

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Chapter 81

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Chapter 81

Kas's POV

It's my birthday. It's the summer solstice. It's also my freaking wedding day. I can't believe it.

"One year together with you, Kas! It's been an exciting one!" Lex sings in my head.

"Tell me about it. I'm so glad you're you, Lex," I smile at her.

"I'm glad you're you too, Kas," she purrs.

"What do you think today will be like, Lex? I've never celebrated my birthday before. I've never gotten married before either," I wonder.

"Well, I imagine people will be wishing you a happy birthday all day. You will probably get gifts too. It will be rude to decline them, so just smile and say thank you," she advises, "but now that you're eighteen, your scent is going to be stronger. To Bronx and to other wolves. Bronx may be a little more protective, but he is also going to fall so much more in love with you too." 2

"Oh yeah, I remember them teaching us about that in health class," I recall.

I look out the living room window and see the hustle and bustle of the lawn being transformed for the ceremonies tonight. Delilah lets Mrs. Miller and a couple of omegas in who have brought us a huge breakfast. Mrs. Miller has been telling me for the past week how important it is to eat a big breakfast on your wedding day. She says once your makeup is on, you can't eat until the reception. Sandy and Henri's mate, Sophia, come to the apartment and relax with Lenora, Ashley, Delila and I while we eat. 1

The breakfast is amazing. Mrs. Miller and her staff have stepped up their game for the weekend. I give her a thumbs-up as she finishes up wiping down the kitchen counter. She winks back with a smile. How did I end up so lucky in my life to have so many people who care about me the way they do?

It's still early, so I excuse myself to my bedroom for an hour so I can meditate. Yeah, even today. I think more than ever, I need a sense of calm to get today started. Lex does too. She is so excited it is difficult to keep her from overtaking my thoughts when I need to focus on everything I need to do. Not that my bridesmaids would let me forget anything, but you get the idea.

I close my eyes and let my mind relax. I reach out into the universe and search, not for anything particular, just looking around to see what or who I can find. I can sense Bronx. He is down at the training grounds. I remember that he, Milo, and Reggie are giving a class to trainers from other packs this morning. I gently reach out and touch him for a moment. I imagine a little whisper a few words just for him in his ear, then pull back and continue to search some more. It's pleasant and peaceful, but I need to get back to reality. When my eyes open, I feel like a million bucks. Any nerves I woke up with this morning are gone and now all I feel is happy and calm. Lex too, thank the Goddess.

I take my time in the shower and come back out into the living room. I'm shocked to see it has been converted into a salon complete with hair and nail stations. The stylist is ready to blow dry my hair, but before she does, Carly comes to the apartment, right on time. I hand her the little box for Bronx. She lifts it open and peeks inside with a smile.

"It's going to look great on him, Luna," she nods.

"I hope so," I smile and give her arm a squeeze before she leaves to see Bronx. 2

Everyone is getting their hair and nails done when Lenora quiets the room to make an announcement. We all turn to look at her.

"Ladies, we all know what a big day this is, but it is also Kas's birthday. She asked us all to not get her any gifts, which was a difficult promise to keep, but this gift is not from me, it is from my brother, Bronx. My only part of this gift is keeping it a surprise," she gives me a devilish

grin.

She hands me a little box that is about the size of a computer mouse. While I am unwrapping it, she turns on the TV and syncs her tablet so it displays on the big screen. I open the box to find a key inside. A key? What did he buy that I needed a key for?

"Kas, my brother recognizes how significant France is to your relationship. And we know that you two are even going there on your honeymoon. Well, after the honeymoon you will be able to go anytime you want because Bronx bought you a vacation home in Paris. Well, apartment, but you know what I mean."

I can feel my mouth drop open but I can't close it, "What?"

Lenora pulls up a slide show of a beautiful two-level apartment. It has a very modern style with huge windows along one side.

"It's in the Triangle d'Or area of Paris, on Avenue Montaigne in the prestigious Haussmannian building. Four bedrooms, air-conditioned, recently renovated with new marble countertops," Lenora reads of the information with a game show host flair. 1

I hold up the key, looking at it like it's the most wonderful thing in the world, and murmur out loud, "H-he got me an apartment in Paris?"

"Yep. He signed the final paperwork last week. Happy Birthday, Kas!" Lenora squeals.

I'm so glad my makeup isn't done yet because it would be ruined.

"No no no, stop crying! Because there's more!" Ashley speaks up now.

"*MORE?*" I start to wail. Sandy comes over and rubs my back to soothe me.

"Yes, Bronx also embraces your love of knowledge, but he said you told him not to spend money on a wedding gift. So, if you look in that box, you will also find a piece of paper with a code on it. It's the security code for Bronx's archive library," Ashley says with a big smile.

A chill goes over me. This has to be a dream. Someone freaking pinch me. The archive library was the only part of the packhouse that survived the fire because of all the safety equipment

Bronx had installed to protect the ancient books and scrolls.

I try to suck in a breath but it's not there. Ashley and Delilah come over and pat me on the back. Delilah takes my hand and nods her head asking permission to help me with magic before I have a full-blown panic attack. I nod back and feel a warmth spread through me and I'm able to breathe again.

"This is all too much," I say quietly as I rub the key and key code in my fingers, "The code is one thing, but an apartment in France? How do I tell him I can't accept this?" 1

Sandy squats in front of me and gives me a reassuring look, "Kas, you have no idea how much you have changed my son. All for the better. He has always been driven by duty to the military and this pack, never by someone he calls his own. Not to a person who loves him unconditionally, until you came into his life. You will never know how you flipped the script for my son. You deserve all of this and more. If he wants to spoil you, let him. It is his way of showing his love for you." 1

I nod and hug Sandy so tightly I think she's going to pop. Ashley brings me a box of tissues and we look more at the beautiful pictures of my new apartment while I get my hair finished. Lenora tells me I will be able to see the apartment on my honeymoon, but it's not ready to live in until all the security systems have been updated to Bronx's standards.

Sandy takes me into the bathroom to help me clean the tears away from my face before I sit in the make-up artist's chair.

"Kas, Honey, I was wondering something. Have you and Bronx ever discussed finances?" she asks with a questioning look as she wipes my face with a warm washcloth.

"Well, I've told him I want my own money which is why I'm opening the bakery and we have started to talk a little bit about pack finances and the budget but he wants to wait until I am finished with school before I get too deep into it."

The look on Sandy's face looks a little confused, "That's interesting. So you've never talked about his finances specifically?"

"You mean from MasonCo? I guess I always felt like it's not my business," I shrug, "We've never talked about it."

"Okay, well then," she gets up, closes the door to the bathroom and sits me on the vanity seat, "Kas, I'm not telling you this to prove a point or to try to intimidate you or anything. I feel like you need to know in case you ever find yourself targeted or blackmailed by malicious people. There are a lot of people out in the human world gunning for him. I imagine he thinks he's protecting you by not telling you."

I nod but I don't completely understand why she sounds so serious right now.

"Why would anyone want to blackmail our mate?" Lex growls.

"When it comes to business and finances, my son is pretty savvy. He doesn't really show off, we both know that's not his style. He lives a comfortable life, but with all things considered, he is very humble. He gets that from his father and me," she smiles as she compliments her son.

She gives me a questioning look, "Kas, you know MasonCo is a huge company, right?"

"Yes, I know that it is international and everyone works hard to keep it going," I confirm.

She nods at me as if I just told her the Titanic was a rowboat.

She clears her throat before she continues, "Kas, Bronx is worth a lot of money."

