

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future Chapter 121

[/ Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future](#)
Chapter 121 The portal closed.

Kas is gone.

She left with them.

She chose the Mavri Magea over our pack.

I look back at Lenora in my arms. I feel myself rocking back and forth. It isn't for her comfort. Lenora can never be comforted ever again. I take the hem of my shirt and try to clean the blood away from her face. All it does is smear it down her chin.

"Leni. Come back. Don't leave me. Don't leave us. I need you. So do Milo and Codi and the pack. Please Lenora, come back to us," my lip trembles, pleading with her. Tears drip down from my chin onto her forehead as she looks blankly at me. I look into her green eyes one last time before I run my hand over and close her eyelids. Now she looks like she's sleeping. I pull my shirt off and lay it over her, trying to hide the gaping wound on her neck and chest. I can't bear to look at her that way.

When the searing pain of our family bond and pack bond breaking at the same time hits me, I pull her closer. I cry out in an Earth-shaking roar at the crumbling feeling in my chest. Pack members howl in the distance as they feel her bond break, too. What am I going to tell them? How can I possibly explain her death? How can I explain what their Luna has done to all of us?

"Bronx! Lenora? Where are you?!" I hear people yelling from the hallway. No. Not people. Milo. I hear Lenora's mate, my Beta, looking for me. Looking for his mate.

Shit.

"Milo! We-we're in here!" My voice cracks as I call back to him.

I hear scrambling coming down the hall, and Milo appears in the doorway.

Reggie is right behind him. Milo's eyes widen when he sees me holding Lenora. He rushes forward and takes her from my arms. Reggie stands in the doorway in disbelief.

"No. It's not real. Lenora, no. This can't be true. Moon Goddess, please no. Bring her back. I need her back," Milo repeats over and over as he holds her against his chest. He buries his head into her neck and cries. His pleading words turn into distressed sobs as he pulls Lenora away from his body and smooths her hair away from her face, "Please, Sugar. Please don't go. I want you here. I need you here."

His eyes flash black when Ghost comes to the surface. When he throws his head back, Reggie and I both join him in a howl of mourning.

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"Have you heard anything from her?" Reggie asks quietly, helping me straighten my tie.

"No. And we aren't talking about it right now, Reggie," I growl quietly, "Today is about Lenora. If Kas wanted to be here, she would be. She made her choice."

"Bronx, I'm just going to say this," Reggie puts his hand on my shoulder and looks me in the eyes, "Kas clearly needs help. She wouldn't have left with them on her own if she wasn't being forced or corrupted by dark magic. For her to abandon us? I-it shows just how much she needs our help right now. She's your mate. Don't turn your back on her."

"Go take your place, Reggie. It's time to get started," I dismiss him, shrugging his hand off my shoulder. I watch him go stand next to Ashley, to the left of Milo and my parents.

Kas has been gone for two weeks. We haven't heard from her and the Mavri Magea have all but disappeared off the face of the Earth. We have found no sign of them anywhere. Any activity we had recorded before Kas went through the portal has completely stopped. No phone calls, no video footage, no grainy photos from Musu's informants, no news stories about unexplained events.

Nothing. Complete radio silence from all ten of them. The paparazzi have assumed Kas left me, although we put out a statement that she would be out of the public eye for a while. Even our black ops teams have caught no wind of them.

I look at my phone one more time with the false hope that Kas sent me a message. Her phone is at the packhouse, but I hoped that maybe she would have found a way to contact me. I was wrong. I know she isn't dead because our mate bond didn't break. She's out there somewhere, not trying to make her way back to me. I put the phone back in my jacket pocket and step out in front of Lenora's pyre, facing the pack.

Milo is standing at the front of the crowd with Codi in his arms. She has her little head leaning heavily against his shoulder. She doesn't understand what is happening, just that her mommy won't be coming home. My parents and his parents stand on either side of him, whispering comforting words and rubbing his back to comfort him. Reggie and Ashley are to their left, standing stoically to support their Beta.

The rest of the pack is standing behind them, looking forlorn.

The crowd quiets down when they see me and pay closer attention. I look out at the sad faces, sniffing and wiping their eyes.

"Get this over quick, Bronx," Saint whines, "I need to go for a run. I have to get the fuck out of here before I lose my mind."

I try to ignore him. We already discussed all the things I need to do after the ceremony before I can let him out for arun. Once! have everyone's attention, I start my memorial speech.

"The last words our female Beta said to me before the Moon Goddess called her home were, 'Justice said to protect you'," I address the crowd, "Even in their final moments, Lenora and Justice were loyal to their Alpha and to their pack. Lenora died the way she lived, fighting for what was right and for the ones she loved. This time, it was until the last moment of her life. Her unwavering dedication to Blood River will be her legacy and we are all better wolves for being able to say we knew her."

I put my hands in my pockets and look at my feet. I clear my throat and compose myself before I continue, "You all know Lenora wasn't just our female Beta. She was also my sister. She will always be my sister. Her strong-willed personality, her direct, yet sage advice...all of us will miss her caring nature. Especially me. No one will ever be able to replace her in our lives."

"Our Beta Milo has requested privacy at this time. He will take a few weeks to mourn the loss of his mate and care for his daughter, Codi. Let's be sure to give him the space he needs," I gesture to Milo with a sad smile. He gives me a nod in recognition while he wipes his eyes, "If you need anything you would normally take to him or Lenora, please come to Gamma Reggie or myself. We will do our best to help you."

"If you would all join me in a prayer to the Moon Goddess," I turn toward the pyre and look at Lenora one last time. I raise my voice so they can hear it far and wide, "Selene, Goddess of the Moon, Mother of Werewolves, the Blood River pack prays to you. Please welcome your daughter, Lenora, home with open arms. Comfort her spirit in your loving embrace. Protect her from mortal pain and bless her with your strength. Allow her to look over us and follow our journeys until we can be reunited with her once more."

I step aside and wait while Milo hands Codi to his mom and steps up to the pyre. I watch him gently caress

Lenora's face and give her a soft kiss on the lips. Tears roll down his face as he whispers something into her ear, then presses his forehead against her cheek. I watch his silent sobs for a minute until he can finally compose himself. He stands up and swallows hard, stepping to the pedestal with a lit torch. He hesitates for a moment before he picks it up and turns back to the pyre, touching the edge of the flame to the kindling on the structure.

We all stand back and watch as the fire consumes the pyre, taking Lenora's beautiful, brave spirit to the Moon Goddess for safekeeping until we can be with her again.

I throw my head back and lead the pack in a howl that will be heard for miles.

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future Chapter 122

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Chapter 122 Katherine's POV

The estate is unusually quiet when I get home from work. I don't notice the usual hustle and bustle, but I chalk it up to coming home later than I normally do.

I push open the door to my darkened office, pour myself a glass of scotch, and make my way over to the desk. I turn on the desk lamp and sit down, taking a deep sip of my drink.

"Hello, Iokaste," I lean back in my chair, addressing the woman in the tall wingback seat across the desk, "You look like shit."

"Hello, Katherine. Thank you for the compliment," she snarks at me and leans forward from the shadow, letting me see her pale skin and sunken eyes be more clearly. Her spindly hand supports her chin. The longer I look at her, the more I realize she is way too thin.

"K-Kas. Are-are you alright?" I stammer when I see her true condition.

"Don't worry about me, darling. You never have before. I'm here because I need you to do something for me. I'm going to give you a choice on how you do it," she says, steepling her fingers in front of her face.

I laugh dismissively, "You're going to tell me what to do? Darling, not in this lifetime."

"Well then, your precious Maven, Amari's Giatros, and Tessa's Fuoros will stay with me until the end of their lifetimes," she counts on her fingers casually.

"What are you talking about?" I stand up and try to mind link my sisters.

"No one's here, Katherine," Iokaste's voice rings back in my mind, "They came willingly when I asked."

"You're a fucking liar. The Maven won't go anywhere with you," I slam my hand on the table at her falsehoods.

Iokaste leans her head back against the chair and cackles dryly at me, "You're supposed to be so damn smart. You're just as conceited and foolish as the next person, Katherine."

She stands slowly, supporting herself against the arm of the chair.

"You're already-" my eyes grow wide.

"Prepared to force my will on you if you don't comply with my request? Why, yes. Yes, I am," she interrupts, "So which do you choose, Katherine? Compliance or force?"

Inod my head as I look at her in disbelief, "Kas, please let me help you. Whatever got you to this point, I can help you."

"Too little, too late, Katherine. Sit," she commands, rolling her eyes and swiping her fingers downward. I'm compelled to obey as she uses manipulation combined with telekinesis.

"Perhaps you didn't understand me the first time," she leans forward on my desk and tilts her head while she tells me what she wants from me as gently as if she is telling a bedtime story. I feel goosebumps at how calm she is.

"I- How can I agree with that?" I growl at her when she stands up straight.

"Why? Do you suddenly give a shit about anyone but yourself? Are you going to deny that you haven't done it before? Do I need to compel you?" she shrugs, "Like I said, it's your choice, Katherine."

"Fine, but you can't have my Maven, Iokaste. They're mine," I cross my arms in front of me, "When do you want me to leave?"

