

# Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future Chapter 91

/ [Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future](#) by Neener Beener  
Daughters of the Moon Goddess – Prologue Kas's POV

"Are you sure about this?" my wolf Elexis asks when the timer on the oven goes off.

"Absolutely," I say confidently, "I refuse to be a prisoner in our own home, Lex."

I pull the cupcakes out of the oven. Carrot cake caramel – I've been experimenting to perfect the recipe for my bakery for weeks so we can add it to the fall menu. The little browned mounds of cake finally look perfect and smell like heaven. I set them on the cooling rack and make a few notes in my notebook before I go get a shower.

I choose my outfit carefully, a loose, casual dress I can quickly remove with slip-on shoes. Once I'm changed, I check myself in the mirror. I don't look out of place. People won't notice anything strange. Satisfied with what I see, I go back to the kitchen and put a thick layer of cinnamon cream cheese icing on the cupcakes. I add orange and gold sprinkles for effect.

Sunday is usually my lazy day. It's the day my mate Bronx and I stay in the apartment. We do that so my guards can have the day off and so he and I get to spend time together, but since my birthday a little over a month ago, Bronx has decided he has more important things to do than spend time with me. 2

What important things, you ask? Who knows? He won't tell me. He just says he needs time

alone with the guys. Which guys, you ask? Who knows? He won't tell me that either. For the past five weeks, he leaves on Sunday morning and doesn't come back until after dinner as if it were no big deal. 1

Sorry, I'm being rude. I should introduce myself before I complain too much about my life. My name is Kas Mason. I have been the Luna Regent of the Blood River werewolf pack in Montana for a little over a year now.

Bronx hasn't really been treating me like a Luna lately though, more like an afterthought and I am getting pretty sick of it. I tried to talk to him about it. I really did, but he brushed me off. He just rolled his eyes at me and walked away, muttering something about always nagging at him.

Not only has he been leaving me alone on the one day of the week we get to spend together, he has also put a substitute guard on duty outside the apartment door. And on top of all that, the guard has orders: I'm not allowed to leave the apartment unsupervised. If I leave, the guard needs to tell Bronx where I am headed.

It's such bullshit. It's not like I'm a child. I don't even need a guard anymore. I mean, I used to, but I'm much stronger now than when the guards were first assigned to protect me.

What does Bronx really think is going to happen while I'm in our apartment inside the packhouse, anyway? It's not that I don't like Tyree. He is a great guard and a fearsome warrior,

but it's just stupid that he needs to be out there when Bronx should be in here with me

I smooth my clothes and open the apartment door.

"Is everything alright, Luna?" Tyree asks with a concerned look on his face.

"Oh yeah, no problem, Tyree," I smile innocently at him, "I was just wondering if maybe you wanted to try another cupcake? Be my taste tester since the Alpha isn't here? I think I have perfected the recipe this time."

"Of course, Luna," his dark eyes brighten at the offer of food as he smiles back.

"Great! You always give the best critiques of my baking." I hand him a plate with three cupcakes on it, "Dig in! I just want to grab my notebook so I can write down your feedback."

"I'm happy I can help. Thank you so much, Luna," he nods, raising the cupcake toward me like a beer mug

I open the apartment door just as he takes a big bite of the little cake. I let energy build in my hand, making a slight violet aura form around it, and curl my fingers into a fist. Everything around me becomes deathly still. I look back to see Tyree frozen in time, mid-bite.

Perfect. I have half an hour before the effect wears off.

Oh, I forgot to mention; I have supernatural powers. One of them is being able to stop time. If it's just one person, like poor unsuspecting Tyree, for example, it can last for more than half an hour. If it's a large group of people, I can only hold it for about five minutes before my energy fades. I don't really have time to explain right now. I have to get going.

I sprint down the hall, down the stairs, and out of the packhouse before anyone can see me. As I race to the wood line, I pull my clothes off so I don't waste time. I pile them under a bush and shift into my wolf form.

Lex shakes out her inky black fur and bolts deep into the woods.

