

# Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Chapter 71

[/ Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Beener](#)  
Chapter 71

Marco's shoulders dropped at Bronx's words but if he had been looking straight ahead, instead of at the floor, he would have seen Bronx's body language betraying his stern voice.

I clear my throat and try to sound serious, "Marco, first and foremost. You drew a weapon on your Alpha and my mate. Regardless of the circumstances, we expect better of you. When we get back to Blood River, you and Alpha Bronx will have a private conversation about the consequences of that action."

Marco's eyes flick toward me and back to the ground with a quick nod, "Yes, Luna."

"Aside from that, we're so happy you've found your mate. Alpha Bronx and I have discussed the matter with Alpha Martin and have decided on the best way to handle this," I pause when he looks at me expectantly. His brow is furrowed with worry.

"Marco, Musu's parents and her twin brother Beta Everl are waiting for you downstairs in the front sitting room. You are to go ask their permission for their daughter to accompany us back to Blood River. If Musu has her parents' blessing, she is welcome to come with us back to Blood River. So you better be a real smooth talker, my friend, I hear they are a bit overprotective of their only daughter. And I know for a fact Mama Sanchez would love to see you happy with a mate at home. We leave for the Coven's realm in one hour," I say firmly. The look on his face is surprise, disbelief, and excitement all rolled into one, "Oh, and Marco, James gets a break while we are at the coven house. You're back on duty as soon as we leave this castle. Understood?"

Marco looks at me with pleading eyes, "Kas....I-I mean...Luna, please tell me this isn't a trick. Please tell me it's true. Cause she's the most amazing woman and I'm so scared to lose her."

"Marco, I would never trick you. Now get going, time's ticking," I smile at him.

For a split second, he looks like he is going to hug me, but then thinks better of it when he sees Bronx glaring.

"Thank you, Luna, Alpha, thank you so much," he grabs his chest in relief as he backs up and bows to us. When his back hits the door, he opens it and sprints away.

An hour later, we meet at the entrance to the castle. Marco looks like he's on top of the world. Musu is with him smiling ear to ear. She leans in to hug him, her

arms not able to make it fully around his chest due to how massive he is. She disappears in his arms before he releases her and gives her a deep kiss. Ah, young love. Ain't it grand.

Lady Camille is so happy to see us but I have a lot of work to do and not a lot of time to do it. She gives me instructions to start with an herbal bath and meditation to cleanse my spirit and mind before she and I get started. She then pulls Delilah and James away to catch up on things.

After dinner, I tell Lady Camille my thoughts about finding the other Menae. She ponders it for a moment.

"I believe you're correct, Luna lokaste. It only stands to reason the rest of your bloodline is out there, living the life cycles of their own spirits' journeys. But I believe Alpha Regent Bronx is also right, these women may not know who or what they are. Or what if they do know their lineage and have rejected their fate? It is not for us to judge or try to convince them otherwise. Everyone has the right to live in peace. It is between them and the Gods and Goddesses.

"Moreover, maybe some have had the same thought and they are looking for you as well. That does not mean their intentions are good. You need to consider that some of your sisters have accepted darkness in their souls," she says in a very serious tone, "If you choose this path, please use caution. Remember not everyone's intentions are good intentions." 2

"Thank you for those words, Lady Camille. I hadn't even considered those things. I'll weigh them as I decide what I will ultimately do. If I do decide to take up this search, can we discuss some ways to go about it to ensure everyone's safety?"

"Of course, Luna locaste. For now, get rest. We have a long week ahead of us," she stands and excuses herself from the sitting room.

I sit a while longer thinking about what she said. What if I have evil sisters or sisters who refuse to accept they are goddesses? But the vision I had felt so happy and pure. It can't be malicious, can it? Would someone I don't even know try to manipulate my thoughts? 1

As the week goes on, Lady Camille realizes my physical training has actually made Lex and my connection even stronger, in turn, making our spirit more robust. She says that was probably why I have been in such an upbeat mood lately and why things were going well for me. Putting good energy in the universe brings it back to you creating positive cycles in your life. That was why my healing abilities were coming more naturally because it is pure positive energy. She actually recommends additional training with my guards to keep the trend going.

Now that life is more under control, I show her what Delilah and I have practiced. She is impressed with my command of the burning energy and decides we will practice more intensively on stopping time. We don't just focus on the actions, we discuss theory as well. Stopping time is very related to controlling the energy of the environment around me, not just my energy. I have to send my spirit out of my body to manipulate energy but I need to be able to do it without meditating.

The morning we are scheduled to leave, Lady Camille summons me to her office for one last private conversation.

“Luna lokaste, the Sisters and I have been doing some research to make sure we are providing you with the proper care. One of the things we have found has to do with some potential fertility issues. Typically, if a goddess wants to have a baby with a mortal, she needs permission from Zeus. Just as the Moon Goddess did with Endymion. But as we have learned, Alpha Regent Bronx and your spirits have been connected for centuries, so it’s a bit more complicated. We looked into the lineage of the lives we know about and found there have been no progeny. So we are not exactly sure what that means for you in this life or future lives.”

(ly-you think Bronx and I won’t be able to have pups?” I ask, feeling a bit deflated. Bronx and I have talked about having children but we both decided we want to wait a few years until I am a little older. The thought that it might never happen is disheartening.

“We have some ideas on how to help you. We can even show you how to make a request directly to the Thunder God himself. We cannot guarantee he will listen or if he does, will approve, but we can help you try. I am not sure how Alpha Bronx would feel about it, but we can perforin fertility spells that will work only while you are in heat. There are also herbal tinctures we can concoct for you. So I just want you to know, there are options we can try to help you with when you are ready for that stage of your life.”

“Alright,” I sigh, “I guess I have to accept it will be a challenge for me. Fortunately, I have time until we need to think about it more.”

“Good, I’m glad you understand. Again, we are here to support you, Luna lokaste, in all things,” she smiled warmly at me, “You are never alone.”

“In other business, well, not business, I suppose. I want to thank you for accepting Sister Delilah into your pack and befriending her as you have. I was surprised James marked her so soon, but it was inevitable. Her happiness means the world to me,” she sighs a little as she leans back in the chair. A rare moment of seeing Lady Camille let her guard down. I am glad she trusts me enough to show me this side of her, “She speaks so fondly of you, you know, and she is looking forward to being a partner in your bakery after the wedding.”

“Oh, Lady Camille, I love Delilah as if she were my own sister. I can’t imagine starting a venture like that without her. I’m so happy she is part of my life.”

We review the things I learned over the past week and discuss some ideas for the next time I visit. She also lets me know that she and several of the coven’s sisters will be attending the wedding. They will be traveling with Alpha Martin and Henri. She loves the idea of getting to stay in a tent. It will give her and the sisters opportunities to perform outdoor Solstice ceremonies without interruption and even allow others who are curious to observe or even join in with them. I welcome that kind of diversity and look forward to it. The coven’s ceremonies are quite beautiful.

Reuniting with Bronx feels so good. I just want to be with him so badly. Sensing my need, he puts James and Delilah in the second SUV. Marco sits in the front with our driver and he raises the black-out partition between us and the front of the vehicle. We have two hours until we reach Lune D'or and we take full advantage of the privacy.

We have been instructed by the Elder Council that we need to wait until the wedding to mark each other in front of all our guests, but it has become more and more difficult to control ourselves. We find the easiest way to prevent it is by finding positions that don't allow for our mouths to be anywhere near the other's neck. Basically, keeping our mouths away from each

other's marking spot. It makes for a more exciting for sex life, that's for sure.

We compose ourselves as we get to the gate of Lune D'or territory. We step out of the vehicle

to find Musu is waiting for us, more than ready to go.

I pull her away from Marco long enough to formally introduce Delilah and myself while the valets load her luggage. After we say our goodbyes to everyone, we head to the airport. Musu and Marco sit in the seat behind us. Out of the corner of my eye, I can see Marco caressing her face and kissing her hand as she nuzzles his neck. It's so freaking adorable.

## Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Chapter 72

[/ Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Beener Chapter 72](#)

Once we settled on the flight, we all get to get to know Musu better. She is originally from Sierra Leone. Her mother is Beta Pierre's second chance mate. So Musu moved to Lune D'or when she was thirteen. Her accent is so elegant, it's almost hypnotizing. She tells us how much she has traveled internationally and how much she has enjoyed it.

"I have a question. How many languages do you speak exactly?" Delilah asks out of curiosity.

"I speak seven languages. Krio, English, French, Cantonese, Farsi, Dutch, and Greek. I love linguistics. I find that I'm able to catch on to new languages quickly," Musu proudly marks off the count with her fingers. I notice Marco admiring his mate but he has a concerned his face. If I had not spent so much time with him, I probably would not have noticed the subtlety.

Hearing about Musu's diverse background and love for languages sparks an idea in my mind. I tuck the thought away for later. She is a charming woman who is a wonderful storyteller. I can't wait for everyone else to get to know her.

When we land at the airport, I pull Marco aside under the ruse of needing to discuss training schedules while we wait for our luggage to be unloaded.

"Marco, you looked worried about something on the plane. Is everything alright?" I question.

"I think so, Kas. I just... Musu is so smart. What if I'm not good enough for her. What if she gets bored of me. She's been all over the world. I'm just a glorified hit man," he mopes, slumping his shoulders.

We both turn to look at her while she speaks excitedly about something with Delilah. I hear him give a sigh of defeat beside me.

"Marco. First of all, the Moon Goddess knows what she is doing. Secondly, you have so much you can teach her. You have a whole language and culture she didn't mention knowing about. You have a whole lifetime to make new memories and to travel with her. She can learn just as much from you as you can from her," I reassure him.