"How about...now?" her cold eyes look into my soul as she claps her hands in front of her.

I feel a dizzying sensation and appear in the middle of a windy, snow-covered field. The moon is low in the clear dark sky. In the distance, I can see glowing red eyes looking at me from the tree line.

I sigh heavily, take off my high heels, and remove my suit, "Seraph, time to shift."

"You're going to do what she wants?"

"Stupid wolf, I'm not listening to that degenerate. I'm going to talk sense into the Agrios," I snap.

"Do you think that's wise, Katherine? There's a reason Agrios means feral."

"Shift, Seraph," I order. My bones crack and elongate and fur sprouts from my skin as we take wolf form. We pad our way to the tree line toward the wolves guarding of their territory.

"Geia sas, adelfés! Psdchno gia tin Cora. [Hello sisters! I'm looking for Coral," I call through a mind link.

"Hello, Seraph. Kas spoke to Katherine?" Cora steps out from behind a thicket of trees in human form. Her voice is calm and reserved, "She spoke to me. I made my choice. I leave my fate in your hands."

She stands with her hands out to the side and lowers her head, exposing her neck. I look around and see nine sets of red eyes glaring at me from all angles. I can't escape.

"We have to do it, Seraph. Iokaste trapped us. If we don't, they will kill us. If we do, they'll kill us, anyway."

"So you would rather die with blood on your own hands?"

"What's another drop in the bottomless bucket, darling? Just get it over with." Seraph launches herself at Cora, clamping down on her throat. Her body stiffens, but she doesn't fight back. Her windpipe and neck snap in one bite. Seraph releases her grip and stands back, watching the light of Cora's spirit leave her eyes. My only solace in taking my sister's life is knowing Iokaste will feel the pain from Cora's death.

We shift back into human form and face the Agrios wolves, who are all mere feet away from me. I look around, trying to find an escape, but there is none. I stand tall and look at the wolves surrounding me.

"I accept my fate as well, darlings," I hold my arms out and close my eyes. I can only hope for a better ending in the next lifetime as I feel the first painful bite clamp down on my arm.

Kas's POV

I feel the agonizing crumbling sensation in my chest when Katherine completes her task. I let myself fall into the chair and embrace the pain of Cora's death. A few minutes later, another wave of agony confirms Katherine's demise. I relish her death for different reasons. Her need for control over everyone made it too easy to get her to do my bidding.

I cast the spell to numb the pain, then look around. I send fireballs from my hands into the hallway and around the office. By the time anyone realizes there is a fire, nothing will be left except ashes. As the flames build around me, I create a portal and step into a large room with twenty-seven patiently waiting women in a comfortable green and gray lounge.

"Sisters, it's done," I look solemnly at the sad faces, "I'll give you the evening to mourn the loss of your Luna. I will see you in the morning."

"Kas, we want you to know that we don't blame you," one of the Frouros steps forward and admits, "What you are doing is brave. It's the right thing... for all of us."

Around her, the women nod and smile through their tears while they comfort each other.

"Thank you, Celeste," I nod my head respectfully, "I couldn't do this without all of you. We are going to make things right for all the Manae. The women standing in this room are just as instrumental as the members of the Blood River pack, who are carrying the next generation of Leaders and Guardians. We will leave the Agrios to their own devices. If they choose to join us, we will welcome them with open arms, but the rest of us no longer need to operate in segregated factions."

"We will remember your sacrifices for lifetimes, Kas," an auburn-haired woman says. She looks like she wants to take my hand, but thinks better of it. I nod slowly and make my way to my bedroom. There is still so much more work to do and I'm already so exhausted. I lean against the closed door, listening to the din of my sisters trade stories about their lifetimes. Part of me is jealous that I don't have the energy to be out there with them.

The effort and energy it has taken to create the Waiting Room compound has been monumental. Forming the rooms into the places I want them to be, areas of rehabilitation and respite instead of settings for torture, forces me to use magic that no one has performed before. Dark magic transforming a place created for dark magic into a refuge of light and healing was impossible until I did it.

It is a place that repels dark magic and corrupt souls. Any spell attempted within its confines will fall flat before it can hurt anyone. Anyone who goes out and comes back with a corrupt mind or soul won't be able to make it past the threshold. A caring group of women will meet them to help them find their way back to the light.

When we first started building the Waiting Room, Melinoé and I would take brief breaks. In that time, I created a spell to enter the dreams of all the Manae being led by Katherine at the same time. Every single one willingly listened to what I had to say. They agreed we need a change and are amenable to my plan. They all want to help be a part of the solution, so when the time is right, I bring them to the Mavri Magea apartment. While I build, they work together to come up with a rehabilitation program.

With the help of Melinoé, feedback from the Manae, and using the powers I collected from werewolves, gods and goddesses, I create the impossible ten times over and more. A refuge for the Manae to support each other and live their lives outside the prying eyes of the world, if that's what they choose. A safe place that can morph, grow, and become whatever we want. Love, caring, camaraderie, and collaboration will furnish this place, not control, anger, and spite. :

They present me with the rehabilitation program and a charter everyone needs to obey to live in the Waiting Room. All twenty-eight of us agree and sign it. I assure them that once the Mavri Magea are rehabilitated enough, they will also review, add their thoughts, and sign if they want to. We will always welcome anyone who leaves back when they need the support of the rest of the Manae.

My sisters also change the name from Waiting Room to Kardia tou Manae, which means Heart of the Manae in Greek. When their leaders, who are being raised by the Blood River pack, are of age and have all their memories, we will take measures to ensure they are not dangerous before we let them sign as well.

The women listen carefully when I explain my concerns about the Mavri Magea. One Manae from each faction agrees to partner up with one of the Mavri Magea and form support groups. They will all live together in their assigned Kardia tou Manae apartments, helping each other heal from eons of being influenced by their leaders, myself included, and finally being allowed to think for themselves.

In the time I've taken to get to know them, I have found each Manae has their own unique, beautiful personality.

They deserve the chance to have relationships with all of their sisters, not just the ones in their assigned factions. I also discover they have all but given up on finding mates. In the rare instance one has found a mate, their leader has ordered them to reject the werewolf our Mother has fated for them. Keeping this in mind, I make sure Kardia tou Manae can expand to include future mates, creating a werewolf pack.

It's been three months since I brought the Manae here and almost four months since I have seen my mate. It has been almost four months since I have had the support of my Blood River pack. Almost four months have passed since there has been any comfort in my life at all. I understand now why I was put through so many challenges as a child. I would not have been able to make it through this if I had not survived the trials of my childhood. If pressure makes a diamond, I have created an entire mine full of them.

"I'm so proud of you, Kas," Lex coos at me lovingly, sending calming energy to me as I fall asleep on our last night in the apartment, "You have given everything you have and more to help your sisters. They will remember this for the rest of their spirits journeys."

"Lex, I hope you will understand if I don't feel like I can continue this lifetime after... mean, I'll try, but I'm just so tired," I sigh.

"We will be okay once we get back to our mate, Kas. Have faith in our Mother."

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Chapter 123 Bronx's POV

Halloween comes and goes. Thanksgiving comes and goes. Winter Solstice is only a couple of weeks away. The frigid Montana winter trudges on. The world keeps turning as if Kas never existed.

Last week, I heard Katherine Santoro's abandoned estate in Greece burned down to the ground. No fatalities and no signs of the other residents and staff who lived there several days prior. A few days later, hunters found Katherine's naked body, along with an unidentified woman, both mauled by wild animals in a wooded area of Mongolia. The artist's sketch of the other woman is clearly Cora.

As soon as they confirmed Katherine was dead, I had my people get to work on acquiring Santoro Enterprises. Within several months, I will be the CEO, absorb the company into MasonCo and create a logistics division. If there are any Manae hiding among Santoro Enterprises staff, I will flush them out and throw them into the dungeon to rot. It's what they deserve.

If Kas ever dares show her face again, she will get the same treatment. She will pay for having my sister murdered, abandoning the Blood River pack, then hiding Goddess only knows where, like the fucking coward she is. °

Saint is pacing in my mind like he has been since the day Kas walked through that fucking portal. Every time I let him out for a run to calm him down, he goes straight to Jimmy's BBQ. He thinks we are going to find Kas anywhere, it will be there. It doesn't make any sense, but he has become obsessed with the place. :

I went to the therapist, who gave me medication to calm him down, but it didn't help. He would just wander around more confused until we ended up at Jimmy's, so! stopped letting him out. Now he just spends his days torturing me by pacing back and forth, making me anxious. If I drink enough, it helps block his antsy demeanor out. *

I take a sip of bourbon from my glass and set it on the side table. I never used to allow food or drinks in the archival library, but it's the only place I have found where pack members will leave me the fuck alone, so I have made an exception for the three bottles of liquor I drink a day.

The snow is falling heavily outside. It looks beautiful, but I know less than twenty minutes in human form could kill you out there. Beautiful but fatal. Just like Kas. I close my eyes for a moment and envision her beautiful violet eyes and her sparkling silver hair. I can practically hear her sweet little laugh. The pain of being away from her overwhelms me again. I take another sip of my drink to stave it off. There is a small knock at the library door. I consider not answering for a minute until they knock again. I roll my eyes and pick up the remote control to open the door.