"So what are you going to do if you find him?" Lex asks as she sprints toward the river.

"Don't worry about it. That's between me and Bronx," I huff at her.

"All riiiiight," she replies in a sing-song tone, "Oh! I caught his scent. He's close."

We run to the tree line of the Blood River and there he is, hanging out with his buddies. He is laughing, smoking, and drinking beer like he doesn't have a care in the world. I try to swallow my anger, but now even Lex is mad, which is influencing my emotions.

"Oh Hell no, Kas. I'm not sure what's going on with him lately, but sneaking out to drink and smoke, that's just wrong," she snarls, "I thought for sure he was hunting rogues and didn't want to tell you."

"Shift, Lex."

"Uh, we don't have any clothes. Those other guys will see you naked."

"I don't care. I want to talk to him, so shift."

"Kas, don't say anything you'll regret," she says with a worried tone in her voice before she lets me shift back to human form.

I storm out of the woods, naked as the day I was born, and make a beeline for my mate.

He finally catches my scent and turns to face me with a shocked expression on his face.

"Kas? What are you doing here?" His eye goes black, showing his wolf, Saint, is at the surface when he sees I have no clothes on. He stands up and strides toward me. His surprise turns to anger as he tries to block my body from the view of his friends.

The guys all avert their eyes when they realize I'm not trying to hide myself. It's one thing for other wolves to see you right before and after you shift, but standing around with no clothes on is a different story. Wolves have a tendency to get protective when their mates naked, so covering yourself up as soon as possible is usually proper etiquette. Saint pulls the shirt off of Bronx's body and hastily puts it over my head, jerking it down as fast as possible to cover me.

"What the fuck, Kas?" Saint's deep raspy voice growls from Bronx's mouth as he grabs me by the upper arm and pulls me roughly toward the tree line. His claws are slightly extended, drawing little drops of blood from my inner arm.

"What the fuck, Kas? I think I should be the one asking you that, Saint! And don't grab me like that! You're hurting me!" I growl dangerously at him, yanking my arm away. I can feel the purple aura starting to glow all over my body now, "Let me talk to Bronx. Right now!"

"No," he crosses his arms and stares me down.

“Saint, what the Hell are you doing? Let me talk to Bronx.”

“Sending you home. That’s what I’m doing. Why isn’t Tyree watching you?” he snarls, avoiding my demand.

I cross my arms, glaring at him, and snarl back sarcastically, “He’s taste testing cupcakes.”

I watch his eye flicker back to green as Bronx takes control back from his wolf. “Kas, you need to leave right now. Don’t make me escort you.”

Oh, my Goddess! He is letting Saint control him and treat me like that? I can’t believe this man or his wolf!

I feel my mouth drop in shock, “Bronx, you shouldn’t have to escort me because you should be AT HOME, not out here smoking and drinking! You know you shouldn’t be out here, otherwise you would be at the packhouse doing it. Not out where no one will look for you.”

“ENOUGH KAS! GO HOME,” he roars in his Alpha tone.

Lex growls quietly in my mind, “I hate to say it, but just comply, Kas. Let’s get out of here. Please. It’s not worth arguing with him when he’s clearly been drinking. We can deal with him later.”

(This conversation is NOT over, Bronx Mason,” I take his shirt off and throw it at him before I shift and Lex runs home.

I get to the edge of the woods by the packhouse and hastily throw on the dress. I pick up the shoes, putting them on as I run back up to my apartment. Tyree is still frozen in place, mid cupcake bite. I grab my notepad from the apartment and step back out, unfurling my fingers to unfreeze him.

“It’s delicious, Luna. The cinnamon in the frosting really makes it perfect.” Tyree nods as he finishes the first bite.

“Great! I’m so happy you like it!” I smile brightly. “Well, you can keep the rest. I’ll be inside if you need me.”

“Thank you again, Luna,” he dutifully responds, “I’ll be out here if you need me.”

