

Letters Sent To Eternity

chapter 2

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2 – Kennedy

The afternoon sun cast a warm, golden glow over the school courtyard as we gathered, the familiar hum of chatter and footsteps filling the air.

“Hey Kennedy! Looking good, girl! You just keep getting hotter every time I see you,” Tommy called out with a grin that stretched from ear to ear.

I rolled my eyes, a smirk tugging at the corner of my mouth. “Tommy, you saw me yesterday—at training—when I totally kicked your ass.” Well, not exactly kicked his ass, but I definitely held my own and gave him a run for his money.

Tommy closed his eyes briefly, a playful smile spreading across his face. “That’s getting better every time too.” We all burst into laughter, the easy camaraderie between us making the tension of the day melt away.

“You are seriously so stupid,” I teased, nudging him lightly. “Does that line actually work on any girls?”

He winked, placing a hand dramatically over his heart. “I save my best lines for you—until I find my mate, of course. Then I won’t need any lines. She’ll love me no matter what.”

I made a mock gagging face at Jason, who just chuckled beside me.

“You’re lucky the Moon Goddess is going to make someone stick with you forever,” Ben said with a dry laugh. “Otherwise, I don’t know if anyone would put up with you that long.”

Ben’s rare display of humor caught my attention. Our tough-as-nails friend rarely lets anything slip through his stoic exterior. Beneath that stern, quiet demeanor lies a genuinely kind guy—if you get past the walls he’s built. Girls often try to break through, determined to ‘fix’ or ‘save’ him, but I don’t think he’s broken—just selective about who sees his softer side. His mate will be the only one lucky enough to witness it.

We pushed open the school doors, ready to face the first day of our senior year.

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The first week unfolded much as I expected. The mean girls wasted no time, throwing barbs and whispers my way. The guys didn’t jump in immediately like they used to. When I first arrived, being human and best friends with the Alpha’s son made me a big deal—no matter

your race, species, or supernatural abilities, teenagers can be cruel. Back then, the guys would leap to my defense, but that only made me a bigger target. They saw me as weak, easy prey.

After the accident, even getting out of bed felt like a battle. The kids at school didn't make it easier. Jeremiah dragged me to training sessions, forcing me out of the house when I wanted to hide away. It gave me an outlet, especially when my grief turned into anger.

One day during training, a girl who had been humiliated by a prank she tried on me came back swinging with extra force. She had syrup smeared on her pants for half the day, and she wanted revenge. Because I was human, she assumed I didn't know how to fight—even though I trained alongside all of them daily. That was her first mistake. Her second was underestimating me because she was a wolf and I wasn't.

I beat her badly that day. Since then, I've trained with the guys as a future warrior and taken self-defense classes at my mom's studio. While I can't shift into a massive beast like they can, I still spar with them, even when they're in wolf form. It's made me quicker, more aware. The guys might go easy on me, but the jealous girls certainly don't. My skills are varied—and probably better for it.

I've also been working with trainers to sharpen my other senses, treating them like muscles to be strengthened. I'm surprisingly good at tracking and hiding from trackers—even Jeremiah, who has some of the strongest Alpha blood, can be fooled.

"So, what's this meeting about, exactly? All the alliances are solid, right?" Tommy asked Jeremiah as they circled each other in the sparring ring after school.

Jeremiah dodged a flurry of punches but didn't respond immediately—he tends to talk with his hands while fighting, which left him open to a leg sweep that sent him sprawling. He rolled away before Tommy could land another kick, then pushed Tommy's foot aside and stood to counterattack.

"I think it's more about getting me and the other future Alphas ready to take over. Meeting the other Alphas, building relationships, that sort of thing. I've known most of these guys my whole life, so it's mostly a formality," Jeremiah explained.

Before the sparring got too intense, Jason stepped in, tapping Tommy on the shoulder to switch partners. We rotated often to build stamina. I went first, landing a solid right hook, but was soon taken down by a punch to the ribs. I might have heard a few cracks, but I wasn't about to admit it. The last time they thought they hurt me, no one dared challenge me for a whole month. I've been working with our main healer at the clinic, learning ways to recover faster and avoid getting sick. Werewolves don't suffer from illness or disease like humans do, and they heal from broken bones in days and scrapes within hours. My human body takes longer, but the herbs and teas from our healer help speed things up and ease the pain.

"When do you leave?" Jason asked as they circled, their movements fluid and practiced. Jason's sandy blonde hair fell into his dark eyes, a calm contrast to Ben's military precision and Tommy's wild energy.

"We take off tonight. Make sure you keep an eye on her," Jeremiah said, nodding toward me. I nearly spit out the water I was sipping.

"What? 'Watch me?' Why do I need a babysitter? You'll be gone for the weekend," I said, trying to keep my voice steady but failing.

"You know there have been rogue attacks along the southern borders. They haven't come close to us yet, but now that I'm transitioning to Alpha, we're vulnerable. You'll be a target for several reasons. The other new Alphas have noticed the same thing. It's just a precaution, I promise."

"What reasons exactly?" I pressed. His protectiveness had been growing lately, and I didn't like being kept in the dark. Something was going on, and I needed to understand.

"You know why, Ken. Come on." He pleaded, sensing where this was headed. But he couldn't focus on me for long—Jason was still grappling with him, and they all used me as a distraction.

"Nope. I'm going to need you to spell it out," I said firmly.

