

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Chapter 62

/ [Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Beener](#)
Chapter 62

I crouch down and try to make myself look as small as possible. I feel a lump of tears in my throat but I refuse to let him see me cry, as I plead again, "Ryan, please don't do this. You don't want to do this."

My teeth chatter and I shiver as the frigid wind swirls around me. I look over the side of the deep ravine. The river at the bottom is raging dark red in the moonlight with giant chunks of ice and snow swirling in the current. Blood River. If I try to jump, I'm going to die on the rusty rocks just below the surface. If I were in wolf form maybe I would have a chance. Maybe. That's not an option now. I turn back around to face my fate.

"Please! Please don't do this, Ryan! Dagger, please let me talk to Ryan!" I beg for mercy. The wind gusts hard against my bare skin, chilling me to the bone. I am shivering violently, wishing I was somewhere warm. I hug myself, in a hopeless attempt to protect my naked body. Dagger takes advantage of my distraction and takes a step forward, lowering his head in preparation to attack. Only ten steps separate us now.

In the distance, howls can be heard and hope flickers in my heart. Please Goddess, Mother, please help them get here in time. We both look in the direction of the sound. From down the mountain, the thundering sound of wolf paws gets closer and closer but it still sounds so far away.

I look back at Dagger and notice glimmers of light reflecting in my peripheral vision. I flick my eyes into the distance behind him, three wolves are silently stalking Dagger in a triangular formation. Two large dark brown wolves and a giant white wolf in the center with one green eye. Saint! My heart leaps at the sight of him. Saint and the other two wolves are downwind. Dagger doesn't seem to notice, I have to keep distracting him before he catches his stalkers' scents. I just need to give them enough time so they can get close enough to catch him.

"Ryan please, come on, just shift and we can talk about this. No one has to get hurt," I continue to beg, giving Saint and the other two wolves time to get in position.

"Ryan, if you want me to go back with you, w-we can figure something out," I choke out the words as I lie to him.

Dagger paws the ground as if he is considering his next move, He thinks for a moment, then growls deep and angry just before he launches his giant body at me. I brace for impact, fully prepared to be thrown off the edge of the ravine but the impact never comes. Saint leaps at the same time, grabbing Dagger firmly by the neck. They sail toward the edge of the cliff, wrestling for control.

"SAINT, NO! The cliff!" I scream as I duck down. It's too late, both of the wolves fly over the edge and disappear into the night.

"N000000!!!" I wail as I turn and looking at the space where they were just suspended in the air. I watch Saint, still growling and snarling, attached to a struggling Dagger's neck as they

both splash into the water and sink into the frigid, swirling currents of blood-red water.

My heart suddenly feels like it's being ripped in a thousand pieces. An endless hole opens up inside of me and starts to swallow me whole. The pain of the mate bond breaking js.

excruciating. It feels like it will never end.

"SAIINNNTTT!!!! BROONNX!!!" I howl at the top of my lungs. I start to run forward.

"Kas! No!" Milo grabs me roughly around the waist before I'm able to throw myself off the cliff after Saint. 1

"Milo let me go, let me go! I have to help him! Don't just stand there! We need to go after them. We have to save Bronx," I cry hysterically and growl as Milo drags me away from the ledge. I hopelessly try to fight my way out of his strong grip.

"No, Little Sister. No, we are not cliff jumping tonight, come on, we have to get back down the mountain," his voice is firm and calm. How can he be calm right now?! 1

My arms start to go numb and I can't talk. Is it from the cold? Is it from the shock? I don't know. Is Milo really giving up that easily on his Alpha? His best friend? Isn't this just a dream? I just want to wake up now. The dream has turned into a nightmare.

The other wolf comes over and Milo sets me on top of him, wrapping my arms around its neck for me.

"Hurry up, she's going into shock and it's below freezing. Hypothermia is probably setting in. We need to get her to the pack hospital. I'll mind link Lenora and let her know we're on the way," Milo says hurriedly before he shifts back to wolf form too.

I feel numb. He's gone. Bronx and Saint came to save me and they died. They're dead because o f me.

The wolf I'm riding sprints full speed. I don't know how long he runs. I don't care. It doesn't matter. Nothing matters now that Bronx is gone. I am hollow. Infinitely empty. I close my eyes tightly trying to block out the world as the wolf races down the mountain.

The sun is up now. Lenora, Ashley, and Delilah all come running out of the packhouse. They pull me off the wolf and wrap me in blankets. It doesn't matter though, I can't move my body. Everything is numb from disbelief. I have no idea if I'm cold or not.

"Get her inside, take her to the hospital wing. I don't think she's hurt, but she's in shock. She saw Saint go over the edge," I hear Reggie's voice. I hear other voices yelling in the distance but I can't hear what they're saying.

I close my eyes for a moment. When I open them, I'm in a room in the pack hospital. People are shining lights into my eyes and taking my pulse. They place warm heavy blankets over me and hook me up to machines.

"Luna, you can rest now. You'll feel better when you wake up," I hear a nurse say. No, no I won't feel better, lady. Delilah comes to the bedside and takes my hand.

"Go away," I say to her and pull my hand away. I can't find the strength to have emotion in my voice.

"Kas, please listen," she pleads.

"No. Go away. Leave me alone, Delilah. You've done enough."

She looks around the room for a moment then turns and walks away. I'm pretty sure I hear her crying before she leaves the room but I don't care. The room is quiet now, except for the rhythmic beeps of the heart monitor. The sound is soothing. A deep dreamless sleep comes quickly

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Chapter 63

[/ Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Beener Chapter 63](#)

When I wake up, Marco is sitting in the corner of the room. He stands and walks over to me when he sees me stir.

"Luna, you're awake. Everyone's gonna be so relieved," he sighs.

"Marco, how long was I asleep?" I rub my eyes. I still feel exhausted.

"You've been in and out of consciousness for about two days, Luna."

I look away from him as I think back to the events leading up to right now.

"Call me Kas, Marco. I'm no one's Luna," I scoff.

"Okay, Kas, since we gonna be casual now, I'm gonna give it to you real," his voice is calm, but his professional voice is gone and his Spanish accent is much thicker than I'm used to hearing from him, "First off, I wanna apologize for hurting you. I was doing what my Alpha ordered. It felt all wrong and I could see it was all wrong and I shoulda fuckin' known better. I wanted so badly to just tell you but I wasn't allowed. I wanted to quit and just go back to being a regular guard. Cause I didn't wanna see you hurt like that, you know? But I didn't want you to think I abandoned you. So I stayed for you. You're more than just my Luna. You're my amiga. Shit, you're more like my lil' sister, Kas."

He puts his hand over his heart and looks up, "I swear to the Moon Goddess, on my fuckin' life, Kas. I swear Mama Sanchez's life. As long as I'm your guard, I will never let no bullshit order from anyone get in the way of your safety ever again. It ain't gonna happen. Not while I'm on duty. Not while James is on duty. Cause he feels the same way."

I don't know what to say. I appreciate his apology. I know why he behaved the way he did, but I'm still angry and hurting. I turn my head away and look out the window.

"Now, with that outta the way. I gotta say, I'm fuckin' mad at you, Kas," his voice is thick with attitude and disappointment. I whip my head back around to glare at him. Excuse me? He's mad at me?!

"If something was wrong or something was bothering you, I'm hurt and personally offended that you wouldn't trust James or me to tell us there was a problem. We woulda found a way to help you," he turns his face to look me straight in the eyes and shakes his head, "We're your guards. And you didn't trust us enough to tell neither of us nothing. We thought you knew that you could talk to us about everything. But you didn't even consider it. That's a sharp fuckin' knife in the heart, Kas. The three of us spent so much time together. We've been through so much together and you can't trust us enough to say you were going through some shit?" 2

"I-I'm sorry, Marco. I-didn't me-" He holds his hand up. "Don't. If you'd rather have guards that don't give a shit and just follow orders. Guys that just do their fuckin' job and go home at the end of the day and don't think about your well being once they off the clock, just say the word and James and I will step down. Otherwise, just remember next time there's a fuckin' problem, we consider ourselves more than just your guards and we hope you think the same," he scolds.

"I-I understand," I say, looking at my hands in my lap, feeling very guilty now, "I don't want you or James to step down. I would very much like for you two to stay on as my guards. And I promise, if I have a problem, I will speak to you two about it."

"And if anyone ever asks, I will deny this conversation ever happened. Clear?" 2

"Crystal," I murmur.