"Come in," I say when I hear the door slide open.

"Alpha," Ashley's quiet voice comes up from behind me and she stands next to my chair.

"How can I help you Ashley?" I ask, without looking away from the window.

"Bronx, it's Musu. She went into labor this morning. I was hoping we could let Marco go be with her when the pups are born?" She sounds calm, but I can hear the fear in her voice.

"No."

"Bronx, please. This is for Musu. She has done everything you asked of her. Please give her this one thing," Ashley steps in front of me and puts her hands over her large belly, "Bronx, don't let your feelings about Marco take a father away from his pups. Just for one day."

"No, Ashley. He didn't just betray me. He betrayed our entire pack. I would be stupid to trust him again. Musu is going to have to be disappointed because he isn't getting out of the dungeon anytime soon. Not even because his mate is giving birth," I try not to growl. I'm not mad at Ashley, but I'm sure as fuck mad at Marco for knowing Kas was planning on letting the Mavri Magea into the packhouse and not saying anything. He is just as much of a traitor as she is.

“Bronx, if you would just listen to-”

“Ashley, get the fuck out of my library,” I snarl, slamming my glass down on the table. It shatters into a thousand pieces, cutting my hand.

“Serves you right, Bronx,” she sniffs and walks out.

“Shit,” I shake my hand while I wait for Saint to heal it.

“No. Fuck you. I’m not healing your stupid ass,” he seethes at me, “You’ve been blocking me out for weeks. You want me blocked out fine. I don’t owe you shit. All you do is make my life miserable. Heal yourself, dummy. See what happens when you block your wolf.” :

Before I can argue with him, he goes to a far corner of my mind and blocks our connection.

Fine. I get up and go to my office. I grab a napkin from the table and press it to my hand before I realize Ashley left the door open when she left. Milo and Reggie walk by with a binder in their hands, speaking quietly.

“Hey, what are you guys doing up here?” I call into the hallway.

They stop in their tracks and look at each other before they look at me and turn around.

“We were in her office looking for clues,” Reggie says, holding up the binder.

“What did you find?” I ask. Whatever it is, it’s probably another trick. Another distraction to lead us away from wherever she is hiding, “You know what, I don’t want to know.”

“Bronx, we wanted to wait until our regular weekly meeting. You know, the one where you aren’t supposed to be drunk at eight a.m. on a Monday morning, but if you want to look at it now,” Milo says, elbowing Reggie. Reggie looks at Milo tentatively, then hands me the blue binder. The front has a sticker adhered to the front that says ‘Manae Notes’ in Kas’s curly handwriting. I flip it open to find plastic sleeves full of note cards, pictures from home decorating magazines, clips from newspapers, photographs, and other colorful bits of paper sticking out at all angles.

“What is this shit?” I flip through the pages and look up at my Beta and Gamma.

“It’s everything. It has all the details of her plan,” Reggie says, holding his hand out to take the binder back. I look at him blankly. He must be crazy. There is no way she didn’t put some sort of dark spell on this binder.

I turn around and walk into the library. Milo and Reggie follow me.

“Bronx, what are ya doin’ buddy?” Milo asks, “You wanna sit and read that all now? It’s gonna take some time to get through.”

I make my way to the enormous fireplace and throw the binder into the crackling flames without a second thought. ~

“What?! WHY DID YOU DO THAT?!” Reggie snarls. He tries to grab at the binder, but it’s too far in the fireplace for him to reach without getting severely burned.

“Dude. What the fuck? That was everything. That’s all we had,” Milo looks into the fire sadly.

"Welp, I probably just saved you from being cursed. You're welcome," I say dryly before I pick up a fresh glass and pour a drink.

"Bronx, that binder had Kas's plan all spelled out. She wasn't-"

"ENOUGH!" I roar in my Alpha voice, "I never want to hear that name again. Do you understand?"

My Beta and Gamma look at each other again.

"ANSWER ME!" I let my anger boil over.

"Yes, Alpha," they answer in unison and walk out of the room without another word. °

I put down the glass and pick up the bottle instead, taking a deep swig. I go back to looking out the window.

As the sun sets, the snow stops and the clouds clear away, exposing the night sky full of stars. I look at the bottle in my hand. Only a few gulps left. I turn around and accidentally kick the other three bottles on the floor. When did those get there? I shuffle around them and make my way downstairs and out the back door.

My mind swims as I look out over the sky until I find the moon.

"Leni, if you're out there, I know you're gonna be mad at me, but I gotta do it. I can't live like this anymore," I whisper to the large white orb.

I take the bottle to my lips and drink the last few gulps down before I throw it to the ground.

“Bronx, what are you doing?” I hear Saint say, “What the fuck do you think you’re doing?”

I look up at the sky and raise my voice, “ I, Bronx Andreas Mason, reject the goddess Kas Latmus Mason as the fated mate bestowed upon me by Selene, Goddess of the Moon. I break the sacred bond between us and release her. We shall no longer be bound to each other in the eyes of the Mother of Werewolves.” ‘ The gaping hole of the mate bond breaking instantly consumes me from the inside out. I drop to my knees and clutch my chest, letting out an earth shattering roar.

“You killed us. You just fucking killed us!” Saint howls over and over.

I rock back and forth as I hear people run up from behind me. Milo’s face appears in front of me.

“Bronx, what are you doing out here? What did you just do?” He asks, with a concerned look on his face.

“I let her go, Milo. I broke our bond.”

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Chapter 124 Kas’s POV

I wake up in the morning feeling stiff and sore. I slide out of bed with a groan and look in the mirror. Even more than yesterday, I don’t recognize the reflection I see. Pale skin with dark bags below my eyes. All the violet from my irises is gone, replaced by a gray so light, it could be mistaken for white. I gently run a brush through my brittle, thinning hair. It is no longer gray and glittery. It’s turned into a dull shade of white that matches my eyes.

I put on a loose dress and a heavy long cardigan to hide the joints protruding from all my angles before I go out to address my sisters for one last time before escorting them to Kardia tou Manae.

When I first met Lenora, bruises from my nose being broken upset her. What she would think now at my self-imposed deterioration. I turn to the side and admire my growing belly. I let myself smile when I feel the impatient little kicks coming from inside.

I spend time with each team of sisters and make sure they are still on board with the plan before I introduce the Mavri Magea they have agreed to help rehabilitate. Most of the Mavri Magea are grateful for the opportunity. Some are indifferent and others, as expected, are defiant. I create a portal and take each group to the Kardia tou Manae apartment we assigned them to and show them around the common areas they will use as they see fit. I give them instructions on how to come and go from the facility and place protective spells over everyone before I go.

When it comes time for Desiree and Leticia to meet their new support teams, I sit with them in their rooms and carefully explain my expectations as their Leader. After I'm certain they won't cause any problems, I remove the hexes so Desiree can speak again and give Leticia her mouth back.

"Kas, what if there's no hope for me," Leticia cries into my shoulder, reluctant to go with her new team of sisters.

"Leticia, I have faith in you. Mother would not have sent me on this quest if she didn't think there was hope for you," I embrace her and pat her back, "No one is saying it's going to be easy, but I know you can do it. Hopefully, when I come to visit, you will show me a ton of progress. Make me proud to be called your Leader."

She wipes her tears away and looks me over, "I can't believe what this has done to you, Kas. If you change your mind and want me to use my abilities, I'm sure I can help you."

"No thank you, Leticia. I have accepted my fate for this lifetime. My physical appearance is only a small part of who I am. My spirit will heal and that's what's important."

After leaving the last group in Kardia tou Manaе, I portal back to the apartment and sit on the sofa.

"Well, old friend. Your work is done," I look around and address the eerily quiet apartment directly, "You have done a good job and I thank you. I have one more spark of magic in me. You can rest now."

I hear groaning and cracking of wood and the popping of nails as the apartment closes in on itself from the far corners. When I see the edges of the sitting room disintegrating, I create one last portal and step through.

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"Luna?" the guard says with his mouth hanging open when he sees me standing on the other side of the front gate to Blood River's pack territory.

"Hello, Sam. Am I still welcome here? It's cold and I would like to go home," I say, making sure my cloak doesn't expose my frail features to him. I pull the hood down lower to hide my eyes, "If this is no longer my home, I can find another."

"Oh Luna, I'm so sorry. Of course. I...we thought...I mean...I just..." he runs into the guardhouse and pushes a button, allowing the gate to slowly swing open. He rushes out and takes my hand, helping me over the snow and ice into the guardhouse.

"Thank you, Sam," I smile at him as he sets me on the chair next to his desk.

"Jamie! Link the Beta and Gamma. Hurry!" he says to someone as he grabs a heavy wool blanket and wraps me in it.

"Why? What's... Oh my Goddess!" the other guard exclaims as he peeks his head around the corner, "Luna, you're..."

