



58

Bronx's POV

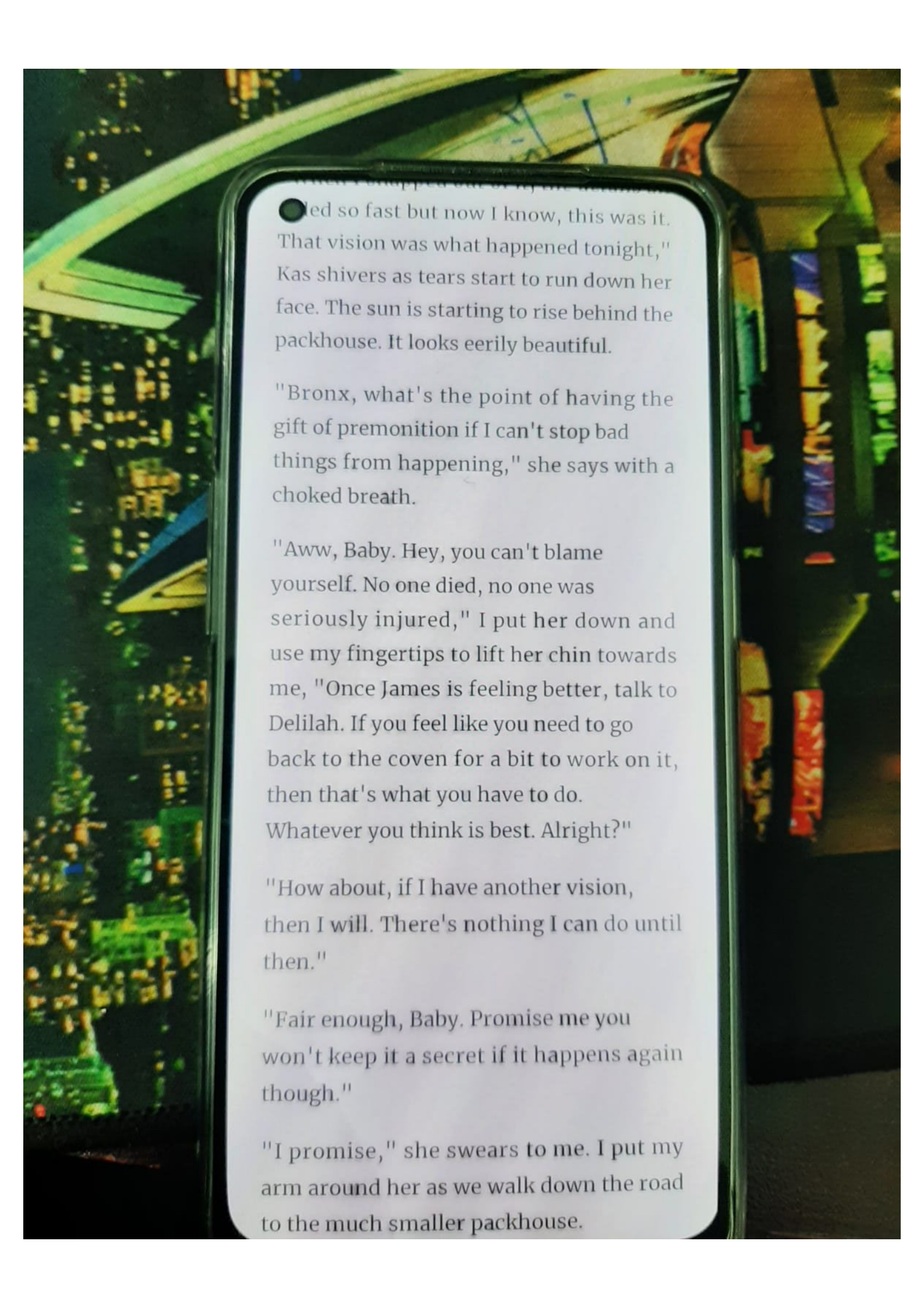
I find the fire chief in front of the packhouse, "Chief Prost, any idea what happened here?"

"Well, we have to investigate further, but it looks like arson. The areas that were damaged the most are way too isolated for it to have been faulty wiring or a candle. As soon as we have more info, I will let you know, Alpha." 6

"Thank you, Sir," I pat him on the shoulder and move on.

Reggie and I go around checking on everyone still milling around. Most people are scared but not hurt. A few people have minor burns. We send them to the medical tent so Kas and the doctors can heal them. I look over to see Milo and Lenora sitting on the back ledge of a fire truck, they are giving Lenora oxygen to breathe on the safe side. Whatever Kas did to heal Milo seems to have done the trick because he isn't even coughing like everyone else. 2





led so fast but now I know, this was it. That vision was what happened tonight," Kas shivers as tears start to run down her face. The sun is starting to rise behind the packhouse. It looks eerily beautiful.

"Bronx, what's the point of having the gift of premonition if I can't stop bad things from happening," she says with a choked breath.