"I mean, I know he is well off," I shake my head and look at her with knit brows, still kind of confused over why we are having this conversation.

"Ahh, more than well off, Honey. Bronx's net worth is over twenty billion dollars," she purses her lips as she lets the information sink in. 1

The gears churn in my head. I heard her wrong.

"I'm sorry, did you just say billion with a 'b??" I ask as I lean my ear toward her. She laughs at the question. Not in a mean way, more like a reaction to my disbelief kind of way.

"Yes, billion with a 'b'. So, if Bronx wants to buy you an apartment in Paris or if he wants to take you to Bora Bora for a week or rent out a theater so you can see a Broadway show together, let him. He has never had someone to share his life with before. He wants nothing more than to make you happy, Kas. Please let him. I know you have no intention of taking advantage of him. We all know. You have been through too much together for that to be the case. Soon enough you'll be making your own money and you can find ways to spoil him in your own ways too," she rubs my forearm and smiles.

It takes me another minute to process. Bronx is a billionaire? I mean, I knew he wasn't poor, but I had no idea he was so successful.

"I think I understand, Sandy. Thank you for telling me. I'll make sure this conversation stays between us. But now when he is ready to talk to me about it, I will be ready," I give her a grateful look.

Sandy pinches my cheek and takes my hand so we can go back out to the living room and finish getting ready.

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Mrs. Miller has omegas bring sandwiches and we eat a light lunch, then get our makeup done. The stylists had not seen our dresses before today, we just told them they were all Greek inspired. As soon as they see them, their entire plan for our makeup looks changes.

The lead artist pulls up some images on her phone, showing close ups of runway models and explains how they can adjust the colors to coordinate with the colors for the weddings. We all look at the images and agree on a couple that will look good on everyone. My bridesmaids all look much more dramatic than I thought they would but as they get their dresses on, it looks perfect. The muscular women look like goddesses you would see in classical paintings. A perfect trio of statuesque women. I love them all so much and I'm grateful they will be standing with me in front of everyone this evening.

The make up artist decides she doesn't want to show me my makeup until I have my dress on. Everyone smiles and nods.

Sophia fans her face with her hand and waggles her eyebrows, "Luna, your mate won't be able to resist you!"

It's finally time to put on my dress. The girls help me slide in and zip it up. They fuss and adjust it until they are satisfied. I finally get to turn to look at myself in the mirror.

I'm a goddess.

Like, I know I'm a goddess but now I look like a goddess. I fight back tears so I don't ruin the smokey eye makeup.

"Oh Kas, you're perfect," Lex purrs in my mind.

"Kas, you're the real deal now," Lenora says as she steps up from behind me and holds my hand. Ashley and Delilah follow suit, taking my other hand and gently rubbing my back, smiling at me through the mirror.

"Stop it! Please! I'm not gonna cry, not gonna cry," I start repeating as I take my hands back and I flap them in front of my face, making everyone laugh.

Once I compose myself and the stylists have broken down their stations, the photographer comes in and takes a ton of pictures. There is a knock on the door, it's Carly. "We're ready for you, Luna."

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Bronx's POV

Instead of an actual training, we have a class scheduled for other packs to understand our training programs. We do a ten-mile warm-up for those who want to participate, then we move onto the presentation. We have a few pack warriors who will be doing some demonstrations while I walk through our programs.

I'm explaining the benefits of rest days where there is only light cardio and stretching when I feel a whisper on my neck. I flinch and look to the right, fully expecting to have to chastise Kas for leaving the packhouse without a guard but she's not there. I smile to myself as I look at my watch. It's her meditation hour. She just reached out and touched me. My heart thumps a little harder knowing she is thinking about me.

"Okay, now can we go see our mate? She wants to see us," Saint begs. He doesn't understand why we have to spend a full day apart when she is inside our apartment.

"No, Saint. Later this evening. You and Lex will get to spend time together, then Kas and I will."

"Fine," he huffs and goes to pout in the back of my mind.

After a successful exhibition, we answer questions and offer to provide some of the packs our services through packages we had established through MasonCo. While yes, all packs need to be able to protect themselves and have strong warriors and security systems, Blood River is not a charity. We head back to Milo's apartment to get ready. I'm in the bathroom shaving when I hear a knock at the front door. Milo calls me to come out. He is seriously interrupting me right now?

I sigh and put down the razor. I grab a towel, it's on the smaller side, so it doesn't fit all the way around my waist. I have to hold it with one hand with part of my ass hanging out. I make my way to the living room, "Milo, I'm getting ready, what's so important that you need to interrupt-" I stop in my tracks as I come out of the bathroom, I realize Carly is standing there with a gift box. That's right, my assistant is standing in the living room and I'm in a damn towel. Not even a whole towel, half a towel with my ass hanging out. 2

"Uh, hi Carly," I say, rubbing my hand on the back of my neck. I can feel a blush on my face.

Carly's face is turning bright red and she is trying to avert her eyes from looking at me. Milo and Reggie are in the corner laughing so hard they can't breathe. Of course, they would think it would be funny. James looks very uncomfortable, like he wants to laugh but knows he shouldn't. We have become much closer since our mates have become close friends, but I'm still his Alpha. 1

"Alpha, I

ft for you from Luna Kas," she says, reaching out her hand with the box. It looked big enough to be a bow tie but Kas had already picked out bow ties for the guys.

"Thank you, Carly," Carly bows and turns to leave as quickly as she can, "Oh, Carly, did she open her gift?"

Carly didn't turn back around, just called from the doorway before closing it, "Beta Lenora said she would do it while she's getting ready."

"Thank you," I call out through the door. I turn around and face my Beta and Gamma who are wiping tears of laughter from their faces, "You two are assholes." 1

I shake the box and feel a little shifting inside. I toss it to Milo, "I'm gonna finish shaving and PUT SOME CLOTHES ON. Then I'll open that."

"Yes Alpha Bronxy," Milo salutes, still giggling at me.

I finish in the bathroom and put my suit pants and undershirt on. No sense in putting on the collared shirt and bow tie until I need to.

Milo hands me the box and I carefully open it. Inside is an eye patch. It is olive-colored velvet with small silver olive leaves attached to either side where the elastic strap connects to the patch. It is stunning. I flip it over to put it on. I see a small word embroidered into the silk liner. 'Forever'. I rub my finger over the word and smile before I slip the patch on and set it in place.

"Oh man, that thing is nice, Bronx. Best one yet," Milo gives a genuine compliment.

I have a small collection of eye patches, I do everything I can to avoid the general public from seeing me without one. It's one of the few things I'm self-conscious about. That and my assistant seeing me practically naked, fresh out of the shower.

I step out onto the balcony and have a cigarette. A habit that Kas has mostly made me give up. I figure today is special, I can have one. I look out onto the pack territory with a sense of calm. I think about how I get to share all this with Kas, officially now. This and the private little haven I bought for her in Paris. I smile thinking about what her reaction will be as Lenora shows Kas the slideshow. She's gonna cry. I'm sure of it. She's gonna tell me it's too much. I don't care. For me, it's nothing compared to what I want to give her. I would give her the world if I could. 1

Mrs. Miller brings us a late lunch. Dad and Henri join us as we eat and relax with a few drinks.

We finish getting ready and the photographer comes in to get a ton of photos. He is leaving to head up to my apartment when Carly comes in to fetch us. She seems more composed now.

Thank the Goddess. I would hate for that awkward moment to linger.

