

Letters Sent To Eternity

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Chapter 11

We pulled up to the gates marking the entrance to Alpha Edward's pack territory, and I could sense trouble brewing before we even stopped the car. They had clearly waited for Edward to be at our usual meeting spot so they could set this trap. Honestly, I was exhausted—this wasn't how I wanted to spend my time. I should have been heading to the new alpha gathering to relieve my sister and father, not dealing with these self-important wannabe leaders. They were only supposed to represent me for the first night.

Slowly, I stepped out of the car, deliberately adjusting my shirt and buttoning my jacket with exaggerated care. I wanted to irritate the guard they'd stationed here; they were inconveniencing me, so I wasn't about to let it slide.

"You're not needed here. Go back to your greedy pack of assholes. Alpha Edward is too weak to protect us, and we've chosen a new Alpha. He's not entertaining visitors right now." The guard's tone was at least civil on the surface, but I could smell the fear beneath it. The guy had guts, I'll give him that—probably volunteered for this post just to look important to whoever foolishly believed he was in charge.

I brushed off my suit jacket without meeting his gaze. "You're looking at your Alpha. I don't believe we've been properly introduced. Alpha Ryker, Dark Moon pack. You're standing on my land with an unauthorized blockade. Step aside." Politeness? Check. Boredom? Definitely.

"Alpha Dean didn't submit to you. He's our Alpha now." His voice wavered slightly, confusion flickering across his face as if he wasn't quite sure who was supposed to be in charge. Clearly, he could tell I was more powerful than this Dean idiot.

"Alpha Dean, you say?" I glanced at my watch. "He hasn't challenged me, and I've controlled this pack for thirty-two hours now." Edward stepped out of the car beside me, standing tall and silent, his eyes boring into the guard like daggers. The man was a problem at best, and I wasn't likely to miss him once I dealt with him. "So, we're at a standstill. I'll need to speak with your resident troublemaker immediately. Tell him we're coming." I motioned for Edward to get back in the car.

It was a long shot that this idiot would let us pass to meet his wannabe Alpha, but it was worth trying.

"You're not going anywhere. Leave our pack, or we'll be forced to declare war on you." His voice was loud, but I caught a tremble underneath. Perfect.

I let out a humorless laugh and turned back to face him slowly. “Who is this ‘we’ you keep talking about? Do you have invisible friends I should worry about? You clearly don’t have the authority to make threats like that.” I shouldn’t enjoy confusing people this much, but it was too easy. “You’re on my land, and if you don’t move, I’ll break your legs myself.”

“Our warriors are on their way. Leave now, or face more trouble.”

It was adorable that he thought this was trouble. He was nothing more than a pesky gnat, easy to swat away. I stepped right up to him, invading his space, and wrapped my hand around his throat before he could take another breath. “This isn’t trouble, and they’re already too late. You’ve wasted your last chance.” My voice dropped low and menacing as I squeezed, my claws extending and digging into his skin.

“I am your Alpha. I don’t like repeating myself, and I won’t tolerate disobedience. Call Dean. Let him challenge me himself. It’s a shame you won’t get to see what happens to insubordinate fools like you.” A low growl rumbled in my chest, my Alpha aura radiating outward, making it impossible for him to refuse, even if he wanted to.

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Chapter 13

The first light of dawn was just beginning to seep through the horizon as I finally made my way inside. The warrior who had accompanied me stopped at the front door of the packhouse, nodding a silent farewell before turning towards his own home. My wolf form melted away, shifting back into my human self. Both of us were utterly drained, our bodies smeared with dirt and streaked with blood. Yet, despite the exhaustion, it felt worthwhile—only a handful of skirmishes and fewer than a dozen casualties. Most of the pack remained completely unaware of the chaos that had unfolded.

I moved quietly toward the largest guest suite, the one adjacent to Edward’s room. I had no intention of displacing him from his rightful space; after all, I had just taken control of his pack. I had my own place here, my own domain. Edward could continue to live out his days in the main quarters of the packhouse, where he belonged.

