

## Chapter 61

Eziah

Temperance tugs at the neckline of her top, sweat beading on her skin as her heat starts to come on. She reaches for the window button, but I am quick to stop her, knowing she'll send every unmated wolf after us if she does.

“It's so hot,” she whines, and I swallow, breathing through my mouth as I turn the AC on more. She tries the window again, but I quickly lock it. “Eziah, it's hot,” she growls. Nervously, I glance at her when Malachi presses beneath my skin, and I feel my pupils dilate.

“You're gonna have to tell her,” he snarls at me.

Hearing the sound of the leather tearing, my eyes dart to her hands gripping the seat, her claws sinking into the fabric. “Please open the window, your AC is broken,” she begs.

“I can't open it,” I tell her through gritted teeth as fur starts growing up my arms, which does not go unnoticed by Temperance. I hear her heart rate pick up. Feel her panic through the bond. She's scared of me.

“It's just Malachi, he won't hurt you,” I remind her, but it doesn't lessen her anxiety. Yet, I am startled by her response to my words.

“Why is he mad? I've been good,” she blurts, making me look at her.

“He's not mad... you... you're going... Fuck!” I curse. This feels wrong, so wrong, how can biology be so messed up that women endure this, well, that she has to so quickly after I've marked her.

Yet, my irritation at not knowing how to tell her only seems to set her more on edge. She falls quiet, sitting uncomfortably, despite feeling her wanting to get away from me. Reaching my hand to the door, I lock her doors, worried she may throw herself out of my car.

“You're going into heat, it's not hot, it's just you. My wolf can sense it,” I finally say.

She doesn't respond, making me look at her to find her staring at me in horror. “Temperance?” I ask her, returning my attention back to the road.

“But my wolves... I can't feel them.” she finally tells me.

“I know, but they'll come back and usually do during the second phase,” I tell her. This is not a talk I ever pictured having to have with my mate.

I kinda wish Marabella or my mother was here to explain it, yet I can only imagine how uncomfortable they'd feel had I asked them. Maybe not mom, but she can be pretty blunt, which may scare her even more.

“I won't hurt you, neither will Malachi, I'm pretty sure I can keep him under control,” I tell her while wondering how much wolfsbane that is going to take.

She doesn't respond, instead turns her attention out the window, and I can feel Malachi's unease at how disconnected she has suddenly become. Driving through my old pack, I find the streets empty, a few houses have their shutters down, meaning my fathers have warned any and all unmated wolves already, which is a relief. Although we'll be pretty far out of town anyway. Being back here feels odd, for some reason, it doesn't feel like home anymore. Have I truly been away that long?

When I arrive at my grandfather's old house, the windows are covered with the roller shutters, the paint peeling and the yard overgrown. I don't think Mom has been back here since he passed. Unfortunately, I don't know the man, but Mom always spoke fondly of him and her mother,

though every so often Maddox didn't. Pulling up out the front, I see Temperance staring at the house in fascination.

“Why aren't there any windows?” she asks, and once again I feel that flicker of fear again.

“No one has lived here since my grandfather passed.” I say, opening my door. She goes to open hers but finds it locked.

“I need to go turn the power on, but I need you to stay here in the car where it's safe.” Her brows furrow in confusion.

“It's not safe here?” she asks, peering around frantically.

“It is, but,” I sigh. “Remember how Andrei ordered that man out of the house, the one that sniffed you?” I ask her and she nods. “Your heat doesn't just affect you and me but any werewolf that doesn't have a mate, so I need you to stay in the car. I'm going to lock the doors, so don't freak out,” I tell her. She stares at me in horror. I pull on my handle when she grabs my arm.

“Don't go!” she panics, her claws sinking into my arm. I grip her wrist, but her claws curl into my arm. “Temperance, I need to turn the power on, or it will be dark inside,” I tell her.

“We can stay in here, where it's safe.” She looks at me in desperation. “We aren't safe here, but we will be inside, all houses here are equipped to handle a she-wolf's heat, if they weren't the town would be in constant chaos,” I assure her.