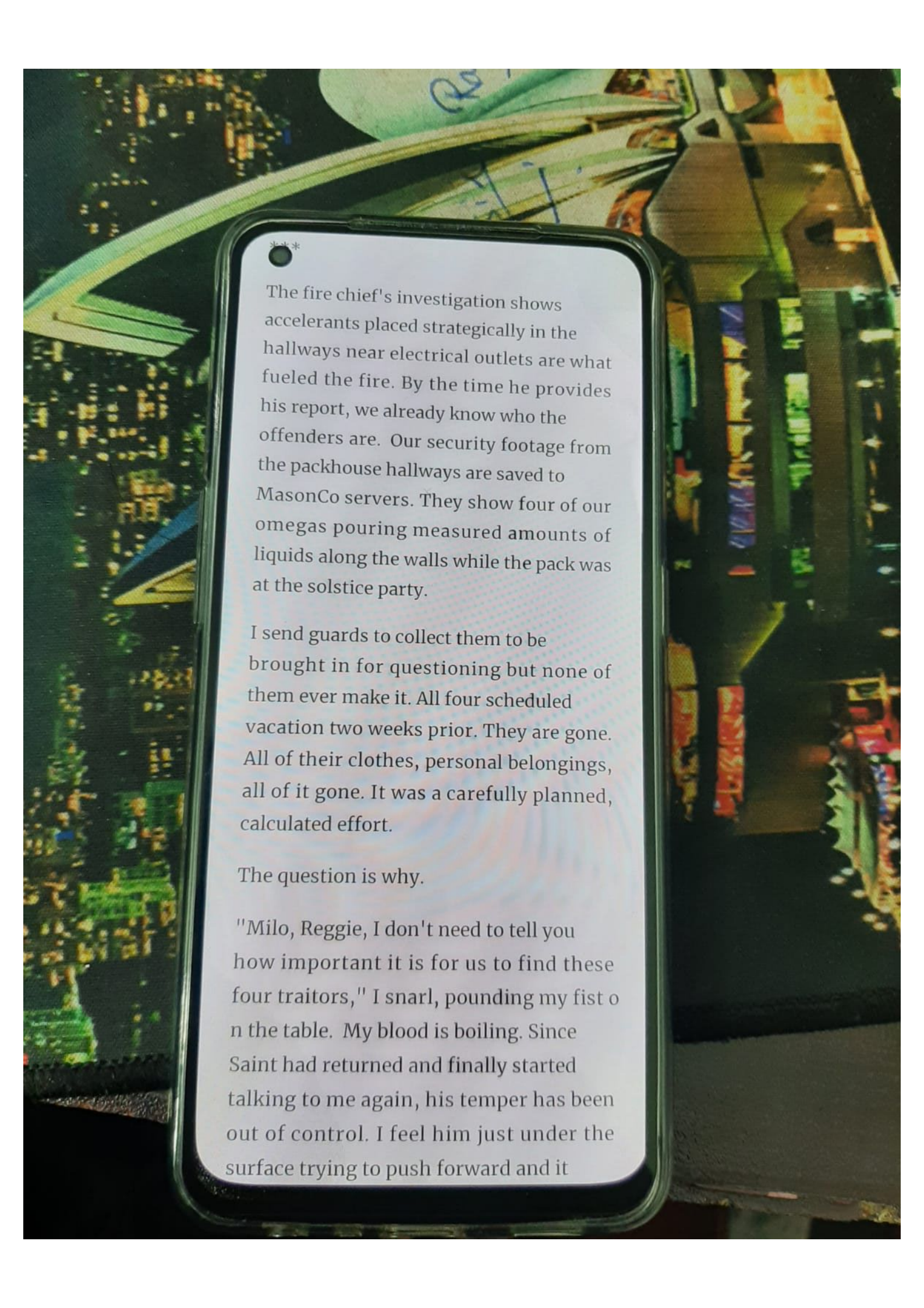
"Aww, Baby. Hey, you can't blame yourself. No one died, no one was seriously injured," I put her down and use my fingertips to lift her chin towards me, "Once James is feeling better, talk to Delilah. If you feel like you need to go back to the coven for a bit to work on it, then that's what you have to do. Whatever you think is best. Alright?"

"How about, if I have another vision, then I will. There's nothing I can do until then."

"Fair enough, Baby. Promise me you won't keep it a secret if it happens again though."

"I promise," she swears to me. I put my arm around her as we walk down the road to the much smaller packhouse.



A smartphone screen is the central focus, displaying a text-heavy document. The screen is held in a dark, possibly black, case. The background behind the phone is a vibrant, abstract pattern with green, yellow, and blue tones, resembling a stylized map or a complex graphic design. The text on the screen is arranged in three distinct paragraphs, each with a clear indentation from the left edge. The font is a clean, sans-serif typeface. At the top of the screen, there are three small asterisks and a circular icon, suggesting a notification or a specific app interface. The overall scene is lit with a soft, even light, highlighting the texture of the phone's case and the clarity of the text on the display.

\* \* \*

The fire chief's investigation shows accelerants placed strategically in the hallways near electrical outlets are what fueled the fire. By the time he provides his report, we already know who the offenders are. Our security footage from the packhouse hallways are saved to MasonCo servers. They show four of our omegas pouring measured amounts of liquids along the walls while the pack was at the solstice party.