We file downstairs and out to the backyard. The sun has barely set and it's quickly getting dark out. The ceremony area is beautiful. Everything is white with touches of dark green. White twinkle lights hang overhead. The stage usually reserved for my announcement of the Summer Solstice blessing, is currently set up for the wedding ceremony. The music changes and Carly motions for us to walk up the aisle. We wave to friends and family as we make our

way to the platform. Henri is already there, shaking our hands as we approach.

We take our places and wait. We wave at people who are taking pictures before things start. My heart is pounding. I can't wait to see Kas. I have only been away from her for less than a day but I don't care.

After what seems like forever, the music changes. Delilah, Ashley, and Lenora make their way down the aisle and take their places. Milo's niece Elle and nephew Ian are the flower girl and ring bearer. Once we are all in our places, the music changes again to the bridal march. Everyone stands and looks toward the double doors to the house.

The doors open and the overwhelming smell of fresh rain and lilacs fills the yard.

"Mmm, cinnamon rolls," I hear Milo whisper. 1

A woman steps out from inside. She is holding Marco's arm as they slowly start walking down the aisle. Where's Kas? I smell her, but I don't see her. Panic builds in my chest. As they come into view, I see the woman is in a Grecian goddess's traditional dress. Who is this uninvited guest and why would Marco escort her in when he is supposed to be with Kas?

The woman is a knockout. Perfect ten. She is as ethereal as you would expect a goddess to be in an audience full of werewolves and witches. Some people even bow to her. Marco is escorting a goddess to the ceremony? Who is she? Why is she here? 2

Oh. My. Goddess.

That's My little Goddess. 1 Marco is escorting Kas.

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My heart clenches in my chest. I can feel tears in my eye as I put my hand over my mouth. The guests all gasp and whisper as they admire my mate and bow while she comes down the aisle. As they should. If I didn't know it was Kas coming down the aisle, I would have thought the Moon Goddess herself was making her way to the platform toward me.

"That's our mate?" Saint asks in awe.

"Yeah, that's our mate."

"She's out of your league, man." *

"Shut up, Saint. Just enjoy her beauty in silence."

Kas's dress is long white and flowy with pleats to make it look more structured. There's a belt that looks like a little rope wrapped around her waist. The shoulders of the dress are silver olive leaves that match the ones on my eyepatch. There is even more flowy material attached at the back of her shoulders that flows down and trails behind her like a train. She is wearing a wreath on her head that's made of silver olive branches that makes her hair look even more sparkly.

I look into her eyes, the vibrant violet of her eyes is glowing now. She looks back at me and smiles. I realize she is glowing all over. Not her usual faint purple

energy. Her aura is the same violet as her eyes. Marco looks a little surprised but keeps proceeding. I hear some of the guests murmuring and see them pointing.

When they get to the front, Marco shakes my hand and sits down next to Musu in the front row. Lenora helps Kas adjust the train of the dress. Kas turns slightly to make sure she isn't going to step on the dress and I see the back is completely open down to the small of her back, exposing all of her scars. Now everyone will know. Everyone will see her strength. Not just the members of Blood River. All of the most influential werewolves in the world are here. The word will spread quickly.

She turns back around and smiles at me. My heart stops as I look into her eyes. Her makeup is beautiful and dramatic. Dark and smudgy like a supermodel. Hell, she looks like a damn supermodel. My supermodel. The dark coloring makes her eyes look even more violet.

I take Kas's hand and her vibrant purple glow surrounds both of us. The connection feels different than normal. It's more intense, more pure, barely contained. She takes a deep breath and lets it out slowly. As she does, the glow softens to what I consider a more reasonable brightness.

Henri clears his throat to call everyone's attention. He starts the ceremony, but I barely hear a word he says. All I can do is stare at my stunning mate. She is a goddess. I mean, I know she's a goddess, but looking at her right now at this moment, there is no denying it. Everyone else can see it too. We are all in the presence of a divine being.

Henri nudges me. I look over to see he is holding the dagger that Kas and I need to cut our hands with

I hold out my palm as he makes a slice in my hand. He does the same to Kas and we join hands, lacing our fingers. I feel a blast of energy as our blood mingles. The crowd cheers as drips of blood land in the bowl beneath our hands. We stay like that until we feel our wolves heal us. Henri wipes the blood off of our hands with a cloth, then we exchange rings.

There is a song and Lenora recites a poem. Then Henri announces that we are allowed to mark each other now. I go first.

"You ready, Baby?" I ask quietly. She nods with a smile and turns her head slightly to the side exposing her neck to me. I pull her close to me and let Saint take over enough to feel my fangs elongating. I lean down and sink them into her shoulder. I hear her gasp and let out a little whimper of pain. I embrace her a little tighter knowing I had caused the pain. I finally pull my fangs out and lick her shoulder until Lex heals the wound. I untie my bow tie and pull my shirt back so she can do the same. Lenora pulls out a footstool for Kas to stand on. We hear a smattering of laughs from the guests. The stool puts her at my shoulder height. She pulls on my shirt so I'm closer to her. She puts one hand behind my neck and I feel her fangs extend on my skin. The sensation makes me shiver. There is a shooting pang of pain when her fangs slide below my skin. I feel another pulse of energy before she pulls the fangs out and starts licking the wound.

"Ladies, gentlemen, non-gendered beings, there are only two things left to do," Henri announces, "First, by the power vested in me by the Elder Council of Werewolves, I hereby present you Alpha Regent Bronx Mason and Goddess Luna Regent Iokaste Mason."

"And finally," Henri announces, "Alpha Regent Bronx Andreas Mason, you may kiss the bride."

I look at Kas with a huge grin and lean down to kiss her. I put one hand on her lower back and the other behind her neck. She wraps a hand behind my neck and the other on my arm. Our lips come together as naturally as they always have as I lean her over in a deep kiss. We can hear our guests cheering and suddenly they stop.

I look up suddenly realizing everyone is frozen in time. Mid-clap, mid howl. Completely stopped in the middle of what they were doing.

"Kas!?" I ask looking around.

"I can only keep a crowd this size frozen for about three minutes. Are you sure you want to be looking at them right now? Cause you could still be kissing me," a devilish grin crosses her face.

Who am I to deny the request of a Goddess? I pulled her back into my arms and we kiss passionately until the audience starts to cheer again. I help her stand upright and I take her hand.

The guests go wild as Kas and I walk hand in hand down the aisle. Carly ushers us into a little

room just inside the double doors of the packhouse.

"You two have fifteen minutes before pictures. Alpha, do not ruin the Luna's makeup," Carly

advises with a wink and closes the door.

I sit down and pull Kas into my lap, gently caressing her cheek, "Happy solstice birthday, Mrs. Mason."

She smiles at me, "Thank you, Mr. Mason. Happy wedding day."

I bring her closer and gently kiss her soft lips. She leans in and reciprocates.

I pull back and look her in the eyes. She is beautiful. Everything about this woman is beautiful. Her eyes, her lips, her hair. I want to kiss her, but I don't want to stop looking at her either. Milo was right about her scent. It's more intoxicating than it has ever been be

"Is everything alright, Bronx? You look... googly-eyed," Kas tilts her head with a little smile.

"I want to kiss you but I don't want to stop admiring you, my little goddess. What if I blink and you disappear?"

She takes my hands and places them on her midsection. Slowly moving them for me – over her breasts, down between her legs, "If you're worried I'll disappear, you should memorize every part of me with your eyes and your hands."

I explore her body with my hands. Using my fingertips to make her shiver on sensitive spots and my hands spread wide and flat on larger areas. She looks at me through her eyelashes as she softly moans.