"I didn't think of it that way. Thanks, Kas. I appreciate the pep talk, he smiles as we head back to our group.

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When we get back to the packhouse, we notice everyone is flustered and on edge.

"What's going on?" Bronx asks an omega who is walking briskly past the entrance.

"Oh Alpha! I'm so happy you're back! Beta Lenora is in labor! The baby is coming!" the girl says to him with a sense of panic.

"Is she in the hospital wing?" he asks urgently.

"Yes, Alpha, since this morning," the girl confirms.

"Thank you. Kas, it's too soon. She isn't due for three weeks. Come on!" We drop our bags and sprint to the hospital wing. Milo is pacing in the hallway but we can hear Lenora in the room screaming

"Milo, why aren't you in there?" I ask in disbelief.

"I growled at the doctor and they kicked me out. Lenora didn't feel well yesterday and she made an appointment to see the doctor today but this morning she woke up and the sheets were covered in blood," Milo's eyes looked distant and distressed at the memory. His voice cracks when he speaks again, "I can't lose my girls. I just can't..."

Bronx put his arm over Milo's shoulder, "It's gonna be okay, man. You know we've got the best doctors in that room. Let's walk down the hall, burn some of that energy. We won't go far, just down there. The doctor will let us know when you can go back in."

"Okay," Milo looks at the distance between the door and the end of the hall and reluctantly

agrees.

As soon as they turn their backs, I open the door to the room just enough to slide in and step inside, closing it lightly behind me. Doctors and nurses are surrounding Lenora as she cries and screams in pain.

A nurse comes over and pulls down her mask to greet me, "Hello Luna, now may not be a good time."

"Nurse, if there is anything my healing abilities can do, I want to offer my services."

"Let me check with the doctor. I'm sure he could use the help here," she says with a furrowed brow. She pulls the mask back up and goes to whisper in the doctor's ear. He looks over and sees me and says something back to her.

"Well, Luna, let's get you a gown," she says.

A minute later, I'm fully covered in a gown, a cap, and a mask. I walk over to Lenora's bedside.

"Lenora, sweetie. I'm here. I'm here to help," I say to her as wipe her damp hair out of her face. She is pale and sweaty and her green eyes are red and puffy from crying. It's a distressing contrast to the strong-willed, bossy Lenora that I know and love. 1

"Kas, please! I can feel her getting weak. Please help me," Lenora cries before she contorts and screams from another wave of pain.

"Okay. Lenora, I'm going to use healing power on you, if that's alright? I'm going to put a hand on your forehead and one on your chest. I know it's hard, but I need you to try to stay as still as possible. Just think about wanting your baby to live, not about being afraid of what could happen. We need positive energy here, alright?"

She nods and sniffs, "Okay Kas, I trust you. Please save my baby."

"Doctor, you can keep doing whatever it is you need to. This won't interfere," I inform him.

"Lex, you ready?" I ask, "This is going to be a two for one. Lenora and the baby both need us."

"Anything for Lenora, Kas. Let's do this," she says with determination.

I place my hands and start focusing on Lenora and her baby. I sense there's a problem with the umbilical cord, it seems like there is a tear in it. That's where I focus first. I think of the fibers pulling back together, stronger than ever. Creating a solid bond with the baby's belly button. Then I focus on the baby herself. She is weak from the stress of early labor and not having enough to eat. I pull the chemicals related to both of their stress and replace it with calming healing energy, stabilizing Lenora's muscles around her so they will stop contracting, pulling nutrients from other areas of Lenora's body and filtering them to the baby. I focus on getting fresh oxygen into her blood cells until she doesn't feel like she is in distress anymore.

As I send my positive energy to the baby, I feel the negative energy surrounding her fill me and start to dissipate. Lenora's cries get smaller until it is just a whimper. I continue to give

alm, positive energy until there is no more I can do for her and I open my eyes. The doctors and nurses are all standing back looking at me in awe as the light that surrounded us dims and extinguishes. I assume at some point, they would get used to it, but I haven't healed enough people yet for it to be a commonplace event. Lenora still looks pale, but she has lost a lot of blood, so it's to be expected. She takes my hand and starts crying again, but this time they are happy tears.

Milo bursts into the room with Bronx trailing behind, "Why'd the noise stop? Lenora? Are you okay, Sugar?"

"I'm okay. We're okay," she says as she puts her hand on her belly.

Milo looks at me and pulls me into a bear hug, "Thank you, Little Sister. Oh my Goddess, thank you."

"Hey, hey, hey there Daddy Milo, get your mitts off my mate," Bronx says, only half joking.

I look at Bronx with sleepy eyes, "That one took a lot out of me."

Bronx comes to the side of the bed and scoops me up into his arms giving me a little kiss on my temple, "We're going to get this tired Luna to bed. Lenora, I will be back to visit in a little bit."

I put my face into Bronx's chest and breathe in his sweet scent before I drift off to sleep.

I wake up the next morning feeling much better and to the news that I saved both Lenora and the baby's lives. Everyone is calling me a hero, but really, how could I just stand by knowing there is something I can do to help. It's what a decent person would do. Right?

Three weeks later, little Codi Rose comes into the world right on schedule. She has her mother's green eyes and little wisps of light brown hair like her daddy. Lenora insists it will get darker as she gets older. Everyone is so enamored by her. When Milo or Bronx holds her,

she looks like the size of a peanut. I stand back and wait for my turn. I know I will have a special connection with her since I had healed her at such a deep level. I'm just not sure what it will feel like in such a small baby.

Milo carefully places her in my arms and she immediately stops making little fussy noises and gazes at me, "Hi Codi. Remember me? I'm your Auntie Kas."

I touch her cheek with my pinky finger and feel a faint warmth. Similar to Bronx and my connection, but much milder. She gives the cutest little sigh I have ever heard. I coo at her and rock her for a while until she starts to look sleepy.

"Still want to wait a few years?" Bronx whispers in my ear as he rubs my arm, "Based on that look, this little one is melting your heart."

"Yeah, I-I still want to wait," I say smiling at him. A pang of guilt touches my heart. I need to make it a point to speak to him about what Lady Camille told me, "Bronx, Codi and I have a

connection. It feels kind of like ours. Just not as strong yet."

His eyebrows went up with a little surprise, "You can explain it to me later, okay? For now, it looks like she's asleep. Let's give her back to her Mama and we sneak out before she realizes you're gone." I pass her to Lenora and we say our quiet goodbyes before we go back to the apartment.

## Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Chapter 73

[/ Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Beener](#)  
73

### Bronx's POV

It's Sunday. I call it our "lazy" day. In other words, Kas and I don't leave the apartment so James and Marco can have a day off. Most of the time, we are anything but lazy. Kas catches up on homework, tests recipes that I get to taste for quality control, and does chores she doesn't want to have omegas take care of, like laundry and cleaning the kitchen. I always tell her that it's what they are there for but she says she is happy to do it so I let her be. 2

For me personally, it is a good time to catch up on pack matters and relax in front of the television. Kas likes to write any essays she has due on Sundays, so she gives them to me to read over when she is done. 1

It is late afternoon when she is finished with her homework and other busy work, so she comes over to hang out with me on the sofa. She drapes her legs over my lap and looks hesitantly at the reality show about fishing boats I am watching.

“Sweetheart, can we talk about a couple of things?” she asks, trying to sound casual but I see right through it. It’s rare for Kas to say she wants to talk about whatever’s on her mind, so when she does, I give her my full attention. I have been able to sense something has been bothering her for a couple days now. I knew she would come around at some point, but I need to let her do it in her own time.

“Of course, Baby. What’s up?” I shut off the television, “Everything okay?”

“Yeah, I was just thinking. Now that Codi is born, maybe you should try to quit smoking. Do you want her to remember your scent as cigarette smoke?”

“Excuse me?” The tone of my voice betrays my body language. This is about my bad habit? I start to feel a bit defensive.

“Well, yeah, I mean. Nothing about it is good for you and now that you have a niece who you will spend time with, I think maybe you could consider quitting,” she looks at me as if it is just that easy to quit smoking. Just snap my damn fingers and it’s gone.

“Call her bluff,” Saint taunts. His mood swings have been so wild since he came back in December. After I died in Blood River and was able to be resuscitated I thought it would be kind of like a reset button for him, but it wasn’t.

“Saint, this is our mate. Don’t be an ass,” I scold him.

“Okay, gently call her bluff,” he tries to bargain. He’s got a point, actually. 1

“Alright, tell you what. I will quit smoking if you tell me what this is really about. Because I don’t believe for a second it is simply about me, Codi, or about me quitting smoking,” I look her in the eye, making her drop her shoulders in defeat.

“Fine,” she sighs, her mood immediately changes to be more serious, “you know how earlier you asked if I wanted to have a baby sooner?”

“Yeah, I remember,” my heart hits a hard beat. Is she changing her mind about waiting?

She clears her throat and avoids making eye contact.

“Uh oh. Something’s wrong,” Saint growls.

“When I was in France, Lady Camille said she had done some research about my lineage. At least for the lives she knows about. And uh, she says there is a possibility that I won’t be able to have children. She isn’t quite sure because of how unique our situation is,” she says with a little frown. My sweet little mate

sounds like she is going to cry and I'm not sure how to stop it before it starts. She looks at her hands while she explains the circumstances and potential solutions she and Lady Camille discussed. When she finishes, she looks up at me and there they are, all the tears. My heart starts breaking at the sight, so I reach over and wipe them away, then pull her onto my lap.