I send guards to collect them to be brought in for questioning but none of them ever make it. All four scheduled vacation two weeks prior. They are gone. All of their clothes, personal belongings, all of it gone. It was a carefully planned, calculated effort.

The question is why.

"Milo, Reggie, I don't need to tell you how important it is for us to find these four traitors," I snarl, pounding my fist on the table. My blood is boiling. Since Saint had returned and finally started talking to me again, his temper has been out of control. I feel him just under the surface trying to push forward and it



surface trying to push forward and it takes all my control to keep him there. It is exhausting, day after day.

"Reggie, you're leading the packhouse rebuild. Milo, full security checks for every contractor, employee, resident, every damn butterfly that steps onto the worksite or the old packhouse all day, every day. Beef up guards at all checkpoints and extra patrols. Round-the-clock guards to protect the properties. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, Alpha," they reply in unison.

"I'll get started on construction planning right now," Reggie bows and leaves.

"Milo, this has something to do with Connors' son."

"The kid who's the Alpha of Silver Moon now? What makes you think that?"

"The whiskey."

"The whiskey," he says blankly, "Care to elaborate, Bronx? I can't read your mind."

"Do you remember when I told you I promised Kas I wouldn't drink whiskey while she was away?"



While she was away?"

"Yeah, we drank vodka instead. How could I forget that hangover?"

"Kas had a premonition. She knew the whiskey was poisoned and she knew there was going to be a fire."

"And she didn't tell you?!" His voice sounds a little irritated.

"Watch your tone, Milo," I growl in my Alpha voice.

"Sorry, Alpha," he sits back in his seat.

"It was the night she moved into my apartment. She was still a mess back then. She couldn't remember the details. Just that I shouldn't drink whiskey and that I needed to have the electricity checked to be sure there was no faulty wiring."

"Okay," he taps his fingers on the table impatiently, "So why do you think it has to do with Connors's son?"

I sigh and rub my hands on my face. Exposing secrets Kas's has entrusted me with is a huge breach of trust, but I have to explain my theory to Milo for him to be on board with my plan. The thought of



● explain my theory to Milo for him to be on board with my plan. The thought of what she told me about Ryan Connors still makes me angry, "He...forced himself on her. When she was still at Silver Moon. He raped her, Milo." 2

"Holy shit, Bronx. I don't know what to say," Milo turns his eyes to the floor, searching for an answer.

"There's nothing to say and that information stays between you and me," I give him a menacing scowl.

He nods and holds his hands up, "Of course, it's not my information to share but what does that has to do with Kas's visions?"

"I think because of what he did to her, they have some sort of fucked up connection. The only premonitions she has had are about him or me. And the one about me happened before we mated."

"Okay, so what does that mean for our current situation?" He asks, leaning forward in his chair again.

"She doesn't understand the gift yet but I think I do. It isn't my place to tell her but I think it has to do with him because of



I think it has to do with him because of what he did to her. I think it is a bellwether that he is up to something." 3

I rap my knuckles on the table as I think out loud, "The card from the Elder Council that came with the whiskey was so generic. And why would they just randomly send it? It seems odd now, looking back on it. They know I only have part of a liver and don't drink often. I was so preoccupied with other things, that I didn't even bother worrying about it."

"So you think Connors' son sent the whiskey and somehow convinced our own people to set the fire? And Kas had a premonition about the fire because he was involved. Because of her... connection...with him," Milo links my scattered thoughts together. 2


"That's exactly what I think," I lean back in my seat and steeple my fingers against my lips.



"Bronx, six months ago, I would have said you were crazy. But then again six months ago, I would never have believed a bombshell of a goddess could be roaming the earth in the flesh, let alone be the mate of a hot-headed, roughneck

the mate of a hot-headed, roughneck soldier like you."

"She is a bombshell, isn't she," his description of my mate breaks my mood and I chuckle.

"So the million-dollar question is, how do you prove your theory? What's our move?" Milo leans forward putting his elbows on his knees. His steel gray eyes bore into me.

