day.

She arrives at my office in just a couple of minutes. "Alpha." She says, her head down in submission.

"Feena, come in, close the door." I see the flash of fear in her eyes before she complies. I blow it off, knowing that I am a menacing presence, especially to an omega.

When she sits, I look at her. Her hands are folded in her lap. She's older, in her mid-thirties, I think. But she does a good job managing my omegas.

"Feena, I would like Claire to be reassigned."

I watch as she looks up with her eyes but keeps her head down. When she sees me watching she instantly lowers her eyes.

"Reassigned where, Alpha?"

"To me. I want her and only her to clean my office and my bedroom from now on."

"You want Omega Claire to be dedicated to you, Alpha?" She asks.

"Hmmm, I like that. Dedicated to me. Yes. Let's add in that she will serve me at meals as well. Can you make that happen, Feena?"

"Yes, Alpha." She agrees, but her knuckles have gone white, she's clenching her

fingers together tightly.

"Is there a problem, Feena?"

"No Alpha."

"Good. Have her start her new assignment tomorrow."

"Yes, Alpha. Will that be all?"

"Yes. And close my door on your way out."

Feeling good that I have a solution to my Magnor problem, I grab the phone and call a Gamma female from a neighboring pack.

"Alpha." She purrs when she answers.

"Want to have a private party in my bedroom tonight?" I ask her.

"Depends, do I get to ride you?" I like this girl, she's sassy.

"Only if you're a very good girl."

"Then yes, but Alpha, no leaving handprints on my ass this time. I couldn't sit for a week without feeling your hand on my ass last time."

"Are you trying to discourage me, because you're only encouraging me to do it again."

"What time do you want me?" She asks.

I look at the clock. It's right about lunch time. "Come in time for dinner. I'll give you something good to eat."

I hear her low purring. "I love what you feed me, Alpha. I'll be there at six."



“See you then.”

When I hang up, I have to smile. That’s one way to get that omega’s scent out of my room.

I let Roman and Bryson know that I will be busy tonight. I mind link Feena and tell her to have two dinners sent to my room around 6:30 pm. As a last-minute thought, I tell her to have Claire bring the food up.

I want to make sure she realizes that there is no future for her. I don’t want her holding out hope that she will become Luna of this pack. And what better way to ensure she understands that than to see I already have another woman in my bed.

Magnor starts snarling in my head again. “Knock it off, or I’ll make sure you never see her. At least this way, you’ll get to be

close to her.”

He snarls again before going quiet. Oh yes, this will work for both of us.