There was a knock and Carly announces it's time for pictures. We both sigh with a groan at the interruption. I stand Kas up and make sure she is presentable before I lead her out of the room.

The guests have been moved to the ballroom and it is just the wedding party and family left. The photographer snaps all the pictures at a blistering pace.

Before I know it, we are being ushered into the reception. Toasts are given, food is eaten, the cake is cut. Her bridesmaids surprise her with a cupcake and a candle so everyone can sing Happy Birthday to her. She fights back tears and tells me it's another first for her, people singing Happy Birthday in her honor.

"Make a wish, Mrs. Mason," I whisper in her ear before she blows out the candle and smiles, waving to the cheering crowd.

Kas let me pick the song for our first dance, she wants to be surprised. I chose Stay With You by John Legend. She starts to cry a little, but I wipe her tears away before she can ruin her makeup. We dance for what seems like no time at all before Kas and I are being pulled away to change into our robes for the Solstice blessing and pack run.

We change quickly and head back downstairs. When we get back to the platform, the entire yard has been transformed. There were no chairs, just open space surrounding us. People are being given robes to change in the pool house. Omegas are taking clothes back to tents and guest rooms as people come out. It is like a well-oiled machine.

At eleven forty-five, I motion for everyone to quiet down. I give my speech talking about a year of prosperity, peace, unity, and health for all werewolf kind as well as our new found allies in the coven. As the clock ticks to midnight, we all disrobe and shift. There is a collective howl at the moon and we're off.

Saint is so happy to be running alongside Lex. They haven't been allowed to spend time together since they fought in the dungeon. We make a giant loop around the territory, then wolves split off into smaller groups. Saint and Lex go off on their own for some private time together before heading back to the packhouse.

Letting Saint and Lex out opens the floodgate to our own desires. As soon as we shift back to human form, I pick her up and carry Kas up the stairs to our apartment, ravishing her and kissing her. I wish I could say it was a romantic bridal style but it was not. She is completely wrapped around me while I am grabbing her ass to keep her from falling. Someone drapes a robe over her as we make our way up the main staircase. We don't care that there are people still lingering in the halls as I push her against the wall to kiss her deeper. We just need to be with each other. We kiss and grab at each other frantically until we get to the apartment and slam the door behind us. We don't even wait to get to the bedroom to get our wedding night started.

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Chapter 84

Kas's POV

It takes a lot of convincing, but I finally talk Bronx out of bringing James or Marco on our honeymoon. He very begrudgingly agrees and only because, as a wedding gift, Henri arranged for one of his warriors to be our personal driver for the two-week trip. His name is Francis. He's not nearly as burly as James or Marco, so I was skeptical as to why Henri would send him.

"Don't let looks deceive you, Kas. Francis is Henri's right-hand man. He's a technician. I wouldn't want to meet him in a dark alley," Bronx says looking off into space, "Actually, you could probably learn a thing or two from him when you're ready to get into weapons training. I'll talk to Henri."

I look at the unassuming man with short bleach-blonde hair, wearing a black suit and white dress shirt. He's a chain smoker but somehow doesn't smell like cigarettes. Regardless of who he is when he isn't driving us around Paris, he is very polite and accommodating while he does. 2

On the first night after dinner, Francis has to shoo away paparazzi and escort us quickly into the car as a crowd starts to gather when we are leaving the restaurant. Bronx had warned me that the human world is different, photographers may be aggressive and try to take our picture but I didn't realize it would be twenty people at a time. He puts his hand on the small of my back and holds me close to his side while Francis safely gets us to the sedan. More flashes go off trying to get our picture through the tinted glass. .

"Bronx, why are they so adamant to get our picture?" I ask watching them knock on the window begging for Bronx to roll it down and answer questions.

"I'll show you in the morning, Baby," he sighs, sounding frustrated.

In the morning, he shows me the newspaper the hotel brings with breakfast. Sure enough, there we were on the sixth page. The headline reads 'Wedding Bells for Billionaire Mason?' in smaller letters below, it says 'World's Most Eligible Bachelor, Officially Off the Market'. The short article called him mysterious and called me a petite bombshell, possibly an up-and-coming model. Maybe even an indie rock star based on my unusual hair and eye color. They even try to guess how much he spent on my wedding rings. There is a grainy picture of us having dinner in the restaurant. The next one is of us leaving the restaurant hand in hand smiling. The next is Bronx looking mad, pulling me closer to his side and Francis moving into the frame to protect us. The third was an extreme closeup of my wedding rings.

"Why do people care? It's not their business," I growl a little, looking at the article. I'm sitting on his lap munching on some blueberries.

"It's the human world. I'm known as the owner of a really big company. I try not to put myself out there for the world to see. When humans don't see me out and about very much they become curious. They don't know my position in the werewolf world. Now they find out I'm suddenly in Paris with a beautiful woman no one's seen before. It's big news for the tabloids.

Humans are nosy. They're curious about what someone like me does when they're not working, that's all," he says as he kisses my neck

Think about it, what's a big, ugly, one-eyed lug like me, doing with an," he points at a line in the article, "'unidentified, up and coming bombshell of an indie rockstar model' like you?"

"Oh. Well, according to this, you're letting me siphon all your money. Wait! Who would say that?!" I put the paper down in a huff. 2

"They just make up crap to get attention, Baby. Ignore it. My corporate communications team already has a press release out with the info we want people to know. People will be putting a name to your face and if they do an internet search, they will find basic info that my team has put together. Your name, fake age, where you were born, but that's about it." 1

I cross my arms to sulk. I don't like the idea of people poking around trying to find out about m

1. e.

Lex chimes in, "Kas, they called you a model. I told you people would realize how beautiful you are. Besides, there is literally nothing they can find out about you," she purrs trying to look at the bright side.

"Thanks, Lex, you're the best."

"Oh, I know." She says with a smug voice.

Based on pictures and television shows I've seen about Paris, it's beautiful beyond every expectation. Francis knows all the shortcuts around the city and how to avoid crowds. We get to do so many cool things: private tours of art museums and cathedrals, even the Palace of Versailles. Lex says we lived there once, she has fond memories as we walk around.

Oh, and we don't just do one food tour, we do three of them. Three! One is just for pastries and desserts, one is for cheeses, and the last one is wine and food pairing. I don't usually like to drink, but Bronx insists that to level up my cooking game, I need to understand different wine profiles. It isn't as bad as I expected. With our wolf senses, I'm able to taste all the different flavors the sommeliers explain and what types of foods they are best served with. They let me ask a ton of questions and take notes on my little notepad. Bronx just sits back watching me scribble furiously in my little book. I probably won't drink regularly but at least I can plan for what should be served when I cook for other people. 1

As promised, Bronx also takes me to the top of the Eiffel Tower. The view is gorgeous. You can see the whole city. He surprises me with a dozen purple roses. We even get to see another couple get engaged while they are taking in the sights. It is so cute! I can't help myself, I give the roses to the newly engaged couple. It truly is the city of romance.

"Lex, are you seeing this?" I ask as I look out over the city in awe.

"Kas, we've lived here three times. I've seen it all before," she yawns as she rolls her eyes at me and goes to curl up in the back of my mind..

We have to stop at Harry Winston Jewelers. Bronx tells me it's a pretty formal place so I put on a nice dress and makeup. The sales manager is very nice but has a nervous personality. I think he is intimidated by Bronx's physical size. Anyway, they need my rings for the day so they can appraise them for insurance purposes.

I look at my empty finger and frown a little as the assistant takes my rings away. Another assistant comes over with another band for me to wear until I come back for my rings.