I step into the apartment and immediately mind link my two regular guards, James and Marco. I push down my anger so they won’t sense it. They already know how unhappy I’ve been with Bronx lately. They always tell me to come to them if I have a problem, but I don’t want to burden them with my personal relationships too much.

“Luna, what’s wrong?” I hear them respond almost in unison.

"Everything's fine, guys. I just wanted to let you know I figured out a new strategy. I need your help to refine it," I smile slyly as I tell them my revelation.

Bronx's POV

"I can't believe she is trying to spy on us," Saint growls in my mind as we watch Lex run off into the woods.

"No joke. I deserve to have a little fun now and then. She needs to stay in her lane and just calm down," I half-heartedly agree with my wolf. I can feel his emotions influencing me, making me annoyed with our mate. He's been doing that a lot lately, and I have been letting him. It's easier than fighting with the wolf spirit that lives in my head.

"And the way she was talking to you in front of the pack members? Our friends?! She's gonna pay for that!" Saint's anger grows, making me feel extremely irritable, "I just want time to blow off steam. What's so wrong with that?"

I watch in the direction Kas left until I'm sure her scent is gone. Once I'm satisfied, I turn

around and head back to my friends. A small part of me feels a pang of guilt but Saint pushes it

away.

"Everything alright, Alpha?" Cason, my tattoo artist, asks.

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"Yeah, I'll deal with that later." I wave vaguely in the direction Kas just left from before I grab another beer and lean back on a rock so we can continue our conversation.

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When I get home, Tyree salutes me in the hall.

"Alpha," he regards me.

"Tyree, why did you let the Luna leave by herself?" I try to give him a chance to justify his disregard for my orders.

"What are you talking about, Sir? Is this some sort of test? She's been inside all day. Except for when she let me taste test those new cupcakes. You've got to try them, Alpha. They're amazing," he smiles at me, completely oblivious to Kas's impromptu trip to the woods this afternoon.

"Yeah, I'll have to do that, Tyree. You're dismissed." I watch as he walks down the hall and down the stairs before I go inside.

"She froze him, Bronx," Saint paces impatiently in my mind, "She knows better!"

"KAS!" I yell once the door is closed, "You froze Tyree?"

Kas comes out from the bedroom with her arms crossed over her chest.

"I wouldn't have had to if you would have just told me what you were doing, Bronx," she retorts defiantly.

"You know I don't like you using magic on pack members. Don't do it again," I warn her.

"My powers are NOT magic!" she throws her hands out to the side as she yells before turning around and going back to the bedroom. She gives me one last glare, her violet eyes glowing brightly, before she slams the door closed.

A moment later, the door opens just wide enough for a pillow and blanket to be thrown out on the floor, then it slams closed again.

"Kas? What the Hell? You're making me sleep on the sofa?!" I pound on the bedroom door with a snarl.

"Yes," her muffled reply comes through the closed door.

I could just break it down, but that will lead to a lot more arguing.

I sigh, looking at the bedding by my feet. How did it come to this? Being kicked out of my own damn bedroom? I pick up the pillow and blanket and plop down on the sofa. Reality sets in as I realize I won't get to wrap my arms around my beautiful little mate tonight. I won't get to breathe in her fresh rain and lilac scent that always calms me.

Regret starts to seep into the corners of my mind about how I treated Kas and how I let Saint

treat her today. It was uncalled for. The males in our pack are raised understanding that it's not acceptable to put your hands on a woman the way I grabbed Kas today. I don't know what got into me or Saint. I will figure out a way to make it up to her somehow.

## Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future Chapter 92

/ [Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Beener](#)  
Daughters of the Moon Goddess by Neener Beener Chapter 1

## Chapter 1

### Lenora's POV

The bold letters of the unopened email sear into my eyes. The subject line reads: 'Operation Goddess: Weekly Update'. A lump of anxiety settles in my chest as I read it over and over. My finger hovers on the mouse button, but I can't bring myself to open it. I hate that this assignment has turned into such a shit show.

There is a knock on my office door, giving me an excuse to ignore the email.

"Come in," I call out, looking at the door.