The shower was a welcome relief. As the hot water cascaded over my aching muscles, washing away the grime and fatigue, I began to relax for the first time in hours. My mind started to drift, compiling a mental checklist of the tasks awaiting me. Then, a cool breeze brushed against my skin, carrying the unmistakable scent of artificial roses. I grimaced, startled by the intrusion. Turning sharply, I caught the girl who had slipped in behind me by the throat. Had it been a man, he wouldn’t have lived to see the morning. Perhaps that made me a chauvinist—I wasn’t perfect, and I didn’t care.

Her eyes were wide, but not with fear. She had been sent here, and she knew exactly what to expect.

“Alpha Edward thought you might want some help unwinding,” she said in a high, nasal tone that grated on my nerves. But her naked body was a distraction I could tolerate. Dark hair tumbled down her back, stopping midway. Her ample breasts would have bounced

beautifully with movement, and her curves were perfectly placed. “I can help, if you want, sir.”

There was no hesitation or coyness in her voice, nor did she seem to be after power. This was simply part of her role in the pack. The idea of a pack harem for visitors left a bitter taste in my mouth, but I pushed the thought aside and went with it. It had been a while. I nodded and guided her down to her knees in front of me, using my back to block the flow of the water.

I watched her carefully. I wasn't a complete monster—if she didn't want this, I wouldn't force it. But she had come to me, fully aware of what I expected. Her hand wrapped around my now-hard cock, stroking with varying pressure and speed, never once breaking eye contact. I inhaled deeply, savoring the sensation of a touch that wasn't my own. When I was ready, I gently threaded my fingers through her hair, guiding her face forward. Again, I said nothing. Words were unnecessary. Talking only bred attachments that never went anywhere.

She opened her mouth wide, flattening her tongue as I slowly slid inside. I moved in and out steadily until I reached the back of her throat, eliciting a soft moan that sent vibrations through me, making me even harder. I was too long to fit fully in her mouth, so she used one hand to grasp my base. I released her hair and braced my hands against the wet walls on either side, letting her take the lead—licking, sucking, swirling her tongue expertly along my shaft. She knew exactly what she was doing, and it felt incredible.

Eventually, she pulled back, never losing contact with her hand. “I want you to fuck my face, sir. As hard and as deep as you want,” she breathed, her high-pitched voice grating but the invitation enough to keep me going.

That was all the permission I needed. I wrapped one hand tightly in her hair and drove into her relentlessly, hitting the back of her throat repeatedly, making her gag as I took what I needed. She clutched my thighs but didn't slow me down or try to stop me.

“Rub your clit. I want to hear your moans. Don't come until I say so,” I commanded.

She followed instructions well, and the added vibrations and purring noises pushed me closer, but it still wasn't enough. I closed my eyes. She wasn't my type—not even close—but my imagination was vivid. I pictured the perfect woman I'd held in my mind for as long as I could remember: pouty lips, light blue eyes locked on mine, golden blonde hair tangled in my fingers. No one else compared.

That's why I only allowed brunettes to pleasure me—because the only blonde I desired was the one in my dreams. No matter how attractive or skilled the woman before me was, I couldn't reach release without picturing her.

Meanwhile, the girl kneeling before me was nearing her own climax. Her moans grew higher and more erratic. She hollowed her cheeks, sucking harder, signaling she wanted me to give her the command to let go. A few more thrusts later, I groaned as I spilled into her mouth.

“Come hard for me,” I growled.

She trembled and screamed around me, riding her own wave as she swallowed every last drop. I hadn't given her a choice. I'd learned the hard way that some of these girls were dangerous. Once, after a blowjob, I'd come on a she-wolf who then tried to collect and insert my semen herself, hoping to get pregnant despite not being in heat. I wasn't sure what she thought would happen, but I wasn't taking any chances again.

When I was finished with her, I helped her to her feet and turned back to the shower to rinse off the remaining soap. She left without a word, understanding the silent dismissal. I didn't offer anything in return—no kisses, no lingering, no cuddling. I took what I needed and accepted what women were willing to give. It never went beyond that.

I tried to return to my mental list, but a strange sensation buzzed beneath my skin—something unrelated to Edward's pack or the girl who had just left. I'd been feeling it for days now, and I couldn't decide if it was good or bad. It wasn't anxiety or danger, just an unplaceable distraction. Something I couldn't afford to have right now. Maybe a few hours of sleep would settle it.