"Five carat platinum eternity band with emerald-cut diamonds, Madame," the assistant says in a heavy French accent, handing me the sparkly ring on a little velvet tray.

I look at Bronx quizzically. I don't care how much money he has, if he bought this ring, I'm going to kill him.

"Go ahead, Baby. It's a loaner until you get yours back tomorrow. Don't worry, I didn't buy it," he says as he signs some paperwork. I swear I hear him say 'yet' under his breath, but he denies

1. it.

I pick up the ring and slide it on my finger. It's beautiful but not mine. It feels awkward and heavy. I'm not going to complain though. I appreciate they have a substitute for me while they have my actual rings.

We speak with the manager a little longer, discussing a necklace for Sandy's birthday. She is going to be fifty, so Bronx wants to get her something special. The manager takes notes and lets us know he will send pictures of sketches in a week.

As soon as we get in the car, I realize I forgot my phone inside.

"Oh crap! Bronx, I have to go back in. I'll be right back," I say, stepping out of the car.

"Kas, we'll send Francis in," he pulls on my hand as he tries to get me to come back inside the sedan.

"Bronx, the door is right there. I don't even need to cross the street. I'll be right back," I quickly give him a peck on the cheek and jump out of the sedan before he can stop me.

I push open the heavy door to the store and walk up to the manager's desk. He's looking at me with wide eyes and his hands in the air.

"Hello! I forgot my phone. I just need to get it b-. Is everything alright, sir?" I ask with my head tilted when I realize he smells like pure fear.

He flicks his eyes behind me quickly. I turn around to see three masked men armed with semi automatic guns pointed at us. 1

I slowly raise my hands in the air as well, "Oh crap."

"Hey Randall, isn't that the girl from the society page?" One of the men says in a British accent.

"Yeah, I think it is. She married that MasonCo guy. Jimmy, grab 'er. She's gonna be worth a couple of bucks."

As he says that, alarms sound from all around the store. Heavy sheets of metal slam down on all the windows and the door, blocking out the world.

"Bronx...ummm...there's a problem," I say, opening up a mind link to him.

"Kas, what the fuck just happened?" I hear him say in my mind. I hear pounding on the metal security barrier at the same time.

"The store is being robbed," I gulp, "There's three armed men in here who want to kidnap me.

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"Shit! Don't do anything crazy, Kas. We're in the human world," he urges me, "I already hear police sirens, be careful, Baby. I love you."

"Okay, nothing crazy. Got it. I love you, too," I say nervously. I have never really spent time in the human world except for when Bronx has taken me out. I am not completely sure what constitutes crazy in this specific scenario. I try to recall all the training James and Marco have

given me.

"Hey! Girlie, what did you just do with yer eyes there? What kind of contacts you wearin'?" The first man says. Referring to my eyes clouding over from the mind link.

"Sir, I-I'm just here to get my cell phone," I say backing up as the man I assume is Jimmy approaches me, "I don't want anyone to get hurt."

The man laughs and grabs me by the arm. I easily break the hold and punch him in the face, breaking his nose, then chop him in the throat as hard as I can, making him fall to the floor choking and coughing on his own blood. The other two men aim their guns directly at me.

I feel the energy building in me letting me freeze time and run over to the store manager, pulling him down below the counter.

"Sir, how do we get out?" I ask the man who is confused as to what is happening.

"How did you get over here?" He looks at me, confused with panic in his voice.

"Please, sir. There's no time to explain. We have about five minutes before they start moving again. How do we get out of here?"

"The police. They will open the security gates from outside," he tries to look around the desk to see the armed men, but I take him by the shoulders and stop him.

"Shit. Okay. You need to hide, sir. Where is the rest of your staff?" I look out from behind our hiding spot, "you have probably three minutes to hide."

"In the panic room, but it locks behind them until the police open it. I- I suppose I can go into the lockbox room. But Madame, what about you?"

"Don't worry, I was made for this. I have training from my personal guards. You just stay back here and hide. If you can make it to that room safely, do it. But whatever you do, don't look out from behind this desk. I have to get back out there before they realize I've moved."

He looks at me like I'm insane. He probably thinks I am. I'm not worried about it, anyone he tells the story to will think he is delusional with fear.

I go back out to the main area and stand approximately where I was before. I release my hold on time and watch the man with a broken nose go back to writhing in pain on the floor.

"Hey, I said I didn't want anyone to get hurt," I warn.

"Just let me shift and handle this, Kas," Lex snarls.

"No, Lex, you heard Bronx. They're human. We can't let them see you," I scold, "Trust me, I would like nothing more than to set you loose right now. Just lend me some strength, alright? We need to get out of this safely to get back to our mate."

"Alright, but what about our sister?" Lex asks.

"What are you talking about, Lex? Lenora isn't here," I ask, confused at her question.

Before she can explain herself, the second man grabs my arm and roughly pulls me into his chest. He smells like old cheese and bacon grease. Gross. He puts the gun up under my chin. The cold metal is uncomfortable as he presses it hard against me.

I take my raised hands and quickly reach for his wrists. I easily flip him over, grabbing the barrel of the gun, pulling it to the left of my body in case it goes off, just like Marco taught me. The man lands hard on the ground with a thud, releasing his grip on the gun. I kneel down and use the butt to hit him in the face, then throw it as far away from him as I can. I can't believe it worked just like Marco showed me. His eye swells up almost instantly as he rolls around on the ground groaning.

I hear the click of the safety being turned off on the third man's gun. I turn to face him, putting my hands back in the air. He fires a shot and grazes my cheek. I feel Lex already starting to heal the wound. In my training, James had shown me how to avoid flinching when being attacked by looking at the assailant directly in the eye. It took a lot of practice, but I finally mastered it a few weeks ago. I hear banging on the security door and Bronx's muffled shouts from the other side.

"What in heaven's name? Didn't you feel that?" the man asks incredulously.

"Yes, I did, sir but that doesn't mean I need to flinch. I already told you I didn't want to hurt your friends, but they tried to grab me. I had no choice," I say praying that he doesn't fire again. I used most of my energy to stop time already, I don't know if I will be able to hold it a second time right now. I faintly hear an odd series of metallic clicks and ticks but I can't risk breaking eye contact to see where it is coming from or what is causing it.

A red dot appears on the side of the man's head followed by a quiet thump sound. Blood splatters all over. I feel it on my face and look down to see it all over my light pink dress. I look back up and see blood gushing out of his head before he falls to the ground, staring at me with glassy eyes.

I look up to see a small window has been cut through the metal security gates. Someone in a dark mask is pointing a gun inside the store. Just as I notice it, the person pulls the gun away and peaks in the hole quickly, then disappears. I swear on my life, I think I saw violet eyes through the hole. I could be wrong, but I don't think so. I sniff the air, but all I smell is the metallic scent of blood. I look back down and finally absorb the fact that the man who tried to shoot me is dead.

I feel nauseous. Someone just shot and killed that guy. I look back up at the little hole cut into the security gate, but suddenly the metal slides open and it is gone from view. Police officers rush in, aiming their guns at the two robbers still rolling on the ground. Bronx and Francis come in right behind them and pull me out of the store.

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"Are you hurt, Baby?" Bronx asks, wiping the blood from my face with his sleeve.

I shake my head no, but I'm having trouble finding words. I look down and wipe my hands on my dress, the blood drops smear. I can feel tears stinging my eyes as I look at Bronx. Someone killed that man. My mouth opens and closes a couple of times but I can't seem to form words.