Musu peaks her head in. "Hello Beta. D-did you watch the video?"

I sigh and roll my eyes. She is not who I was hoping to see, "Not yet. How bad is it?"

"Mmm, pretty disturbing. Mind if I sit?"

"Might as well." I shake my head and turn the computer screen, so we can both see, while she sits in the chair across from me. I open the dreaded email and click on the attachment.

A black and white surveillance video pops up and starts to play.

Aman approaches an ATM. While he is completing his transaction, a petite woman wearing a trench coat with designer stilettos queues up behind him. She hides her face using a large floppy hat and dark sunglasses. He appears to be reviewing his receipt when she pulls out an ornamental dagger.

Without warning, she grabs his chin with her wolf's claws extended. With one swift movement, she slices his neck from ear to ear. Blood sprays out as she pulls the startled man to the ground. He feebly struggles against her, but she waves her hand over his face and appears to say something out loud. His hands fall helplessly to the side as he becomes paralyzed. He stares at her, his eyes wide with fear. She quickly looks around, then straddles his chest, partially obscuring our view, but it is clear she is digging the knife into his face. When she stands up, she puts something small into the pocket of her trench coat. She then drags the man's body out of frame and the video cuts off.

"Musu, if you say what I think you're about to say, we have a real problem on our hands," I look at her with alarm.

"They found the corpse in the alley next to the bank," Musu states knowingly. "She cut his left eye out. She also sliced open his abdomen and took part of his liver... umm...and his heart."

"Fuck," I swear under my breath, "Yeah, we definitely have a problem."

I tap my fingers on the desk, still looking at the computer screen. I should be furious, screaming for revenge. There is no way it's a coincidence, but there's just no way it's real.

"Beta," she looks at me sympathetically, "I didn't want to believe it either. The video is from last April. I received it from one of my contacts earlier this week. I had our tech team review the video ten times. They confirmed it. That knife has been missing for over six years until yesterday."

I lean back in my chair and take a calming breath, "This stays between you and me for now, Musu."

"Yes, Beta," she stands up. "The rest of the report is basically the same as always, but something seems to be ramping up. They are getting more brazen with their actions."

I don't say anything. I just nod, looking off into the distance.

Musu stands in front of the desk for a moment, "Permission to speak informally, Beta?"

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"Of course, Musu, you're one of my best friends. You can always speak candidly with me." I soften my tone and turn my gaze to her.

"Lenora, please don't wait too long to speak to Alpha Bronx. We may need to consider additional protection for him. And knowing him, it will take convincing. I also have to keep all this a secret from Marco. It's not fair to him. Especially if he is expected to keep Luna Kas safe."

"I understand. I know how difficult it is to keep secrets from your mate. Milo has to do it all the time with me. Give me forty-eight hours. I will speak to my brother and Kas sooner than later and figure out what to do." 1

"Thank you, Beta. Is there anything else I can do before I go home?"

"Yeah, can you turn back time to before all this started?" I try to smile at her.

"If I could, I would, Beta," she chuckles dryly and shakes her head, "Have a good night."

As she closes the door, I lean forward, letting my forehead hit the desk with a frustrated groan. I don't know how I'm going to tell my Luna more bad news. Kas Mason is the sweetest Luna the Blood River pack could have ever imagined and the best mate my brother Bronx could have ever lucked out on. She doesn't deserve to hear that her sister murdered someone.

"We need to keep Bronx safe, Lenora," my wolf, Justice, states stoically.

“Don’t worry, Justice. We will keep him and Kas both safe. I just have to figure out how to tell him about this in a way that won’t have him going off the walls.”

“Protect Bronx to protect the Luna,” she huffs and cuts off our link. She isn’t a wolf of many words, but it seems like she could have given me a bit more detail on this one.

## Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future Chapter 93

[/ Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Beener](#)  
Daughters of the Moon Goddess by Neener Beener Chapter 2

### Musu’s POV

My life was so different a year ago. I was the acting female Beta for the Lune D’or pack in . France, waiting for my brother to find his mate. Then I found Marco Sanchez. His Alpha and Luna were visiting our pack for a long weekend. Our Gamma Jenna and I wanted to bring fresh pastries from our local bakery to them as a welcome gift. Marco is one of the personal guards for the Luna from the Blood River pack, so he was on duty in the hall outside their suite when we came down the hall.

My initial impression of him was how impressively large of a Werewolf he is. He’s not quite as big as an Alpha wolf, but close. A broad and muscular man, with a serious expression that makes him look intimidating. Marco is exactly what you think of when you imagine a bodyguard. He is clean shaven, with his black hair cut into a Caesar style haircut. His bronzed skin makes his light brown eyes stand out like shining topaz jewels. I swear my heart skipped a beat when his plum and rhubarb scent hit my nose for the first time and my wolf, Mercy, howled in delight at the sight of him. 1

I knew in that moment, that I wanted to spend the rest of my life with Marco. I didn’t know how that was going to work since his pack was in the state of Montana in the United States, but I didn’t care. My hopes to be with my mate were almost dashed when he nearly shot his Alpha trying to protect me. But fortune shone on us when both of our Alpha’s were merciful and allowed us to stay the weekend together. Let me tell you, it was a weekend that will live in my memory forever. When it was time for him to leave, my family and Alpha gave permission for me to go live with him and I haven’t regretted a moment since. 1

I truly can’t imagine a more perfect mate. Marco treats me like a queen, never missing an opportunity to kiss me deeply or cherish my body. Every time he sees me, he smiles like it is the first time he has ever laid eyes on me. Even though I have a job working for MasonCo, he works hard to make sure I have everything I could possibly want and more. While he would never say so, I think he would rather I stay home than work, but he knows how important my work is to me, so he suffers in silence.

We have even gone to look at engagement rings, so he knows my ring size and what style I like the best. We also recently moved from his old one-bedroom apartment to a two-bedroom house near the packhouse so we can start planning for a family once we get married.

Another glorious thing about my mate is that Marco loves cooking for me when he isn't working, which is perfect because I could burn pasta. He and some of the other unmated warriors took cooking lessons from the Luna. She put together the cooking program when she found out he was interested in cooking, but didn't know how to make much more than instant macaroni and cheese. She did a great job, because I don't have to worry about a thing in the kitchen. And for safety's sake, if we don't have leftovers in the fridge the evenings Marco works, I join the pack members who eat dinner at the packhouse.

The Sanchez family is large and loving. Marco is the youngest of five boys. His brothers all have mates and pups. His parents love and care so much about all of us. The entire family spends every Sunday with them at their house. Marco's mother has helped me learn Spanish and taught me how to make saffron rice. His father has shown me how to dance merengue style. I'm thrilled I know Spanish and how to dance merengue. Marco says it is a good thing he and Mama Sanchez know how to make saffron rice.

I walk in the door an hour later than usual, still preoccupied with Lenora's reaction to the video I showed her. I'm pulled from my thoughts by the delicious smell of pork adobo and Latin music filling the house. A smile forms when I go to the kitchen to see Marco, barefoot, wearing boxers with an apron and no shirt. He tastes the sauce from the pot on the stove.

"Mi belleza de ébano (My ebony beauty)!" he flashes his dashing smile when he sees me and extends his hand, bidding me to him. I gladly put my hand in his, feeling our familiar sparks comfort me after a long day, and let him pull me into his loving embrace. He rocks us in rhythm to the music, kissing me like he hasn't seen me in a week. When he pulls away, he lifts the spoon so I can take a taste of the sauce. I take a little sip from the spoon. I can't help but moan and nod at how delicious it is. He kisses and nuzzles my cheek before he asks me to set the table while he finishes up.

"Please put a shirt and shorts on for dinner, Mon Loup (My Wolf)," I call over my shoulder as I take the dishes to the dining room, "We're only animals outside the house and in the bedroom, not at the dinner table!"