"Baby, hey, don't cry. No. Hey, if it doesn't happen, it doesn't happen. We're in this together forever, remember? We can try the things Lady Camille suggests if you want or we can always adopt or something. It doesn't matter to me as long as I have you. Little shack in the back of the territory, remember? You don't need to cry. Please don't cry," I reassure her while I hold her close to my chest. As I say it, I realize I am not just reassuring her, I'm reassuring myself as well.

I clear my throat and wipe my own eye once I'm sure she is more calm.

"Thank you for understanding, Sweetheart," Kas says, kissing my hand. I want to ask her so many more questions, but I can feel how bad this hurts for her to talk about, so I decide to drop it and change the subject.

"Now, what else did you have on your mind? Hopefully, something not as heavy," I ask.

"No, not as heavy at all," she says with a smile. She then tells me about Lady Camille's viewpoints on finding her sisters.

"Kas, how is that not heavy? Darkness? Not accepting their fate?" I ask, "That's not heavy? Seems like lead weights to me."

"Bronx, I want to at least research and see who I can find. Safely and carefully," she justifies to me. She sounds so confident.

"Okay, so how do you want to do that? What have you thought of in that beautiful head of yours? I can tell you have had a lot on your mind the past few days, so I am glad you are finally telling me what's been brewing up there."

She looks at me and smiles, "Thank you for your patience, Sweetheart."

She gets up and grabs her laptop, then sits down beside me. She has a page of notes typed up.

My little researcher.

"Well clearly, a bunch of people need to agree to this but hear me out, Mister CEO of MasonCo. What if Lenora creates a position for Musu in the International division of MasonCo and we give her a special project where her responsibility is to search out the Menae? It could be funded by the Werewolf Historical Preservation Society since it is technically research about the Moon Goddess and her offspring. That way there isn't even that much coming out of your pocket. Once the bakery is making money, I can help fund the research also. Whatever isn't covered by the Society," she looks at me and smiles proudly.

“Not to mention, it’s like, a perfect fit for Musu. She’s smart, well-traveled, friendly, and she already speaks seven languages. She can do the research through the company and when she gets a lead, she brings it to us. From a security standpoint, you and Lenora can decide how we proceed. If you don’t think it is safe to contact the person, we move on. I mean, we will have to fill Musu in on all the details of my history but she seems like she would be the perfect fit. Besides, she’s going to need a job, right? Why make her search for one, when we can offer her one?”

I sit back and look into the distance with a smile on my face, “How the Hell did you get to be so cunning?” I look back at her to see her smiling broadly.

“I learned it from this weak old wolf I know,” she teases.

That’s it. Tickle fight. I pull her into my lap and start tickling mercilessly so I can hear my favorite sound in the world.

## Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Chapter 74

[/ Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Beener Chapter 74](#)

I can’t sleep. I can’t get what Kas told me about not being able to have children out of my mind. I mean, there is nothing I can do about it. It doesn’t change the way I feel about her. She is my world. I just feel like having a pup of our own is something we assumed would be part of our future. I meant what I said about just needing her in my life. If we end up not having kids, then that is what the Moon Goddess has fated for us.

The text message chime on my phone goes off. I look to see it is from Reggie. It is eleven thirty at night. What could he want?

Hey Bronx. You awake? Important.

I mind link Reggie to let him know I am awake and will meet him in the downstairs kitchen in five minutes.

I go give Kas a kiss and wake her up just enough to let her know where I’m going. She gives me a squeaky little grunt and waves me away before rolling over. I grab an eye patch and secure it in place before quietly making my way out of the apartment.

“All good, Alpha?” Marco sends in a mind link.

“Yeah, Marco. I let her know I’m going downstairs. She’s sound asleep,” I confirm, “Just going to talk to Reggie. I’ll be back soon.”

"Ten-four, Alpha," Marco nods looking a little more at ease.

Reggie is already in the kitchen, rummaging through the pantry when I get there. He is still dressed in his all black tactical gear for work. I slow down as I get to the doorway feeling hesitant. Something feels off with him.

"Hey Reggie, you just get home?" I ask, tentatively.

"Uh, yeah. Hey wasn't there some of those cookies Kas makes? The oatmeal ones with the toffee pieces?" he asks, still rummaging.

"No, I think they got eaten up. You know that shit doesn't last long around here," I chuckle. Something is definitely off with him, "What's so important, Reggie? I know you didn't ask me to meet you at almost midnight to ask me about cookies."

He finally closes the pantry door and puts both hands on the counter, with a deep sigh. He drums his fingers on the counter in a nervous rhythm trying to figure out what to say. I look at his fingerless gloves to see that he hadn't even taken the mini blades out of the flat top pockets. Whatever is on his mind must be serious if he didn't even disarm himself before coming into the packhouse. I look closer and see where he is drumming his fingers is leaving bloody fingerprints on the counter.

I look up to see he has dried blood coming out of one of his ears and his nose. Not to mention a pretty wicked black eye and a split lip. That's when I pick up on the the strong metallic scent of blood, much stronger than what it should be from his face. I look closer to see his bulletproof vest is soaked in it. I do my best to not let my eye go wide. I don't want him to see me panic.

"That your blood, Reggie?" I ask non-chalantly.

He looks down at his vest, "Ahh...nah. Not mine."

"Is he in shock or something, Bronx? Something's not right here," Saint whines, worried about our friend.

"Come on man, spit it out," I urge him on, "What's wrong? Did someone die or something?"

His icy blue eyes shift quickly to me, "Almost."

"Wait really?" I search his expression to try to assess his mental state, "Who? What happened?"

"Sorry, Alpha. Classified mission, classified intel," Reggie shakes his head, then runs his fingers through his short strawberry blond hair, "but what I can tell you is that if Milo wasn't on paternity leave, we would have been fine."

"Alright, so what do you need from me, Reggie?"

Please don't say what I think you're about to say, I think to myself, because I won't be able to say no...

"I-I need you on the next mission, Bronx," he says. He stands up straight and puts his hands out to the sides then on his hips, looking down at the floor, like he's disappointed in himself. He shakes his head as he speaks to the floor. It almost seems like he is talking to himself, not me, "I know you can't. I know it. It is not good for anyone. Not your body or your mind. It's not good for Saint. It's just no good but I don't know what else to do."

"Reggie, 1-"

"Bronx, the team and I have looked at all of our options," he looks me in the eye now, "One of my guys is in the hospital wing fighting for his life right now. If I had any other options, trust me, I would go any of those routes first."

He gives me a desperate look.

"Saint. Can I trust you? You have been a bit of a wild card lately," I ask, sensing him pacing.

"I can do it. I'm fine," Saint snaps testily.

"Well, that answer doesn't give me much confidence," I scold.

"Bronx, I'm fine. We can take on one mission. It will feel good to get back out there. Just a small taste of special ops, then back into retirement," he says more calmly, "You telling me you don't want to go on one mission, you big weenie?"

I sigh internally, then look up at Reggie again, "When do we leave and how long will we be

gone?"

He claps me on the shoulder as he walks out of the kitchen, "Debrief tomorrow oh-six hundred at the field office. Get some sleep tonight. You're gonna need it. This one is a doozie. bro."

He turns around when he gets to the doorway, "Bronx. Thank you for this."

I simply nod and watch him walk away.

I sigh again and pull out cleaning supplies. I can't have Mrs. Miller come in to find her kitchen and pantry full of blood. I make quick work of cleaning and look around, avoiding the inevitable.

Now time to go let my mate know that I just signed myself up for a black ops mission that I can't tell her anything about.

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"Kas, please don't be mad, Baby. Reggie needs me. It's just this once while Milo is on paternity leave," I beg her. The conversation is not going nearly as well as I imagined in my head during my walk back up to the apartment. I had woken Kas up and told her about my conversation with Reggie. She demanded I tell him that I changed my mind, then locked herself in the bathroom when I told her I couldn't do that.

"Come on, Baby. I have to leave in five hours, I don't want to leave with you mad at me. Please come out of the bathroom. Come out and talk to me."

The door swings open and my little mate comes out with a small angry growl, "Living room."

I let my arms fall to my sides and follow her, ready to take my licking.

An hour later after a lot of Kas yelling, growling, and a well earned slap from Lex pushing her way to the surface, she starts to cry. I pull her into my lap and rock her until she falls asleep. I can feel her fear and honestly, I can't blame her. I can't tell her where I'm going or how long I'll be gone. I don't want to promise her I will be safe because I simply don't know. And I am done with empty promises I can't keep.

Around five a.m. I carry her to bed and head into the closet. I open my trunk of tactical gear and get dressed. Each piece I pull out of the trunk brings out more memories of the past. I remind Saint that they are just memories. There is nothing to be angry at. Reggie needs us and we need to focus and be level headed so no one else gets hurt during the mission...or after.

Once I am fully dressed, I rub my hands over my face and look at the lock box at the bottom of the trunk. I unlock it and slowly open it. My Sig is nestled into the padding just where I left it four years ago. I gently pull it out and lock it into the holster on my ribcage.

At five-thirty a.m. I lean over my mate and gently wake her. I give her a passionate kiss and wrap my arms around her tightly.

"I love you, Bronx Mason. Don't do anything stupid...or brave. Just do your job and come home to me as fast as possible," Kas cries.

"I love you, Kas Latmus. I'll be home to you as soon as I can," I hear her snuffle into my shoulder before I let her go and leave.

James is in the hallway now.

"A-Alpha?" he says when he sees how I'm dressed.

"Helping Reggie. She's gonna need her best friend, James," I say to him knowingly.

He nods in understanding and pulls out his phone to send Delilah a text.