“But if we go inside, you'll...”

I tilt my head to the side, watching her stumble for words. She doesn't finish what she was going to say, seeming more confused now than before. It's hard to gauge how much she understands. She seems to know what heat is, but doesn't want me to leave, but she also doesn't want me to leave her. “We'll work it out, but for now, I need to get the power on, so I can lock the place down. I need to get you inside before your instincts

take over,” I try to explain, but this is growing more awkward by the second.

“I won't hurt you, but you'll want to, your wolves will force you too, I can explain inside, but you need to let me go. I'll be right there,” I tell her, pointing to the power box at the side of the house.

“And you'll come back?” she asks, staring at it.

“Yes, I will be a few minutes, that is all,” I assure her. Reluctantly, she lets me go, and I stare down at my bleeding arm, knowing it will heal extremely slowly. Joys of being a Gemini twin, yet it will still heal quicker than that of a human.

Climbing out of the car, I shut the door and lock it before moving to the power box. I lift the case and flick everything on before unlocking the front door. Once done, I head back to the car where Temperance sits frozen in her seat, eyes wide peering out at the forest. Opening her door, she grabs it, holding it closed.

“Temperance?” I ask her, but she shakes her head.

“I don't want to go in there,” she tells me.

“Well, we can't fucking leave her out here. Order her,” Malachi demands, yet his savageness is more out of fear of leaving her out here and not anger.

“She's scared!” I snap at him. I tug on the door, but she refuses to let go.

“Temperance, we need to go inside.” I try to tell her, but she is having none of it.

## Chapter 62

Sighing, I move to the stairs, much to Malachi's dismay.

“What are you doing?” he barks at me, pressing beneath my skin.

“She can't stay in there, but I am also not dragging her out. She'll come out when she gets too uncomfortable,” I tell him, sitting on the top step.

“And if she doesn't?”

“She will!” I try to tame him down, instead I lean against the railing, watching as her body heat grows more intense. An hour passes, and I am listening out for any noises, but I hear nothing. However, looking at the car the windows I can't even see in there due to her temperature fogging them. I can, however, sense her distress growing by the second.

My stomach sinks, knowing she is petrified and would rather be in pain than enter the house with me. I am about to try to cool myself down with the hose around the side when I hear her door open, and Malachi instantly locks onto her scent. I grip the tap connection, fighting against him when I am suddenly tackled when she picks up my scent.

Temperance's body is burning, yet she is still scared of me despite being out of control. We hit the dirt, but Malachi shoves forward fast, grabbing her and forcing her into the house. It feels foreign with him controlling this part of me, I rarely let him this much control, yet he is as comfortable in this form as the other. He shoves her into the bathroom, twisting the taps before ice-cold water pours out when I feel him command her. “Stay!” he orders.

“What are you doing? We agreed not to order her.”

“Shut up, she left the car door open, which is a beacon of her heat,” he tells me, which I am shocked he noticed her scent with how quickly he took control and moved her. He shuts the car door before handing control

back to me, and I enable the security system, locking the house down. After doing that, I go to the bathroom and drop the command on her, only to find her lying on the shower floor.

“Temperance?” I murmur, but she doesn't move. Eventually, I lay on the tiled floor outside the shower to try to get her attention.

“The shower is nice,” she murmurs, and I nod, knowing it won't last forever. She'll find even that won't help her. My skin ripples with Malachi's desire to be near her, and I am shocked at his restraint.

“Can I come in the shower with you?” I ask her, and her eyes dart to mine. She nods once. “I'll be taking my clothes off. I don't have spares here; they're in the car,” I remind her.

“Nova says you can,” she whispers, yet her voice sounds detached.

“Nova's back?” She nods. “But are you comfortable with me taking them off?” I ask her and she screws her face up.

“Sort of, I don't think it will work if your clothes are on,” she tells me.

“That's not what I asked, Temperance.”