"Now. Kas, I need you to get in the wheelchair. I have to take you down the hall," his professional voice has returned as quicky as it disappeared.

"Why? What's down the hall? Do they need to run a test? Can't they do it here?"

"Kas, you've only been awake ten minutes and you're already trying my patience. Please get in the wheelchair before I make you. I don't care if you're a goddess. I don't care if you are my Luna or if you think you are no one's Luna. I need you to come with me down the hall and the doctor said you're not allowed to walk there."

His tone is a little too firm, so I decide not to test him further. He helps me climb out of the bed and into the wheelchair. When I'm comfortable in the chair, he puts a heavy blanket over me and wheels me out of the room. He casually rolls me down to the other end of the hall, humming lightly as he goes. We get to a room with two armed guards standing at the doorway. They stand at attention when they see us.

"Arnie, Tyree," he greets the pair cordially.

"Hello Luna," both the men say in unison as they bow their heads to me.

"Yeah," I say. I hate the formalities. I'm not their Luna. I was their Alpha's mate, but that is gone now.

"Hey, Marco," Tyree says, "He's still out. You sure you want to take her in?"

"She is literally made for this, guys. She needs to be in there," he raises his eyebrows at the guards.

Who the Hell is in this room? He seriously wants me to heal someone right now? He must be joking

Arnie opens the door and stands back. Marco wheels me into the dimly lit room. There is a light over the bed, illuminating a man surrounded by wires and tubes. Tubes are going into his mouth helping him breathe and IVs are pumping fluids into him. Little beeping sounds are coming from multiple machines. A doctor and nurse are standing next to the bed looking at a clipboard

"Greetings, Luna," the doctor says to me sympathetically, but I barely register that he's

talking

It can't be. It can't. Can it? No. *My* heart skips a beat. He jumped off the cliff. He crashed into the river. He died. I saw it.

I look at Marco confused as I start to stand up. He takes my hand and helps me.

"Mister Sanchez, I don't think this is appropriate," the doctor says.

Marco ignores the doctor and quietly speaks into my ear from behind me, "They fished him out of the Blood River. His heart had stopped. They were able to resuscitate him but he isn't healing. He needs you, Kas." 1

He pushes a button on the side of the bed and it lowers down, making it easy for me to climb on. Wordlessly, I navigate around the tubes and wires, never taking my eyes off the man's face, and sit on my knees next to my mate. I can't take my eyes off of him. He is so bruised and swollen that if I didn't feel the faint pull of our bond and smell his coffee and dark chocolate scent, I wouldn't have known it was him. Bronx is alive. 2

"She knows what she's doing, Doc. This isn't their first rodeo when it comes to near-death experiences," Marco says to the doctor, "Just be ready to take that breathing tube out when he wakes up."

"Mister Sanchez, the chances of-" the doctor starts to say.

"I can do it," I growl, never looking away from Bronx. In the corner of my vision, I see him back up a step

"This is different than last time, Marco. I won't be able to heal him all at once. It's going to need to be several sessions to completely heal him. Doctor, will you be able to keep giving him pain medicine once he wakes up?" I still don't take my eyes off of my mate. What if I look away and he disappears? It seems like a legitimate possibility at this point because this has to be a dream.

"Yes, Luna," he confirms obediently.

I take Bronx's hand, it's ice-cold and I can barely feel our sparks.

"Bronx? Saint?" My voice is quiet. Bronx is deathly still, not even a slight movement. I brush my fingers over the stubble on his chin. Still nothing,

"I-I'm sorry Luna, but he can't hear you," the doctor says sympathetically.

I give him a threatening glare, making him back up a couple more steps.

"Lex, are you there?" I say as I close my eyes.

a

"Yeah, Kas. I'm here. I feel more like an ass than a wolf. I caused so much trouble and now our mate is hurt," she whimpers.

"Lex, we can talk about it later, right now, we need to heal him. Just like we learned at the coven, alright? Nothing fancy. All by the book. This is going to be complex. Focus on the most important body functions first. Okay? Just enough to wake him up and help Saint to start healing him. Then we rest and come back to do more later."

"Okay, what are we waiting for? I have to fix what I caused. Let's do this," she says with determination.

I pull off some of the sensors on his chest so I have room for my hand to lay flat. The sensors start going crazy. The nurse rushes over and turns off the machines they are attached to. I place my one hand on the middle of his chest and the other on his forehead, then close my eyes. I take several deep cleansing breaths to focus. I start with his heart and lungs, then his brain, and his bones and organs. I flow my energy in sealing tears and breaks, pulling out the weakness, absorbing it into my own body. I finally heal bones leaving my positive healing energy behind. I feel the warmth on my hands as the energy goes into him.

I hear the nurse gasp. I open my eyes to see her staring, mouth wide open, at the purple aura around us glowing brightly.

I look down at Bronx as his eye flutters open and he groans loudly. He looks around groggily before his eyes land on me. He turns his head to me and tries to raise his hand to touch me. Marco gently puts it back down. 1

"Don't move yet, Alpha," he says gently to Bronx.

"Marco's right, Sweetheart. You need to let that dose of healing energy absorb before I do it again," I whisper softly to him, "We don't want a repeat of France. Is Saint in there with you? Is he okay?"

Bronx nods slowly and points to his mouth. The nurse comes over and removes the breathing tube, making him cough weakly.

"Alpha, don't try to talk yet, not until you've had some water. I'm going to add morphine into your IV for the pain. You're going to feel sleepy. Don't fight it. Your wolf will be able to help heal you better when you're sleeping," the nurse instructs. He gives her a weak thumbs up.

Marco pushes a button so Bronx is sitting upright and holds a cup of water with a straw so Bronx can drink

After a few deep gulps, Bronx finally speaks. His voice is gravely and quiet, "Did we get him?"

"Yes, Alpha," Marco confirms, "Beta Milo is working with the Elder Council to wrap up details. No need for you to worry about any of that now, sir. Just focus on recovering. That's what is most important."

Bronx just nods, "Thank you, Marco. Can I have some time alone with my mate, please!"

Everyone bows to him and leaves the room,

Before Marco closes the door he says, "I'll be right outside if you need anything, Luna, but I don't think you have anything to worry about anymore." Inod and

Marco closes the door, leaving Bronx and me alone with the beeps of the monitors.

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Chapter 64

[/ Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Beener](#)
Chapter 64

I lean into Bronx and snuggle into the crook of his arm, draping my arm over his chest. He takes his hand and weakly pats me on the arm.

"Baby, I need you to hear me out. Okay?" his voice is still scratchy and quiet.

"Bronx, you need to rest," I protest.

"Don't worry, she put plenty of morphine in that drip, I'll be asleep soon, but I have to get this out first. Please."

I sit up so I can look him in the eye.

"I fucked up, Kas. I should have told you what was going on," he tells me all about his theory of my visions having to do with Ryan and that I needed to be distressed to have one. He thought it was going to be the only way to get ahead of Ryan and stop him from whatever he was planning after the packhouse fire. So he and Milo cooked up an insane plan to trigger a vision and set it into action. They knew the rogue attacks were a distraction being planned by Ryan, but they needed proof.

"The last rogue we interrogated said they were waiting for you to shift so they could alert their master and he could catch you. So, Milo intentionally weakened our defenses on the northeast border. When you shifted, we chased you and drove you in that direction. All we had to do was herd Lex to that area without her knowing. It worked exactly to our plan, except for the part where I fell off a cliff."

His words were soft and slurry as the morphine started to take effect.

"Go to sleep, Bronx. You've given me a lot to think about here. We'll talk about how mad I am when you're out of intensive care."

He nodded and closed his eyes, "I'm so sorry, Kas. I'm supposed to protect you not hurt-

SO

His breathing turns into soft snores before he finishes but he said enough.

“He wanted that lunatic to attack us?!” Lex growls.

To say I’m mad is an understatement. I’m fuming mad but I also finally have control over the wild wolf living in my head. I’m calm compared to before at least and I’m not going to let Lex lose her shit again. I push her to the back of my mind and cut off our link. I don’t care how old she is, she can still get grounded. 1

I mull over everything Bronx has just told me. I understand his reasoning but that doesn’t mean I have to agree with it. There are a ton of other ways he and Milo could have handled it.

I’m also upset that they pulled the rank card on the pack. Especially Delilah. They made her spy on me. Now I have doubts as to whether her friendship is sincere or not. That feeling of doubt? I hate that feeling.