 Comments

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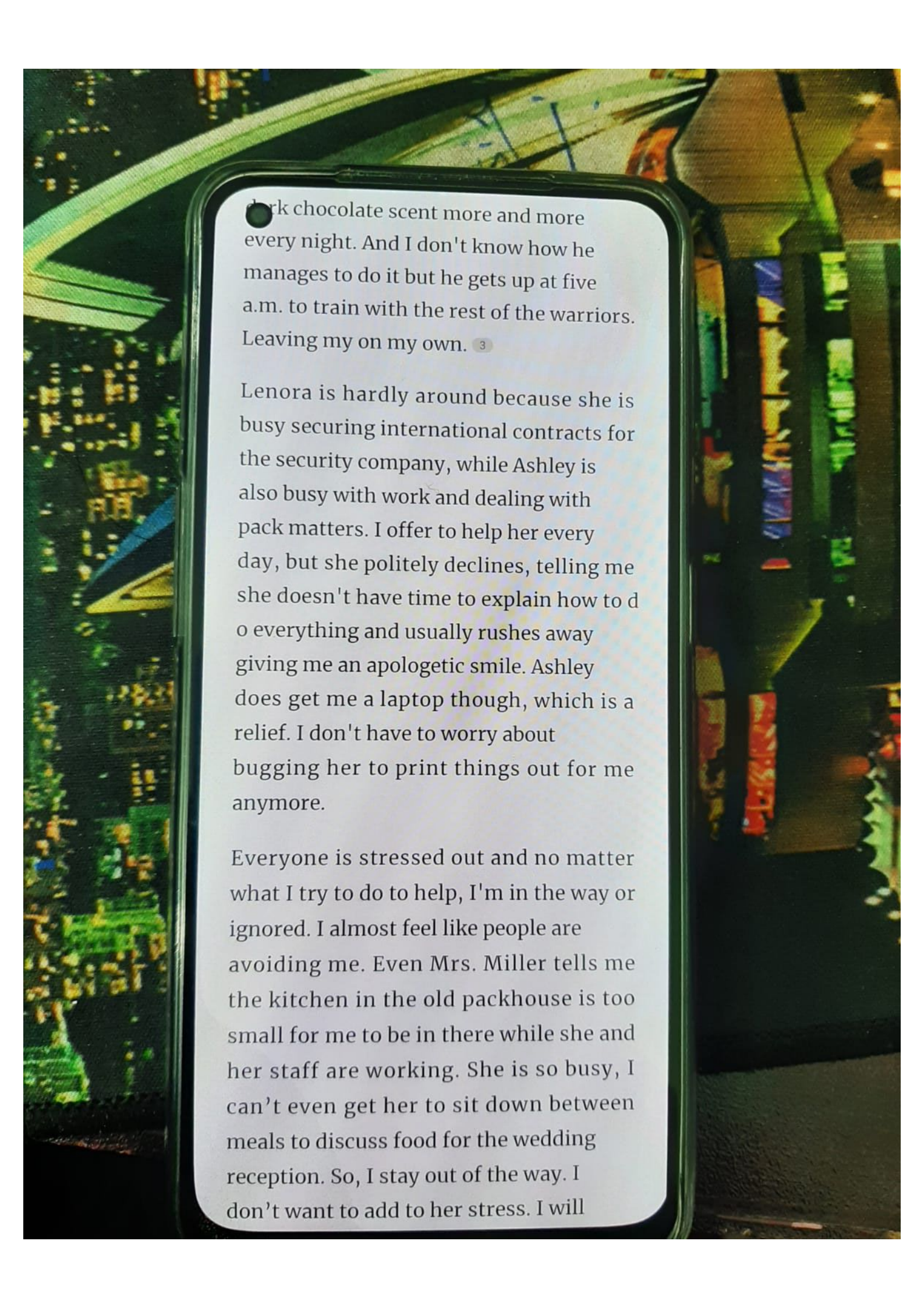


## Kas's POV

Things have been so uncomfortable since the fire. At first I thought it had to do with being in a different packhouse and everyone being in closer quarters than we are used to, but I think it's more than that. Bronx is like a man possessed. He has moments where he is very sweet like he always has been, but it's few and far between. He's generally grumpy and rude to everyone, even me. That's if I even see him. People scurry away when they see him coming, hoping to avoid his wrath. He spends long hours at MasonCo and when he isn't there, he spends his time with Milo locked in the conference room.

Most nights he doesn't get back to our apartment until the early hours of the morning. I pretend to be asleep but I can feel the bed sag when he gets in. He always wraps his arms around me and deeply breathes in my scent. I hear him whisper how much he loves me and how much he misses me. The gross smell of cigarettes mixes in with his coffee and dark chocolate scent more and more





Dark chocolate scent more and more every night. And I don't know how he manages to do it but he gets up at five a.m. to train with the rest of the warriors. Leaving my on my own. 3

Lenora is hardly around because she is busy securing international contracts for the security company, while Ashley is also busy with work and dealing with pack matters. I offer to help her every day, but she politely declines, telling me she doesn't have time to explain how to do everything and usually rushes away giving me an apologetic smile. Ashley does get me a laptop though, which is a relief. I don't have to worry about bugging her to print things out for me anymore.

Everyone is stressed out and no matter what I try to do to help, I'm in the way or ignored. I almost feel like people are avoiding me. Even Mrs. Miller tells me the kitchen in the old packhouse is too small for me to be in there while she and her staff are working. She is so busy, I can't even get her to sit down between meals to discuss food for the wedding reception. So, I stay out of the way. I don't want to add to her stress. I will



don't want to add to her stress. I will figure it out myself. That is what the internet and all those bridal magazines are for, I guess.

Delilah and I spend time in a much smaller kitchen off the ballroom, perfecting the recipes for our bakery. Well, if it ever actually happens. The one time I brought it up to Bronx, he said 'not now, Kas' and rushed away to meet up with Milo. I mean Delilah is great and other than Lex, she's my best friend but she has a mate of her own and she can't be there every second of the day. I try not to complain, but I think she can tell I'm feeling down. I don't let on how much the way I am being treated by everyone is really bothering me. I don't want to guilt her into spending more time with me.