“You won't hurt me, I know that,” she says, but I can't promise that. In truth, I've never been around a heat ravaged female before, so this is just as uncharted to me as it is to her. Although, I believe Malachi and I are holding up pretty well despite her scent driving me crazy. But I also won't lie to her.

“Not intentionally, I won't, that I can promise you.”

She thinks for a second but eventually nods. I tug my clothes off, and she sits up, moving over to let me in. Her clothes are drenched, sticking to her skin, and so is her unruly hair. I leave the door open, not wanting to spook her by closing it.

Sitting next to her, I lean against the shower wall when she sniffs me. Some part of her knows my touch will help her, but she is still wary of it,

so I remain still watching to see what she'll do. One thing I've noticed is that she hasn't dared look at me. I'm glad she hasn't as my cock is painfully hard. .

After a few minutes, we both seemed to relax a little. The tension in her body leaves once she realizes I am not going to maul her. "Did Nova completely block you every time?" I ask and she nods.

"Sometimes I could hear things, then I would hear Shadow would come, but I'd be blocked out again. I just figured it's because the attention was on her," she tells me.

"What do you mean?" I ask her.

"I didn't know Shadow was my wolf. I mean, I thought she was someone else because I could see her eyes."

Her words reminds me of the mirror. I can't imagine thinking all that time you were down there with someone else only to learn that someone else was just another altered version of you.

"Shadow is stronger than Nova," she whispers.

"Nova feared her, I would hear them argue."

"I did too, but also not," she says.

"What do you mean?" I ask her, stepping just a little bit closer.

"Her eyes scared me, and the way she spoke, but I felt bad for her mostly," she admits.

"Why?" I ask.

"Because I worried if my brother killed me, she would be on her own down there," she laughs. The sound is slightly crazed, and I see her eyes flicker.

"You think I'm crazy," she laughs, but I shake my head.

“No, I think your wolves and your mind did what it had to, to ensure you didn't go crazy. I also believe you weren't forced in the dark like you believe, I know from talking to Shadow she blocked a lot, but I think you did too,” I tell her.

“Some things are too painful to remember, so we block it out, lock it away. Forget it, so we don't have to relive it,” I tell her.

“Do you do that?” she asks, and my brows furrow.

“I think everyone does to some degree, that is what trauma is, though yours is much different from mine. I had a good childhood, it was becoming an adult that traumatized me,” I tell her, suddenly feeling the truth behind those words.

Temperance moves closer, and I am not sure even notices at first. “What have you blocked out?” she asks.

Come to think of it, plenty of things, but also nothing. Sure I can remember if I try hard enough; it's more of the fact that I don't want to. “What I did to my father, for one.” Yet, that day still doesn't haunt me as much as hearing her screams in my dreams, but I don't tell her that.

“Your father with the burns?” she asks, and I nod.

“I think it's more the fear of losing control like that that scares me most because I know the damage it can cause,” I tell her. Yet, my father's refusal to let mom or me heal him afterward makes the guilt of what I did even worse. Despite me hurting him, he refused to let me risk hurting myself to heal him, same as my mother.

“I like your parents, but I don't think your mother likes me,” she tells me.

“It's not that Mom doesn't like you, she was rabid. Power seeks power and once that side of her flips she is drawn to it, for some reason her power sought yours out.” I try to explain to her when she suddenly moves closer, the moment her skin brushes mine, sparks send my entire body tingling,



and she must feel that too because she is suddenly pressed against me and in my lap.

I freeze at the action when I suddenly feel her breath against my neck and I know she is about to transition between phases because Malachi is really struggling within me now.

I pull her closer, gripping her top and peeling it off her, she doesn't fight me, instead presses closer like she is trying to climb inside me just so she can escape her heat.

## Chapter 63

Eziah

At this moment, I'm overwhelmed but strangely calm. Like my powers reaching out to restrain me, I thread my fingers through her hair as the air around us thickens with her heat. Her scent is intoxicating and all-consuming, and I can feel the tension in Malachi as he fights instinct. I feel the fire grow inside my veins, threatening to burst and scorch whatever is near us.