I guess I should get a shower. I can do all this thinking while I get clean. Bronx is going to be napping for a while. He won’t miss me.

I quietly call Marco, who takes me back down the hallway. The doctor comes into my room half an hour later and does a quick check-up. Lex healed me while I was sleeping and I can be discharged. Once the nurse has me sign all the paperwork, Marco escorts me upstairs where James is waiting to take over.

“Guys, I wanted to tell you how much I appreciate your patience with me. You’re the best warriors a girl could have assigned as her guards. The things you taught me saved my life out there. I can’t thank you enough,” I say to them with sincerity, “If it’s okay with you, I’m going to tell Bronx I want you two to train me. Like, actual training, not just defensive. I need to know how to protect myself in all situations. Maybe eventually I can train with the other warriors.”

James looks at Marco who nods and he steps forward, “Luna, it would be an honor. I just have one request in exchange.”

“Of course, what is it James?”

“Please forgive Delilah. She is heartbroken that her best friend turned her away. She loves you so much. She didn’t want to have to keep tabs on you like that. Alpha Bronx ordered her to,” James says in a pleading voice.

“Alright, once I can get the Alpha out of the hospital wing, I’ll go see her.”

“Thanks, Luna. It would mean a lot to me and her.”

“It’s just Kas, James,” I say as I open the apartment door and let it close behind me. The window in the bedroom is already repaired. You can’t even tell a giant black wolf crashed through a couple of days ago.

Why does it seem like showers seem to go by in a heartbeat when you have a lot on your mind? When I step out, I realize I was there for almost an hour. I sit in front of the vanity for a minute, looking at my reflection. For someone who slept

for two days, I sure look exhausted. It's time to have an honest conversation with myself. I decide I need to take my time getting ready. Rushing down to the hospital wing was not going to do me any favors right now. It is time to focus on me and only me. Even if it's just for an hour or two.

Questions and answers swirl in my head as I get ready.

What is a Luna? What does it really mean to be a Luna Regent? I ask myself as I blow dry my hair and style it into a braided bun. I pull a few extra wisps of hair out to frame my face as the stylist showed me. I haven't really been given the opportunity to experience what being a Luna really means. Is it my fault? The people around me who think they are protecting me? I think back to Milo and Lenora's meeting with Lady Camille. They told me I would never be alone. So why did I not feel comfortable telling them how alone I really felt? Why was it so easy to forget their message?

I rummage through my drawers and decide on skinny jeans and an off-the-shoulder cream colored sweater. What does it really mean to be the mate of someone like Bronx? I find a pair of black Ugg boots that I didn't know Lenora and Ashley had even bought for me. I slip them on and look at my feet in the mirror. Bronx has been through so much in this life. To be his mate, I have to support him just as much as he supports me. I think back to past lives we've shared together. I have to be strong for him in this life. That is the important part.

I can't believe I'm saying this, but I hate the Uggs. They make me look like I have tiny bear cub feet. I kick them off and put them back in the box. I will give them to Milo's niece, Elle. Bronx has good intentions, but is there anything I can do to stop him from being destructive? Is it just in his nature? I'm his mate. I need to learn how to save him from himself. I opt for a pair of leather Adidas that have a wedge heel hidden inside. They are super cute and fit perfectly. Plus they make me look two inches taller, which automatically puts them at the top of my favorite shoe list. 4

What does it mean to be a goddess? To have the Moon Goddess as my mother. I kind of like the way this look I am putting together is going. I open a drawer and pull out some lip gloss and mascara. I've never actually worn mascara other than the Winter Solstice party and Delilah helped me with that but there's the first time for everything. Are my abilities who I am or are they just a part of me? Getting the little mascara wand so close to my eye seems a bit dangerous but I manage. I apply the lip gloss and stand back, looking in the full-length mirror. 1

I am Iokaste Latmus. I am a goddess. Daughter of the Moon Goddess, Selene. Mated to Alpha Regent Bronx Mason. I am a Luna Regent. I am powerful in my own right. I am all those things but they are just pieces of me, not all of me. I have hopes and dreams and desires for myself and for the people I love. That is the glue that puts all the pieces into one big happy puzzle. 3

I adjust my sweater as I look into the mirror. I look good. I never think I look good. What gives? I don't know, but I feel different. Don't get me wrong, it's different in a good way like a weight has been lifted off me or someone pumped fresh air in the room. It could be this odd burst of confidence, which I assume is going to

disappear as soon as I stop looking in the mirror, but somehow, I feel like a Luna. I feel like the glue that makes up the puzzle of my life is finally starting to set. If someone came in right now and started with 'Luna Kas this' and 'Luna Kas that', I wouldn't mind. 1

I give myself time before I head back down to the hospital. I have to have my head on straight if Bronx is going to listen to the things I want to say to him. I make myself a grilled cheese sandwich and take out a notecard out of my wedding binder. I notice my engagement ring is no longer on the magazine where I left it. I hope someone took and put it in a safe place to give back to Bronx. I make a little checklist of things I want to say to Bronx on the notecard while I eat my sandwich.

When I'm ready, James escorts me back to the hospital wing so I can see Bronx. We walk side by side, making small talk as we go. I'm done with the two hundred fifty pound shadows following me everywhere. I want the personal connection with my guards that I had become accustomed to when we were in France. As we walk, I notice people acknowledging me again.

Saying hello and that it's nice to see me. It makes my heart happy. It reminds me that the past couple of months were not what they wanted for me. They were coerced to treat me in a way they would not normally have.

The guards let me into the room without question but Bronx is still sleeping. I quietly place the chair next to his bed and just stare at him with my arms crossed. It would probably seem creepy if someone were to walk in, but I don't care. I want to etch him in my memory. An image to remind me what love looks like, even if it is misguided and does bonehead things, it is still love.

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Chapter 65

[/ Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Beener](#)
Chapter 65

I doze off at some point because I hear a rustling sound. I jump up with a start to see Bronx

trying to get out of bed.

"Oh no, Buster," I scold, "back in bed."

"I gotta pee, Kas," Bronx whines at me.

"Okay, well hold it for just a second," I push the call button for the nurse.

I hear a little voice come over the intercom on the wall and ask them to send a male nurse to help. Cause Hell if I'm letting a female nurse help him. The nurse

comes in quickly and helps Bronx to the bathroom. When he is back in bed and we are alone again, he reaches his hand out

to me.

"You look so beautiful right now, Kas. Please come here, Baby, let me breathe you in," his eye looks a little glassy. I am sure the pain medicine is influencing his words, but smile at him anyway.

I crawl up on the bed but I don't let him wrap his arms around me yet, "Before that, let me see if I can heal you more. Lean back."

He obeys and I put my hands on him. It is much less effort to heal him this time, "There. They should be able to stop giving you pain medication now."

"I already feel it working. Thank you, Kas," he puts his hand on my forearm before I'm able to take my hand off his chest. I feel the familiar sparks where he touches me. I close my eyes and take a deep breath, reminding myself that he and I have a lot to discuss.

I look at him in that gorgeous Granny Smith apple green eye of his and do something I never thought I would in my life. I take control of the situation and stand up to my mate, Alpha Regent Bronx Mason.

"Bronx, I spent time thinking about what you said. Not gonna lie, Sweetheart, I'm still pissed but here's what I have to say in return," I take the note card out of my back pocket.

"You brought notes?" he asks with a knit brow.

"I've got a lot to say, so just hear me out. I will give you time to speak too. Don't worry," I say, then look down at my little card.

"Bronx, the members of this pack call me Luna and you get upset when you feel like they're disrespectful of the Luna title but when it comes down to it, you're the one who doesn't treat me like a Luna. You don't make me feel like an equal partner to lead this pack. You treat me like I'm too fragile to take on responsibilities. That couldn't be further from the truth. Before the fire, I was hitting my stride, feeling like I finally belonged somewhere and that I was valued here. Then it all went south and I didn't understand why. Everyone turned on me, shunned me, and made me feel isolated and alone. Even you...especially you." 1

I pause to keep my composure. I swallow hard before I continue, cause I know the next part is going to sting for both of us.

"I know you thought you were doing the right thing, but you took everything away from me without really thinking it through. You could have just spoken to me. We could have spoken to Lady Camille. You coerced people who care about me to treat me badly. You treated me badly and you knew you were doing it. You wanted me to feel that way to alienate me. You wanted to hurt me, Bronx. How does that make you different from the last guy who was my Alpha?" 11

He winces at the comparison to Alpha Graham but doesn't try to interrupt.