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Four days later, we get home late in the afternoon. I go straight to the apartment to find Kas. She is in the kitchen making chocolate croissants. She has a Lizzo song blasting out of the stereo, so she doesn't hear me come in. She is holding up a clear measuring cup looking intently at the liquid inside and writing notes. There is a smear of flour on her cheek and her violet eyes look tired and puffy. I can feel her stress and exhaustion. I wonder if she slept at all while I was gone.

"Ahem" I clear my throat to get her attention.

Kas looks up and drops the glass measuring cup. She doesn't seem to notice it shatter on the floor as she leaps over the counter and throws herself into my arms. I easily catch her as her lips crash into mine. I have never felt better than I have at that moment. Having her in my arms is what it means to be home.

## Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Chapter 75

[/ Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Beener](#)  
Chapter 75

The first thing I do once Kas unwraps herself from around me is go into the closet and put my gun back in its lockbox before I bury the box back into the bottom of the trunk. If at all possible, I never want to see it again.

Once I get out of my tac gear, I get in the shower. I only use hot water, letting it turn my skin red and raw. I'm not sure how long I stand there. It doesn't matter. I just let my brain shut down and let the water cleanse me. Ironic to have a wolf named Saint when we feel like we are anything but.

I finally feel a little better, so I go to the closet and put on sweats. I sit on the floor and dial my therapist, making an appointment for the next day. When I come out of the bedroom, I smell chicken cooking and Kas is sitting on the sofa reading a magazine. I pull my mate close to me and just breathe her in. I instantly feel more calm. So does Saint.

"Sweetheart, what do you say we let Saint and Lex go for a run?" Kas suggests as she runs her fingers through my hair, "They could use some time together, yeah?"

"Yes, let me spend time with my mate, please. I behaved myself the last four days. I deserve

plenty of times where he and I could have completely lost our shit, but we held it together.

"That sounds good, Baby, but I have one thing I need to do before we shift. Give me a minute then we can head out to the woods," I give her a quick kiss and go back into the closet pulling all my gear into a bag. I grab the pack of cigarettes out of my pocket. There is one left. I tuck it behind my ear and put the lighter in my pocket.

"Bronx. Is this really a good time to do this?" Saint asks. He sounds a bit nervous.

"Yeah, man. I promised Kas and besides, we both know I can't do this anymore," I sigh, "T00 many people count on me."

"Alright. You're gonna really go through with this, huh?" Saint shakes his head.

"Yeah. It's time, buddy."

I pick up the bag with my gear and head out to the woods with Kas.

"Come on Baby, let's go to the back of the meadow," I take Kas's hand and we walk to the farthest area from the packhouse that is not wooded. We come to an old fire pit. I take my bag and throw it in the middle.

"What's in the bag, Bronx?" Kas asks quizzically.

"Doesn't matter, Baby. It's forever in the past now. You're my future, not that bag," I say emotionlessly.

I pull the lighter out of my pocket and light my last cigarette. Then I take the lighter and hold it against the bag until it catches fire. I throw the lighter on top of the bag. I finish the cigarette and throw the butt onto the top of the bag and take Kas's hand. I feel her wrap her arm around me. I pull her in for a hug but never take my eyes off the little fire. We stand there and watch until there is nothing left but embers and metal clasps from the bag. 1

"Feel better?" she asks when she feels me sigh deeply.

"Abit, yeah," I smile, "Come on, let's let Saint and Lex out."

We let Saint and Lex run and spend time together until well after midnight before we made our way back to the packhouse.

When we get to the hallway on the fifth floor, we find Delilah is standing with James.

"Everything alright, Delilah?" Kas asked, taking Delilah's hand. "Yeah," she turns to me sympathetically, "Alpha, not magic, but I do have a tincture that will help you sleep tonight, if you would like? It is a concentrated version of melatonin. Beta Milo mentioned sometimes you have trouble sleeping after....um, working with Gamma Reggie. Kas, I have one for you as well but it has other herbs in it. You should take it when Alpha Bronx takes his, it will help...open your energy to your mate while he is in a relaxed state."

Something seems off, but I can't put my finger on it.

"Thanks, Delilah," I take the vial from her and head into the apartment with Kas.

Kas's POV

Odd that Delilah would interrupt James at work. I know Bronx had requested she spend more time with me while he was gone which I really appreciated. James must have told her Bronx was home. 1

We take the vials of clear liquid from her and step into the apartment. I open the little bottle and sniff it. There is a sickly sweet floral scent. Bronx sniffs his. It is basically odorless.

"Bottom's up, I guess," I shrug. We tap the vials together and drink them down like shots of liquor.

Bronx takes me into the bathroom so we can get a shower before we go to bed and intertwine our bodies together. Whatever was in the vials works quick because we are both asleep minutes after our heads hit the pillows.

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I wake up in a cold sweat, panting heavily. I think I had a dream but I can't remember what it was about. I have such a strong sense of *deja vu*. What was in that vial Delilah gave me? My heart is racing as I try to take some calming breaths. The light of the moon casts a serene blue light over everything in the room. Bronx is snoring lightly beside me. I am glad whatever she gave him is letting him get a good night's sleep. He seemed so stressed when he got home.

I can still feel my heart pounding. No way I'm getting back to sleep, so I go out to the kitchen for a cup of water. I take a few sips of water, trying to remember the dream that made me wake up in such a state. I just can't recall it. My heart is thumping so hard it almost hurts. I hear noises coming from the bedroom. Did I wake Bronx up? I could have sworn he was still snoring when I left the room. He must have felt me get out of bed. 2

"Bronx? I'm right here, Sweetheart," I say softly as I make my way back to the bedroom.

Bronx is still in bed, thrashing wildly. Whimpering and cursing under his breath, fighting off an invisible assailant in his sleep.

I rush over and turn on the bedside lamp before I crawl onto the bed.

"Bronx, Sweetheart! Wake up. You're having a nightmare," I grasp his shoulders, his face covered in sweat. He easily pushes me off, growling and cursing deeply at whoever he is fighting in his dream, "Bronx! Wake up, please!"

Very suddenly, he becomes deathly still.

"B-Bronx? A-are you okay?" I lean forward to look at him closer.,

His eye shoots open, wider than I have ever seen before and he sits straight up in bed. Fear and anger roll off of him as every muscle in his body tenses. His skin stretches tight over his tensed muscles, his hands curl into fists, and lets out a roar so loud the entire room reverberates. Every instinct is telling me to back up, but I'm frozen to the spot. Bronx needs my help. He is breathing roughly through his nostrils, his whole body is shaking in anger, reminding me of a charging bull as his body shakes, the anger building.

"B-Bronx?" I gently touch his arm. He snaps his head toward me, as if he is seeing me for the first time since he woke up. There is no recognition on his face, I might as well be a complete stranger. Rage rolls off of him. His normally beautiful green eye scares me and I start backing away, off the bed. As if on queue, his eye turns solid black and he lunges forward at me.

"SAINT!" I scream, rolling off the bed onto the floor, trying to take a defensive stance, "Saint, it's me. It's Kas!"

I scramble on the floor toward the door but Bronx jumps off the bed and charges at me. His hands tightly wrap around my throat and don't stop until he has me pinned to the wall. My feet are dangling off the ground as he leans forward. I can feel Saint's claws dig into my neck. His fangs start to extend.

I can hear voices coming from the hallway, trying to break down the apartment door. Help is on the way. I need to stall. I need to talk sense into Saint.

"WHERE IS MY MATE?" He growls through Bronx's body.

"Sai-nt. It's me," I choke out the words, trying to reason with him. He looks like he is out for blood. It's like he's never seen me before. I choke and gag, helplessly hitting his forearms as he continues to cut off my air supply. I have practiced this with James and Marco, but I feel so weak and dizzy. Like all my energy has been drained. My heart is slowing. Each beat thumps

harder and painfully more desperate in my chest. I try to claw him, but Lex refuses to hurt her mate, so she won't extend her claws. She just howls in pain in my mind.

"WHERE IS SHE?" he snarls again. He pulls me away from the wall and slams me against it again, pushing all the air out of my lungs. I can't answer, all I can do is hang like a ragdoll by my neck. My eyes are bulging out of my head and tears are streaming down my cheeks. My mate is going to kill me. Sensing there is no other choice, I feel Lex finally concede. I make a last ditch effort and let all the energy I have left heat up my hands and place them on top of his. I can feel his hands blistering under the blazing heat of mine. It doesn't seem to faze the near feral wolf.

The edges of my vision begin to blur and spots start to form. Darker and darker. The only thing I can make out is the onyx abyss of Saint's eye. The wolf possessing my mate's body. He is supposed to lo-

# Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Chapter 76

[/ Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Beener](#)  
Chapter 76

## **Milo's POV**

We had been orchestrating our plan of attack since Lady Camille came and spent most of the day speaking with Lenora and I. Delilah went in and looked at Kas's vision of Bronx killing her. She was able to study, evaluate, and determine details that Kas would never have been able to see. Delilah worked with her mother to help explain what they believed would cause the event, when it would happen and some ideas of how we could prevent it.

Lady Camille had one of the coven's sisters conference call into the meeting...well, sort of...she used magic instead of the actual phone, but she was there. She was a fortune teller, which I was sceptical of but I listened respectfully anyways.

She explained what would happen if we didn't step in and stop Bronx. Short story: Kas would die. Bronx would be charged with murdering the Luna Regent of the Blood River pack and high treason. He would be executed for his crimes by the High Council and we wouldn't be able to stop it.