Every inch of me craves her, and I am on the verge of losing control completely the more she wriggles on my lap. Yet somehow, I manage to fight the storm raging inside me when she rolls her hips against me. My fingers tangle in her hair, and I pull her head back to find her eyes glowing.

"Nova?" I murmur, but she shakes her head.

"Shadow?" She tilts her head, then says a harsh warning with an edge to her voice.

"Nova and I, we protected her. But hurt her, and you'll wish you only had us to deal with. My name isn't just a name—it's a warning. Cross that line, and there's no light that can save you from the darkness I'll unleash. Remember that."

Her cold and sharp words slice through the air, each syllable echoing a dire warning.

"I have no intention to hurt my mate," I assert, meeting her intense gaze.

But she's not moved. "Good. We've battled too hard to carve a path for her just for you to lead her into chaos," she snaps back. "Break her, and you unravel the fragile threads holding our world together. Life and death, Eziah – they're sides of the same coin, and it's not one you want to flip."

I'm caught, trapped in the icy grip of her glare. A chill crawls up my spine as her final words hang heavy in the air, laced with a sense of menace.

“Cross that line, and you don't just face her wrath—you pull both realms into a collision course. And trust me, the aftermath? It's a living hell no one can escape from,” she warns me before vanishing. Her words confuse me. How can she just leave her? It's clear that she is in the second phase, yet as the light in her eyes dims, I find myself staring at Temperance.

Only now, it's like a weight has lifted from her because the next second, her lips crash against mine. Her claws pierce my chest, and I surrender to my instinct, knowing that this is the gift Shadow has bestowed upon her. She has relinquished her fear and inhibitions. Currently, it's just Temperance and me, a test of my trust, and I do not intend to break it.

My fingers dig into her hips as I move her, so she straddles my waist before I push off the floor. Her legs wrap around my waist, and I turn the shower off before walking out of the bathroom. But we only get as far as the living room because wet feet and floorboards aren't a good mix.

My hand grips the back of her head, stopping it from slamming on the hard floor when we hit it, yet she doesn't seem to notice. She is too heat-ravaged to feel mundane pain as I fall on top of her.

She arches her back, pressing her chest against mine, and I can feel her heart beating fast. My heart races to match hers as I take in the sight of her writhing beneath me. Her eyes are closed, and her full lips are parted as she pants heavily.

Suddenly, a wave of heat engulfs us both, and we surrender entirely.

My kiss is deep and intense, fueled by the fire inside me that burns hotter with each passing moment. She wraps her arms around my neck, pulling me closer, and a moan escapes her lips. The sound sends shivers down my spine, and I deepen the kiss even further.

I trail kisses down her neck, nipping and sucking at the delicate skin before returning to her lips. Her hips rise to meet mine as she grinds against me, adding to my arousal. I feel like I'm burning up from the inside out, and I know that only she can quench the fire.

Her body writhes beneath me, her skin hot to the touch as she grinds against me. I can feel her claws digging into my back, but it only drives me wild.

I pull away from her lips, trailing kisses down her neck and collarbone. My hands roam over her body, exploring every inch of her skin. Her breathing is ragged and uneven, matching mine as I push myself up to look into her eyes.

"You're so beautiful," I whisper breathlessly, my fingers trailing down the curve of her waist and over the swell of her hip.

Her lips part in a gasp as I move lower, trailing kisses over her stomach and hips. I feel the tremble in her body as my fingers slip between her thighs, teasing at the sensitive skin there. She arches her back, pushing herself into my touch as I finally give her what she wants. "Ah!" Her whole body trembles as I wrap my lips around her core.

I immediately feel the change in her, and I can feel the difference in myself. It's like a living flame has begun to burn inside us. My heart beats triple time as I push her body to new heights. As if propelled by instinct alone, I find myself losing control of the fire inside me, consumed by the raw power of her heat.

She's moaning my name, her voice hoarse as she whispers the words repeatedly. It's like we're vaguely aware of each other between the blaze of desire and other needs. My hands wander along the curve of her hips, resting on the swell of her ass as I pull her nearer to me.