"If this is going to work between us and for the record, I really, really want this to work, then we are equal in all things, Bronx. You don't get to make decisions about me without talking to me. When you have meetings related to the pack or Elder Council business, I'm involved, moving forward. I'll help you make decisions that affect all of us because this is my pack too. I'm by your side every time as the Luna Regent of Blood River...not to mention a goddess. I'm not sure how that fits in the title, but we can figure it out for the business cards. If you think it is something I won't understand, then teach me. Educate me, Bronx. I want to know all of it. The good and the bad." 2

I give him a questioning look.

"Please continue, Kas," he says, giving me a nod of understanding that he deserved my words and was willing to listen.

"I've already talked to James and Marco. They're going to start training me regularly. Not just so I can defend myself but enough so I can start eventually train with the pack. I'm not asking your permission here, I'm telling you. Lex is a warrior. It is not fair to her to hold her back from being who she truly is. I love her so much and what happened the other day shows how much she's struggling too. She needs an outlet to channel her energy just like any other wolf. Besides, I'm a hypocrite if, as their leader, I expect the pack to train but I don't." 2

I finally let him take my hand. He pulls it to his face and kisses my palm before placing it on the side of his stubbly face. I feel my resolve soften, but I take another deep breath and continue.

"And don't think I forgot about your offer to help me start a bakery. I want a way to have my own income. I don't want to have to ask your permission every time I want to buy something for myself or feel like I'm being a drain on the pack. I want to be able to set an example for other pack members. Show them anyone can do it and everyone should try. 4

"If these are all things that you can get behind and agree with, then I'm here, I'm in it for the long haul. You're my guy and I don't want that to change. I love you with every fiber of my being. I love Saint too. I want to be by your side every day for the rest of our lives, no, for the rest of all of our lives. Not just this one."

I put my little notecard down and look at him.

"So what do you say?"

He looks me over, thinking how to respond. I just threw a lot at him, so I give him as much time as he needs.

"I-I think you're right. You're right about all of it. I have completely underestimated you. You have done every single thing I have ever asked you to do. You have put yourself so far out of your comfort zone. Coming here, trusting strangers when life has given you every reason not to, going to a witches' coven

to train, learning to manage your abilities, all of it. You are smart and quick and so much stronger than anyone gives you credit for, including me. Physically and mentally. I haven't allowed the pack to see the real you and I will be eternally regretful that I have put everyone in that position. This pack deserves a Luna like you, Kas. You are kind and selfless. You bring joy to everyone."

He stops and sighs, thinking carefully about his next words.

"I don't know how you could possibly forgive me for what I have done to you, Kas. I don't

do is give you my word and I mean it this time. It isn't an empty promise that I have not thought about. As your mate, as your Alpha, I will never, ever position that makes you feel inadequate or unappreciated again. I will never put you in a situation that makes you feel dependent on other people unless that's what you want." 1

"We will get things back on track with your bakery. But in exchange for the bakery, I want you to do one thing for me. I want you to finish high school. Get your diploma. I will get you a tutor for your classes. It is one thing to be a successful business owner but if you want to set an example, you need to set it for everyone. Especially the youth of our pack. That's what leaders do. Lead by example. I am the first to admit that I need to do better at that. 1

"If you communicate with me, I will listen, always, and honor your wishes to the best of my ability. Moving forward, I will treat you as my equal. I will help you be more independent. I will even stand out of the way so you can effectively train...but don't think I won't want to spar with my mate on the training mat when you're ready and I'm not going to take it easy on you."

I grin at the last part. There is something humorous about the thought of being on the training mat, grappling with him. "I love you Kas Latmus. I never want to lose you. I never want to have to live without you. I wish I could say I was as selfless as you, but I'm not. I'm selfish. I just want you to be all mine. But if I have to share you with the members of our pack, then I will do it. Begrudgingly but I will do it.

"Please stay with me forever. Help me become a better man. Help Saint be a better wolf. I think the only thing for me to ask you one more time... Kas Latmus, will you marry me?"

His face turns into a small pout and he holds up his pinky to show my engagement ring just below his first knuckle.

"Oh Bronx! Yes, yes I will!" I clap my hands to my cheeks in surprise.

He takes my left hand off the side of my face and slides the ring back onto my finger. I feel the tears pricking my eyes but they are happy tears now. Bronx pulls me toward him and wraps his arms around me. I close my eyes, but I can feel the warm glow of our connection surrounding u

1. S.

We spend the rest of the afternoon snuggling and enjoying the comfort of each other's company. Several guests come in, Milo and Lenora, Reggie and Ashley, even Delilah is allowed in the room with James.

I pull her to the side and apologize for how I behaved. She gives me a huge hug and promises she will never let anyone come between our friendship again.

Much to Bronx's dismay, the doctor makes him stay in the hospital wing for another two days. He did die, after all. Even if he has already been healed by a goddess, they have protocols. Bronx grumbles and complains, but does as he is told.

He is finally released and we make our way to our apartment, hand in hand. He opens the door to people cheering and howling loudly "SURPRISE! WELCOME HOME!!"

He clutches his heart momentarily at the start but then smiles as he looks around the room and sees the people he loves the most, his parents and sister, Milo, Reggie, and Ashley. I also invited Marco, James, and Delilah. They were as much a part of our family as anyone else.

Ashley comes rushing forward when she sees the surprise on Bronx's face, "Bronx, is this okay? I tried to keep it as low key as possible."

We look around and realize Ashley had gone completely over the top with decorations. Streamers, balloons, and a giant banner that says "Welcome Back, Bronx!" plastered on the wall. Bronx just chuckles, "It's fine Ashley. It's subtle, real subtle, just like I like my surprises."

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Chapter 66

[/ Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Beener](#)
Chapter 66

The next day, Bronx decides he wants to go downstairs for dinner.

"Are you sure, Sweetheart? The doctor said you need to take it easy for another few days," I ask as he is putting on a button-down shirt.

"Yeah Baby. I have some apologizing to do. No. I have a lot of apologizing to do. To everyone. I'm not going to hide up here in my apartment. I have to face the music," he says resolutely. He puts on a dark blue eye patch to match his clothes and looks himself over in the mirror. He looks handsome with his inky black hair slicked back and olive toned face freshly shaven.

As we walk into the dining room a hush falls over the crowd. I give Bronx's hand a reassuring squeeze and he leads us to the front of the room. He stands in front of our table and faces the dining room.

He looks out over our pack, takes a deep breath, and eats crow. He fully admits that he got carried away with trying to protect me and he was wrong. He assures everyone that things will be different moving forward and that I will be more involved in pack related decisions moving forward. Then he apologizes to everyone for commanding them to treat me poorly. He publicly asks everyone to go back to loving and respecting me the way that he knows they do. He promises to do better because that is what the pack deserves before he thanks everyone for their loyalty and sits down.

There are cheers around the room and some of the children run up to hug me. I kneel down and hug each and every one of them back. It is the best feeling knowing that things are going back to normal.

I went from being overwhelmed by planning a wedding by myself to being overwhelmed by the number of people who want to help. By the end of February, just about everything is planned. The Summer Solstice celebration will be part of our wedding. So instead of just the Blood River pack, there will be a ton of other people there, leaders from packs around the world, Elder Council members, and even witches from the Coven will be invited.

Reggie commits to having the new packhouse rebuilt by the beginning of June so we would be ready for the influx of visitors. Ashley helps me come up with decorations, flowers, and place settings. If she ever wanted to switch careers, she could totally be an event planner. She is so good at reminding me of all the things I need to consider. No detail is left untouched. 1

The housekeeping omegas also come up with a cute idea of renting tents for people who want a more outdoorsy experience during their stay. There is plenty of room in the field behind the The staff says they are more than happy to make the campsites and keep them supplied with firewood, snacks, and cooking supplies, etc. They even tell me it will be easier than cleaning the rooms every day. If it's easier on them, I am all for it.

Mrs. Miller is a rockstar too. She feels so bad about having kicked me out of the kitchens that now she is bending over backwards to help me come up with the menus, specialty drinks, foods to supply guests out in the tents or suites. We take inspiration from all over the place, each meal from a different part of the world. The wedding reception will feature Beef Wellington. She and I research recipes and perfect cooking techniques at a blistering pace. Bronx doesn't seem to mind. Probably because he gets to taste test everything. Delilah offers to help Mrs. Miller with the cake but wants to keep the details a surprise, so I knew that was going to be amazing too.