Then she told us Saint was going to be really unstable when he came back from his near death experience in France. Bronx, for the most part, would keep him under control but that was just on the surface. If Bronx had any crazy ideas, it was Saint manipulating him and we were to just go along with it. Well let me tell you, that ended up with Kas and Lex having a mental breakdown and Ryan Connors almost killing her. Oh, and Bronx almost dying...again. Finally, she explained if we stopped Bronx from killing Kas, it was close to a ninety percent chance we would succeed. Seems like a no brainer, right? Well there was a catch. There's always a catch. If Saint doesn't believe he had killed Kas, he would keep trying until he succeeded. He needed to see the damage he had done to his mate to snap him out of whatever his psychosis was.

Unbeknownst to us, Delilah is a potions master. Because she signed the charter to be able to live on pack territory, there were certain things she agreed not to do. Mixing potions is one of those practices that can be extremely dangerous, so she just studied theory and worked with Kas on perfecting her baking skills instead.

"Gray magic," Lenora said flatly at the revelation, looking directly at Delilah, "Did you know if that potion you gave Kas the other night would hurt her or not?"

Delilah turned her eyes to the table.

“Did you know?” Lenora repeated again with a growl, slamming her hand on the table.

“Take it easy, Sugar,” I placed my hand on hers. I wasn’t sure exactly what she was talking about, but I didn’t need things to escalate.

“I-I knew it has never hurt anyone before. I had to take the chance to take her fear away,”

Delilah turned red as she spoke with a shaky voice. Her eyes started to well up with tears.

“Beta Lenora, please, you don’t understand. You didn’t walk around in that vision. You didn’t see what happened. If I hadn’t given her that potion, she would be terrified of Alpha Bronx until the day he killed her. Imagine walking around in fear of your mate. I had to give her a chance at love. A chance to defend herself,” Delilah justified her actions.

Lenora was not necessarily happy with that answer but she let it go for the purposes of the

conversation.

Delilah went on to explain she could not prevent whatever it was that was going to send Saint off the deep end, without going into dark magic territory, which she was not willing to do, but she could use a potion to help weaken him enough for us to be able to subdue him. Kind of a natural sedative. It would be just enough to give us a chance to capture him, let him see what he did to Kas, then take him to the dungeon until Saint stopped being a psycho. She also said she could make a solution of weak wolfsbane to sedate him but she wouldn’t administer it. She refused to cause anyone pain if she could avoid it. Someone else would have to do it.

Lenora looked at me, then looked back to Delilah.

“I will give my brother the wolfsbane if it comes to that. Have it ready. So what do we do about Kas? We can’t let him kill her,” Lenora stated, sounding extremely worried.

“We just have to let him think he has. I-I can give her a potion that will mimic death, but it’s also dangerous. It will make it seem as if she had a heart attack. The antidote is derived from Calabar bean and has to be administered within three minutes of her heart stopping or the poison takes over. You won’t be able to revive her,” Delilah said. Her voice sounded small now as she avoided our gaze. Lady Camille placed her hand over Delilah’s, comforting her daughter.

“I think you skipped over what the potion is made out of, Delilah. What the Hell kind of potion are we talking about?” I asked.

“Deadly Nightshade,” her voice was almost indiscernible, “The antidote will kick start her heart to make it beat again.”

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me,” Lenora said, pushing away from the table and

standing up, making Delilah cower.

“Lady Camille, Delilah, will you excuse us for a moment,” I bowed and pulled Lenora away from the table. After about half an hour of convincing, she finally reluctantly agreed.

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We hear Kas screaming almost to the minute Delilah and Lady Camille had indicated in our meeting. As soon as we hear the commotion starting inside, we set our plan into action.

Marco, James, Tyree, and Reggie plow the battering ram against the apartment door. Lenora and Delilah stand to the side waiting nervously. As soon as the door crashes in, I rush in front of everyone and charge into the bedroom.

Bronx is there with his hands tightly around his mate’s neck, blood coming from where his claws are piercing her skin. Kas hanging limply, eyes wide and glassy, not blinking. My Goddess, no. Just no.

I launch myself at him before he has time to register what is happening. The rest of the guys follow suit and each grab a limb. Even with the first sedative, the five of us are barely able to keep him down. His eye is pure black. I don’t know why he hadn’t shifted but I am grateful for it. None of us could take on Saint. Even a group of five warriors. Lenora rushes forward and plunges the syringe of wolfsbane into his neck. He howls out in pain, then relaxes enough for us to hold on to him.

Delilah catches Kas before she hits the ground and lays her down gently.

I see the tears in her eyes as Lenora looks at Kas limp in Delilah’s arms, “BRONX! What have you done?! What have you done?!” The horror in her voice cannot be faked.

Bronx stops struggling slightly and looks at Lenora, snarling and straining to get out of our grip. His eye looks down at Kas’s corpse lying on the ground staring at him.

Suddenly he stops struggling.

“K-Kas?” he whispers. He starts struggling again but now to try to get out of our grip to go help her. Fortunately, the wolfsbane was already taking effect.

A howl louder than I have ever heard from a werewolf in human form bellows from my best friend's chest, "N000000000000000!!"

"Come with us, Bronx. Don't struggle. Please," I beg him, "You can't change it now. We need to take you down to the dungeon. We will contact the Council in the morning."

He doesn't look away from Kas, he just nods and starts muttering under his breath, and lets us stand him up. We lead him out of the room, taking him down a side stairwell to avoid being seen by any pack members. He doesn't struggle or fight back. He just keeps muttering. I look at Reggie who just shrugs. It isn't until we get to the dungeon and lock him into a cell that he starts to freak out again. This time it isn't fueled by anger. It is fueled by grief and the pain of the mate bond breaking. It's a full on tantrum. Complete with tears and punching walls and begging to see his mate one more time.

"Bronx, please, calm down. I know it doesn't seem like it right now, but it's going to be alright. I promise," I say to him from the other side of the silver bars.

He looks at me with the most helpless, miserable look I have ever seen. Definitely not a look I have seen from Bronx before. He doesn't say another word. He just sits down in the center of the cell and puts his face in his hands. His chest heaves as he sobs. I can't believe I am doing this to him but I also can't believe he had it in him to kill his mate.

Tyree puts his hand on my shoulder and cocks his head toward the stairs, "Come on Beta. Nothing we can do now."

## Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Chapter 77

[/ Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Beener Chapter 77](#)

### **Marco's POV**

I know we're about to give her the antidote, but seeing Kas laying there really got to me. I can feel a lump in my throat as I listen for her heartbeat. I already know she doesn't have one. I start giving her chest compressions. A million memories of her hit me all at once. I feel a bit emotional as I continue to try to revive her.

I watch as Beta Milo, Gamma Reggie, James, and Tyree lead the Alpha out of the room. As soon as we know they are in the hallway, Beta Lenora pushes me to the side, giving Delilah room. Delilah pulls out a small bottle full of pink shimmering liquid. She squeezes Kas's cheeks a little, making her blue lips pucker, then carefully pours the liquid in her mouth.

“Go ahead, Marco,” she motions to me, “continue with the compressions. It will help move the antidote through her body.”

I move back over and start CPR again. It feels like it’s taking forever.

“Vámonos, Kas. You don’t get to go out like this. Not in this lifetime anyway. And definitely not on my fuckin’ watch,” I murmur before I lean over and give her another two breaths. I listen for breathing. Nothing. When is she supposed to wake up? How long is this supposed to take?

I keep going while Clash whines and paces in my head.

I lean over to give her more breaths when she suddenly sucks in a huge breath of air on her own. Thank the Goddess.

She sits up so fast she almost hits me in the forehead. Her skin starts glowing bright purple. I mean, I seen her glow before, but this is different. It’s like she’s a nuclear bomb about to go off. I look down and see my hands glowing too. I quickly sit back, leaning back against the wall to catch my breath. I let Beta Lenora and Delilah take over. I look at my hands, a comforting warmth fades with the purple aura.<sup>1</sup>

“Kas! Kas! It’s alright. We’re here. You’re going to be okay!” Beta Lenora soothes her.

Kas looks around trying to understand what’s going on.

“Did I-,” she doesn’t finish the sentence. She rubs her neck and the look in her eye changes. She already knows, “Where’s Bronx?”

“Down in the dungeon. Kas we need to talk to you –” Beta Lenora starts to explain.

“Not now Lenora. I need to get to him. Immediately,” she looks really mad. I never seen Kas look mad. Disappointed, yeah, but never mad.

“Kas, let’s get you to the hospital wing first,” Beta Lenora begs.

“No. I need to see Bronx. Actually, I need to see Saint,” she says with a deep growl.

“I’ll take you and Beta Lenora down, Luna,” I say. I shake my head at Delilah, knowing there are probably other prisoners who may not be in the best condition down there, “Delilah, I don’t think it’s a good idea for you to go.”

Just then Beta Milo, Gamma Reggie, Tyree, and James come back into the room.

“Oh, Little Sister. Thank the Goddess,” Beta Milo falls to his knees and pulls Kas in to hug her. She hugs him back as tightly as she can. She’s so little, her arms don’t go all the way around him.

"Milo, I have to see him," I hear Kas's muffled voice inside Beta Milo's hug.

While they talk, Gamma Reggie steps over and helps me stand up, "Good job, Marco. I don't know how to thank you for your help with this."

"Gamma, it's my job to keep the Luna safe. I take that seriously. There is no thanks needed," I shake my head slowly. I look over and see Beta Milo wiping tears away from Kas's eyes, "Let's get her downstairs if that's what she wants."

"Yeah. Come on, Milo. Marco is going to escort Kas to the dungeon. James, can you stay here with Delilah? Please see if you can get a hold of maintenance about the door, if you don't mind," Beta Lenora orders.