## Chapter 64

A choking sound escapes Temperance as she pushes against my lips. Her body shudders, and her inner walls clench tightly around my finger before I feel a hot rush splashing against my tongue. Her hips jerk beneath me, pushing against my mouth as her body shakes with pleasure until she falls limp on the floor.

My body is tense as if every muscle is drawn taut to its limit, my whole body loaded like a coiled spring. I feel the air around us hum with energy, and I can hear the roar of a rising storm in her voice as she grasps me desperately. “Eziah, please,” she begs, and never before has any word sounded more like an incantation than those words. Yet, I worry about her reaction as I crawl back up her body, positioning myself between her legs. Malachi presses against my skin, but like Shadow, he gives this moment to me. How he can hold back is beyond me.

The world around us seems to fade as I pull myself up and move back on top of her. The sensations inside me are so intense that they blind me to everything else. Her hand meets mine, and our fingers lace together as my hips arch forward. There is no hesitation in my actions as I claim her as my mate, even though some small part of me knows I could hurt her. But it’s a dim feeling compared to what’s racing through my veins and the reaction from her, I am receiving.

Every inch of me feels like it’s on fire as the sweet release of her climax intensifies it further. My whole body tenses, waiting until the moment that she loses all control because, at this moment, all I want is to lose myself in that inferno of desire that burns inside me, consuming me. Leaning down, I kiss her before slowly thrusting into her in one thrust; she squirms, but just kisses me deeper. I gasp as I pull out of her, only to push back in.

I feel her hands run up my back to my shoulders as she holds me close, her nails digging into my skin.

Likewise, I cannot help the moan that escapes me as I pull out, only to thrust back in again. I want to cherish this moment forever, but it's impossible when the fire inside me grows along with the pleasure that soaks through my whole body.

She moans and murmurs inarticulate words as our lips meet again. With every thrust of mine, she meets me halfway, grinding against me. Our bodies move just like a dance, as if we know what the other wants and needs before they ask for it.

I pull back, breathing heavily as I stare into her eyes, and then I thrust hard again, drawing a loud scream from Temperance before she buries her face in my chest. Her teeth sink into my shoulder, and I groan, my release coming too soon as an explosion of sparks rushes over my body; she falls back limp, her head cradled in my hand. My canines slip out; the next second, they're embedded in her skin. She moans softly, and I feel the bond strengthen, but then fade as she passes out. I roll, pulling her on top of me.

I pause to catch my breath when my head turns to the side, noticing the fireplace beside us. Lifting my hand, I use my goddess-given gifts, bending the light, manipulating the mirror's reflection, and the heat of my magic catching the logs inside alight. Just as they start to crackle, my mind goes back to Shadow and what she said.

*Nova and I, we protected her. But hurt her, and you'll wish you only had us to deal with. My name isn't just a name—it's a warning. Cross that line, and there's no light that can save you from the darkness I'll unleash. Remember that.*

*We've battled too hard to carve a path for her just for you to lead her into chaos. Break her, and you unravel the fragile threads holding our world together. Life and death, Eziah – they're sides of the same coin, and it's not one you want to flip.*

Like a broken record, her words repeat in my head when Malachi finally pushes forward. “Something tells me Shadow has the answers we need. She knows more than she claims,” Malachi tells me.

“But we are her mate. Why would she hide it from us?” I ask him.

“She doesn’t know if she can trust us,” Malachi states, and I nod at his words, but something isn’t making sense. “We’ve battled too hard to carve a path for her, just for you to lead her into chaos?” I murmur, and Malachi is thoughtful for a second.

“The Gemini curse, maybe?”

“Mom broke that curse,” I remind him.

“But what if she wasn’t the first? What if there is more to the curse than what we perceive. One thing about Seline and Celeste, they weren’t forthcoming with information,” Malachi tells me.

“I don’t think that was intentional; a lot is at stake. Mom told us that,” I say.

“Domino effect.”

I nod at his words.