Miss L author

Thank you for reading! Starting July 1st, my posting schedule will be daily, Monday through Saturday, at 11 pm EST. All your constructive feedback, comments, and gems are greatly appreciated!

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Chapter 14

11 – Kennedy

I could feel myself gradually surfacing from the depths of sleep. Without a doubt, I had rested well, though I suspect it was because all the guys were crowded around me in the car—and there was something about Rayna's presence that brought a calming effect as well. The guys have always been my sanctuary; as a group, they somehow ground me, keeping my mind steady and focused. It's strange, though—I've never had a woman soothe me enough to drift off like this, not even Aunt Beth. Maybe it's because she's connected to Jer, a living extension of the bond we share through the mate connection. Who really knows? Just when I think I understand the nature of werewolves, something always crops up to challenge my assumptions, especially when it comes to mates.

Given the terrifying nightmares that plague me when I'm alone in my bed, you'd think I'd have some kind of PTSD while riding in a vehicle. But strangely, there's never been any hint of fear. It's baffling.

My eyes snap open as the SUV begins to slow down, and I catch a new scent lingering in the air around me. "Ben?" I ask, my voice rough as I sit up slowly, rubbing the sleep from my face. "Where did you come from? I could've sworn Jason was my pillow when we left."

Ben offers a rare smile. "I think you finally got the rest you needed, Ken. We've been driving for almost four hours now. Each of us took a turn being your pillow, and you didn't move a

single inch.” He glances over at Rayna, who’s sitting diagonally across from me, and adds, “Even Rayna stayed with you.”

I glance at Rayna, who smiles warmly. “How did I not notice all of you giant guys moving in and out of the seat? I can understand Rayna sneaking back here without me seeing, but the rest of you? No way. Did you drug me or something?” The third-row bench doesn’t have doors, so I imagine it must have been quite the squeeze for them to slip back there.

“No, nothing like that,” Ben replies. “But clearly, you needed the rest. Do you feel better?” His concern is evident in his eyes. I wish he wouldn’t look at me that way. I know he cares deeply, but sometimes—like right now—it feels like more than just friendship. He has a mate out there somewhere, and I’m not about to get tangled in that complicated mess.

I shift my gaze toward the window, wanting to steer the conversation away from myself and my sleeping habits. “Yeah, thanks. Where are we now?”

Rayna turns to me with a bright smile. “We’re about to cross into my brother’s territory.” Her affection for him shines through, regardless of his reputation.

As if summoned by her words, several wolves burst out of the surrounding forest from every direction just as the SUV comes to a stop. This must be some kind of checkpoint. We’re climbing a hill, so the dense forest hides most of the pack lands from view.

Jeremiah rolls down his window and introduces himself to one of the warriors who has shifted. Despite the amount of nakedness I’ve witnessed since learning about werewolves and shifting, I still can’t look past the sheer physical perfection of this guy—he looks like he lives in the gym, and, well, he’s hung like a horse. Damn! Maybe I’ll allow myself a little fun while I’m here, considering the guys in my pack have been warned off me. But I’ll have to be careful if these guys live up to the rumors.

Rayna lowers her window, and I realize I missed the entire conversation while I was busy drooling over the warrior. “He’s expecting us, Danny. This is Jeremiah, my mate, and his Beta Ben, Gamma Jason, Delta Tommy, and Lead Warrior Kennedy.” Danny nods to each of us as she says our names, and we acknowledge her in return. She gives me a flirtatious smirk. Danny is my brother’s Delta and should be with him during negotiations. Her tone sounds scolding but not surprised to see him here.

That introduction was generous. I’m no lead warrior, but I’m not about to correct her right now. Somehow, in just a day, she’s gone from despising me to exaggerating my qualities.

“Oh, I’m here on orders—specifically for your arrival, Rayna.” I can’t quite tell if the look on Danny’s face is playful or menacing. His smirk could mean either.

Delta Danny steps aside, and we pull forward. I try to sneak glances at all his gorgeousness as we drive away, but I don’t think I’m fooling anyone. A sudden huff from my right makes me look forward—and my jaw drops.