"Yes, Beta," he nods as he helps Delilah to her feet.

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We go down to the dungeon and walk along a long hallway of cells. Beta Milo and Gamma Reggie lead the way with Kas and I behind them. She still has a little purple glow around her. I think that means she's still mad? I don't know, usually it means she's happy or scared, but she don't seem like she's either of those right now. I look down at her, but she's wearing a poker face. Yeah. My chips are on mad. Beta Lenora and Tyree walk behind us.

We get to the Alpha's cell to find him sitting on the floor with his head in his hands. We can barely hear him muttering to himself, but all he is saying is 'no no no' over and over again. I have never seen something more pitiful in my life. This poor guy. He thinks he killed his mate.

At first, I'm not sure he realizes Kas is standing outside the cell. Suddenly his head shoots up from his hands, his nose sniffs the air.

His face looks really confused to see Kas standing on the other side of the bars.

"Kas? How? I-" he stands up with his mouth wide open and steps toward the bars, "Baby, I saw... I felt our bond break..."

"Shift," she growls, ignoring his questions.'

"What? Kas t-talk to me?" he begs. He's standing as close to the bars as he can. Beta Milo pushes Kas back a step.

"I SAID SHIFT, BRONX MASON!" she commands with a snarl. It's bigger than her Luna voice. It's bigger than Lex's voice. Is there such a thing as a goddess voice? Cause if there is, that's what she just used. The purple glow around her got brighter for a split second as she said 'shift

Alpha Bronx doesn't protest, I don't think he could have if he wanted to. He strips down and shifts into Saint's form. I think she just pulled rank on him. I didn't think that was possible.

The giant white wolf paces back and forth in the cell. Saint doesn't look sad or surprised like the Alpha was, he's looking like he's ready to fight someone.

"Get ready to open the door, Milo," she commands, looking at Beta Milo. Her face is scrunched up with anger.

"You crazy, Little Sister? He literally just tried to kill you. In what world do you think I'm letting you in there with him?" he argues.

"I'm not going in there with him. Lex is. We've had enough of this shit. Time to put our mate in his place," she snaps and starts taking off her clothes. Tyree and I avert our eyes so we ain't looking at Kas naked. Once we hear the popping and cracking of her bones stop, we turn back to see Lex standing in the hall. Other than Saint, she is the largest wolf I ever seen. She's beautiful too, inky black fur with violet eyes. She lowers her head and growls deeply. The walls shake at the sound. Beta Milo hits the button on the wall and the door to the cell swings open.  
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Lex doesn't even wait for it to fully open. She launches her body into the cell and slams into Saint. Beta Milo hits the button to close the door on the two fighting wolves. The only thing worse than them going at it in the cell, would be if Saint were to escape inside the packhouse in his current mental state. They tumble into the backside of the cell. Saint yelps as his skin sizzles against the silver bars. He starts snapping and snarling at Lex who gets the upper hand and pins him down. She snaps and snarls right back at him, refusing to back down.

"Milo! They're going to kill each other!" Beta Lenora steps forward, "Get Kas out of there!"

"Lenora, no. Don't you see, this is what Lady Camille and Delilah wanted us to do. Saint thought he killed Kas. He said he felt the bond break. He isn't going to try to kill her again. He is just defending himself. Delilah took away Kas's fear so she could face him. Look. This is just a lovers' quarrel. Lex and Saint just need to get it out of their system," he points.

We all look into the fight going on in the cell. Saint's white fur is getting stained with blood but Lex seems to be fine. I know for a fact she is well aware how to cause critical damage because James and I taught her. She ain't aiming for any of those spots. She's just beating on her man for being an asshole until he apologizes. Happens with my Mama and Pops all the time. Not in wolf form, but basically the same thing. Sometimes when your girl is mad, you just gotta take a lickin's.

All we can do is watch the two wolves just fight it out. We can't risk opening the door and Saint escaping. It's close to an hour before Saint's stubborn ass finally submits out of sheer exhaustion. He is covered in blood and panting heavily.

"You gotta be kidding me," Beta Milo said, rubbing his chin. He looks at us, "You guys see this? Saint submitted. Never in my life would I have imagined him giving up."

“The Luna overpowered him?” Tyree says with a smirk, “Damn.”

Tyree and I had both fought with Alpha Bronx on his second tour in the military. Gamma Reggie and James fought with him in both tours. We all know he would rather die than submit.

Saint lays down on the ground, letting Lex lay on top of him. She still has his ear in her mouth, growling until she realizes he is done fighting against her. Somehow both wolves know it's time to shift. Alpha Bronx sits up, looking like he has just been through a meat grinder and wraps his arms tightly around his mate. Lenora pulls a big blanket off the shelf behind us.

“Open the door, Milo,” she whispers. He obliges and she goes in to cover our Alpha and Luna up.

## Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Chapter 78

[/ Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Beener](#)  
Chapter 78

### **Bronx's POV**

For the first time in months, Saint is at peace. Quiet and settled. It's a relief to not have to constantly be battling him for control. Not being influenced by his rage.

After speaking with my therapist and several doctors, I decide to willingly stay in the hospital wing for a week for intensive treatment and to start medication to keep him stable. Kas has forgiven me. She is still upset with Saint, but she still loves him. She is willing to work on rebuilding their relationship. I don't know how she does it, but I can feel she genuinely means it. It's going to take a lot longer for me to forgive myself.

Kas comes every morning for a therapy session with me. She brings homemade croissants and coffee with her. She holds my hand and listens intently at my darkest secrets. Things that I would never imagine telling her before. Things I have done that live in the darkest corners of my soul. She tells me what she needs from me and I tell her what I need from her in return. Honest open conversations.

The last day, the doctor gives me several prescriptions that I will need to take every day and has me make follow up appointments. Then she lets me leave early so I can surprise Kas and have breakfast with her. I collect my things and head up to the apartment.

Marco is at the end of the hallway. I walk past the door and approach him.

“Marco, thank you and I'm sorry. Kas wouldn't be here today if it wasn't for you. I know I have a lot of work to do to win back your trust. I assure you, you will never be put in that position again,” I say as I shake his hand.

“Out of respect, Alpha, there’s a lot I’m going to keep to myself right now. But like I told Gamma Reggie, no thanks needed. The Luna is my priority. I take that seriously. I’m just glad I could be there when she needed me the most.”

I give him a salute, then turn back to my apartment. It is only six-thirty in the morning. All the lights are still out. My little mate rarely gets out of bed before seven a.m. I drop my bag by the door and head into the bedroom. Kas is sleeping on top of the regular bedding but under her old green and gray striped blanket.

I sit on the edge of the bed and admire her. Her fresh rain and lilac scent is stronger than ever. Her sparkly silver hair shines in the morning light that is starting to peek through the window. She looks so peaceful. I still feel like a shithead for letting Saint take over and lose control. How could I ever want to hurt this beautiful woman? .

I gently brush her hair off her neck, letting my fingers linger near her ear. Her eyes flutter open and she rolls over to see me smiling at her.

“Bronx, Sweetheart,” she smiles sleepily before she wraps her arms around my neck and pulls me down toward her.

“I love you, Kas. I love you so much,” I whisper in her ear as I embrace her.

“Love you too, Sweetheart,” she whispers back. Her soft lips kiss my neck, making me shiver, “but don’t just tell me. Show me.”

I pull back from her so I can look her in the eye, “Kas, after everything you-”

“Stop it, Bronx,” she looks up at me with her mesmerizing violet eyes, “show me.”

I feel her push the blanket off of her and she starts to pull down the waistband of my pants. I look down to see she is only wearing one of my t-shirts. I lift it gently above her head and toss it on the floor. I use my hands to support her head as I kiss her neck, down to her breasts, and start sucking and nibbling. I hear her let out a little moan as she grips the hair on the back of my head. I can smell her arousal, driving me crazy.

She pulls my shirt off and yanks on my waistband again. I stand up and let my clothes fall to the floor. I look over her beautiful body laying fully exposed to me on the bed. Her eyes look me up and down. She takes extra time to reach for my cock, giving it a gentle brush up its length with her fingertips. I feel it grow harder with anticipation.

I crawl back on the bed, positioning myself so her legs are on either side of me. I lean forward and use my hands to caress her. From her calves up to the outer part of her thighs, I brush my fingers lightly against her soft skin, making her shiver with a little giggle. I love that sound.

I move my hands to her inner thighs using my fingers to massage her all the way up. Her eyes close and she sighs at the touch. I kiss the inside of her thighs working my way up to her dripping pussy. I lick around her folds as I slowly push a finger inside her and start moving it slowly in and out. Kas hisses then moans as I flick her clit with my tongue. I make sure to take my time and move slowly, bringing her as much pleasure as I can.

“Bronx, it feels so good,” she moans as she raises her hips off the bed. I start to feel her muscles tighten around my finger. I keep the same pace but press my thumb against her clit and start to massage gently. Kas’s legs start to pull together as her orgasm builds, I move my free arm under her leg and pull her by the hips so she can’t escape my face against her as she wraps her legs around my head. Her moans intensify while I dart my tongue in and out of her core, lapping her delicious juices and suck and blow gently on her clit.

I feel her legs unwrap from around my head and she starts pulling at my shoulders, with little whines of desire. I slowly work my way up her belly, kissing around her stomach and ribs,

stopping at her breasts, giving them enough attention to make her nipples harden into pebbles.

I keep using my fingers until my cock is against her entrance. I use the juices from my fingers to lube my hard cock. She brings a hand down and places it over mine, helping me spread her juices over my shaft. I pause as I hover over her.