The entire pack refuses to let me worry about anything. The one thing they can't help me with is a dress. Every time I think about it, I get anxious. Even if my vision can't come true, what if a different wolf tries to come after me? I know Ryan is

dead, his body is still in the morgue but Silver Moon refuses to come to Blood River to retrieve his body, so he will stay there indefinitely. Bronx says it is not our responsibility to give him a proper burial or ceremony. 5

I even start the cooking classes I had promised to Marco. I thought there would be three or four of his friends, but there are over twenty single warriors in attendance at the first session. It turns out, Marco had let all his friends know and they jumped at the chance to learn from their Luna. Every week, I teach them a new simple, healthy entree, and sometimes we add in a dessert too. I had no idea how messy cooking could be until I try to teach a bunch of men whose hands are way too big for the utensils. They may be masters of precision when it comes to blade skills in battle, but apparently chopping green peppers was a different story. 1

It's March tenth. I have the phone in my hand and I just need to hit the little green dial button, but I can't bring myself to do it. Bronx comes into the living room and plops down behind me.

"Whatcha doin, Baby?" he asks as he pulls me down onto his lap and runs his fingers through my hair, making me purr.

"I have to make an appointment to pick a dress. I just get so scared every time I try to dial the number. I can't hit the call button," I frown looking at my phone screen.

"Here, let me see your phone," he says and holds out his hand and giving me a sympathetic smile. Naively, I hand him the phone.

up, hits the call button, and runs into the bedroom. When I realize what he's doing, I jump up to follow him but he already has the door locked. 3

"Bronx! What are you doing?!" How embarrassing that my fiancé would need to make my appointment for me. I can only imagine how many guards he was going to send with me 'just in case'.

The bedroom door cracks open and I see Bronx's green eye looking at me, "Baby, what color did you say you want the girls to wear?"

"Olive green, why? Wait! Bronx, what are you saying to them?!" but he shuts the door in my face instead of answering me. I growl and pound once on the door, then sit on the sofa to pout.

Fifteen minutes later, he tosses the phone on the sofa and plops down again. He sees me pouting and pulls me onto his lap, nuzzling my neck.

they're going to call Delilah with the details. She'll have James and Marco take you to your appointment."

"Ugh. Okay, but when?" I whine.

"I don't want to tell you because I don't want you to chicken out. Don't worry, Delilah will tell you. She will make sure you're there on time," he gives me that smirk that infuriates me and turns me on at the same time.

I pull him toward me by the collar and snarl at him with a little smile of my own, "If you keep smiling at me like that, I'm going to make you feel like a weak old wolf, Bronx Mason."

"Is that a promise, Kas Latmus?" He leans in and whispers in my ear.

"Mhmm," I reply, my growl turning into a purr. At that, he scoops me up and takes me into the bedroom. We spend the rest of the afternoon making each other giggle, moan, and ultimately making Bronx feel like a weak old wolf.

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Chapter 67

[/ Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Beener Chapter 67](#)

On Thursday, James calls Marco. Marco puts it on speaker and listens while James tells him to bring me to his house for training. They want to teach me more about hand-to-hand combat in small spaces. Two against one.

"James, have you cleared this with your mate? Three wolves performing hand to hand combat inside your home...your home where your pacifist mate also lives, I mean?" I ask, skeptical of this plan.

"Yeah, Delilah's totally fine with it. She understands now that you need to know more than just how to block and escape holds. Plus, she said if we break anything it gives her an excuse to use my bonus money to go shopping. Speaking of which, she said to bring your change of clothes, you can shower at our place and then go on this shopping trip with her when we are done."

I laugh out loud, "Okay, will do."

Marco and I make our way to James and Delilah's little house. I go to knock on the door but it's already cracked open. I look at Marco who shrugs and unholsters his pistol and I push the door open slowly and call out.

"James? Are you here? Delilah?"

A large fist comes flying from behind the door. I block the initial attack, smacking the forearm hard against the door frame. James reaches out from behind the door and catches my collar and roughly throws me into the living room. I land on the edge of the sofa and roll off landing in a crouched position. He charges at me again, launching another heavy punch aimed down at me. I dodge and crawl onto the coffee table before he can recover his balance. Standing on the table, I'm the same height as him. I use my foot to pick up the decorative serving platter, never

taking my eyes off him. As soon as he is close enough, I thrust it up striking the underside of his chin, catching him in the throat. James falls back coughing and trying to catch his breath.

Marco is right behind him and launches a series of punches and kicks at me. He's at an advantage since his reach is so much longer than mine. I'm able to deflect most of the strikes but one kick hits hard against my knee, knocking me off the table. I hit the floor flat on my back with a thud. All the air knocks out of my lungs upon impact. I reach up to the coffee table and grab a decorative plate. As Marco leans forward to grab me, I slam it across his face, shattering it into a million little pieces. As he rolls to the side, grabbing his face in pain. I kip u ponto to my feet and take a defensive stance.

James is right there with a kick headed straight for my face. I block him and give him a kick in return just below his gut. I will have to apologize to Delilah later. As he bends over in pain, I knee him in the face. Blood starts flowing on the beige carpet. Now I really have to apologize to Delilah.

Before James has even completely fallen, Marco is directly behind him, throwing a lamp at my face. I kick my leg up and knock it out of the air back at him. He catches it before it falls. Before he can throw it again, I roundhouse kick and land the top of my foot right against his ear, he stumbles but keeps his balance. He throws the lamp to the side and lunges forward with a growl, grabbing my wrist. I swing out to the side bringing my free elbow down on his arm. I feel the crack of one of his bones, forcing him to let go and grunt in pain. At the same time, I use the hand that was just trapped to chop his throat. Sending him stumbling backward.

Practice has just begun.

We have been practicing every day since I had discussed training with them. On day one, I told them about my conversation in the hospital wing with Bronx, and I didn't want them to take things easy on me. My goal was to beat Bronx in a one-on-one sparring match. Even though it had been less than a month, Lex was in her wheelhouse. We were stronger and more focused every day. To the point that all James and Marco have to do is show me a technique once or twice and she is able to help me catch on. It has now progressed to both of them being able to attack me and I can occasionally come out on top.

Training has made Lex more and more powerful which makes me stronger too. The upside to Lex being stronger is that all my abilities are stronger too. I am helping out in the hospital wing multiple times a week, which is a relief for the doctors and nurses. With Delilah's help, I am now able to fully control the heat that comes from my hands. In private we practice time control. I have full control over slowing time for hours. If it was just one or two people, I can fully stop time for three or four minutes, but large crowds a little less than a minute.

Lex is in her glory and can't wait until she can train with the pack warriors. Bronx makes me agree to wait until after the wedding to start working out with the pack. I have a lot going on and he doesn't want me to get stressed out. Goddess forbid I have another vision. Now that Ryan is out of the picture, who knows what it would involve. 2

The timer on James's watch chimes, indicating we're done with practice. All three of us stop in our tracks, panting heavily. I drop the piece of bannister in my hands. It lands on a throw pillow making a puff of feathers fly out. After just an hour, the entire downstairs of James and Delilah's house is destroyed. There are also a couple of bullet holes where Marco's nine millimeter handgun went off. Like I said, I told them not to take it easy on me.

I finally look around, "James, are you sure this is what Delilah meant when she said it was okay if things got broken?"

He looks around with his hands on his hips with an unsure look on his face, "Uh, maybe this is a little more than she was expecting?" 1

Just then, the door opens and Delilah steps in. She freezes for a second and her eyes immediately go wide. Oh no, she's going to cry. I step forward prepared to console her but she composes herself quickly and clears her throat.

"Come on Kas, let's get you a shower, this is uh...yeah, definitely need a shopping trip for some new furniture, oh...and flower pots....and dishes...and new paintings...and maybe carpeting?...oohh-kay, uh okay, yeah, let's go upstairs before I cry."

As we get to the top of the stairs, I take her by the hand, "Delilah, I'm so sorry, things got completely out of hand. I knew it was a bad idea."

"It's okay. I have been wanting to redecorate. Ashley did a great job getting us set up with the basics, but James and I haven't had time to make it ours. You know? Go get freshened up," she smiles nervously, "Oh, before we go out, can we stop by your apartment and pick up your wedding binder? I told Ashley I would stop at the tent rental place to give them the deposit."