I hear him groan as he goes for a shirt and shorts. He has to wear a suit for work, so he says when he is at home, the fewer clothes he has to wear, the better. Not that I mind seeing him walk around in nothing but underwear, but wearing clothes at the dinner table seems reasonable to me.

I see Marco looking at me from the corner of his eyes as I set the table. He fills our dishes with the large servings of the pork dish before sitting down himself.

"Tell me about your day, Marco. I could use the distraction," I smile as I take a proper bite of the delicious pork food.

He tells me about the Luna's progression in her warrior training but his words fade into the background as the images from the video overtake my mind again. The ruthlessness and lack of remorse over such a violent act still trouble me. The look of fear, clear in the victim's eyes, even through the graininess of the video.

A year ago, when the Alpha and Luna approached me about an opportunity to work on a special project, I was ecstatic. The opportunity to search for the mythological daughters of the Moon Goddess known as the Menae. We thought it would mean I would get to travel and meet new people while helping Luna Kas find her long-lost family. I wish I still had the same optimism as I did back then. It has brought nothing but stress for everyone and heartbreak for my Luna.

"Musu, a-are you okay?" The concern in Marco's voice brings me back to reality.

"Hmm? What? Yes, it sounds like she's going to do great." I look up at him and realize he has his hand over mine.

"Where's your mind, mi Corazón (my Heart)? Cause it sure ain't here with me," He reaches up

and caresses my chin.

"I'm so sorry, Marco. I-I was just," I'm not sure what to say to him, "It was just a tough day at work, but I'm fine. I promise. You have my attention now. Please, continue."

"Is it something you can talk about?" He asks, trying to sound casual, but I can sense his worry. My handsome mate, he cares for me so much. He hates to see this job taking a toll on me, but he also understands how important it is to me and to the Luna.

"No, unfortunately, isn't something I can talk about right now," I frown. I hate keeping secrets from him, but I have orders.

"Tell you what, lemme draw you a bath instead of boring you with specs about my new handgun," his features soften and he chuckles when he realizes I haven't heard a thing he has said to me, "I'll let you have time with your thoughts. Just lemme know when you're ready and I'll come to bed, alright?"

I smile as I take his hand from the side of my face and kiss his palm. "Thank you so much, Marco. A hot bath is exactly what I need right now. I'll take the dishes to the kitchen." 1

He stands and kisses my forehead before going to start the bath for me.

I'm just finishing the dishes when I feel his muscular arms wrap around my waist and his soft lips on my neck. I turn around and hug him back, letting myself melt into his chest.

"I'm worried about you, Musu. You ain't your usual self lately." He rubs the back of my neck and buries his nose into my hair as I breathe in his sweet scent, letting it lull me into a calm state.

"I'll be okay, *Mon Loup*. Lenora is going to speak to Alpha Bronx and Luna Kas soon. So you will find out soon as well," I confide as much as I can.

"Okay, well, I'll keep the Xbox company. But, you know, if you need any help in the bath, just give the word. I'll be right there," he whispers in my ear. I can practically hear the smile in his tone. His voice is rich with double meaning.

I give him another kiss and slip out of his arms, "I think I'll be okay for now, but I will let you know if I change my mind."

I settle into the hot bath, letting the water soak away my worries. My mate is in the living room growling and swearing at his game while I relax. I feel my eyes getting heavy and let them close for a moment.

Luna Kas is embracing the woman in the floppy hat and sunglasses. The woman is holding the

dagger behind Kas's back. Marco and I try to warn her, but the woman takes off the glasses and hat to show it is Kas, embracing a twin version of herself.

"Musu. Musu, wake up," Marco's gentle voice coaxes me from my dream. I sit up in the bathtub and shiver in the cold water. Marco is kneeling next to the tub with a fluffy towel.

"Oh Marco. I had a weird dream about Luna Kas." I yawn as I stretch my arms and stand up.

"Well, I'm sure she'll love to hear about it tomorrow. For now, it's time for bed. Falling asleep in the bathtub is dangerous," he gently scolds as he wraps the towel around me and carries me to bed.