“Tell me you want me, Kas. After everything I’ve done. For all the reasons you have to run

away from me, please tell me you want me,” I look her in the eye. I’m not sure what I really expect her to say at this moment, but I just need reassurance that I’m who she really wants.

“Bronx, I want you. Forever. You couldn’t get rid of me if you tried,” she holds her hands on both sides of my face as her eyes shine with tears threatening to spill over, “I love you and I want you. More now than ever, Sweetheart.” %

“Why do you look like you’re gonna cry, Baby?” I haven’t even been home an hour and I already made her cry. How did I fuck up so fast?

“I’m happy, Bronx. I feel like you’re finally home. For the first time in months, it feels like you’re really home,” she sniffs. That’s what I needed to hear. I kiss away a tear that tries to slide down her face.

I move to her mouth and kiss her deeply as I press the head of cock inside her. We both let out moans of pleasure as I push myself deep into her pussy. I can feel her breaths start to get harder as my movements start to get into a steady rhythm.

I pull my knees up and kneel, pulling her onto my lap. I love giving her more control of the pace. I support her as she leans back, grinding against me moaning loudly. I feel her juices dripping down my balls. She leans forward and grasps my shoulders tightly, bouncing on me harder as she gets closer to her climax.

“Cum for me, my little goddess. It’s your turn to show me. Don’t hold back,” I tilt my head as I watch her. Her breaths are little huffs and as she squeezes her eyes shut in concentration. Sweat is glistening on her body, “Let it go for me.”

At my command, her moans get louder and she starts calling out my name, grinding harder against me. I feel her core clench around my cock as she reaches her climax. Her aura glows brightly around us. I feel myself squint at how bright it is, the comforting warmth of her energy fills me, recharging me.

“That’s it, Baby,” I murmur, as I keep thrusting into her. I feel the familiar twitch and I know I’m close. She wraps her arms around my neck and starts kissing me urgently when she feels me tighten inside her. She keeps up with my rhythm until I explode against her tight walls. The sensation makes her throw her head back again with a little squeal of pleasure.

I shiver from the release, then slowly fall backward onto the bed, bringing her down on top of me, both of us panting heavily. She slowly moves to pull me out from inside her.

“How you feeling, my weak old wolf?” she smirks at me.

“The batteries are not drained yet, Baby,” I smile back as I wrap my arms around her.

“Good, because it’s time for a shower,” she stands up and pulls my hands, leading me into the bathroom.

## Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Chapter 79

[/ Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Beener](#)  
**Chapter 79**

### Lenora’s POV

My precious baby, Codi, is almost a month old and Milo and I are so in love with her. I can’t.

even remember what life was like before. I have never been a picture-taking person, but I’m pretty sure my phone storage is almost full of her and her with Milo. He has been snapping pics of his own too.

“MILO! I have my boob out. Could you please not take a picture right now?” I laugh.

“Sorry, Sugar. That one is just for me though, it’s beautiful.” He leans down and kisses my forehead.

There’s a knock on the door, I put a cloth over my shoulder to cover myself up while he answers it. 1

Bronx and Kas walk in holding hands with big smiles.

“Hi Lenora! Where is Codi?” Kas asks, with an excited smile.

“Under the blanket, she’s almost done eating. We’ll let Uncle Bronx burp her when she’s done.”

Bronx freezes and his eye goes wide. Kas and I laugh at his reaction as I feel Codi unlatch. I pull her out from under the cloth and adjust my shirt.

“Don’t worry Bronx, Milo will show you how to do it,” I chuckle, “Besides, you need practice for one day when it’s your turn.”

He and Kas exchange a look I can’t read. For a split second I think maybe they came to tell us Kas is pregnant, but her scent has not changed. So it can’t be that.

“Alright, Leni, what do I do?” he asks, holding out his arms to hold his niece.

“Oh, did you give Uncle Bronx the messy job?” Milo says as he comes into the room and sits next to me.

“Only if she spits up,” I give Bronx an evil grin. Oh, big brother, she’s definitely going to spit up, I think to myself.

“Oh she’s gonna spit up,” Milo warns with a laugh.

Bronx clears his throat, “Uh, okay well before we let my niece destroy my favorite shirt. Lenora, I need to talk business with you. I know you’re on maternity leave, but I need your buy-in now.”

“Okay, what’s that urgent?” I ask, leaning back on the sofa.

Bronx has been through a lot in the past few months but he is finally getting the help he needs. He even agreed to be on medication to keep Saint under control. Last week I asked him what it felt like being on all those medications. The only description he could give was ‘too happy’. 1

“Like SpongeBob happy?” I asked.

“More like, the Joker, happy,” he replied with a frown.

I feel so bad that he has to go to such lengths, but Saint has proven to be dangerous. So it’s his only option. He assures me the doctors want to try to reduce the dosages of the medicine when they feel like it is safer. I pray to the Goddess that is sooner than later but I must admit, he has been more himself than I have seen in a long time.

“Lenora, I know you are on maternity leave, but we want to get this in motion so we don’t miss out on the opportunity and be ready when you come back,” he says, holding Codi against his shoulder. She looks like a tiny little bean leaning against him. Milo didn’t have to show him anything. He instinctively starts patting her on the back and rocking slightly side to side. He is going to be a great dad and he doesn’t even know it.

Bronx tells me about Kas’s idea about searching for other Menae and believes Marco’s mate would be a perfect fit for the position. She needs to be under my direction since it would be considered international affairs but he wants to be

able to hire her and get her onboarded to MasonCo before she finds a different job. He insists he is going to apply for a grant from the WHPS so her salary wouldn't even count against my payroll.

"So you want her to be a covert ops...researcher. In what world do you think WHPS is going to go along with that?" I scoff at the idea.

"Well, we can post it as a position to research historical information, we can leave out the part about people who may or may not be alive and well today but yeah, something like that. Her main priority is becoming an expert on the Menae. When she finds them, you and I review and decide together whether its safe to reach out to them."

"Lenora, I had kind of a vision, well, it was more a feeling than a vision. It wasn't scary. It was a good feeling I got when I was meditating. It felt like a family member giving me a hug," I have sisters out there. If there is any chance I could be reunited with them, even just some of them, I would really like to take that chance," Kas looks at me with giant violet puppy dog eyes.

Why does she have to be so damn adorable. I knew it from the first night I met her that she was special. Not just because of the silver hair and violet eyes. There was just something about her that made me want to be closer to her. I think everyone feels it to some extent. Everyone loves her so much and deservedly so. She is the kindest werewolf I have ever met.

"What do you say, Leni? By the time you get back from maternity leave, Musu will know everything she needs to know about MasonCo and the assets at her disposal to do her job," Bronx reassures me.

"Alright, I can get behind that if we think it will help Kas," I concede. I'm still a little skeptical

about hiring someone to search for goddesses but if it's important to Kas, I have to at least try. Right?"

"I think it will help Kas, yes, and maybe other wolves that aren't sure who they are," he says, "the flipside is, we could encounter people who are dangerous. We just don't know yet."

At that moment, Codi lets out a little burp and white goop lands on my brother's shoulder.

Milo starts laughing like a maniac, "Thar' she blows!"

Bronx looked a bit mortified, "Umm, if I say this is gross, is that insulting the baby?"

"No, I say it all the time," I laugh at him while Milo helps clean up the mess.

"Okay! My turn!" Kas says holding out her arms, her fingers wagging.

Bronx gently hands Codi over to Kas and stands to go wash up in the bathroom.

“Hi Codi!” I hear Kas coo at the baby and let Codi wrap her tiny fingers around Kas’s finger. I look closer to see a slight purple aura engulfing them. It should be disturbing, but I am glad they have a connection like that. Codi coos back at Kas.

Kas swiftly scoops her up and starts walking around the room telling her a story about the *Moon Goddess* and her siblings Helios and Eos. She is very animated and uses different voices for the different Gods. I see Bronx come out of the bathroom, wiping his shoulder with a towel. He stops when he sees his mate holding Codi. A small smile forms on his face, but it doesn’t reach his eye. There is a touch of sadness there.

I open a mind link, “What’s wrong, brother?”

“Poker face secret, Leni,” he responds. He hasn’t asked me to keep a poker face secret in years. Basically, it’s a shock that you can’t let anyone know about. You have to fix your face before your face has a chance to react to the news.

“About Kas?”

“Yeah.”

“Okay, poker face secret.”

“Lady Camille had done research and she doesn’t think Kas will be able to have pups.”

“Bronx, 1-” I feel my eyes widen.

“Poker face, Leni,” he interrupts, then breaks the mind link

1100k over at him and then to Kas, who is engrossed in her storytelling. I push the emotion down. Poker face.

## Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Chapter 80

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

80

### Bronx’s POV

I don’t know how she did it but Kas has flown through the first semester of her senior year classes. She wakes up with me so she can meet the tutor early while I am training with the pack warriors, then stays up late to get her homework done, except for essays. She saves those for our lazy day – Sundays. Her tutor tells me she has straight A’s except for History. Lex keeps telling her the books are wrong

and convincing her to change the answers to be accurate. I mean, chances are, she was there, so how can anyone be mad at her?

English on the other hand is her best subject. One of her projects is to write a poetry collection. She refuses to show it to me and tells me she doesn't want me to criticize her work. I leave it alone but the tutor tells me it is inspiring. He wants to put them in a booklet to share with the high schoolers if he can get her to agree.

"Kas, you don't have to show me, but Mr. Ankers says he would like to publish it for the pack high school. That's a big deal, Baby. Think about what an honor it will be for those kids to have a book of poetry written by their Luna," I try to convince her to approve of the publication.

"You promise you won't pick up a copy?" she asks.