"Oh sounds good! Yeah, of course, we'll go pick it up."

When I open the door to my apartment, Bronx is on the other side, opening it at the same time.

"Hi Baby, I was just on my way out. See you later!" he gives me a deep kiss then trots off before I can question him. Why was he even in the apartment? He should be at work.

I step inside with Delilah right after me, to find Lenora and Ashley standing in the living room surrounded by racks and racks of wedding and bridesmaid dresses and three women in black pant suits. 1

There is a low platform set up in the middle of the room and giant floor-to-ceiling mirrors leaning against the wall. There are also portable stand lights set up, shining down on everything, making the beads and sequins on the dresses sparkle and dance.

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Chapter 68

/ [Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Beener](#)
Chapter 68

My mouth drops, "I-is this the entire dress shop?"

"Yes dear, your fiancé said you were a little nervous about other customers in the shop seeing some burn scars, so he paid for me to close the shop for the day and bring everything here. That way you're in the privacy of your own home. Who am I to say no if Bronx Mason personally calls says he is getting married? This is a beautiful mansion by the way, so many employees!" 1

"Oh, thank you, ma'am. They're like family. I can't imagine what we would do without them," I say still in awe as I look around my living room. She is clearly human, so we can't let on that we're werewolves. I'm not sure why she is so impressed by Bronx personally calling but he is well aware that I don't care anymore if people see my scars. It's just a cover story. I am more comfortable with my body nowadays. But it is such a sweet gesture by him. Now I don't have to have anxiety over the real reason I was worried about going to her shop. I don't even want to think about how much it cost Bronx to have this sweet woman move her entire store inventory to my living room.

"No need to call me ma'am, dear. I'm Sheila. These are my assistants Lisa and Suzel," she smiles at me as she points to the younger women standing beside her, "Let's get started. Suzel will help the bridesmaids select some styles for us to look at while Lisa and I help you find your perfect dress."

Sheila turns to my three bridesmaids, "Lenora, dear, are you due before or after the wedding?"

"Oh, before. In five weeks actually," she responds, holding her plump belly.

"Perfect. We should be able to have all three of the bridesmaids wear matching dresses if that is what you prefer, Miss Latmus. Now," she turns back to me, "my paperwork says your name is Lokaste but you go by Kas. So unique, what's the origin of such a pretty name?"

"It's Greek. My parents were both from there. It means violet."

"That's beautiful! Steeped in tradition, I'm sure."

"Oh, yes ma'am. I mean Sheila. Deeply steeped in tradition. Also, please just call me Kas," I hear the girls giggle beside me.

"Alright then, Kas. We are going to have a good time today. Let's get started!" Sheila says in a sing song voice. She seems like the type of woman that likes to

give hugs to strangers, "Now, what type of dress did you have in mind? What do you imagine looking like on your big day?"

"I'd like to look like a goddess, Sheila. I have some clippings from magazines," I pull out my binder and start flipping through. To my surprise, she didn't bat an eye at my statement. I thought for sure it would come off sounding conceited.

Sheila nods and taps her lips with a couple of fingers as I show her my ideas and even a couple of sketches I did on my own. Suzel and Lisa also look over our shoulders murmuring about style numbers, neck lines, and fabric choices.

As I get to my last inspiration picture, Sheila claps her hands and smiles broadly, "I have several options in mind. *Mr. Mason* said spare no expense. So, at his request, there are no price tags here today. Just choices."

I roll my eyes slightly at Bronx's power move. That sneaky snake. I look over to my bridesmaids who are all avoiding eye contact with me. Okay. Now I know where he got the idea from. A whole room of sneaky snakes. 3

Sheila turns her attention to her assistant, "Suzel, I think open backs for our statuesque bridesmaids. Empire style will look beautiful. It will go with the goddess theme we are creating here." 1

I look at the girls with a genuine smile, "I agree. We should all look like the goddesses we are." 1

I wink at my bridesmaids, who all giggle, but I do genuinely mean the compliment.

"No problem, follow me, ladies!" Suzel chimes, picks up a clipboard and takes Lenora, Ashley, and Delilah to a rack of green dresses.

Lisa takes my hand and leads me behind a partition to undress. While Sheila pulls the dresses she has in mind.

"Oh! These scars are from a fire?" Lisa says in disbelief, "I-I'm so sorry."

"Fire? Oh yeah, when I was young. I was lucky to survive. No need to apologize. I've gotten used to them now that I'm older," I say, "Everyone who will be at the wedding knows and I kind of want it to be a badge of honor, so if we can find a dress for me that has an open back like the bridesmaids, I would really like that."

"Don't worry, Sheila is a wedding dress wizard," she smiles just as Sheila comes around with three dresses.

The first dress is beautiful, but everyone agrees, it is just not the one. The second one doesn't flatter my figure. But the third one, feels different. Like it is meant for me, somehow.

“Miss Latmus, I think this one is the showstopper,” Lisa whispers as she makes some final adjustments to the straps, “Come on, let’s see what everyone else thinks?”

I step out from behind the partition and onto the little platform. I look in the mirror at the women behind me. I see Lenora gasp and then let out a sob. I see Suzel hand her a tissue.

Ashley has her hands covering her nose and mouth. Her eyes are wide and glassy. Delilah is standing, with her hands on her heart, mouth agape, nodding.

I look back to myself in the mirror. The dress is exactly what I envisioned. There are clusters of metallic silver olive leaves capping each shoulder, flowing sheer fabric begins where the leaves end on the back of my shoulders, making it look like a long, sheer, pleated cape. The fabric extends to the floor creating a beautiful, long train. The back of the dress comes to a V near the small of my back. The front also has soft pleats starting at the shoulders and forms a deep V that stops just above my navel. A silver belt that looks like a delicate rope is wrapped around my waist four times, creating a classic criss-cross shape. The base fabric of the body is silk and hangs straight and long, using the belt to create a sexy silhouette. The pleated chiffon is a delicate overlay that sets off the ethereal look.

“Kas, if you say no to this dress, we’re gonna have a problem,” Lenora snuffles from the sofa.

Even with my damp hair piled on top of my head, I look like I was always meant to wear this dress. I look like a goddess. I mean, I am a goddess but now I see it.

“Hot damn, Kas. We look gorgeous,” Lex whispers in my mind as Lisa and Suzel pin the bottom of the dress for alterations.

“Yeah, we do,” I smile to her, “Being a goddess never seemed real until now, Lex. It was all just an abstract idea. But this is real. This is who we are.”

“We sure are. You look so much like her,” Lex muses.

“Who? My mother?”

“Yeah. I mean, she is taller and she is blonde with blue eyes, but you can see the similarities in your bone structure and skin tone,” Lex smiles as she thinks about my mother. 3

“Thanks, Lex. That means a lot,” I smile at her.

“Now dear, this dress also comes in gold leaves or pink leaves. Are you going to change your hair color back to natural? And how about the contacts? Taking them out on the big day?” Sheila looks at me through the mirror quizzically. She isn’t asking in a judgemental way. She seems to want to make sure I am taking all my choices into consideration.

"No, this hair color has grown on me and I don't want to be blind on my wedding day, so what you see is what you get," I smile at her. Again, my bridesmaids giggle.

"Well then, I don't know how overt of a theme you want but I have a matching tiara from this designer," Sheila looks at me through the mirror with a raised eyebrow.

"Oh, she's trying the tiara," Lenora commands while she rubs her belly from the sofa behind u S. Ashley, never at a loss for words is still speechless and just nods in agreement.

Lisa giggles and places a silver olive leaf tiara on top of my head. It is a traditional U-shape, open in the front like you would see in ancient Grecian paintings except there are little crystals scattered on the leaves making it sparkle against my already sparkly hair.

As I look at myself in the mirror, I feel a breeze come through the room and swirl around me. It is warm and comforting and makes me feel like I am being hugged by invisible arms. The Goddess Selene, my mother, is surrounding me. I can sense it. I hear a whisper in my ear 'My beautiful Iokaste', filling my heart with more love and warmth than I have ever felt in my life. My mother just gave me her approval of my wedding dress.

I let out a yelp, that surprises even me and start bawling, "Can you feel her? My mom is here! She's here! Oh my Goddess. Thank you for your blessing, Mother! Thank you!"

Tears are streaming down my face as I sob. My knees suddenly feel wobbly. All three girls rush over and start hugging and crying me, agreeing they can feel the presence of my mother as well. Ashley wipes my tears so I don't stain the dress. While Delilah and Lenora take my hands and rub my back, soothing me and supporting me through the emotional moment.