He sighed, glancing at the others as if expecting them to rescue him. They knew better than to jump into this argument, but they weren't backing down either.

"Fine. It can't happen again. I just can't handle it. None of us can." He gestured toward the guys.

"What, Jeremiah," I emphasized his name, "can't happen again?"

"You can't get taken again!" he growled, teeth clenched.

"Nothing happened last time," I shot back, voice rising. "They had me for two days. You have to get past this."

"Bullsh*t! You were targeted because of me. That can't happen again."

I shifted tactics. "Who had to rescue me then, hmm?" I fought to keep calm, though inside I was boiling. I understood his feelings, but I refused to tolerate his irrational reactions.

He took a deep breath and paused his fight with Jason. "You got yourself away, okay? We all know that. But the point is, you're human—and you were left unguarded." His voice was low, almost a growl.

"The hell? I'm a warrior in this pack. Anyone in my position could've been taken. Or am I not good enough to hold that title anymore?"

"You know you are," he admitted with a grunt. "I just... I can't lose you. People know you're important to me, and they'll target you because you're human."

“Ben, Jason, and Tommy are important to you. Are you going to assign babysitters for them too?”

“What? No, of course not. That’s their job. They’re just...” He stammered, realizing he was losing the argument.

“Just what? Guys? Werewolves?” I shrugged. “I know you worry, but I’m not stupid enough to run into danger. So stop treating me like fragile glass. And what about your Luna? Are you going to lock her up when you find her? I want to be around to see that fight.”

“But you are fragile, Ken,” he interrupted, stepping in front of me. His hands gripped my shoulders firmly, pulling me into a controlled embrace that pinned my arms at my sides. “You’re more fragile than we are. One of the new Alphas was moving his mate to his pack, and her vehicle was attacked en route. She’s okay, but many were hurt, and she was held for ransom. She fought hard, Ken—harder than anyone—and was still captured.”

I couldn’t argue with that. Werewolves are physically stronger and more resilient—scientifically proven. And a Luna is the heart of her pack, the source of an Alpha’s strength and vulnerability. But he kept forgetting—I’m not his Luna.

“I’ll be fine,” I muttered, not fully convinced myself.

“Oh yeah? How are the ribs?”

“What...?”

“Don’t try to lie. I felt them crack. I don’t think they’re broken—since you’re still yelling at me—but that’s my point. You’re my sister, very important, and very much in need of the healer.” He squeezed my side, and I winced. “Let’s go.”

“No! I’ll be fine in a couple of days. Healer Gwen gave me something to speed up healing. I’ll be good as new by the time you get back—ready to beat your ass.”

“We go now, or I mindlink Mom.”

I gasped. “Low blow, Jer.”

“Come on, Ken. Let’s get you checked out. Then he can buy us all something to eat—guaranteed to make you feel better.” Tommy chimed in, already packed up and ready to go. We’d been sparring longer than I realized.

Ben handed me my bag. Well, I guess we were going. I followed them out to Jeremiah’s car, knowing if I stalled too long, someone would just pick me up and toss me in like a toy.

At the clinic, the healer confirmed two small fractures. The guys swore to keep it a secret—Aunt Beth got way too protective whenever I was hurt, worse than Jeremiah. Considering the bruises and scrapes I usually had, it was a wonder she let me train with the pack at all. But I think she knew I’d find a way, and the guys—and probably Uncle James—would back

the chaos. I'd been taking classes with my mom my whole life, so I wasn't accident-prone or weak—just human. I just played hard, like I was part wolf myself.

Back at the pack house, Aunt Beth had pizzas lined up for us. Even though Tommy made us stop for burgers on the way back from the healer, the guys dove into the food eagerly.

Aunt Beth came over while Uncle James and Delta Drake carried bags outside.

"We'll be back in a couple of days, hon," she said, hugging me tightly, worry clear in her eyes.

"Seriously, I'll be fine. Besides, I've got the boy band to keep me company." I nodded toward Tommy, Ben, and Jason, who were sitting at the island working on a pizza. "You better go, so I can get over there. You know they won't leave me any."

I hugged her again before heading to the island, where I had to swat Tommy's hand away from the last slice of cheese pizza. He just giggled like a kid.

Suddenly, strong arms wrapped around me from behind, squeezing me tight.

"Love you, Ken. I left a shirt in your room. Just in case," he whispered in my ear.

"Thanks. Love you too." I leaned back into him, squeezing his massive arm with my hand.

And then he was gone.

Gone.

Conclusion

The chapter closes on a tender yet tense note, capturing the delicate balance between vulnerability and strength that defines Kennedy's journey. Despite the physical pain and emotional weight of past dangers, she refuses to be diminished or sidelined, asserting her place as a warrior among werewolves. The protective instincts of those around her, especially Jeremiah's fierce concern, underscore the deep bonds of family and friendship that sustain her even when the world feels uncertain. Their shared moments of laughter and care reveal the resilience that comes from connection, even in the face of looming threats.

At its heart, this chapter explores themes of loyalty, courage, and the complexities of love within a supernatural world fraught with danger. Kennedy's determination to stand her ground, alongside the unwavering support of her pack, highlights the strength found in unity and trust. As she braces for the challenges ahead, the quiet exchanges and protective gestures remind us that even in the shadows of fear, hope and affection endure—binding them together, no matter what comes next.