"Hurry, Jamie! I'll get another blanket." I watch as the guard named Jamie's eyes glaze over when he sends a mind link. Sam comes out of a back room with another blanket and wraps it carefully over my lap. He is very sweet, asking if I'm sure I'm alright and if I want some hot tea.

After about ten minutes, I see an SUV pull up to the guardhouse. Milo and Reggie jump out and come running inside.

"Kas?" Milo says tentatively when he sees me. He kneels down in front of me and pulls the hood of my cloak back. His face contorts as he sees my transformed features, "Wh-What happened to you, Little Sister?"

"Please don't be scared, Milo. I look like this because all the magic is gone. All of it and more. I had to use my part of my spirit to make things right. There aren't even any more abilities. I've used them all up," I try to smile, but it turns into a frown. For the first time in months, I can feel tears turning my cheeks wet, "I'm so sorry for what happened to Lenora but I-I've taken care of it. Something like that won't ever happen again."

"We found your binder, Kas," Reggie steps forward and kneels next to Milo, "We know what you had planned. Does this mean it worked? Are you here because you created that place?"

I try to speak, but my lip trembles and sobs start coming out instead. All I can do is nod and put my hand over my mouth. All the hard work I have put in over the last four months, all the emotions I pushed down, every moment I dedicated to other people, putting my own needs and wants aside, get released in a giant wave of emotion.

"I'm so sorry. I had to leave. No one was supposed to get hurt, Milo. I swear," I cry, not being able to contain it anymore. I feel Milo's hand take mine and he pulls me into his lap and holds me tight.

"I will not forgive you, Kas. You did nothing wrong. Nothing I need to forgive you for," Milo says as he rubs my back. I feel him stop and he pulls me away from his body, "Shit, Little Sister. You're so skinny."

He pulls the blankets away and lifts the cloak over my head. The four men in the guardhouse stare at me in awe.

"You're so..." Reggie murmurs.

"Pregnant? Yeah. I know," I chuckle between my tears and place my hands on my belly, "Twins. One, for sure, is a girl. I don't know about the other."

Milo immediately points to the two guards, "Not a word of this to anyone. If people know she's even here, let alone pregnant, your Luna's life could be in danger. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Beta," they reply in unison.

"Come on, Little Sister," Milo says and wraps the heavy blankets around me again, "Let's get you something to eat. Reggie and I will see if we can talk some sense into your mate."

Reggie picks me up and carries me to the car. He sets me in the back seat and buckles me in before taking his spot on the front passenger side.

"Talk sense into Bronx? Milo, he broke our bond. He doesn't want me as his mate," I say once we are driving. I do my best not to let my voice quiver at the thought.

"Yeah, but you didn't accept the rejection. Did you?" Reggie asks.

"Well, no. I guess I hoped I could convince him to change his mind" I lean back and close my eyes, letting the heat of the car warm my cold nose and cheeks.

“Exactly. Things have been...well...not good, Kas. You know how he can be. Think of that but like times a bajillion,” Milo looks at me through the rearview mirror, “He isn’t the same guy you knew when you walked through that portal four months ago.”

I look out the window at the passing frozen woods, “Whatever he decides, I’ve accepted my fate, guys. As long as my pups are safe, it doesn’t matter what happens to me. I know Cora will be born soon and I will have done all I could do in this lifetime.”

“That sounds so morbid, Kas,” Reggie turns in his seat and looks at me, “It’s going to be okay. We’ll keep you and your pups safe, but first order of business is to get you a grilled cheese, a banana, and a protein shake.”

I can’t help but smile when he includes the protein shake into my first meal home, “How are everyone else’s pups? How are Codi and Katie?”

“And Musu’s pups, Inez and Deago. They were born before the Solstice. Wait until you see Katie, Kas. She looks just like Ashley,” Reggie beams.

“And Codi is doing a lot better than you would think,” Milo says, “I’m sure you must have heard about Katherine. Ever since then, she is back to being like a regular toddler. Still interested in kittens but we can’t all be perfect.”

In the two miles it takes to get to the packhouse, I fall asleep. When I wake up, I am in Milo’s apartment on the sofa, covered by three heavy blankets. There is a grilled cheese sandwich, two bananas, and a milkshake on the coffee table. There is also a note that says ‘Don’t leave this apartment’

I can’t remember the last time I ate much of anything, but I have little sense of taste these days, so the few bites I take of the grilled cheese aren’t nearly as satisfying as I hoped. I put it back down and pick up the milkshake instead while I wait for Milo and Reggie to come back.

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future Chapter 125

/ [Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future](#)
Chapter 125 Milo's POV

Marco had told us to find her binder before Bronx ordered us to lock him in solitary confinement. He said Kas kept note cards and binders for everything. We just had to find the correct binder to figure out what she was up to. He couldn't tell us anymore because of some sort of potion he had swallowed. He was right. We rifled through dozens of binders in her office until we found one in her desk drawer that had a sticker labeled 'Manae Notes'.

It detailed everything, complete with cute pictures of rooms and furniture she wanted to use magic to create so her sisters would be comfortable in the home she was building for them. Some of the note cards were actually thin sheets of parchment that looked like they were hundreds of years old. Others were thick handmade papers that were crumbling on the edges. There were at least six different languages among the cards. Musu helped us translate most of them, but a few she said were in dead languages she wasn't familiar with.

Regardless, they all pointed to the fact that Kas has known for centuries that there were problems within the Manae that needed to be fixed, and she was taking it upon herself to fix it. Looking at the notecards, it all seems very hopeful and sweet. In any other format, you recognize she is a damn genius.

It just seems like she went about things in kinda fucked up ways over the course of her lifetimes. From the information James has got off Kas's server blade, it's hard to tell if she was playing a part or she really didn't know any better. Either way, history shows, Kas isn't afraid to get her hands dirty.

I wish she would have felt like she could have told us, but after reading about the things she has done in the past and knowing Kas as well as I do, I bet she was embarrassed to have to admit to some of those things. She is also the type of person who thinks she can't share her problems with others, so I can see where she felt like she was on her own little island with all this stuff.

We kept our discovery a secret for a few weeks until we walked by Bronx's office one day and the door was wide open. We had taken the binder out of Kas's office so our MasonCo tech team could start scanning and archiving everything. Bronx stupidly threw it into the fireplace before we could have time to do that. Then he ordered us not to talk about Kas anymore and wouldn't listen to reason. If he would have just let us tell him about her plan, about what she was really doing, maybe he would have changed his mind and not rejected her. Maybe we could have convinced him to go look for her instead.

Reggie and I assumed when the guardhouse mind linked us, they were bored and fucking around or it was some sort of magic trick by the Mavri Magea. Either way, we needed to check it out. There is no way Kas would come back, would she? We all assumed she got corrupted by dark magic and left us. As soon as I get out of the car, I can smell her cinnamon roll scent and I know it isn't a trick.

My heart breaks for her when she cries and apologizes for what happened to Lenora. I can see how much it pains her and any doubts I had, whether she was involved or not, have been alleviated. Kas may have kept secrets from us, but it was for good reason and she doesn't have it in her to be dishonest.

What I wasn't ready for was her physical appearance. Kas isn't just too skinny, she also looks like shit. Her hair isn't sparkly gray anymore. It has turned completely white in just a few months. Her skin is dry and blotchy and pale. The dark circles under her eyes make it look like someone punched her, and she didn't defend herself. Her eyes...I don't know how to even describe it. They went from violet and full of life to practically white and devoid of anything. It seriously looks like she could be in one of those zombie movies as the main character that got bit but hasn't died yet.

Alarm bells go off in my brain when we see how pregnant she is. I know Bronx hasn't been the easiest wolf to deal with the past four months, but I'm sure if he knew Kas was pregnant when she left, he would have never rejected her. He would have fought harder to find her and his pups. How the Hell did she survive the pain of being rejected, anyway? Who knows? We just need to be grateful that she didn't accept the rejection. He would have become impossible to be near.

"How are we getting her into the packhouse?" Reggie whispers when he looks into the back seat and sees her sleeping.

“Up the back staircase. We can take her to my apartment. Codi is at daycare, no one will have a reason to go into my place,” I say not taking my eyes off the snowy road, “I think the real question is, how the Hell are we going to get Bronx to listen to us?”

Reggie heads to the kitchen to get a snack and a protein shake ‘for himself, while I take our Luna up to my apartment. She doesn’t even try to wake up when I lay her on the sofa and lay another blanket to put on top of her.

I write her a quick note to stay in the apartment before Reggie and I step into the hall. He stands outside my door with his hands on his hips.

“Milo, I’m trying to be hopeful here, but let’s be honest. This is bad,” he whispers softly.

“I know, but we can’t keep it a secret from him,” I clap my hand on his shoulder.

“He’s gonna throw her in the dungeon.”

“He isn’t gonna do shit, Reggie. He’s gonna make us do it. We can only hope that he’s sloppy about it and we can still take care of her.”

“Do we tell him about the pups?”

I look around for a moment, “Yeah. I think it’s the ace up our sleeve. I don’t think he’ll listen otherwise.”

We knock on his office door and wait for him to tell us to come in. He is at his desk reading the newspaper, but he has yet another bottle of bourbon on his desk, so I don’t know how much he is really getting out of the article.