The sales ladies look confused but stand back and give us our moment and time to compose ourselves.

I'm finally helped out of the dress and back into my regular clothes.

"Alright, Kas. Let's see what Suzel and your bridesmaids have come up with," Sheila smiles.

Ashley and Delilah try on several dresses that coordinate with mine, while Lenora and I watch from the sofa. We pick one we all think will be pretty on all three of them and wrap things up. Ashley and Lenora sign any paperwork that needs handled and make payment arrangements, while Delilah and I mark off check boxes in my binder. 2 This is the way things are supposed to be. No fear, no attacks, just surrounded by love.

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Chapter 69

[/ Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Beener](#)
Chapter 69

Marco's POV

I'm so proud of my Luna. We've been training her for almost three months and she could, like, seriously be an assassin if she wanted to. She doesn't have a cold heart for that kinda shit though. And no way Alpha Bronx would let her do that kind of work anyway.

Anyway, she's doing so well now that James and I both get Sundays off as long as she doesn't have to leave the packhouse. Honestly, even if she did, she can defend herself but ain't no way either of us would let her be put in that position. She does her best to try to stay in on Sundays unless it's real important. She cares about us like that.

James tags in for his shift around eleven-thirty on Friday night and I head out. My buddies convinced me to go to a strip club that caters to werewolves. I'm not all into that kind of club but there's only so much COD a guy can take.

The club is loud and smokey. Tyree hooked us up with a VIP booth. Everyone here knows we're Blood River, so they give us a bit of extra space. Three cute girls come over with bottles of liquor. They start pouring shots and pull some of the guys to private rooms.

Tyree and I hang out at the table and catch up on things. Since I've been assigned to the Luna, we haven't been on any security detail together. He works under Beta Milo doing more covert shit. He can only tell me so much about work but he does tell me he found his mate. She lives in another pack and they're working it out so she can move to Blood River.

"That's awesome man!" I clap his shoulder as we both grin.

"Well? What about you? I thought for sure the Latino lover boy would have found his mate by now," He shakes his shoulders at me as he jokes.

"I mean, I dated a few girls but nothing serious. I haven't found my true mate yet. Clash keeps insisting I'll meet her soon but he's been saying it for months now."

"Don't worry, Marco. You'll find her. The Moon Goddess knows what she's doing," he reassures me as a cute girl with another tray of shots comes over to the table.

We party until the club closes and head to our normal all-night dinner for some drunk food before getting a home. All in all, it's a good night.

On Wednesday, we get on the jet headed to France so the Luna can report in with the Coven. James and I accompany her and Delilah gets to see her mom. Alpha Bronx joins us, cause he's going to the Lune D'or pack while we're in the witches' realm. He says ain't no way he's gonna leave his Luna's side anymore and with as much shit as those two been through, shit, I don't blame him. He's not allowed to come stay in the witches' realm cause Lady Camille thinks it's too distracting for the Luna, so Lune D'or is as close as he can get.

After James and I register our guns and knives with pack security at the gate, we get to the castle and an omega shows us to our rooms. I take first shift so James can get some shut-eye.

I drop my bags in my room and head to the hallway outside the Alpha and Luna's suite. The Luna said she wants to get in a quick nap before she and the Alpha go see Alpha Henri. Based on the look in her eyes, there ain't no sleeping going on in that room right now, if you get what I'm saying. 1

It's been about an hour when I hear people walking down the hall. The palace is round shaped which means the hallways are curved. It makes security a pain, but nothing you can do about it. Right? Anyway, I hear people coming and Clash is going crazy in my head.

"I got this, jefe, calm down!"

"She's coming this way, Marco!" he bounces off the walls of my brain.

"Excuse me," I call out, using my best authoritative tone. I put my hand on my gun, but I don't unholster it. I don't want to have to use it here, "This is a temporarily restricted area."

"We just want to bring a basket of pastries for the Alpha and Luna," a woman calls out in a thick French accent.

The overwhelming smell of cilantro and sweet fried platanos maduros hits my nose. I've never smelled anything so delicious in my life. Not even at my Mama's house. I feel like my brain is starting to malfunction. 2

The women come around the bend and there she is. An ebony beauty with eyes like dark chocolate, hair in little twists all over her head, and a light blue sundress to set off the beauty of her dark skin. The rest of the world melts away and all there is, is her and me and I am just fine with that.

"MATE!" Clash yells over and over.

My body goes into autopilot and I stride up to her, pinning her against the wall. I feel Clash take control as he breathes in her scent. 1

"Mate," he growls. I try to pull him back, but he's not having it.

Her eyes turn completely black, letting her wolf come to the surface too, as she breathes deep, grabbing me by the front of my shirt to pull me closer to her.

The other woman starts screaming, "STOP HIM! He's attacking Musu! Someone help!"

There is a commotion behind me, but it might as well have been a thousand miles away. All I can focus on is the bombshell of woman in front of me. Someone grabs me by the shoulders and tries to pull me away from my beauty.

"Don't let them take her!" Clash howls.

In one quick motion, I drop my left shoulder and spin to the right. I pull my gun as I turn using my right elbow to forcefully push the attacker's arms down. The maneuver puts my mate safely behind me with the gun aimed inches from the attacker's face before he can make another move. He doesn't flinch but he slowly holds his hands up in surrender and glares at me with one green eye, growling dangerously in return. The whole hallway reverberates from the sound.

"Marco, lower your fucking weapon," his fangs are extended as he growls using his Alpha tone.

Oh my Goddess, it's Alpha Bronx. Oh, I'm fucked.

I raise my hands out in surrender and slowly start to lower the gun when he swipes it out of my hand, puts the safety back on, and hands it to James. All without breaking eye contact. I look around and see the hallway is full of people, including ranked members from Lune Do'r. I am definitely fucked. I fully bow my head in submission. Alpha Bronx doesn't say another word, he just grabs me by the back of the neck with his claws extended and throws me into his suite. He slams the door behind him, leaving me alone. I wish he would've just snapped my neck and gotten it over with.

"He's taking our mate away!" Clash howls as he hears more commotion in the hallway. There's so many people talking and yelling, even with wolf hearing, I can't make anything out.

"Clash, we almost murdered our Alpha. We're about to be fuckin' banished, ese! And we in France. I don't know French. You know any French? Cause if we a rogue in France, we're gonna need to learn it really fuckin' quick. Our mate is the least of our problems right now," I yell at him as I pace in front of the door. 5

The noise in the hallway dies down. My mate's scent fades as she gets further away. I stop pacing and stare at the door for what seems like forever. Where did they take her? Did they forget I am in here?

Luna Kas opens the door and steps in with James. They have some serious ass looks on their faces.

"Come with us, Marco," she says solemnly.

“Luna, am I getting banished? Cause if so, can I please grab my bag?” I beg.

“Come on, Marco. We have to go to Alpha Martin’s office,” James says, putting his hand on my shoulder.

I sigh heavily and let James lead me out the door. I feel like my heart can’t beat cause it’s being crushed. I’m losing my mate and my pack on the same day. We walk through a maze of halls to the Alpha’s office. James knocks and opens the door when someone inside permits entrance.

We step in and there’s a ton of people in there. One of them is my mate. She looks at me with tears in her eyes. I just want to go over and pull her into my arms to comfort her. I hold Clash back and force myself to stand on the spot, putting my eyes to the floor. I can’t look at her if she’s sad and I can’t hold her.

Alpha Martin stands up behind his desk, “Marco, our dear Musu has cleared the air and advised us that you are her mate and that you were not, in fact, attacking her, but submitting to the call of the mate bond. I think almost everyone in this room can attest it is something impossible to deny.

“Now, the problem we are facing is Musu is the twin sister of my Beta. He is not mated yet and she is acting as the female Beta until that time comes. As we all know, you are a personal security guard and trainer for Luna Kas, so it is not as simple as having you join our pack.”

I look up at him. Did he just say mate is a Beta?

“So, Alpha Regent Bronx. Luna Regent Lokaste, and I have discussed with Musu. We are going to allow you two to spend from now until Friday morning getting to know each other. Then you will go to the Coven for your security detail. Musu will remain here so we can discuss how we can diplomatically handle this situation.”