Lex on the other hand is super excited about getting married. She's been helping me with wedding planning. I know that sounds weird, the wolf in my head is my wedding planner, but honestly, she has good taste and she has helped me with it in previous lives. Today, for example, I don't want to feel like I am in everyone's way, so she and I are going to look through websites for food option ideas



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through websites for food option ideas for the reception. I call Delilah to let her know I'm going to focus on wedding planning and I won't be able to meet up with her. She sounds tentative but as always, she is understanding.

"Don't forget to call the dress boutique and make an appointment!" Lex reminds me.

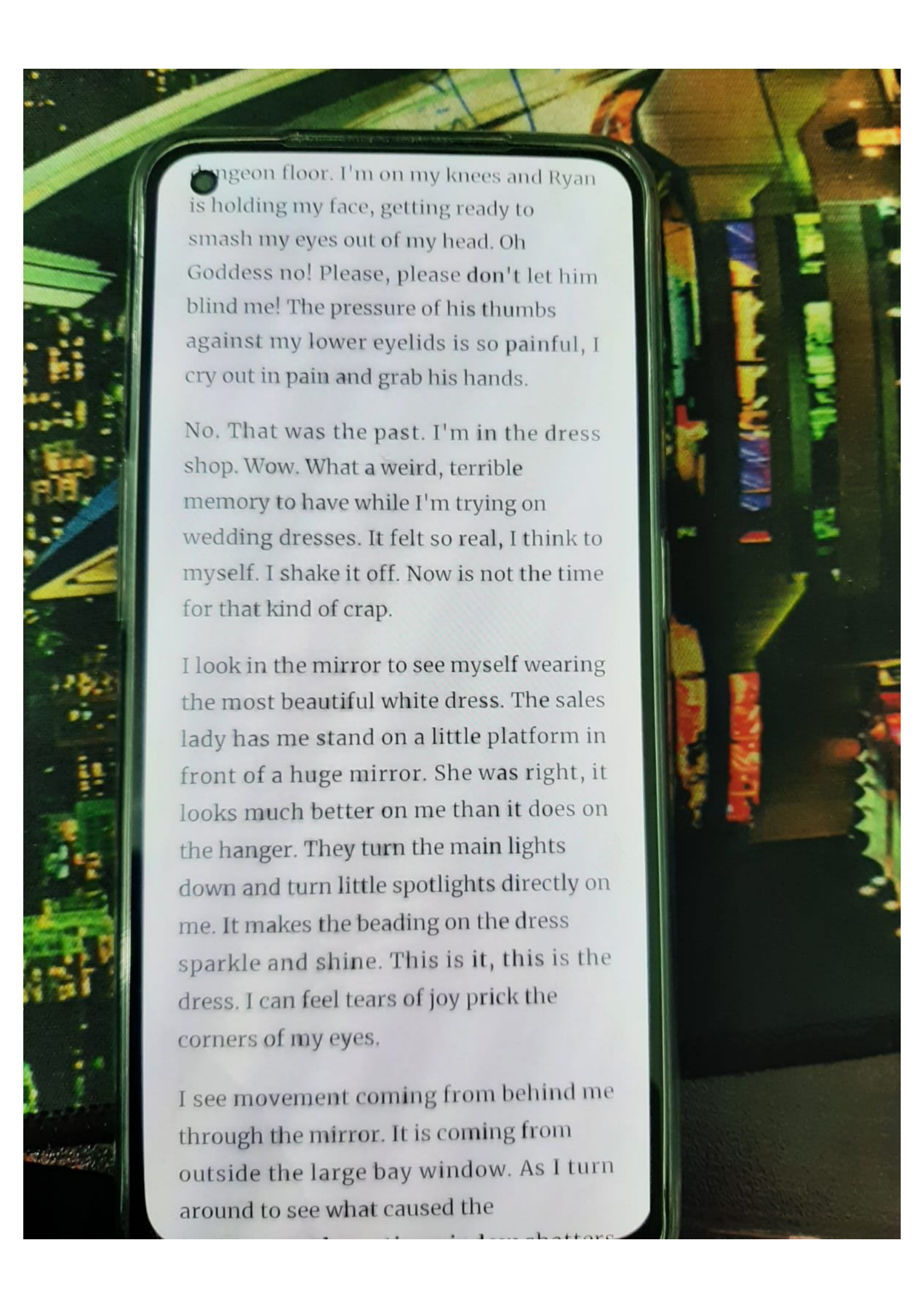
"Oh, good call!"

I flip my binder with ideas and notes to the page with the bridal shop number. The woman on the phone is so nice. She makes my appointment for tomorrow afternoon. They're going to be slow because it's Valentine's day. I'm sure Bronx will be working, so he won't even notice, but I'll still have plenty of time to make a romantic dinner for him. I sent him a text message about it. Hopefully, he remembers.

I hang up the phone and hear a drip of water in the sink.