"Francis, please get the Luna in the car. I will tell the police if they need a statement, they need to come to the hotel. I'll get the list of detectives so we can get them cleared through MasonCo before we let anyone up to see her," I hear Bronx say. I feel Francis gently guiding me.

"Kas, Baby, it's going to be alright. I will be there in just a minute, okay?" Bronx says to me as Francis leads me away into the sedan.

Bronx's POV

Of course, I leave Kas alone for one minute and trouble follows. I will say, thank the Goddess she has had such good self-defense training. It probably saved her life. I look at the assholes Kas attacked. You wouldn't know the damage was caused by a five-foot-three she-wolf. It may as well have been James or Marco to do this to them.

I talk to the police and have them send a list of detectives who will want to speak to her directly to my head of security for MasonCo's Paris office. I then contact

the office to let them know what's going on and request they have a private werewolf doctor come to the hotel right

away.

I get in the car. As soon as the door closes, Francis starts racing to the hotel. Kas looks like she is in shock now. I pull her into my lap and cover her with my jacket.

"Okay, Baby. Talk to me. Are you alright?" I turn her face to look me in the eye.

"Someone shot that man. His blood is on me," she says blankly. She's looking at me but she might as well be a thousand miles away. I pull her close to me and rub her arm. I need to keep her talking. Try to avoid her falling into a vision.

"Who shot him, Baby? Did you take someone's gun? Were you trying to defend yourself?" I ask. If somehow this goes to court, I need to know if she killed the guy so I can have defense attorneys ready.

"My sister?" she says looking out the window blankly.

What the Hell is she talking about? We haven't found any of her sisters.

We reach the hotel in record time. Francis pulls up to a door in the back and opens the sedan door. I carry Kas through the kitchen and up a service elevator to our suite. Francis stays outside to screen anyone who wants to get in.

I take Kas directly into the bathroom and strip the soiled clothes off of her. I start the shower and help her step inside. I realize she is just standing there, in shock, not able to clean herself, so I strip off my clothes and get in with her. Please Goddess, don't let this be her undoing

As soon as I step into the shower, the floodgates finally burst inside her. She's hysterical. I

pull her close and wrap my arms around her as she cries loudly. A soft purple glow starts to

grow around us.

"It's my fault. That man died because of me," she wails.

"No, Baby. That man died because he tried to rob a store and take hostages. He died because of his greed and stupidity. You just happened to be there. None of this is your fault," I say soothing her.

When her crying finally softens into little hiccups, I take a washcloth and clean the rest of the blood off her face and arms. I help her out of the shower and into a soft fluffy robe. When I'm sure she isn't going to start glowing in front of the doctor or the detectives that will be coming, I lead her into the sitting room so the doctor can look her over.

He asks her a bunch of questions and checks her vitals.

He assures us that she will be fine after a good night of rest and not to let the police upset her. He gives me a prescription to help calm her nerves if she needs it. I thank him and show him to the door just as Francis is ready to bring in two detectives and a MasonCo translator. The

translator is a wolf, so I know they will make sure the correct message gets through.

I warn them what the doctor just said and that I have no problems kicking them out as they sit to question Kas. I pull her into my lap and let the detectives do their job. Kas is a trooper and answers as many questions as she can without crying.

They ask how she was able to take down two of the three men.

“Back home I have two bodyguards, James and Marco, they have trained me how to protect myself in case I’m ever on my own. I just did what they taught me, sir,” Kas snuffles.

“Well, you did a good job, Mrs. Mason. About the third man. We know you didn’t shoot him, the bullet doesn’t match the caliber of guns any of the men were using. Do you know who shot him?”

Kas looks up with tears in her eyes, “No sir. I-I heard some clicking sounds, then I saw a red dot on his face, then he-”

“It’s alright Mrs. Mason. You don’t need to explain the rest. Thank you for your time and I hope you will still be able to enjoy our beautiful city. If there is anything else you remember or if you need any police assistance, please give us a call,” the detectives say through the translator, handing me a business card before being escorted out.

I’m about to cancel our dinner reservation when Kas insists that she still wants to go. She just needs a nap. After a three-hour nap, she does seem much better. We have reservations at a Michelin-rated restaurant that evening. The chef hears Bronx Mason and his new wife were in his establishment, so he invites us back to the kitchen for a tour. The food is spectacular and Kas is totally into the kitchen tour. The chef patiently answers all her questions about cooking techniques and flavors. He even gives her his phone number and says to call anytime if she wants to trade ideas with him. Seriously. Everyone loves this woman. How could they not?

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Kas's POV

The spindles of the staircases in the apartment building are ornately decorated metal that looks like gold. You can look up the center and see all the way up to the ornate ceiling. It was an odd contrast to the modern-looking pictures Lenora had shown us.

We climb the stairs to a plain oak door on the fourth floor. Voices and hammering are coming from inside. Bronx knocks but gets no reply so he opens the door without waiting. We peek in and see a flurry of construction workers in white jumpsuits.

I go to step inside but Bronx holds his arm out and stops me. He turns and picks me up bridal style and carries me over the threshold.

"Sorry, but we were too preoccupied to do that on our wedding night. I wanted to do it properly for this new place," he grins and kisses me on the nose, making me giggle, before putting me down. A man with a thick mustache and beard approaches us. I can smell he is human.

"Monsieur Mason, we were not expecting you until tomorrow. We are almost finished with the renovations," he says in a thick accent.

"It's alright, Pierre. I'm early. I couldn't wait to show my wife our new place. Is it alright if I show her around?" he says placing his hand on the small of my back.

"Oui, Monsieur, but of course. We are finished upstairs if you want to start there. Whenever you are ready to add furniture, I will bring a team in to take care of the installation." 1

"Good man, Pierre. Merci," Bronx says as he shakes the man's hand. He takes my hand and we head upstairs. He explains that Pierre and his team work for MasonCo and they are installing security equipment, not just completing renovations.

The second floor is like nothing I have ever seen. One wall has floor-to-ceiling windows. The walls are all pure white and the floors are a lightly stained hardwood. Our feet echo as we walk through. There is a walk-in closet similar to what we have at home. The huge bathroom is all marble with a modern-looking light fixture.

Bronx sits on the floor and tells me to go explore. He pulls out his cell phone and takes pictures of me. I scrunch my face and stick my tongue out at him.

"Just makes you look cuter!" He teases with a smile, "So what color do you want to paint?"

I look at the walls and think for a moment, "No, I don't want to paint. I like the white. You know, I have never had a place to decorate before."

Bronx tilts his head like it is hard for him to imagine, "Okay, so how do you want to decorate?"

"I think I would like something pretty modern. It will make it easy to keep clean."

"Baby, we can get someone to clean the place," he laughs.

"No way, Mister Mason. I clean my own place."

"Suit yourself," he shrugs.

"How did you find this place anyway?" I ask as I wander around.

"I started looking for something as soon as we had the conversation about how much she liked France. I came here during the days you were at the coven. Since you felt it was a big part of our relationship, I wanted to make it more special for you. When the realtor sent me the pictures, I knew right away it was the apartment for my little goddess," he says with a smile.

The other two bedrooms are similar but smaller with regular closets. I can't get over how large this place is. Two of our apartments back home could fit on this one floor.

"Lenora said this place was a modest size, Bronx," I say as I wander around.

"Yeah, compared to other properties I own it is. The difference is," he comes up behind me and slides his arms around my waist, "this one is in your name."

My eyes widen and I turn around in his arms, "What? When Lenora said you got an apartment, I figured you got an apartment under MasonCo or your name or something. Th-this is mine?"