“Only one way to find the pattern, though, Eziah. We need to knock the first one over.”

“Shadow,” I tell him.

“Shadow, but how does Nova come into this?”

“Well, if Shadow’s name has a meaning like she claims, what’s saying they all don’t,” he murmurs, and I yawn. “Rest now. Tomorrow, we go to the moon goddess realm.” I roll on my side, tucking Temperance closer, and my eyes shut, but not before hearing Malachi’s last words.

“Tomorrow we are knocking that domino over.” Then, everything goes black.

## Chapter 65

### Temperance

I awake up, naked, on the floor by the fire. The warmth and light of the flames washes over me.

Rolling over beside me is Eziah, sleeping soundly, but also naked. In the light of the fire, I can take in every inch of him; his strong body, his abs, and every line of his restful face. I watch him for a few moments, taking in the sight of him, before my gaze lingers on his cock. I remember everything from last night, and for once, my wolves feel content. But something in Shadow has changed, she feels different, it takes me a moment to recognize the feeling coming from her. “He kept his promise,” she murmurs. “He didn't hurt you,” she tells me. She feels safe. Finally.

I jump when I feel his fingers trail up my spine, and his raspy voice speaks in the peaceful dark. “Morning,” he asks, cracking one eye open and a small smile tugging at his lips. “How do you feel?”

I smile, and crawl on top of him, laying down on him. I kiss him, taking him by surprise, and feel him smile against my lips. “I take that as a good thing?” he asks, kissing me back. I nod, and he rolls, moving between my legs, so he is hovering over me.

“And your wolves?” he asks me, brushing my messy hair back from my face.

“Shadow feels different, she feels happy for once.” I tell him, wrapping my arms around his neck. Eziah smiles, leaning down and brushing his nose against mine before sighing.

“So she doesn't want to kill me?” he chuckles, I shake my head.



“Good,” he murmurs, kissing the side of my mouth when my stomach growls loudly. He laughs softly, pulling away. “I didn't have time to stop for food, so let's shower. Then I can take you home to the packhouse to feed you.”

“I'm starving,” I admit.

“I can tell,” he laughs, climbing off me and offering me his hand. I take it, letting him pull me to my feet and lead me to the bathroom.

We shower together. By the time we are done, I am ravenous. We dress and head back to the packhouse. The drive is quiet, both of our minds are racing about everything that happened last night.

We slowly make our way up the winding road leading to the imposing pack house. We pull up, and I can feel the tension radiating from Eziah. Reaching for the door handle, he refuses to get out of the car.

“Is everything alright?” I ask cautiously, letting go of the door handle.

He shakes his head and keeps his gaze away from me. “It’s nothing. Don’t worry about it.” His voice is dripping with nervousness.

I wait for a few moments before continuing, “Is this about your dad, the one with the burns?” I ask, remembering how he felt the other day when he was near. He barely spoke to his fathers and mostly remained with Marabella and Kyan almost as if he were using them like a shield. Giving him time to process whatever is troubling him. Finally, he spoke.

“I don’t know how to explain it... I hate coming here, it brings back so many memories—memories I’d rather forget,” he sighs deeply, pain evident on his face, “it was my fault that Dad has burns on his body... I lost control and did something stupid when I was mad. The guilt is killing me.”

My brows furrow and I glance at the house to see the door open and Mateo step out. Eziah however, hangs his head gripping his hair. I chew my lip,

unsure if I should tell him his father is approaching the car. So instead, I remain quiet, unsure about what I should be doing in such a situation.

“He hates me,” Eziah says.

“Well, that's a bit harsh, hate is such a powerful word,” Mateo says, dropping his elbow on his window and poking his head through Eziah's window and making him jump in fright. Mateo winks at me, and I try not to laugh at his father who gave his son, such a strong man, the fright of a life.

“To hate someone, that seems to me like that would take up a lot of my energy, and your mother keeps me on my toes, I ain't got time to hate anyone. And I definitely don't hate my son,” Mateo tells him before messing his hair. Eziah smacks his hand away and peers out at him. He rests his head back on the headrest, staring at him.

