

# Chapter 3

## Kas's POV

Hi. My name is Kas. Well, actually its Iokaste, but please don't call me that.

You'll have to excuse my language. I try not to swear much, but a lot of really weird shit happened that got me to this point in my life... err... death... no... rebirth? I'm not sure exactly what you would call it, and I don't really have time to explain right now. I'm kind of in a hurry. Someone could probably write a book about it. I bet people would read it, but no one would believe it's a true story. It would have to live on the fiction shelf.

Right now, my human spirit is sitting next to my wolf's spirit, Elexis. I call her Lex. We're sitting with my mother, the Moon Goddess. She's the mother of all werewolves, but she's also my actual mother. Yeah, that makes me a Goddess too.

No one can see us, of course. We're watching the Blood River pack medical staff take my dead body out of the dungeon on a stretcher. The human shell that contained my spirit looks so small and frail. It's hard to believe how much it's been through.

My former mate, Bronx, is on the floor of my cell with our Beta, Milo. They're both distraught. Milo because of the Luna pack bond breaking. Bronx because blames himself for my death. I guess in the end he was the one who had me locked in the dungeon and ordered our Milo and or Gamma, Reggie, to only feed me trash. I refused it every day, because... gross. I don't care how desperate I am. I'm not eating trash.

He wouldn't let any of the pack doctors come treat me and he refused to come see me until a few minutes before my heart stopped. He could have saved me if he hadn't acted like such an ass, but I forgive him. I know it's kind of messed up, but I do.

You would think seeing all this would be upsetting, but it isn't. I feel at peace. Everyone was in a hurry because I was still pregnant when I died. They have to deliver my twin pups. I take one last look at my former mate and give Lex a hug before I let the Moon Goddess kiss my forehead. She's sending me back to that broken body to continue my spirit's journey. I have a lot more to do in this lifetime.

As my mother's lips touch my forehead, a chill washes over me. My fingers and toes turn numb at first. The numbness slogs its way inward until I can't feel my heart. I'm trying to breathe, but I'm just a spirit. I don't need to breathe. Now that I think about it, I don't have a heart either. What a weird feeling. I guess I really just feel nothing. I thought I was going to be in pain. That's what she told me I would feel. I guess I just have to accept... nothingness. Is that a word? Nothingness. If it isn't, it should be.

Oh wait, I think I hear voices, so that's not nothing. Right? There's also beeping. Can you hear it? There is crying too. It's not Bronx. Are my babies crying for me? How long is it supposed to take to get back to my body? I should have asked before I agreed to this.

Oh good, I feel tingling in my fingers and toes. The pins and needles kind of like tingles, right? It's spreading to my arms and up my legs now.

Mmm... maybe not so good... now it feels hot.

Oh, my Goddess! NOT GOOD! NOT GOOD AT ALL!

Suddenly, fire is coursing through my soul. It feels like wolfsbane. I try to scream, but I can't. I have no voice.

"Doctor! Her heart is beating. Come quick!"

"What? No, that's impossible. She's been dead for almost half an hour."

"Luna, can you hear us?"

Everything crashes into me at once. Sounds, voices, my emotions, other wolves' emotions, the pack bond mending, scents, the weight of my body, every single nerve ending coming alive, all of it. Like a tidal wave.

It seems like eternity is being smashed into a fraction of a second and I'm finally able to suck in a breath of air. When I open my eyes, the bright lights in the room force me to squint. I try to move my hands, but my body is too weak. The fire inside me is slowing from an inferno to a dull burn.

"Luna, try not to move." A nurse appears in front of me, blocking the bright lights.

"My pups?" My voice is dry and croaky. "Where are they?"

"They are getting examined right now, Luna. We're making sure they are looked at thoroughly. Same goes for you." The nurse looks at me with a panicked expression. "We're going to get them swaddled and bring them to you, but please, don't move. I just need you to lie still for now. We're going to give you some medication to ease the pain, and we're stitching you up to help Lex heal you."

Eww. Okay. Maybe she didn't need to tell me that last part. Yeah, I'm a werewolf, but the thought of blood makes me uneasy. Also, Lex isn't here with me yet, but I decide I should keep that to myself for now. The sound of the babies' cries interrupts the groggy feeling of the medication. I perk back up and look around.