“Bronx, we need to talk to you,” Reggie says calmly.

"Well, that's why people usually knock on the office door, Reggie. Not because they want to stare at me in silence," Bronx says without looking away from the paper.

Reggie rolls his eyes and waves his hand at me. Okay, here we go.

"Bronx, she's back. And she's-

"Who's back?" He puts the paper down and looks at me with glassy eyes. Fuck. He's already drunk. It's not even two p.m.

I try to say her name, but I can't. Then I remember he ordered us not to say her name in front of him anymore, "Our Luna."

"Take her to the dungeon," he says like he is ordering a steak and goes back to his newspaper.

"No. Dude, she's-

"Did I stutter?" He puts the paper back down and glares at me.

"Bronx, she needs a doctor and needs to be fed. She's-" Reggie tries to step in.

"No fucking doctors. Let her use her wolf and her precious magic to heal herself. If she can't, let her rot," he snarls with anger, pounding his fist on the desk.

"Dude, will you listen? She's pr-" I start, but he interrupts me again.

“SHUT UP!” He roars in his Alpha tone, “ Take her to the dungeon. She doesn’t get access to a doctor or anyone else in the fucking pack. Security twenty-four, seven and feed her scraps from the trash, like the pig she is.” »

I have never felt so much rage roll off of Bronx. I can’t believe he is saying this about Kas. He can’t really feel this way. He can’t expect Reggie and me to treat her that way. She’s our Luna. We both step back, forced to bow our heads and show him our necks.

“GET THE FUCK OUT” he roars again. I look at Reggie and turn and leave. He slams the door behind him. ‘

“Now what?” he asks, “I can’t believe he didn’t let us get a word in. How are we going to tell her she has to go to the dungeon?”

“What choice do we have, Reggie?”

“We don’t. Come on,” he waves me on to follow him.

“If he really does this. If he really allows her to die in the dungeon without even going to see her and see what the fuck he’s doing, I’m done. I’m going to figure out how to find the Manaes, take Ashley and Katie, and go. Katie is going to need them as she gets older,” he whispers as we walk down the hall. °

“Did you read my mind or something? I was just thinking, maybe it is time to take Codi and find somewhere else to be. Are we really able to give up on him like that? It has to be both of us or nothing. If one of us stays, they will be miserable. There won’t be any escape after that,” I say to him seriously.

“I have to do what’s best for my family. If Kas dies in that dungeon, I’m out, Milo,” his light blue eyes stare at me intently.

"Yeah. I can't imagine staying if he stoops that low," I agree, "We have to keep trying to get him to go see her though, agreed?"

"Agreed."

I open the door to my apartment to Kas sitting on the sofa. She looks over at me sadly.

"It didn't go well, did it?" she asks.

"Ah, no. How did you know?" I ask, rubbing my hand on the back of my neck.

"I heard him all the way from here," she nods and looks at her lap.

"We tried, Little Sister," I sit on the sofa next to her and take her hands in mine,

"He's so blinded by anger, that he won't even listen. We couldn't even tell him about the pups."

"Kas, we have to take you to the dungeon. He said no doctors and uh, only food from the trash," Reggie says remorsefully.

"It's okay, you guys. I told you, the most important thing is that my pups are safe. I have accepted my fate. There is nothing left for me to do in this lifetime except give birth to these babies," she takes her hands out of mine and puts them on her stomach.

Reggie rubs his forehead with his hand, "Kas, you deserve better." '

“Reggie, really, it’s okay. All I ask is that I have some warm blankets. I have been so cold lately. If my old green and gray blanket is still around somewhere, I would love to have that,” she smiles, “Oh, and you can bring me as much garbage food as you want. I’m not eating it. That’s disgusting.”

“Kas, you-” I try to reason with her.

“Let me just finish this sandwich and bananas, then I will willingly go with you. Okay?” she swallows hard and smiles, “While I eat, please take a couple notes. I need to give you information so you can reach the Manaes when the time is right.”

“Of course, Kas. Take your time,” I nod and wipe a tear away from my eye and pull out my cell phone. I don’t know how she can be so stoic right now, but I know Reggie and I need to be strong for her.

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future Chapter 126

[/ Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future](#)
Chapter 126 Bronx’s POV

“Come on, man. It’s been a month. We’re sick of this shit. If this is your order, if this is truly what you want, then man the fuck up and come to the dungeon so you can see your damn handy work,” Milo’s steel-gray eyes bore into me, “Like you said, you don’t give a fuck anymore, so prove it. Come see what you’re doing.”

“Watch your tone, Milo,” I stand up, growling at him.

“Look, Bronx, you can come with us right now or you can find Blood River another Beta. I have plenty of packs who have already said they would give me asylum. Fuck being a Beta. I’ll take a job as a front gate guard and call it a fucking day. I’ll pack my shit, take Codi, and leave today if that’s how you really want this to go down. Your choice,” he crosses his arms and stares me down. Behind him, Reggie has his hands on his hips, looking at the floor.

“What about you, Reggie? You’re awfully quiet. Are you part of this ultimatum, too?” I lean forward against the desk, giving him a chance to speak up.

His blue eyes glance up at me, then back at the floor before he clears his throat, “We’ve already spoken to the Manaë. They said we can stay at the Kardia tou Manaë if we need to. Their new home. If that’s what we think would be best for Katie.”

All the rage that Saint has been feeling roils inside me at the thought of even more people abandoning us. These guys are supposed to be my two best friends. They would just pick up and go that easily?

“Fine. I’ll go to the fucking dungeon. But I don’t know why it’s so damn important to you. I already told you to

feed her, and you gave her the stupid blanket she wanted. Why do I need to see her too? She chose her fate," I snarl, stepping around my desk to follow them out the door.

"Shut up, Bronx. I'm so sick of your shit. I just need you to shut the fuck up," Milo growls as we make our way down the back stairs to the dungeon, with Reggie following quietly behind us. °

When Milo opens the dungeon door, Tyree stands up from the chair behind the small desk.

"Alpha, Beta, Gamma," he regards us.

"Tyree, you're the only guard down here?" I ask, looking around for everyone else, "Shouldn't there be more security?"

Tyree looks around as well, confused, "Alpha, we only need one of us at a time. I'm here during the day. There are other guards here at night, but one at a time is more than enough."

I look at him suspiciously, "Huh. Okay." "Any activity?" Milo asks him, ignoring me.

Tyree looks at the monitor. His eyes look remorseful when he looks back at Milo, "Just some shuttering, but nothing has come of it. I-I don't know how much longer it will last, honestly." Shuttering? What is he talking about? I glance at Milo, then Reggie, but they both continue to ignore me.

"Is this what the kitchen brought for her?" Reggie asks, picking up a covered to-go container.

"Yeah, please take it away," Tyree screws up his face, looking at the container, "it smells disgusting."

Reggie picks up the container and gives Milo an annoyed look. Milo motions with his head for me to follow him. From behind us, I hear Reggie talking to Tyree.

"We just need to be strong for her," Reggie murmurs, "Have faith in the Moon Goddess for this to be over soon." The motion sensors turn on the lights as we walk down the dark hallway. We pass the soundproof solitary confinement cell with the solid silver door. From the tiny window, I see a pair of light brown eyes stare out at us. They grow wide when they see me and a dull thudding sound of the occupant pounding on the door thumps into the hallway. I turn my eyes away. Just another traitor who chose his fate.

We get to the silver barred cell at the end of the hallway. I recognize it as the one where Kas once forced me to shift using her goddess voice so Lex could fight Saint. Milo stops with a sigh and flips several switches on the wall, changing the lights in the cell from dark blue to a soft white glow. There's a low cot in the center of the cell, piled with blankets.

I cross my arms and sigh in frustration, "Okay, I came down. What's the big deal?"

"Stay here," Milo snarls, pushing the button on the wall to open the door. He steps inside while Reggie stands in the doorway.

"Be careful," I call from outside the cell. Milo scowls at me and rolls his eyes.

"Shut up, Bronx," Reggie finally speaks up.

Milo gingerly pulls away layers of blankets, but there is no movement from the bottom of the pile. He whispers words of encouragement and asks for forgiveness from the bedding. Is she even in there? Even with all the security upgrades, maybe she escaped.

Maybe it's another fucking magic trick. I can feel Saint in the back of my mind paying attention to what is happening.

"Why are there so many blankets?" I ask, leaning against the wall across from the cell.

"She's cold. So we gave her extra. Is that a problem?" He glares at me.

"No," I sulk, observing him. Cold? Bullshit. It's not cold at all. We keep the temperature controlled down here, but I will not argue with him right now.

He moves slowly, peeling away the layers of grungy, soiled bedding, whispering quietly to the un moving pile. When he gets to Kas's green and gray blanket, I feel an unexpected hitch in my breath. Saint is fully at attention now, waiting to see what happens, buthe still says nothing. A very faint scent of fresh rain and lilacs comes off of the blanket, but it's old and stale, like it's been lingering for a long time. I look closer, curious why the scent isn't stronger. Even after rejecting her, if she's in there, I should still be able to smell her. There is no way she's in there.