Sink? Don't be stupid, Kas. The sink is down the hall. The drips are from the leaky pipes splashing against the dungeon floor. I'm on my knees and Ryan





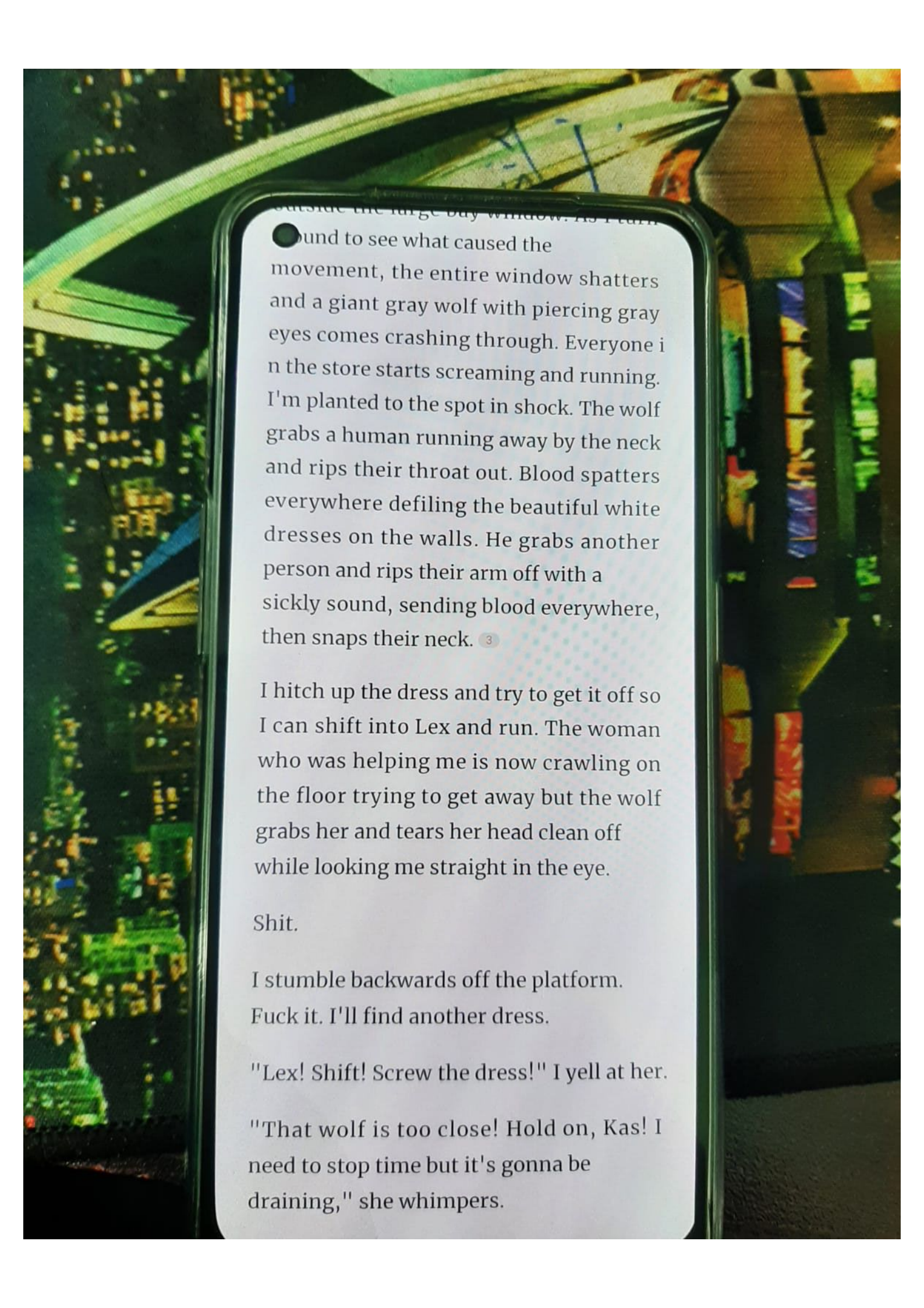
dungeon floor. I'm on my knees and Ryan is holding my face, getting ready to smash my eyes out of my head. Oh Goddess no! Please, please don't let him blind me! The pressure of his thumbs against my lower eyelids is so painful, I cry out in pain and grab his hands.

No. That was the past. I'm in the dress shop. Wow. What a weird, terrible memory to have while I'm trying on wedding dresses. It felt so real, I think to myself. I shake it off. Now is not the time for that kind of crap.

I look in the mirror to see myself wearing the most beautiful white dress. The sales lady has me stand on a little platform in front of a huge mirror. She was right, it looks much better on me than it does on the hanger. They turn the main lights down and turn little spotlights directly on me. It makes the beading on the dress sparkle and shine. This is it, this is the dress. I can feel tears of joy prick the corners of my eyes.

I see movement coming from behind me through the mirror. It is coming from outside the large bay window. As I turn around to see what caused the





ound to see what caused the movement, the entire window shatters and a giant gray wolf with piercing gray eyes comes crashing through. Everyone in the store starts screaming and running. I'm planted to the spot in shock. The wolf grabs a human running away by the neck and rips their throat out. Blood spatters everywhere defiling the beautiful white dresses on the walls. He grabs another person and rips their arm off with a sickly sound, sending blood everywhere, then snaps their neck. 3

I hitch up the dress and try to get it off so I can shift into Lex and run. The woman who was helping me is now crawling on the floor trying to get away but the wolf grabs her and tears her head clean off while looking me straight in the eye.