“Is that why you're avoiding me, here I was thinking I had the plague, or severe body odor or something?” his father laughs, opening his door.

“Enough with the guilt, get out, I made pancakes.”

Eziah looks at him for a second, then climbs out of the car. I do the same, shutting my door to see them awkwardly sizing each other up.

“They're your favorite, chocolate chip?” Mateo tells him, holding his arms open. Eziah chuckles, but then hugs him.

Mateo holds on to his son tightly, and it's as if all the tension he had been carrying lifts away.

“I missed you,” Mateo murmurs, holding his son's face in his hands and looking at him deeply. Eziah nods, tears threatening to spill from his eyes.

“I missed you too, Dad,” he admits, “And I'm sorry,” he breathes heavily, his words kind of muffled by his father's shoulder.

“Don't be sorry for what happened, shit happens, but I'll accept your apology for avoiding me for four years,” Mateo says before pulling away

and giving him a small smile. “Now come on, let's go eat some pancakes,” he continues, clapping his son on the back before leading us into the pack house. The smell of chocolate chips wafts through the air, making my mouth water even more. Peering around, I notice the place is huge, and Mateo leads us to the kitchen where his father, Ezra, is along with Kat.

I stop at the door, I like Kat, but I don't think she likes me. Ezra sets his newspaper aside and Kat looks over at us where she is making coffee, her hair a haystack on her head, and she is wearing silky blue shorts and button – up pajamas.

“Morning,” she mumbles, looking a mess. She pours her coffee when Ezra speaks.

“You won't get much out of her before coffee, she is a real cunttohontus!” Ezra tells me, and Mateo snickers while Kat flips him the finger.

“I am not!” she mocks outrage. Eziah leads me to the table and I sit down, watching as he pecks his father's cheek when Ezra grips his shoulder, stopping him from greeting his mother.

Ezra looks at his son. “Stop avoiding him, that's what hurts him,” Ezra whispers, and Eziah swallows. Ezra nods, cupping his son's cheek before reaching for his paper. Eziah pecks his mother's cheek, then helps with breakfast. It is odd watching him with his family, or maybe I am just not used to normal family interactions.

Eziah sets some pancakes in front of me when Kat finally sits down beside me, she passes me a cup of coffee, and I smile thanking her before she falls heavily into the chair beside me.

“Kyan is on his way,” Katya tells Eziah, who looks at his mother for clarification. But it is Mateo who answers.

“Turns out Satish had a son, and a girlfriend.”

Hearing my brother's name makes me shudder.

“Where are they now?” Eziah questions, looking at me worriedly.

“Did you know?” he asks me, and I shake my head. He turns his attention back to his father.

“Both are dead, but Kyan and Kaif want to go to the Moon Goddess realm to try to figure out how Satish's links to us.”

“Links?” Eziah questions and Kat nods.

“Your father had a mate before me, not technically his mate, more a nudge as Seline put it, she was never actually intended for him but still mate to him by design,” Kat explains.

“I'm not following,” Eziah states.

“I killed her to stop her from hurting your mother. That same mate is Satish's girlfriend and the mother of his son who Casen killed years ago,” Mateo says, and I am just as shocked as he is to hear this.

“Wait, why does that matter?” Eziah asks.

“We think everything is linked, we don't think it is a coincidence that Satish knows so much about this family. We think this goes deeper than we could imagine,” Katya explains.

“So, the Moon Goddess realm?” Eziah asks. Kat nods.

“We want to speak to Bain, find out what he knows. Also enter the fountain of the past, I want to see what we can find,” Katya explains.

“You wanna what?” Eziah blurts, “The fountain, exactly how do you want to enter your golden bird feeder fountains?”

His mother laughs. “Those are fountains yes, but not the fountains, the actual fountains, those you've seen hold what's in the present now. So those souls tied to this realm, their pasts, and mates, their futures, but the actual fountains, are more like an archive. Bain is responsible for guarding the fountain of the past, and now I want to know why,” Katya states.