"Yeah, Baby. This is yours," he smiles as he looks at me with a twinkling green eye, "there is just one piece of paperwork you need to sign when we get home to make it official."

I grab both sides of his face and pull him toward me, kissing him deeply. I pull away long enough to say, "You need to stop spoiling me."

"Try and stop me," he responds, kissing me again.

We finally head back downstairs and look around some more. The kitchen is seriously to die for. The counter is made of marble, so I don't need a stone to roll out the dough. There's a six burner range, two ovens, and a giant refrigerator that looks like part of the cabinetry.

Pierre approaches us as we finish looking around, "Well, Madame Mason, what do you think?"

"Pierre, I can't wait to come here all the time. We will make another trip to pick out furniture soon. Thank you so much for everything," I gush.

He bows, "My pleasure, Madame and at your service. Just let Madame Lenora know when you will be back and I will be here myself to oversee the work."

We say our goodbyes and head back to the jewelers to collect my rings. Bronx makes me stay in the car this time. He takes the loaner ring back and collects my rings. He comes back out with my rings in a little blue box. We drive away as I open the box to find he has also purchased the loaner ring.

"BRONX! I told you not to buy that for me!" I whine.

He doesn't answer. He simply takes it out of the box and puts it on my right-hand ring finger with a smile. He kisses me deeply, melting my willpower and immediately forgiving him.

After another two days of Parisienne bliss, it is time to head home. I sit on Bronx's lap most of the way as we trade kisses, soft touches, and words just meant just for each other.

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Bronx's POV

Once we get home, we settle back into our regular routines. Most notably, training. In addition to the private defense lessons she still takes with James and Marco, Kas starts joining training sessions with the pack warriors in the mornings too. She's a firecracker. We quickly find she is too strong to fight with the female warriors. They're not even a challenge for her after a couple of months. She and Lex are getting stronger by the day. Once we put her in the ring with the male warriors, she's vicious. Don't get me wrong. It is hard to watch all those guys put their hands on my mate. It is even more difficult not to step in the ring and attack someone when she takes a hard hit or kick. I do my best to hold myself back. Kas can take down most warriors twice her weight, except for some of the most elite who have been fighting for years. But it is evident even some of them are doomed, it's only a matter of time as she learns more techniques. I told her I'm only willing to fight her once she can beat Milo, so that seems to be her goal.

The day finally comes when she gets to face Reggie. He looks terrified. How the Hell is he supposed to try to beat up a woman who is not only his Luna but also basically his little sister.

"Bronx, don't make me do this, man," he calls from the center of the ring. The warriors around the ring giggle and boo at him.

"Do you submit to Kas, Reggie? Cause if you do, Milo's up!" I call back to him with a smirk.

He looks at Kas who is already in a defensive stance, "Come on Reggie, don't be a weenie," she taunts with an adorable little growl.

Laughs and jeers come from around the ring. Reggie just drops his shoulders and looks at her helplessly.

"I'm sorry. You guys can call me what you want but I can't do that to Kas. I submit," Reggie says with his hands in the air.

Out of the corner of my eye, I see James and Marco give each other a high five. They should be proud. They have done a great job training her.

"Alright, Beta Milo, looks like it's your lucky day," the lead trainer bids Milo into the ring.

Milo, cocky as ever, climbs in with his signature goofy-ass grin and waves to the crowd before facing Kas. The crowd around the ring cheers and beats the mat loudly.

"She's gonna murder him," Saint quips happily.

"You think? Ghost is pretty strong, you know."

"Trust me. I know my mate better than anyone. Besides you, Ghost is my best friend. Lex is stronger," he confirms.

"Aww, I'm your best friend?" I coo at him."

"Shut up and watch the beat down, dummy," he snarls at me.

"Alright, you both know the rules. Fight until there's a tap out, three-second pin, or knock out, Oh and wolf strength only, no using your abilities, Luna," the trainer announced, "You both ready?"

Kas nods, completely locked in on her target. She looks like she could rip Milo to shreds without even touching him. I have never seen her look so determined. It's sexy as Hell.

Milo hops back and forth from one foot to the other and claps as he yells out, "Let's go little sister!"

The trainer steps out of the way. Kas and Milo stare each other down as they size each other up. Milo is a foot taller than Kas and more than a hundred pounds heavier than her. He's not as big as me but she's so petite, I'm not sure what her plan of attack is going to be. Kick his kneecaps?

Milo tries toying with Kas. Slapping her with his long reach. The sound can be heard across the ring. Sounds of oohing come from spectators around the ring. I can feel anger rising in my chest. I can't tell if it is coming from her, Saint, or just me watching someone try to attack my mate. I fight the urge to jump in the ring and stop him as he starts to grapple with her. 1

She is so little she's able to slip out of all of his holds. Elbowing his ribs, kicking his shins, raking his eyes. All of her moves have to be perfect to make up for her small size. James and Marco have turned her into a true technician when it comes to self-defense. She has no fear and she was able to think on her feet. I can't wait to see what Francis is able to teach her. Milo gets in a few jabs and body shots, but she isn't phased.

Milo makes the first big lung

ectly for her midsection. She anticipates and jumps up, kicking him square in the nose drawing first blood. He drops with a thud after losing his forward momentum and rolls out of the way, preventing her from landing a heel kick between his shoulder blades.

Milo stays crouched and gets his bearings, wiping blood from his nose. He has a huge grin on his face realizing how much of a challenge she actually is as an opponent. Kas inches toward him, trying to gauge his reach and speed. He lunges at her again, now with more power using his wolf strength coming from all fours. He hooks her around the waist like a football tackle, making me flinch. Everyone can see the contact knocks the wind being out of her but before she hits the ground, she's able to get one arm under his. She uses the backward momentum to her advantage and uses a modified jiu-jitsu throw, arching her back and letting his body roll over hers as she falls. She grunts loudly as she throws his weight to the mat making him land flat on his back with a hard thud, knocking the wind out of him. He has no time to react as she comes down, she rolls on top of him, straddling her weight directly over his chest with her knees pinning his arms.

She relentlessly starts to punch him as hard as she can over and over. She's a bit like a Tasmanian devil. She's so little, she has to lift her weight off of him with every hit to get enough leverage. Each time she raises herself, her knees dig further into the insides of Milo's biceps, cutting off circulation, making it impossible for him to move his arms up to lift her off or protect himself.

"I taught her that," Marco says proudly as he claps me on the back. I smile as I watch her smack the actual snot out of Milo. He finally has enough and taps out.

Saint is howling and bouncing off the walls of my mind.

Kas rolls off of Milo onto her back, panting hard, raising her arm in victory. The bystanders cheer her name and howl as they beat the edge of the mat.

I see her lean over to make sure Milo was okay. I hear him say his pride would be bruised for weeks but Ghost was already healing him otherwise.

She sits up and I can see a little blood coming from a cut above her eye. She is still panting and sweating profusely, "Hey Alpha!"

The other warriors quiet down and look at her.

"You're next. One month from today," she smiles. She puts two fingers up to her eyes then turns them toward me. She turns to her guards, "James, Marco, we got extra work ahead of us the next few weeks."

The fighters standing around the ring started howling and oohing at her tenacity. I flash her a smile and a nod as people clap me on the back and shove me. I love this woman.

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Kas's POV

I can't believe Lex and I beat Milo and Ghost the first time we sparred with them. I thought for sure it would take three or four times, but Lex was determined. She is gloating like you would not believe. But we both know it would take a lot more to beat Bronx and Saint, though. 1

Right now, I have other things to worry about. I have two very important meetings today and I have my two midterms for school.