I watch Milo drag back the last blanket, exposing a thin, almost skeletal, hand that hangs limply off the edge of the cot. He carefully slides the blanket down further to expose the head and shoulders of a bone thin woman, laying on her side. Her tangled white hair looks like it used to sparkle and shine, but now it's just dull and thinning. Sections of it have fallen out, leaving her scabbed scalp exposed. Her skin is sallow and tight against her bones and tendons. Her thin lips are dry and cracked from dehydration and eyes sunken into their sockets. Dark circles stain the area under her eyes.

I can barely hear her slow heartbeat against her infrequent, shallow breaths.

I don't even know how she's alive in this condition. Saint howls in pain at seeing his former mate in this state.

"He's here, Little Sister," I hear Milo whisper close to her ear. At first, there's no reaction from the lifeless form. Even when she opens her eyes slightly and looks at me, no other part of her body moves. It's like it takes all of her energy for that small action. Any violet those eyes once contained is gone, replaced with a dull, listless, light gray. It's like everything that made her spirit who she is, has been sucked out of her. I'm not sure she is cognizant enough to realize I'm standing outside the cell before her eyes slowly close again.

I take a step away from the wall appalled by the shocking sight, "I thought I told you to feed her."

"No, asshole, you used your Alpha tone to order us to 'feed her scraps from the trash, like the pig she is'," Reggie snarls,

throwing the food container at me. I open it up and see there is some spoiled egg salad, mostly eaten spare rib bones, and some soggy scraps of salad, "She was already underweight when she got back. We've brought food from the garbage down every day but she refuses it. There may be nothing left for her, but she still has her pride. And now she's too weak to eat."

I look into the cell as Milo pulls the blanket further down to Kas's legs. As the blanket comes off of her, two more heartbeats thump loudly in my ears. The scent of pine needles and lavender wafts through the air, enchanting my mind. I forget myself and almost touch the bars of the cell when I see it. Her large belly is the only thing weighing down the cot. The hand that is not hanging off the side, is covering her stomach protectively.

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future Chapter 127

[/ Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future](#)

Chapter 127-"She's pregnant?" I ask out loud, no one in particular.

"Twins," Reggie says dully.

“Based on how big she is and comparing her to when Musu was pregnant, we think she’s due any day. Since she hasn’t eaten, her babies are basically using her body for nutrition. For lack of a better term, they’re eating her alive,” Milo says, as he brushes his hand against her cheek. He sits back on his heels and looks at her with tears in his eyes, “We don’t know what happened to Lex. She hasn’t been able to heal her for over three weeks now.”

“What did the doctor say?” I gulp hard. I plant my feet to the ground, afraid to move.

“You said no fucking doctors,” Reggie hisses at me through gritted teeth, “or have you forgotten?” 7

“LOOK WHAT YOU DID TO HER YOU SON OF A BITCH!” Saint’s first words in weeks are pure rage against me. He tries to claw his way forward to take control and get to Kas, still protective of her. I take a step forward. A small piece of me, a deep down part that has been hidden away until this moment, still wants her. Still wants to keep her safe and protect her.

I look at Reggie, then Milo, then to Kas. I broke our mate bond, so why do I feel this way? How could I have let this happen? Why didn’t I listen to the people around me? What have I done? As I take in the scene in front of me, the lights flicker and Kas seems to have a convulsion, what little muscle she has left contracts, and she pulls her limbs closer to her stomach before it stops and the lights brighten.

"What was that?" I look around the room.

"We think she's going into labor. She doesn't have any magic left, but it's been happening for two days now.

She's so weak, we don't know how she is possibly going to give birth," Milo wipes a tear from his eye as he watches her helplessly.

"Get the doctor," I hear myself say, pushing Reggie aside, "Give me privacy with my mate and get the doctor now."

"She's not your mate anymore, Bronx, but she's still our Luna," Milo stands up and blocks my way, "I'm not letting you hurt her."

"I won't hurt her," I snarl, pushing him out of the way, "Get out of here, go get the doctor."

I hear Milo and Reggie run down the hallway, but can't take my eyes off of Kas. Saint is pacing impatiently in my mind, "Fix her. Fix her now, asshole. Save our pups and fix our mate."

I kneel on the ground next to the cot and look at Kas. She doesn't look real. It is like a gruesome caricature of who she used to be. I feel tears stinging the corner of my eyes.

"Kas, it's me," I whisper softly, trying not to let the urgency I'm feeling come through in my voice but! still hear it waver, "Kas, I don't expect you to forgive me. Hell, I don't even expect you to want to be in the same room with me, but for right now, please, let me try to heal you. For our pups. Let me save our pups. Please." '

I watch for any type of response. I listen closely to her slow heartbeat. Two smaller heartbeats thump harder and faster as I speak, recognizing the voice of their father. I raise my shaking hands but stop an inch above her skin. I swallow the lump in my throat and stop myself from touching her.

"Kas, please, before it's too late. I didn't know. I swear I didn't know," I beg, "You left me. I-I thought you left me for them. And then I was mad because I thought you didn't trust me. But I know now. I fucked up, Kas. Please. Please don't make

our babies pay for my mistakes. I will make sure they have the best care. Please." ;

I watch as she slowly opens her eyes and looks at me. The foreign, hollow gray of her irises shrinks as her pupils dilate. Her eyes close again and she gives one small nod. I take that as her permission and carefully lift her up by her back and knees into my lap. If it wasn't for her stomach, she would weigh less than air.

I hold her as tight as I can without feeling like I'm going to break her fragile bones and concentrate all my energy. I imagine everything she has ever told me about what it feels like for her to meditate and what it feels like to heal someone. My mind thinks about my essence leaving my body and being absorbed into her skin and through her blood. I imagine Kas and our pups, and giving all three of them whatever it is they need to live. I can sense our babies trying to fight for their lives, but I can't find Kas's spirit anywhere.

I open my eyes and look at her. The unfamiliar light gray eyes are barely open, trying to look at me. The purple aura I have tried to convince myself I hate surrounds us and brings a sense of calm to the room. As I hold her, I can hear her heart. Each beat is softer and further apart than the last until there are only two little heartbeats thumping as hard as they can.

My heart feels like it's being torn in half as the pack bond of our Luna dying fills me. –

A mournful howl comes from deep inside my chest. I rock her helplessly in my arms and lean my forehead against hers, letting my tears flow freely. In the distance, I can hear howls from around the packhouse from everyone else feeling the Luna bond break.

“Bronx, let her go. The doctor needs to save the pups,” I feel Milo’s hand gripping my shoulder, but he sounds so far away. I hold my sweet little mate closer to my body, praying for a sign that she’s still with me. That she hasn’t given up. That my anger and stupidity didn’t kill her. It’s a fool’s wish. She’s gone. I did this to her.

I look up to see Reggie and Milo with pained looks on their faces. Behind them are doctors and nurses crying with their hands clutching their hearts as they struggle through the pain of the Luna bond breaking.

“I’m so sorry,” I whisper. I want to say more, but I can’t think of anything good enough.

The world feels like it is in slow motion as Reggie unwraps my arms from around Kas’s body and places her on a gurney. The medical staff immediately runs out of the dungeon to get her to surgery and deliver the babies.

A loud humming sound fills my ears. I try to stand up, but Milo pushes me back down to my knees. I see him in front of me, shaking his head and saying something, but I can't hear him over the humming.

All I can do is put my hands over my face and sob.

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future Chapter 128

[/ Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future](#)
Chapter 128 Kas's POV

I sit in front of him, even though he doesn't know I'm there. I'm afraid if I look away, I may never see him again. Elexis's black snout pushes under my elbow so I will put my arm around her while she sits next to me. I let myself lean heavily against her while we watch our mate realize that my spirit has left my body.

"He broke the mate bond, Kas. Our spirits' journeys are finished," Lex says quietly, "There are no more lifetimes for us." °

"I understand," I nod slowly as I run my fingers through her silky onyx fur, "Lex, through everything, I forgive him. I'm sure it seems foolish, but I don't have the desire to hold on to hate or malice when I move on. So, I forgive him."

"Of course you do. You have a good heart, Kas. I know how much you loved him over the centuries."

"I've made my peace, and I died knowing! I did everything I could do to save my sisters and keep my pups alive. There is nothing else I need to fulfill me." «

"It has been a pleasure being your wolf, Kas. I couldn't ask for a better human spirit to be attached to for the last five thousand years," Lex says as she gives my cheek a lick.

"Thank you for being such a magnificent wolf, Lex," I look up and smile at the giant black wolf, "I'm going to miss you."

We both look back at Bronx as Reggie takes my body out of his arms and puts it on a gurney. Everyone looks like they are in pain.

"They feel the Luna bond breaking," Lex says as if she was reading my mind.

"How long will it last?" I watch as Reggie and the medical staff run the gurney down the hallway.

"It depends on the pack member. Children, meh, a couple days and for adults, a couple weeks. And for the ranked members, it could be a long time. Bronx will probably always feel it. Since he broke the mate bond, he will not die in the next couple of years unless he does something stupid. He is going to live a normal lifetime now," Lex explains, "but it's his and Saint's last one, too."

