

Chapter 7

Bronx's POV

I let the door of Kas's suite slam behind me and go back to my office. First she killed my sister, then she somehow cheated death... again... now she's fucking my Beta?

I hear the door open behind me and Milo's footsteps come running toward me. Saint bristles in my mind. "If you're not going to listen to him, then get rid of him. I can't stand to listen to you make a fool out of yourself anymore."

"Bronx, stop!" Milo chases me down. "It's not what it looks like."

He's got to be fucking kidding me. I turn around and glare at him, stopping him in his tracks. "Really Milo? Because it looked like you were holding Kas in your lap."

"I... okay... yeah. I was... but not it's not like that, bro. I was just giving her a hug." Milo follows me while I keep walking back to my office. "Bronx, she's been through a lot. She apologized for what happened to Lenora and I was telling her I forgive her. We were just talking."

"Whatever, Milo. She's not my mate anymore. You can have her." I flick my hand in the air to shoo him away.

"There it is." Saint rolls his eyes at me. "Complete with a damn clown nose."

"Bronx, seriously. Stop." He grabs my arm and spins me around. Milo has been a lot more serious since Lenora died. Now he looks exhausted, too. Yeah, he lost his mate. That doesn't give him the right to put his hands on me.

"What do you think you're doing?" I snarl and put my hand on his chest to back him up, letting my claws dig into his shirt to make my point. "



"What do you think you're doing?" I snarl and put my hand on his chest to back him up, letting my claws dig into his shirt to make my point. "Keep your damn hands off of me."

"First of all, Kas isn't yours to give to anyone. She's not a piece of property. Besides, she's not your mate anymore, so it shouldn't matter to you if she finds a boyfriend. The day you threw her in the dungeon was the day you showed everyone that you don't give a shit about her anymore. You think she's going to stay single forever? Think again, dumbass. As soon as people find out she's single and she's back to her old self, guys are going to be knocking down her door."

"I don't need a lecture from you, Milo." I try to turn away from him, but he pulls my arm again, making Saint come forward. He and I may be constantly fighting, but he won't stand for anyone being disrespectful.

"Too bad. You're getting one, because Lenora would have given you one herself, but she's not here." He raises his eyebrows at me to see if I'm paying attention. I take a deep breath and loosen my posture. Low blow to bring my sister into this, but fine. 1

I cross my arms over myself and look around. No one else is in this part of the hallway to hear him. "Fine."

"Thank you. I'm just going to get this out of the way, because everyone in this pack feels the same, except for you. Bronx, we don't care who you are or who you think you are or... what you think or don't think about Kas. Don't you dare disrespect our Luna again. She is literally in that bed, looking like a skeleton who came back from the dead because of your bullshit. Your orders killed her two days ago. The Moon Goddess sent her back to us. Maybe a miracle like that isn't enough of a sign for you, but I'm not taking it lightly. But most importantly, she's like my little sister. There's nothing going on between us. All I want is for her to know that



she isn't alone. Our pack needs her and wants her, even if you don't."

"As soon as the doctors say they don't need her, I'll make some sort of decision. I haven't decided what to do with her, but she doesn't get to walk around as if she didn't stand back and let our Beta female die." I shouldn't have stopped. I should have just gone to my office. She used magic to bring herself back to life, and now she's manipulating my Beta. You would think there would be some end to her depravity, but she just keeps going deeper. 1

"Bronx, just listen."

"She's the reason my sister is dead, Milo. Maybe you remember Lenora? She was your mate. That Mavri Magea bitch used magic to slice her almost in half. Sound familiar?" I throw my hands out to the sides and shake my head.

Milo has nothing to say. He just stands in front of me, pinching the bridge of his nose with his eyes squeezed shut. If he cries right now, I'm walking away.

"I don't know how many ways we can say it to get it through your thick head, bro. Kas. Is. In-no-cent." He drops his shoulders in frustration.

"I don't care if Kas is Luna. I don't care if she is a daughter of the fucking Moon Goddess. In my eyes, she was nothing more than a traitor as soon as she walked through that portal. I wouldn't have cared if she had died in the dungeon. It's what she deserves. Now she's the mother of my children, whether I like it or not, and I need to figure out what the Hell to do with her. You're a fool to have forgiven her, but now you're making it my problem. I can only assume that you and everyone else are under some sort of spell. I'm not falling for any stupid magic trick she's trying to pull like you clearly have." 2

"Oh, my Goddess. Bronx, I will literally beat your ass right now if you don't stop acting like an asshole. I saw you in the dungeon. I saw how much you still care about Kas, and I don't believe for a second you really believe any of your own bullshit." Milo puts his palms to his temples in frustration and his eyes flash black, as if he's actually going to let his wolf Ghost challenge me. Saint will take him out in a heartbeat. 1

"Or will I let him take a good chunk out of your ass first, dummy?" Saint snarls at me. "You really want to roll those dice?" 1

"Except for when you're complaining about wanting to see your pups, you've kept yourself locked in your apartment. The least you can do is listen to us. One hour. Give Reggie and me one hour to change your Goddess damned mind. You can at least hear us out before you make the biggest mistake of your life."

"You better say yes, or I'll make your life miserable." Saint hisses in my mind. He's been angry with me and barely talks to me anymore, unless I let him out to calm his ass down. Having him in my ear this much must mean it's really important to him.

I run my tongue across the inside of my lips and watch Milo give me a pleading look. "One hour. Tomorrow at eight a.m. in my office."

"Really? You're going to hear what we have to say?" His eyes perk up at the prospect of getting to meet with me.

"Don't expect it to change my mind about her."

"Don't expect it to NOT change your mind about her, bro."