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Chapter 15

“Holy crap, Rayna. Your pack is absolutely stunning!” I blurt out, unable to hide my awe.

The hill we were climbing didn’t drop down into another valley as I had expected. Instead, it leveled off, revealing a thick forest of towering trees, their leaves lush and vibrant. Some were already beginning to shift into the warm hues of autumn, splashes of gold and crimson scattered among the green. The road beneath us was smooth and well-kept, winding beneath a natural canopy formed by the overarching branches, filtering the sunlight into soft dappled patterns.

Once we passed the long, winding driveway, the path opened up to reveal a charming town that looked like it belonged in a storybook from a bygone era. It was the kind of place you’d imagine on a Christmas card—red brick buildings with large, inviting shop windows, all radiating a cozy, timeless warmth. The town’s layout suggested blocks of storefronts that seamlessly transitioned into neighborhoods filled with quaint homes. I knew this pack was sizable, but seeing it stretch out like this made me realize just how vast it really was. We rolled past a central square where a roundabout encircled a gazebo adorned with decorations for some special celebration. To one side, a large park spread out, and I caught a glimpse of a jungle gym peeking over the treetops in the distance. I was already looking forward to exploring every corner of this place.

As we ventured deeper into the pack’s territory, the first industrial-style building came into view. Just beyond it, rows of stadium seating rose up, making me wonder if it was part of their school facilities.

“Hey, Rayna, what’s that building over there?” I asked, pointing toward the structure and the bleachers.

“Oh, that’s our training ground,” she explained. “My brother has expanded our pack so much that we have warrior groups coming from all over to train here. That building’s a dormitory where they stay while they’re here.”

“When do they train?” I asked, intrigued.

“Evenings. It starts in a couple of hours. You’d love to watch.”

Rayna’s eyes sparkled with excitement. “Why don’t we head to the packhouse first? We can drop off our stuff, freshen up, grab a bite, and then join the training. I’m sure the guys would appreciate moving around after being your pillows the whole trip,” she teased with a laugh.

“Food sounds amazing!” Tommy chirped from beside her, and we all chuckled.

Rayna guided Jeremiah through the town, pointing out various landmarks as we went, while I struggled to keep my jaw from dropping. This place was nothing like the bleak rumors I’d heard. Everything felt timeless, elegant, and inviting. When we finally reached the packhouse, its grandeur struck me immediately. It had a classic, old-world charm that fit

perfectly with the rest of the town. But I barely had a moment to admire it—my boys were already restless and hungry. One of the Omegas kindly showed us to our rooms.

I was surprised to learn that we were staying on the Alpha's floor as guests. When I mentioned this to Rayna, her explanation both clarified and confused me.

I've never fully understood pack hierarchy culture, especially how different packs handle things. I always assumed the Alpha and their immediate family had a floor or section all to themselves—a sort of sanctuary to escape the pack's constant buzz. Like celebrities with gated mansions, it was a private space where only designated Omegas were allowed. When Aunt Beth took me in, I was only permitted on the Alpha floor under her watch. Even Jeremiah moved down to my floor when I moved in, so we could be closer and to help with my nightmare issues.

But apparently, because Rayna's room is on this floor and Jeremiah is an Alpha expected to stay near her, his team is housed close by as well. It's designed to make all of us feel more at ease, keeping us near each other rather than separated and on edge. We get special treatment since we're a package deal with Rayna.

As we stepped onto the floor, I suddenly stopped dead in my tracks. An intoxicating scent hit me—one of the most incredible fragrances I've ever encountered. It was a mix of rosemary and mint, wrapped in something distinctly masculine and magnetic. Whoever wore that cologne was going to get attacked by me later; it sent tingles all over my body in ways I'd never experienced before. The scent lingered throughout the entire floor as we made our way toward our rooms. I couldn't help but wonder if a warrior patrolled here regularly. Damn. Every part of me was on high alert now.

"You okay?" Ben asked, a mischievous glint in his eyes.

"Yeah!" I replied, my voice coming out oddly high-pitched. Clearing my throat, I added, "It's just... overwhelming. This place is huge." I shrugged and kept moving forward.

He huffed softly, clearly amused.