Milo is trying to comfort Bronx through his own pain. I frown, wishing I could take this part away.

"Hello Mother," I say out loud when I feel her presence behind me.

"Hello lokaste, Elexis, my darlings," she says, sitting next to us. I feel a comforting warmth as she takes my hand.

"Mother, can you please take their pain away? I don't want anyone else to hurt because of me," I feel tears blurring my vision.

"You know I can't, lokaste," she says, ignoring my request, "My daughter, you caused quite a stir this lifetime."

"I did what I had to do. I don't have any regrets. If I had known it was going to be my last lifetime, I would have eaten more grilled cheese sandwiches. A few more bananas, too," I try to lighten the mood, glancing at her. She has pulled her blonde hair back into a bun. Her blue eyes are deep like the ocean and her perfect skin naturally glows.

"I agree. You should have eaten more grilled cheese sandwiches. I also agree that you did what you had to do to help the Manaë. In fact, it's the first time in five thousand years that I realize you have been acting selflessly. You spent so much time in the shadows, I thought you had lost your way," she tells me while she observes Bronx and Milo, "I convinced the other Olympic Gods to give you one last chance to redeem yourself, even though I wasn't sure of your true intentions. I see now, everything you have done has benefited others. I apologize for not having more faith in you, my darling."

"Well, I don't know what to tell you. Hopefully, people can learn from their mistakes, but I won't be here to see it. I don't have a mate anymore, so my spirit's journey is finished," I shrug.

"About that," she puts her fingers under my chin and turns my attention away from a distraught Bronx toward her, "I came here to give you a choice, my darling. We told you if you saw your quest through, we would reward you."

"A choice?" I ask, confused, "I've already told you, I don't want any rewards for doing the right thing.'

"Yes, a choice as a reward. The Olympians were having a lively discussion about you and Elexis when they found out Bronx broke the mate bond," she smiles sweetly.

"A lively discussion, huh? Ironic choice of words, Mother," I feel myself roll my eyes at her.

"Well, the discussion was about what to do with you now that you have completely changed the fates of your sisters," my Mother explains, "With Zeus's blessing, I have an offer for you."

"An offer from Zeus? Thanks, but no thanks. I've had enough of that guy," I dismiss her and turn back to Bronx.

"Kas, we want to give you the opportunity to be immortal. Truly immortal, like the Olympians."

I feel Lex startle against me at my mother's statement. I take a deep breath and press my lips tightly together.

"Mother, I haven't done anything that deserves immortality. I did what any decent werewolf with the powers I had would do," I shake my head at her, "I don't want immortality."

"Alright, well, what can I do to show our appreciation?"

I look at Lex, then to my Mother, "OUR appreciation? Who else are you representing?"

"Most of the gods and goddesses on Mount Olympus."

"Ah. I see. You said I have a choice. What's my other option? Because, no offense, Mother, but I don't want to be associated with the Olympians," I shake my head at her.

"None taken," she pats my hand, "The other options are end your spirit's journey as it is fated or, continue your journey in this lifetime but on a more even footing."

"More even footing?"

"Yes, darling. You and Lex can continue your journey, but your lives will be just as long as any of your sisters, if not longer, and you will keep your memories when you are reincarnated. Now that you've shown that you can resist the corruption of dark magic, you've proven we can trust you with your past."

"I only want to continue my spirit's journey if I can rehabilitate the Marvi Magea and our Leaders. Completely. Not just in this lifetime. For the rest of their spirits' journeys," I say flatly, " They are all so tortured. It's not fair to them."

"It may take a few centuries, but I think we can arrange for that," she nods. She points at Bronx, "He's right you know."

"Right about what?" I look at Bronx who has his head in his hands looking hopeless.

"You drive a hard bargain, lokaste," she nudges my side.

I finally look at her and smile, "Yeah, according to my husband, I'm a damn good businesswoman."

"I have one condition of my own if this is the fate you chose," Mother says. I turn my attention fully to her.

"Okay? What is it?"

"I need you to be a mentor and a leader for your sisters until Katie is truly ready to take over. It could be an extremely long time. Potentially multiple centuries, but I trust you will know when that time presents itself." °

I look at Lex, "This isn't just my journey, Lex. It's yours too. Does that sound okay to you?"

"I think it sounds like an exciting new chapter in our story," Lex chuckles, " And I think we've got this, Kas."

I take her snout in my hands and kiss her nose, "I love you, Lex."

"I love you too, Kas," she purrs at me.

"Okay Mother, Lex and I both accept. What's next? We have to wait until Cora is old enough to have a pup, right?"

"No, darling. Close your eyes. When you wake up, you will be in the operating room. You're going to be in pain for some time, but nothing you haven't experienced before. I can't give you abilities back right away. They will strengthen again over time. Also, it will take a while for Lex to acclimate to your new extended lifetime. You may not always feel her with you at the beginning, but please trust that she is there," she smooths my hair as she speaks to me.

I nod, not feeling confident about Lex not always being accessible.

"The good news is you'll get to see your babies and hold them. Maya and Andreas are being delivered right now. By the time you wake up, they will both be swaddled, hungry, and crying, just waiting for you," she points to Bronx, "I'm going to take care of this situation. He will join you as soon as he gets word that your heart has started again.

Please be patient with him, Iokaste. You know how he is. You may have forgiven him, but it's going to take a long time for him to forgive himself. Living for hundreds of years at a time is going to take some adjusting for him."

"Thank you, Mother," I take her hand and squeeze it.

She leans forward and kisses my forehead. I immediately feel sleepy. I Wrap my arms around Lex and let myself close my eyes, sliding both of us into darkness.

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future Chapter 129

[/ Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future](#)

Chapter 129-The smell of pine needles and lavender fills the room. I keep my eyes closed and hide my smile as the giggles get closer.

“Mommy? Are you awake?” Maya’s little voice whispers loudly. I can feel her weight climbing onto the bed.

“Shhh, Maya, Mommy gets to sleep, because it’s her birfday,” Andreas giggles at her while he climbs onto the bed as well.

I roll over and pretend to yawn with a big growl and stretch my arms out wide, grabbing them both and bringing them toward me. Their happy squeals fill my heart with joy.

“Hello, darlings,” I squeeze them tightly in my arms.

"Mommy, happy birthday!" Andreas says happily and gives me a wet kiss on the cheek.

"Mommy, Auntie Delilah said she's made a cake for you," Maya says with big gray eyes. She lays in my arms and plays with my white hair. She gives a sly little smile, "I think she made chocolate."

"Oh, she did, did she?" I smile back. The twins talk excitedly at the same time, telling me about all the things they want to do with me today for my birthday until it's time for cake. I listen intently as I wipe the sleep out of my eyes.

"Daddy has a surprise for you too!" Andreas says proudly. His light green eyes sparkle and he pushes his light brown hair out of his face.

"Oh, he does?" I muse, helping him brush his bangs to the side. I had specifically told him not to get me anything, but that has never stopped him before, "Are you going to give me any hints?"

"No, Mommy. Not even for chocolate chip cookies," Andreas says solemnly. I laugh, "Okay, fine. Speaking of which, where is Daddy?"

"In the living room with Uncle Marco," they say almost in unison.

"Okay, why don't you go let them know I'm awake and I will be out as soon as I'm dressed," I kiss them both on the cheek and send them out of the room. When my heart started a few minutes after they deliver the twins, the entire pack rejoices. That's what I'm told, anyway. I am too weak to find out for myself. Bronx arranges for me to live in the suite next to his apartment. For the first four months, I cannot get out of bed without help from the nurses. When she gets back from maternity leave, Diane becomes my personal nurse. She also gladly accepted the position of nanny for the twins.

Bronx keeps his distance for a couple of months. Diane tells me he got intensive treatment for his mental health in the hospital wing. He is taking it seriously this time. For a few months, he only comes to see the twins when I'm sleeping, not wanting to upset me with his presence. He finally starts coming to the suite when I am awake, but stands at a distance. He asks me how I am, but is careful not to get too close to me or try to have any sort of meaningful conversation. Diane says it's difficult for him to believe that I have no hard feelings about how he treated me but he's trying.

Bronx comes every day and spends a lot more time with our babies once we are on speaking terms. Delilah, Ashley, and Musu come on the day's Diane has off and take turns helping him and showing him how to take care of them when I am too exhausted to do it. '

After a year, he brings me flowers every week and takes me to the hospital wing for doctor appointments. He also makes sure I take my medicines and vitamins. We have actual conversations and discuss pack business. Not like we used to, but it's a start. He also brings my meals up to me and escorts the twins and me down to the dining room a couple of times a week.

After a year and a half has passed, Diane insists that Bronx and I go on a date while she and Carly keep the children for the evening. He takes me to the botanical garden where he has a chef flown in from Paris to make us dinner and he shows me roses bushes he had dedicated to Maya and Andreas. It is the first time we really talk about our relationship since our pups were born. He still doesn't believe I have forgiven him.

After that first date, Bronx and I spend more time together. There are even some nights where we have the twins sleep in the nursery in his apartment.