I look around, eyes wide. I’m not getting banished? I get to spend the next two days with my mate? Wait. If she’s French, does that mean I still need to learn French? 2

“Thank you, Alpha Martin, thank you Alpha Bronx. I-I don’t know what to say,” I bow deeply to the two Alphas.

My mate walks toward me and grabs my hand, making sparks fly between us. She leads me out of the office without a word. As soon as we are out of the office, she starts running, pulling me behind her. I have no idea where we’re going, but as long as I get to be with her, I don’t care.

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Chapter 70

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

Chapter 70

We run through a maze of hallways and stairwells until we reach a random door. She pulls a key out of her pocket, unlocks it, and pulls me inside. We're in a small, modern studio suite.

She locks the door behind her and pulls me over to the loveseat.

"Please, sit. Umm, they told me your name is Marco?" Her voice warms me from the inside out but she doesn't have a French accent. She is from somewhere else.

Sitting down, I reach my hand out and take hers, I gently tug on it to get her to sit down too. She sits facing me. Her dark, wide set eyes are hypnotizing. I could drown in those pools of chocolate and be perfectly happy doing so. She is so damn beautiful, "Uh, yeah, Marco Sanchez. I heard them call you Musu?"

"Yes, I'm Musu Goba," her full lips smile shyly. I notice she is wearing lip gloss, making them that much more enticing. I want to feel her lips on mine so badly, but I control myself. My heart is pounding in my chest and Clash is racing around in my head like a maniac.

"You don't sound French. Where are you from?" I'm trying to play it cool, but ain't no way she doesn't notice me sweating.

"Sierra Leone. My mother is the second chance mate of Alpha Henri's Beta. We moved here when my brother and I were thirteen. My brother Everl became Martin's Beta and I am acting as a female Beta until Everl finds a mate."

"Oh I see. Look, I-I'm not gonna lie here, Musu. I just need to get it out of the way. You're beautiful and I'm trying my best to control myself here cause it's important to me that we get to know each other, but you should know, I really wanna kiss you. Like, I really wanna. But my Mama taught me to be respectful to women and I don't want to rush you and I don't want you to do anything you don't before I can finish, she throws her arms around my neck and starts kissing me, full tongue. A kiss has never felt so damn good. The sparks of our bond make little electric shocks between us as I wrap my arms around her and return the kiss. Who am I to deny my mate? 5

Kas's POV

"We're not going to separate them, are we?" I ask as I look around the room in distress.

"Of course not," Beta Everl says, "I can handle being Beta on my own until I find my mate. Although, your Marco is going to have to face my mother and stepfather. Hopefully, he can handle that."

Everl shakes his head as he looks off in the distance and chuckles. The Lune D'or pack members around the room laugh at the thought as well.

"I mean, Marco has taken down two werebears in his day. Hell, he's practically the size of one. I can even remember a time when he held his own against a dragon in an underground fight club. But I don't know that he's ever faced a she-wolf's protective parents. I guess we will see how he handles it," Bronx says with a chuckle of his own. +

"Don't worry Luna Kas, when I tell my parents how quickly he moved to protect Musu and that he is one of your personal guards, they will be impressed. His talent shows that rank is not important. Speaking of which, he almost got you, Alpha Bronx. You didn't flinch, but he almost got you," Beta Everl shakes his finger at Bronx with a teasing smirk.

"Only the best for my Luna and now your sister. But don't worry, Marco and I will be having a more formal conversation about his actions when we get back to Blood River," Bronx says with his arms crossed.

"So how long are we going to let them sweat thinking that they could be separated?" I ask.

"Well, you heard how excited Musu was about finding her mate, I'm sure they don't mind a little sweat between them," Beta Everl says wagging his eyebrows. Another round of laughs makes its way around the room.

I clear my throat, "Alright, Alpha Martin, on Friday morning can you please send someone to fetch Marco for me? Until then, it sounds like it isn't necessary to interrupt them. We can let him speak with Beta Everl and Musu's parents before we leave for the Coven and as long as they agree, then please have her prepare to leave when we get back on Monday morning. We can have the bulk of her things shipped if needed. We are more than happy to accommodate."

"That sounds like a good plan, Luna Kas," Alpha Martin nods.

"In the meantime, we need to speak with your father, Alpha Martin. Please excuse us," Bronx

says.

Henri leads us to his private study and pours bourbon for himself and Bronx. I politely decline when he offers me a glass. He pours me a glass of water instead and sits in the armchair across from us.

"Bourbon! How American of you, Henri!" Bronx teases his friend.

"It keeps this old heart pumping, my friend!" Henri says, holding up the glass as if giving a speech.

"Henri, I'm going to cut to the chase. Kas and I have a favor to ask," Bronx says as he takes my hand, "We're asking not just as friends but as friends of a man who sits on the Elder Council."

"Of course, Bronx. What do you two need?" Henri lowers his glass and looks at Bronx with concern. Bronx looks at me, Henri's eyes follow and look at me as well.

"We were hoping you would be the officiant at our wedding," I say with a big grin.

"Oh! Mon coeur, mademoiselle!" He exclaims as he jumps up from his seat, clutching his heart, "Would I? I would be honored!"

He picks me up and kisses both of my cheeks and then gives Bronx a huge hug. He insists on having champagne and sparkling cider for me. He convinces his wife, Alpha Martin and the Luna to come celebrate with us. We enjoy each other's company late into the evening before we call it a night.

The next day, Bronx and I do some sightseeing around the human village near Lune D'or's territory, then turn in early so we can spend some time alone before I have to leave for the Coven. 1

"Bronx, you know what's crazy?" I ask as we are lounging on the veranda of our room.

"What's that, Baby?" Bronx smooths my hair and kisses my temple.

"France. It has brought such significant things into our lives. You know what I mean?"

"You mean near-death experiences?" He hugs me a little tighter.

"Come on, there's been good too. The Coven, mates for James and now Marco, getting to spend time with Henri, this place is just beautiful."

"Yeah, I guess you're right."

"What do you say about a honeymoon in Paris?"

"Whatever your heart desires, my little goddess, as long as I get to take you to the top of the Eiffel Tower. The view is amazing. You'll love it."

"Oh, and can we do a food tour?"

He laughs, "Yes, we can do a food tour."

We talk more about the honeymoon until I fall asleep in his arms on the chaise. In the morning, I wake up snuggled in bed, wrapped in his octopus arms. When I'm finally able to break free, I decide to do my meditation on the beautiful veranda. It is so peaceful, my mind is able to explore much further than usual. A vision floats through my mind. Not necessarily a premonition, more like a daydream type of wish.

In the vision, I'm hugging a woman. I can't see her physical features but we are crying tears of joy. She feels like my sister. I smile as I open my eyes. Bronx is sitting beside me, also meditating. I wait until he opens his eye and I take his hand.

"I had a vision but not like a bad premonition, more like, a feeling about my family, I guess?"

"What do you mean, Baby?"

"Remember that time we researched in your library and found out I'm a Menae?"

"Yeah, how could I forget. There's a picture of you in that ancient book."

"Okay, we don't know if that's me, but yes, that day," I confirm, "Well, remember how that book said there are fifty Menae?"

"Yeah, the four-year lunar cycle, right?" "Yeah. Well, doesn't that mean I have forty-nine sisters out there?"

"I never really thought about it, but I mean, it isn't just a legend. You exist, so other the Menae must be out there somewhere also."

"I think I need to find them, Bronx. Not today or anything, but like, make it part of what I do with my life. You know, be your mate, be the Luna of Blood River, own a bakery, be a goddess, search for my goddess sisters."

"Come on, Baby, you make yourself sound so lazy," he teases as he tickles me, "but in all seriousness, I think it is something to discuss with Lady Camille."

"If these sisters of yours are spread across the world, they may not all have been accepted the way you were. They could be in hiding, ostracized by their packs, you know? Before you, the Council claimed it was a myth also. Think about it over seven billion people on earth and fifty Menae. Maybe there are other Menae who don't even know what they are or maybe they have different abilities?" 1

"Mmm, you're right. I'll talk to Lady Camille," I say, taking his thoughts into consideration.

A knock at the door pulls us away from our conversation. Bronx answers it while I go to get dressed.

When I come out of the bathroom, Marco is standing at attention but his eyes are on the floor. I know Marco well enough to know that is his way of dealing with stress. Avoiding eye contact. Bronx is standing in front of him with his arms crossed.

"Luna," Bronx says in a serious voice and gestures to Marco, "You requested to speak with your guard?"

