

Chapter Twenty-Three: If It's The Last Thing We Do!

**Chapter Twenty-Three: If It's The Last Thing We Do!**

Chapter Twenty-Three: If It's The Last Thing We Do!

Damon POV:

Still standing in the midst of our pack members, now lost in a whirlpool of jubilant howls and ecstatic dancing, I felt a strange calm wash over me. As the eldest of us triplets, there's always been this unspoken expectation that I'd be the one to lead, to make the first moves. But right now, all eyes were on her—our Luna, our Phera.

Adam, just a few months our junior, was also captivated. Unlike the rest of us, he had spent less time knowing Phera, but her magnetic pull was universal. I watched as he made his way through the crowd to stand beside her. He might not have been as entwined in this messy tapestry of past mistakes as Axel, Zane, and I were, but he sensed the shift in the room, a palpable alteration in the energy of our pack the moment Phera stepped in. She had that effect, a gravitas that commanded respect, even from those who didn't fully understand the weight of her return.

I exchanged glances with Axel and Zane. Words were unnecessary. Our emotions, usually so hard to articulate, were laid bare in that brief moment of eye contact. We had messed up grievously so. But she was giving us a chance, a fragile, precious chance to make things right.

Adam returned to our side, his eyes wide.

"She's amazing, isn't she?"

"More than you could ever know," Zane replied softly, his

## Chapter Twenty-Three: If It's The Last Thing We Do!

voice tinged with an uncharacteristic solemnity.

Adam's eyes flickered between us.

"I don't get it. Why the tension? She's our Luna. She's here. Shouldn't we all be celebrating?"

Axel sighed, shaking his head.

"It's complicated, Adam. Let's just say that having our Luna back is only the first step. Now comes the hard part—winning her trust, earning her love."

I felt a pang of emotion at Axel's words, their truth cutting deep. My wolf yearned to mark her, to claim her fully as ours, but Phera was more than a mate bond, more than an instinctive pull. She was a woman of substance, of strength and resilience, and she demanded from us what she rightfully deserved—trust, respect, and time. Time to heal, time to decide, time to reclaim her own agency in a story that we had unfairly written for her.

Adam looked puzzled but nodded, as if filing away this piece of information for later scrutiny. I smiled at him, ruffling his hair.

"You'll understand, little brother, in time."

I looked at my two other brothers, seeing my own thoughts reflected in their eyes. Our journey towards redemption was far from over; it was merely at its beginning. But as I looked at Phera, radiant under the soft glow of the fairy lights, mingling with our family and friends, I felt a surge of hope, overpowering and intoxicating.

For the first time in years, the fractured pieces of our lives seemed capable of mending. Our Luna was home, and

### Chapter Twenty-Three: If It's The Last Thing We Do!

with her, she brought the promise of a new dawn for the Red Moon Pack. This time, we wouldn't mess it up. Love—true, selfless love—would be our guide, and we'd follow its path wherever it led, no matter the obstacles.

As the eldest, the unspoken leader of my brothers, I felt the weight of responsibility heavier than ever. But for her, for Phera, that weight felt like a privilege, one I would carry willingly for the rest of my days.

For our Luna had returned, and we were complete. Now, we just had to prove we were worthy of her.

Axel POV:

In the vast tapestry that makes up the Red Moon Pack, the roles of my brothers and me have always been distinct yet interconnected. Damon, the eldest, carries the weight of leadership and wisdom. Zane, the youngest, brings passion and unpredictability. And me? I've always been the mediator, the one who bridges the gaps, who fills the spaces left void. But as I stand amidst the jubilant members of our pack, a thought strikes me: roles can change; they should change, especially now that she's back.

Phera—my love, our Luna—has returned, and the air is thick with a mix of celebration and tension. The hall, usually a place of merriment, is filled with an uneasy energy, one that's both joyful and guarded. And as much as I'd like to lose myself in this moment of reunion, I can't. There are questions unanswered, promises unfulfilled, and a love that needs to be rekindled and respected.

But this isn't just about me or my wants. This is about us, about our pack, and most importantly, about Phera's wishes. When she laid down her terms for coming back, it

## Chapter Twenty-Three: If It's The Last Thing We Do!

wasn't just a surprise; it was a wake-up call. She's not a trophy to be won; she's a woman to be understood and respected. The urge to mark her, to claim her in the most primal of ways, is overwhelming, yet her conditions have forced me to look beyond that impulse.

Phera is strong; she's always been strong. Her strength is not in the roaring thunder but in the persistent river that carves canyons. Her laid-down terms for returning are not obstacles; they're stepping stones to a better relationship, one founded on mutual trust and respect. So, when Damon spoke to us about his feelings, his confusion, and his willingness to give Phera the space she desires, I knew my older brother was taking a step in the right direction. It was time for me to take my own steps as well.