"I won't. I promise, but can I ask why you're so against me reading your poetry? You let me look at everything else," I question, truly unsure of why it's a deal breaker for her.

She sighs heavily, "Because it's the story of my life. From my first memories until now. And if there is anything you want to know, I would rather you just ask, than look at my thoughts on a piece of paper and there is some stuff that you might be upset about. I mean, it's all in there, the good and the bad. I don't want you to think any of it still bothers me or misconstrue anything. It was just part of the assignment. Make the reader feel something. So I did. I just don't want that reader to be you," she explains with a little whine. Kas is mature for a seventeen year old, but sometimes she has her moments. This is one of them. I always forget that while it's my duty to protect her, she wants to protect me too, even if it's from her.

I pull her into my lap and kiss her gently, "Okay, Baby. Thank you for telling me. I promise I won't read it."

In addition to school, she has been training with James and Marco, volunteering at the pack hospital, teaching cooking classes to my warriors, perfecting recipes with Delilah, and planning the wedding. She also helps Lenora with Codi. They really do have a special connection. Even for such a young pup, it's amazing to see how her demeanor changes as soon as Kas walks into the room. She even already smiles when she hears Kas's voice. I mean, I can't

blame her. I'm the same way. Ask anyone.

I'm a little worried Kas is going to get burned out or worse yet, have a vision from being too stressed out, but we have Sundays. She and I don't leave the apartment. She works on her homework and does some baking, but other than that, we just relax. It's good for both of us.

Reggie has worked hard on getting the crews to have the new packhouse done on schedule and he did a great job. All the amenities are as modern as we could have possibly hoped for. We make sure every piece of security equipment we can

add is in place and ready to go when we are ready to move in. He even comes in under budget. Ashley was responsible for the new decor and it was no surprise that she did an amazing job too. The guest suites look like modern luxury hotel rooms and the residences were exquisite. Everyone had a say in what they wanted their spaces to look like and she made the visions come to life. The common areas are fresh and welcoming and constantly being utilized by the pack. Having the hustle and bustle back in the place I call home makes me feel so good.

As for me, MasonCo has never been more successful, things with the pack are running smoothly. We even make alliances we have been working on for years with two nearby packs. I have also been keeping up with my therapy sessions. The doctors finally reduced my medication dosages and I am really feeling better, so is Saint. We are both ready to get married to the love of our life.

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Wedding and the summer solstice guests are starting to trickle in for the long weekend. They are all excited for the wedding and for those who are wolves, excited for a huge stampede led by Kas and me at midnight tomorrow night. The omegas are doing a fantastic job ushering people around and accommodating last-minute requests. Food is coming out of the kitchen at a breakneck speed. I peek in just to tell them they're doing a great job and sneak a cookie. Mrs. Miller catches me and smacks my hand with a spoon.

"Out, Alpha! Let Carly know if you need anything," she scolds but lets me take the cookie anyway.

Around three-thirty, I take a break from greeting guests and go up to the apartment. I open the door to find it is full of women surrounding Kas in the living room.

"Oh look! It's the groom! Bronx, come in, dear," I hear my mother say. Kas turns around with wide eyes and shakes her head just enough that I can see she doesn't want me to see what's happening in my living room.

"Help me!" she mouths at me.

"Mom? What's going on here?"

"We decided to throw a little surprise bridal shower for Kas. Since you two refused to register for gifts, we're just getting together to give her some things just for...her...and having some mimosas and pastries before dinner," Mom smiles. I wonder how many mimosas she has had today. 1

I look at Kas who is sitting on the sofa looking bright red with embarrassment.

"Sorry Baby." I mouth back at her.

Several of the women sitting around her, giggle to each other.

"Hi Sweetheart, do yourself a favor – just go directly into the bedroom and close the door," Kas smiles a broad artificial at me. She doesn't have to tell me twice. I sprint to the bedroom and slam the door shut. I need to take my clothes for tomorrow down to Milo's apartment. I'm not allowed to stay in my own apartment tonight, "girls only" according to Lenora, Ashley, and Delilah. I'm totally using my Alpha voice to make Milo sleep on the sofa tonight.

I grab my toiletries and my suit bag and sprint back out of the apartment before I could get pulled into whatever little party the ladies are having.

I don't get to see Kas until dinner. She's so beautiful in a long strapless cotton candy pink dress. I seriously can't explain it, she just seems different. Her hair is extra sparkly, her eyes are extra purple. Almost like she is trying to control her spirit so she doesn't walk around glowing. I can't help myself. I pull her into my lap and make her stay there throughout dinner so I can breathe in her delicious scent. I feed her forks full of food in between kisses until she pushes the fork away. The guests around us giggle and coo at us, but I don't care. Kas is all I can think of right now. I can't stop smiling, tomorrow she's going to be my wife. Saint is genuinely happy, which is a relief. He doesn't even have anything snarky to say as I pull her close and breathe in her delicious scent.

We have a small get-together in my office after dinner with the wedding party and my parents. I refuse to let go of Kas's hand. What if I let go and she disappears into thin air?

I clink my glass to give a toast. As everyone quiets down so I can speak, "As I look around this room, I see family and I see friends. Honestly, I can't tell the difference between the two. If you are a friend you are family, if you are family you are a friend. We've all been through a lot in nine months and we could not have gotten through any of it without the support of every single wolf in this room."

I look around at all the smiling faces. I look down at Kas before I continue.

"Kas has made me a better wolf. A more patient leader. I'm a more compassionate man because of her. She and her wolf Elexis have tamed the savage beast that is Saint. They're still working on me," there is a chuckle around the room, "In turn, I have watched her grow. From a wolf who we weren't even sure would survive the trip from Silver Moon to Blood River to an actual goddess with a zest for life that cannot be contained. She is selfless, full of endless love, and determined. She is the true definition of strength. She is exactly the Luna Blood River deserves.

"You all know that last year, Kas spent a significant amount of time at a coven in France. We still have a close connection due to their generosity. We even gained a pack member out of the experience, who has become one of Kas's best friends," I tip my glass to Delilah.

"During a trip to the coven, we found out that our wolves have been mates for over eight hundred years. They told us that Kas and my human spirits have been connected with our wolves for just as long. When I was trying to understand the significance of this, Kas explained

it very eloquently to me. Enough so, that I got it tattooed on my wrist. Hate tried to erase the message, but my tattoo artist is stronger than hate," another chuckle goes around the room," So, I would like to make a toast to you all, your wolves, and something we can all pray to the Moon Goddess for; 'May the love you and your mate have today, last forever. Forever in the past and forever in the future."

Everyone raised their glasses, some cried out 'Cheers!' Others gave a little howl. Kas wrapped her arms around my waist from beside me. I looked up to see everyone looking at their mates, some giving each other a little kiss, some of the women were crying at the touching words, being consoled by their mates.

As everyone was filing out of the room, the girls tried to pull Kas away from me, but she pushed them off with a little growl so she could give me one last kiss.

"I'll see you tomorrow evening, Baby," I pepper her with kisses.

"I don't know how I'm going to sleep tonight," the little frown on her face pings my heart.

"Elope! It's not too late!" Saint yells. I consider it for a millisecond then tell him to knock it off.

The bridesmaids are all whining now and Lenora comes over with her hands on her hips," Alright big brother, hand over the bride. I have a babysitter for the night and I am not wasting it watching you two make out." Begrudgingly, Kas and I take our arms off of each other. The girls take her by the hands and pull her away. My heart immediately feels empty as soon as she leaves the room.

I head down to Milo's apartment with him, Reggie, and James.

"Do you think we added enough security?" Should we have them do one more sweep?" I ask Milo.

James chimes in, "Alpha you got Marco, Archie, and Tyree in the hall upstairs, two snipers on the roof, and six guards protecting the entrances. She's gonna be just fine. If anything, we should bring the treasures of Fort Knox here, they'll be safer." 2

Milo and Reggie laugh and clap my back while I sulk. We have a couple more drinks before we call it a night. It feels good to sit in the quiet for a while, relaxing with my best friends.

"Guys, there was something different about her today. It was like everything about her was amplified. Her hair seemed extra sparkly and did you notice how vibrant her eyes were? They were practically glowing in the dark. Her skin was softer, even her scent was crisper," I quip.

"It's because she's turning eighteen. The same thing happened to Lenora right before she turned eighteen. If you thought the last nine months were incredible. Just wait until you see her tomorrow," Milo says.

“What do you mean?” James asks.

Milo responds, “It’s one of those things they teach girls but they never bother to talk to guys about, because it doesn’t happen to us. A female werewolf doesn’t have all her hormones when her wolf first wakes up. Lenora says it is to protect girls who are only seventeen and have older, more experienced mates. Like you and Kas for example. It gives them a chance to get to know their mate better before things kick into high gear. That’s why when Marco met Musu, they were fine spending two days locked in a room. She’s already twenty she’s ready for a full blown mating relationship. I’m not sure how that works for you James, sorry. But now that Kas is about to be eighteen, the spigot gets turned to full open. You know how we can smell other guys’ mates? Just as a way to identify them?”

“Yeah, of course,” James confirms.

“Well, what does Kas smell like to you?” I throw out the question. I don’t try to sound menacing but I’m pretty sure I fail to cause all three of them to flinch a little.

James looked at me and furrowed his brow, “Now that you mention it, I have never really thought about what her scent is before. I mean she smells like a wolf, but I don’t think of a scent specifically associated with her.”

“Well, get ready for tomorrow because you will!” Milo says with his signature goofy grin and a finger in the air, “My money is on those oatmeal toffee cookies.”

**Note: The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!**