Bronx and I walk back to the packhouse. He gives me some tips on how to make some of my moves even stronger by leveraging my body weight. He puts his sweaty arm around me and tells me how proud he is of me. Which, quite honestly, is one of the best compliments he could possibly give me

We get cleaned up for the day and I put on some more business-appropriate clothes compared to what I usually wear. I give myself a look in the mirror, satisfied with what the woman I see.

"You know, Baby, after these meetings today, there's no going back. Wheels are in motion that can't be stopped easily," he says, looking at me through the mirror.

I took a deep breath, "I'm excited for both." I smile at him with a wink.

We go hand in hand down to his office. I go directly to his private library and wait for the first appointment. After half an hour, he comes in with Musu.

"Musu, this is your client," he motions to me.

"Luna Kas?" she says, looking at Bronx, then back at me.

"Please, Musu, sit. Let's discuss your special assignment," I motion to the leather chair in front of me.

We spend the next two hours explaining about the Menaes, how we want to go about finding them, and as many details, we already know. I explain that the library will be available for her reference as needed. I would work as closely or as loosely with her as she wanted.

Musu is excited about the opportunity and happy that she will still get to travel and get to help me find my family at the same time. We have her sign some NDAs since there are things she needs to know and do that even Marco can't know about.

We determine she will get started first thing Monday morning. After we are done talking business, we take a few minutes to catch up about how she is acclimating to life at Blood River. She tells us she is very happy and shows us that she and Marco have already marked each other. I'm so happy for them. I give her a big hug before she leaves.

Bronx and I have an hour between the time Musu leaves and our next appointment, so we relax on the leather sofa in the library. And by relax I mean we grope each other and I give

Bronx a blow job. It's one of my favorite things to do for him. I love seeing his reactions when I wrap my lips around him. Good thing it's a soundproof room.

He's hovering over me as I have my legs wrapped around him. He's just about ready to tear my clothes off when the intercom buzzes and we hear Carly telling us our next appointment is

waiting.

"Carly's lucky I like her," Lex growls. a

"Don't worry, Lex. We'll finish that later," I purr at her.

We compose ourselves and make sure each other's clothes are straightened, then go out to the main office. Two of the human bank managers Bronx does most of his business with are there waiting on us.

They are very friendly but there is an air of nervousness as Bronx shakes their hands. They are much smaller than him. I think the word that best describes them is pasty. I assume they're intimidated by Bronx's size. Bronx seems oblivious to the awkwardness in the room as he chats happily with the two men. Odd, he is usually perceptive to things like that. 3

"Mister Mason, are you ready to get started?" one of the men asks nervously.

"We're just waiting on one more person, gentlemen," he reminds them. He introduces me and we shake hands. They're both cold and clammy. Gross, dudes. Get your shit together.

There's another knock on the door, breaking the tension in the room.

"Come in!" Bronx calls. Delilah peeks in.

"Hello Al-uhh, Mister Mason," she catches herself when she sees our visitors are already here.

We move to the conference table and start signing paperwork. Since neither Delilah nor I have a credit score, we weren't able to get a loan directly through the bank, so MasonCo opened a division to sponsor small start-up businesses. We are the first clients. 2

When it's all said and done, Delilah and I agree to take a loan from MasonCo to open 'Pâtisseries de Loup Magique' which means 'Magic Wolf Pastries' in French. Thirty percent of our profits will go directly toward the loan until it is paid off and MasonCo takes an fifteen percent of the profits. After that, MasonCo takes fifteen percent of profits for a full year, then we are in the clear.

Delilah and I cry and hug each other with excitement as we sign the last paper. Then we shake the bank managers' clammy hands again. Bronx goes back to being jovial and friendly with the men as he escorts them out.

When he comes back in, Delilah and I run up and hug him, thanking him over and over. 1

"Bronx, why were those guys so awkward and you were so friendly? Didn't you notice?" I ask.

"Oh, Saint may have tried to make an appearance when they were in the room one time, sooo... they may or may not think I am generally unhinged. But MasonCo does so much business with them that they can't survive without me," he shrugs and laughs as he rubs the back of his neck.

Before the day is finished, Carly confirms the final details for an appointment Bronx and I have together the next day. After being hounded relentlessly by paparazzi for the past few months, whether we are together or not, Bronx finally agreed to do an interview with Vanity

Fair magazine. His MasonCo PR team thoroughly prepares me so I don't say anything I shouldn't. The photographer and interview team will set up in the conference room at the packhouse. They have us dress up in ridiculously fancy clothes and ask benign questions about our relationship. They also ask silly things like our favorite foods and clothing designers. Carly has the cover and the photos from the article framed and placed in Bronx's office.

Over the next few months, aside from my normal pack duties, I finally finish high school and pass my G.E.D. test. Bronx wants to have a little party, but I refuse. I

tell him to put the money he would use for the party toward a scholarship to one of the pack members who wants to go to college. He agrees and sets it up, but he still buys me a new apron to celebrate.

Speaking of aprons, I also keep up with cooking lessons for single pack warriors. Mrs. Miller helps me formalize it a little more, setting up a schedule and time slots to keep it more organized.

Delilah and I throw all of the rest of our time into getting our bakery opened. Bronx and James are so proud of us. They are really sweet and supportive.

Three months after we signed the lease, we were able to open our storefront. The store is in the human town but we are able to hire pack members to work. The opening day is a huge success. We sell out of everything. The word spreads like wildfire that Bronx Mason's wife opened a bakery. Everyone is impressed at how good the pastries are with baguette being our specialty. Sometimes people who are clearly just photographers or journalists come in to catch a glimpse of me. James and Marco quietly escort them out when it happens. In the first month, we book four weddings, two baby showers, and a sweet sixteen birthday. We also sign a couple of contracts for local businesses to provide breakfast sandwiches once a week.

Two years ago, I would have never imagined my life could be what it is today. I went from a weak, broken slave to a confident, successful Luna. I have a mate who loves me unconditionally, friends who are like family, and a successful business. I feel like I'm on top of the world and I never want to come down.

I know there will be challenges in the future but I am confident that with Bronx and my friends and family's support, I will be able to take everything head-on. I have so much more to learn about who I am and what it means to be a goddess and honestly, I can't wait.

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future Chapter 90

[/ Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Beener](#)
Daughters of the Moon Goddess by Neener Beener. Prologue.

Epilogue Musu's POV

"Are you sure?" I ask the caller as the email comes in. I click on the attachment and see the beautiful woman that looks similar to Luna Kas but taller. Her hair is tied back in a braid, hidden under her jacket with a big floppy hat. She had on large dark sunglasses but in the third photo, she had pulled them down to look at something. Her eyes were vibrant purple.

“Ah, got her! You are a gem! Now, you’re sure you saw her leaving Mayong?”

The voice on the other end confirms the woman’s location.

“Shit. That is not good. Alright. Keep your distance but don’t lose her. I will let you know the next move. I will have the rest of your payment wired to you right away,” I hang up and pump my fist in the air, then send an email to accounting requesting the wire transfer to my contact.

I lean back in my seat and breathe a sigh of relief. After four months of chasing ghosts, I finally got a lock on one. There were three others that I have leads on, but no confirmation.

I have had to connect with some seedy people and go to some places I would never tell Marco about for this job but this picture on my laptop monitor has made it all worth it. 2

I pick the phone back up and dial, “Beta, do you want the good news or the bad news?” 5

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Neener_Beener

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