As I survey the room, my eyes finally meet hers. In that brief contact, an entire world of emotion seems to unfold. I see a mixture of anticipation and reserve, a landscape of courage shaped by past hurts. I realize this won't be an easy path, but it's one we must walk together. And as much as it unsettles me to withhold the mark, to maintain a distance when my very soul yearns for closeness, I understand that this is what we need. It's an investment in a future where Phera is not just my love, but also our Luna: a leader respected, a woman revered.

As Damon made clear his thoughts and feelings, I, too, have my own set of emotions and promises to fulfill. I have always been the mediator, but now I will be more—I will be an advocate for change, for empathy, for love that understands before it seeks to be understood.

I may have been the one stuck in the middle, but as I stand here, bathed in the flickering lights that dance across the faces of our family and friends, I make a silent

## Chapter Twenty-Three: If It's The Last Thing We Do!

promise not just to my brothers, not just to my pack, but to myself and to Phera. 1

This is a second chance, a rare gift in a world that often feels harsh and unyielding. I will not squander it. I will not be the man I was; I will be the man my love deserves. And as we stand on the threshold of this new chapter, teetering on the edge of change and possibility, I know deep in my bones that we won't just weather this storm.

We will dance in the rain, find rainbows in the mist, and emerge on the other side, not just unbroken, but reborn. And for my love, my Luna, my Phera, I'll be what I've always been and more—a bridge, a support, a mate, and a man in love, always in love. 1

## Zane POV

As I step into the grand hall of the Red Moon pack, an atmosphere of electric euphoria embraces me. The room is awash in vibrant hues—streamers in royal blues and golds that dance in the air, and the gentle glow of magical orbs casting a soft, ethereal light on everything. Members of the pack, young and old, are mingling, their faces animated and joyous. A banquet table stretches across the length of the room, laden with delicacies that waft a mouth-watering aroma. Yet, amidst all the color and light, my eyes seek out only one. Phera. My Sunflower. 1

I catch glimpses of her as she navigates the hall, her grace and allure pulling me in like a moth to a flame. In this space filled with our pack, our family, and our friends, she shines the brightest. It's impossible to tear my eyes away from her, not that I'd want to. 1

Her laughter punctuates the air, a melodious sound that soothes the disquiet in my soul. After all, this isn't just a

## Chapter Twenty-Three: If It's The Last Thing We Do!

celebration; it's an affirmation. She's back. Back in our territory, back in my life, and for the first time in months, I can breathe a little easier.


But it's not as simple as that, is it? This reunion comes with stipulations, ground rules that we'd have to abide by. I recall the determined glint in her eyes as she laid out her conditions: No marking, no mating until trust is built and forgiveness is earned. Most wolves would find this insulting, perhaps even emasculating, but not me. I found it inspiring.

Seeing her now, chatting with Betty and Reese, her best friends, and engaging with her family, I'm reminded of her resilience. It's as though she's telling me, telling all of us, that her essence can't be dimmed, no matter how many obstacles life—or love—throws her way. My heart swells at the sight, a wave of admiration crashing against my lingering insecurities.

Axel calls her "his love," and Damon sees her as "his Luna," each of us using our own words to navigate the labyrinth of our affections for her. But to me, she's my Sunflower, a beacon of light and strength that can weather any storm.

As I stand here, silently observing the woman who's caused my heart to experience a kaleidoscope of emotions, I make a vow to myself. I'll not only respect her conditions, but I'll also embrace them as the foundation of our new beginning. It's a chance to rebuild, to earn her trust, and to prove that I'm worthy of being her mate. A mate who doesn't merely rely on the intricacies of fate, but one who fights for her, respects her, and loves her in a way she's never known before.


It won't be easy, but nothing worthwhile ever is. Yet, as the


 +20 BONUS

Chapter Twenty-Three: If It's The Last Thing We Do!

festivities around me soar to a feverish pitch, a serene stillness settles over me. For in that moment, I recognize something elemental, something pure—this is where I'm supposed to be, standing on the precipice of a life-altering journey, with Phera as my compass and love as my guide. 1

I have no illusions about the arduous road ahead. The past is a labyrinth of misunderstandings and missed opportunities, but the future—it's an open field, an empty canvas awaiting the brushstrokes of our renewed commitment. For my Sunflower, for Phera, I'm willing to make this journey, no matter how many twists and turns it holds. And that's a promise set in the steel of my resolve.

 Comments

 Vote (919)