To my left are two nurses, each with a baby in their arms. The first nurse lifts the bed so I'm sitting up while she stands near my head. She holds the baby close to me.

"Congratulations, Luna. This is your baby girl. She's a little skinny right now, but we'll get her fattened up in no time. Have you thought of a name for her?"

She's absolutely perfect. The nurse is right. She is thin, but her thick dark hair still reminds me of Bronx. Her skin is already an olive tone like his, with a hint of sepia to it. Her dark gray eyes squint at me. They are almost the same color as mine when I was a child.

I know one day, when her wolf wakes up, her eyes will turn a beautiful shade of scarlet, and her black hair will lighten to a wiry chocolate brown. She'll prefer to live in wolf form, but when she's in human form, she'll let it grow long and wear it in dreadlocks. She will let the sun weather her skin until it's permanently baked like the Earth's red clay.

How do I know all this about a newborn infant? Because she isn't just my baby. She's my sister. I give birth to her every time she gets reincarnated. In turn, she gives birth to me every time I'm reincarnated. The difference is, she lives for hundreds of years each lifetime. From what I'm told, I rarely make it to thirty. Yeah, it's kind of messed up, but we're Greek goddesses. We don't have a choice. Trust me when I tell you, I've read way more disturbing things about the Olympian Gods and Goddesses. I've even met some of them and I believe every disgusting word.

Someone helps me raise my arm up so I can hold my sweet little girl. I brush my fingers across her forehead and admire her. She looks at me and coos with a little sigh, making my heart leap. She blinks and squints. I feel like I can see straight through those gray eyes into her ancient soul. I can already feel the wild calling for her. It will have to wait. For now, she's just my daughter. As fast as she's there, they whisk her away, and another nurse is in front of me.

The second nurse holds the baby and looks at me sympathetically. "Luna, your other baby is a boy. I promise you, he's healthy based on his initial exam. We checked his vision and he can definitely see. We still have blood work to do when we take him to the nursery. It's standard protocol, but... well... the Moon Goddess sent us a miracle and sent you back to us... and, um... well... he looks just like you."

"What?" I don't know what I look like right now, but it can't be good. I wasn't in very good shape when I came back to Blood River. Then, I starved in a dungeon until I died. "What do you mean?"

I try to sit up further to see my son, but she gently pushes me back down and brings the little boy into my arms. The first thing I notice is his wispy white hair. It's like they have bleached all the color out. I stroke his silky hair with a lump in my throat. Oh, Goddess. What have I done? He opens his eyes when he feels my fingers on his pale skin. My heart drops when he looks at me. His irises are almost pure white.

"It's going to be alright, Luna." The nurse reassures me. "We are going to take good care of our future Alpha."

"Andreas." The name rolls off my tongue. "His name is Andreas."

"That's Alpha Bronx's middle name, right?" She gives me a sad smile. "He'll be honored."

Commotion in the hallway directs everyone's attention. Some of the nurses' and doctors' eyes turn black, showing their wolves coming to the surface. Instinctively, they move around the room to block me from whatever's happening.

"Let me through! Where are they?" I hear a familiar gruff voice from the hallway.

The nurses and doctors gasp. Half of them back up from their booming Alpha's voice, but hold their positions to guard me. The nurses holding my babies pull them to their chests and curl their bodies to protect the infants.

"Bronx, no! You can't go in there." Reggie's snarls. He sounds mad. Reggie is never mad.

"If you think we're just going to let you waltz in when she just came back to us, you're fucking crazy. Haven't you murdered her enough for one lifetime?"

"Reggie, let me through." Bronx snarls at our Gamma. Odd. Normally, he would have just bulldozed his way in by now. "This doesn't concern you. Just move."

"Bronx! Stop!" Our Beta Milo growls. "We won't let you hurt her again. She's still our Luna."

"Milo, get out of my way." Bronx barks back. There's a hard thump on the door and the knob rattles.

"Luna, get down!" The nurses holding my babies brace themselves, covering the pups and leaning close to protect me from danger. The door pushes wide open and Bronx rushes into the room.

"Kas," he stops short when he sees me. "I-it's true. You're alive."