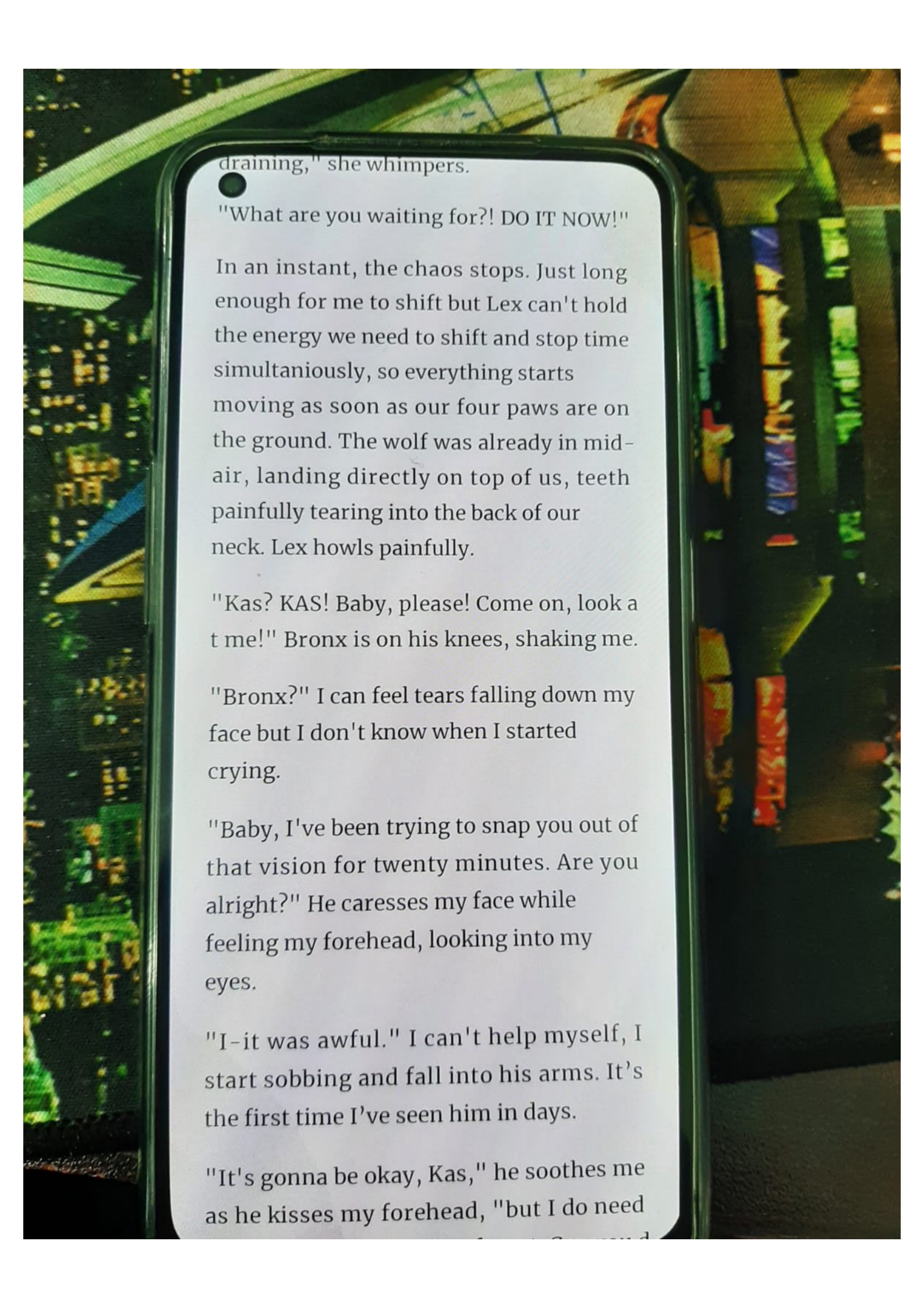
Shit.

I stumble backwards off the platform.  
Fuck it. I'll find another dress.

"Lex! Shift! Screw the dress!" I yell at her.

"That wolf is too close! Hold on, Kas! I need to stop time but it's gonna be draining," she whimpers.





draining," she whimpers.

"What are you waiting for?! DO IT NOW!"

In an instant, the chaos stops. Just long enough for me to shift but Lex can't hold the energy we need to shift and stop time simultaneously, so everything starts moving as soon as our four paws are on the ground. The wolf was already in mid-air, landing directly on top of us, teeth painfully tearing into the back of our neck. Lex howls painfully.

"Kas? KAS! Baby, please! Come on, look at me!" Bronx is on his knees, shaking me.

"Bronx?" I can feel tears falling down my face but I don't know when I started crying.

"Baby, I've been trying to snap you out of that vision for twenty minutes. Are you alright?" He caresses my face while feeling my forehead, looking into my eyes.

"I-it was awful." I can't help myself, I start sobbing and fall into his arms. It's the first time I've seen him in days.

"It's gonna be okay, Kas," he soothes me as he kisses my forehead, "but I do need



As he kisses my forehead, "but I do need you to tell me before you forget. Can you do that for me?" 1

I recall everything I can remember from the vision while Bronx sits patiently and listens. That's right. Patient. Who is this guy and what did he do with my grumpy mate?