Bronx and I sit close together on the sofa and watch cooking competition shows until I fall asleep. He puts me in the bedroom without waking me up and sleeps on the sofa. If the babies cry or need to be fed or changed, he gets up and lets me sleep.

One afternoon, just before the twins' second birthday, I'm laying down in Bronx's bed with the babies while they nap. Bronx comes in and sits on the floor next to the bed. I watch intently while he rubs his hands over his face and sighs. He looks at me and looks away over and over until he can finally talk. I listen patiently while he quietly recants everything he had been going through for the past couple of years. He explains he is trying but still struggling with everything. He worries he isn't good enough for the twins, for me, for the pack, for anyone. Like Mother said, he is having trouble wrapping his mind around being alive for hundreds of years and what that means for our future together. I hold his hand and let him get it all out. When he finishes, I pull him onto the bed with me and wrap my arms around him as far as they will go. He quietly cries and apologizes to me again until we both fall asleep.

After that day, we were practically inseparable. A couple weeks after Maya and Andreas's second birthday party, I fully move back into the apartment and the four of us are a complete family.

A month after I move back into the apartment, I get back to the bakery part time to help Delilah and the team with the wedding season. I come home one day to find Bronx alone in the apartment. He tells me he had Diane take the babies for the afternoon so he and I could spend time together. He announces he made me dinner, and the menu is comprised of his signature fruit salad with a side of saltines. The first meal he ever made for me. When he comes out of the kitchen with my bowl, he gets down on one knee and asks me to take him back as my mate. I gladly accept him back. Three months later, we go through a formal ceremony to make our bond official again.

A few days after my twins were born, Bronx listened to what Milo and Reggie had to say about what I was actually doing while I was gone. They released Marco from the dungeons that day. From what I'm told, Bronx had to beg him not to

leave the pack. To make up for how he treated Marco, Bronx was more than willing to let him go on a sabbatical as long as he wanted. They also agree that when he comes back, they will find a different position for him, one where he is not assigned to protect me.

During his sabbatical, Marco is a stay at home dad for his own twins. He comes to visit me often and tells me he and Bronx are working on fixing things between them. Bronx wants him to work on a special assignment because of the pack expanding so rapidly over the last couple of years, but typical Marco, he doesn't like to talk much about himself. We mostly talk about the children and sometimes trade cooking tips. When I ask Bronx, he simply says he needed a protege and Marco was the best candidate for the job.

With Marco reassigned, Tyree and James become my guards, but at my insistence, on a much more relaxed schedule. One of them escorts me when I leave pack territory, but only if I'm not with Bronx. If the twins are with us, they both come with us to keep photographers at bay. It takes a while, but I convince them to start my training again. We begin slowly and find that I am not nearly as strong as I used to be. Lex is extremely frustrated at this development, but she tries her best to be patient, knowing we have centuries to practice and that she no longer needs to be a warrior.

The Manae are flourishing at Kardia tou Manae. They have created a strong community and are thriving with their newfound freedom. I check on them a couple times a month, but try to give them the space unless they specifically ask for my help. They also make it a habit to come see all the children and develop relationships with them instead of waiting until they have all their memories. We hope it will help the emotional aspect of things when they come of age and their memories come back to them.

Every year eases us into a more comfortable routine. While none of us will ever forget the traumatic past of this lifetime, we know we can overcome anything to be together. We honor and respect each other and listen to each other much more than we ever had before. I am thankful to my Mother every day for giving me a choice to come back.

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future Chapter 130

[/ Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future](#)

Chapter 130- I sit on the edge of the bed in the silent room. So this is what twenty-five feels like. I wonder if a hundred and twenty-five will feel just as good. What about two hundred and twenty-five? I laugh to myself at the thought as I head into the bathroom.

I look in the mirror and run a brush through my white hair. None of the sparkly gray came back when it grew in four and a half years ago. I examine the mirror closer. It looks like there are some more violet flecks in the light gray of my irises, but maybe that's just me being hopeful. I still don't have any abilities other than being able to shift and mind linking other pack members.

I splash water on my face and brush my teeth. There will be time to shower later before the pack Summer Solstice party and pack run. I pick up some toys that made their way into the closet room and find a dark blue sundress to wear. Once I am changed, I look at myself in the full-length mirror and smile.

When I get into the living room, Marco comes up and gives me a giant hug, lifting me off the ground, "Happy Birthday, Kas."

“Thank you, Marco,” I give him a peck on the cheek before he puts me down,
“What are you two up to?”

“Nothing for you to worry about, Luna. We will see you two for the pack run tonight,” he waves and shows himself out the door.

“Where are the kids?” I ask, heading to their rooms to collect them.

“Delilah has them. They are helping her with the surprise chocolate cake,”

Bronx stands and walks over to me with a big smile. He kisses me deeply, then looks into my eyes, “Another fleck of violet in there, I think.”

“Yeah, I thought the same thing,” I giggle at him.

He puts his hand over his heart and tilts his head at me, "Forever my favorite sound. Come on, I have a surprise for you."

"Bronx, I asked you not to get anything for me. We're going to have hundreds of years together now. Material things are not worth it," I insist, trying not to whine.

"I didn't buy you anything. I promise," he says as he leads me to the garage and opens the door to his Range Rover. He picks me up and sets me in the seat before he buckles me in and goes to his side.

"Okay, so where are we going?" I lean my head back and ask.

"Leave the driving to me, Kas. Maybe when you are a hundred, you will be interested in learning how to do it yourself," he raises an eyebrow when he looks at me.

I roll my eyes. He's right. I have no desire to learn how to drive. I just need to sit back and relax.

I look out at the lush green landscape as Bronx makes his way to a little restaurant in the middle of nowhere called Jimmy's BBQ. He has taken me here once before. I remember the food was great. When we get inside, the owner's wife, Shelly, greets us.

Instead of taking us to the booth she keeps reserved for Bronx, she takes us outside and to the little cabin next to the restaurant where she lives with her husband, who is a werebear/werewolf hybrid.

"When you were gone, Saint kept bringing me back here, and I didn't understand why. He just kept insisting I would find you here," Bronx explains.

"Okay?" I say, confused, as he leads me into the cabin.

I finally spoke to Shelly and figured it out. Kas, there is someone very special who we would like you to meet," Bronx says to me once we are sitting in the comfortable living room.

Shelly comes out from the hallway from the bedroom, holding a little boy's hand. He has white blond hair and hazel eyes. He is no older than five.

"Kas, I would like you to meet Andy. Andy Latmus Briland," Shelly smiles broadly. °

I feel myself freeze as I look at her. She nods happily and gently puts her hand on his back so he can step forward.

I look back at the little boy, with tears in my eyes, trying to find my voice, "Hello, Andy. It's a p-p. Sorry, it's a pleasure to meet you, Andy."

"You're very pretty, ma'am. Please don't cry," he tilts his head and uses his sleeve to wipe my tears away. He puts his little hand in mine and smiles.

"Remember how I told you that Shelly's husband is a hybrid? Werebear and werewolf?" Bronx says sitting next to me, "and that his werewolf side is dormant?"

"I-uh-yeah, I think I remember that," I sniffle as I admire the little boy who is the reincarnation of my father. °

"Well, Andy here went to the doctor last week at Blood River and had some blood work done. Would you believe there is not a drop of werebear blood in his system? He's a pure werewolf, Kas. In fact, we have never seen werewolf DNA so pure. It's almost like he is the first of his kind."

I look at Andy smiling proudly at me, " Mommy said that makes me special." "Oh my Goddess, yes. Your mommy is right, it makes you very special, Andy," I smile and nod at him lovingly.

"Shelly and Dave called me and asked if I would have him tested. When we got the results, they asked me if they thought having Andy become a member of Blood River was a good idea. Werebears are pretty solitary, but Dave knows wolves need to be part of a pack," Bronx explains to me.

I look at Shelly, who is smiling at me, then back Andy again, "Andy, i-is that what you want? To come to Blood River and be part of our pack?"

"Yeah, Alpha Bronx said Mommy and Daddy could visit whenever and I would get to stay with these people called Gammas. They came to visit. They're really nice," Andy beams at me.

"You already spoke to Reggie and Ashley?" I look at Bronx with my mouth wide open.

"Yeah, they love the idea of Andy becoming one of us and we have already talked about having the suite across from their apartment converted so Shelly and Dave can come visit whenever they want. Honorary pack members, if you will," Bronx nods with a warm smile.

"Andy, do you know what today is?" I ask the little boy, taking his other hand in mine.

He shakes his head at me, "Thursday, ma'am?"

I laugh a little and nod, "Yes, it is Thursday, but today is also my birthday, Andy. And this? You coming to be part of our pack is the best present I could ever imagine."

"I'm your present?" He smiles, showing all his teeth.

It takes everything in me to not pull him into my arms right then and there, "Andy, do you think it would be oKay for me to give you a hug?"

Andy looks shyly at his Shelly, who nods at him, "Go ahead, Andy. She's your Luna."

Andy steps closer to me and lets me wrap my arms around him in a tight hug. I can feel already feel the connection between us and I know, in that moment, that all is right in my world.

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