"There was so much blood, Bronx," I feel my voice hitch.

"Alright, when are you supposed to try on dresses? How much time before this is supposed to happen?" he looks at me with concern.

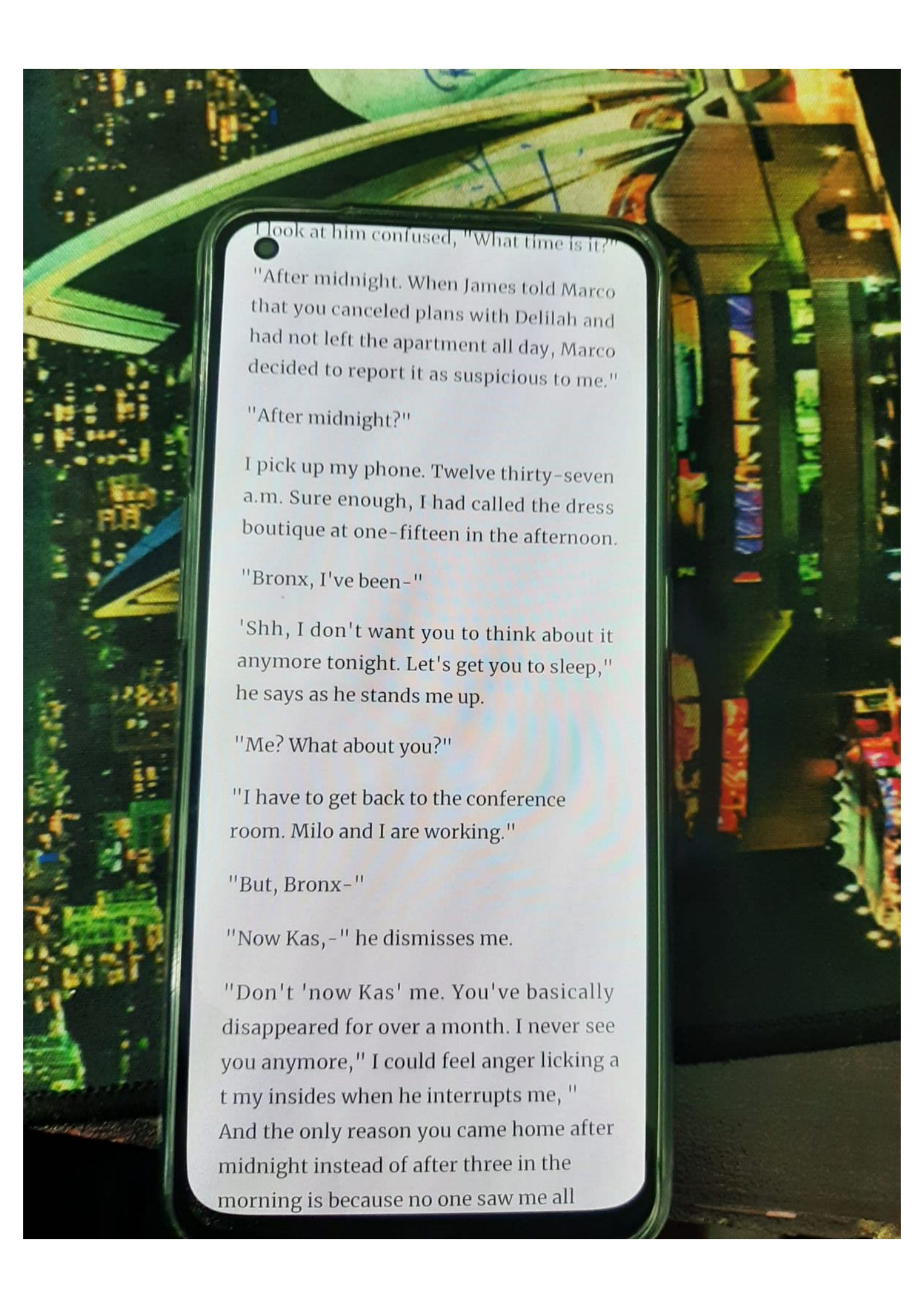
"Tomorrow afternoon."

"Okay. Call in the morning and reschedule. Make an appointment for next week, so I can have extra security to go with you."

I nod, feeling very defeated. I'm about to ask him why he's home in the middle of the day when I look around and see it's dark out.

I look at him confused, "What time is it?"





I look at him confused, "What time is it?"

"After midnight. When James told Marco that you canceled plans with Delilah and had not left the apartment all day, Marco decided to report it as suspicious to me."

"After midnight?"

I pick up my phone. Twelve thirty-seven a.m. Sure enough, I had called the dress boutique at one-fifteen in the afternoon.

"Bronx, I've been-"

'Shh, I don't want you to think about it anymore tonight. Let's get you to sleep," he says as he stands me up.

"Me? What about you?"

"I have to get back to the conference room. Milo and I are working."

"But, Bronx-"

"Now Kas,-" he dismisses me.

"Don't 'now Kas' me. You've basically disappeared for over a month. I never see you anymore," I could feel anger licking at my insides when he interrupts me, " And the only reason you came home after midnight instead of after three in the morning is because no one saw me all



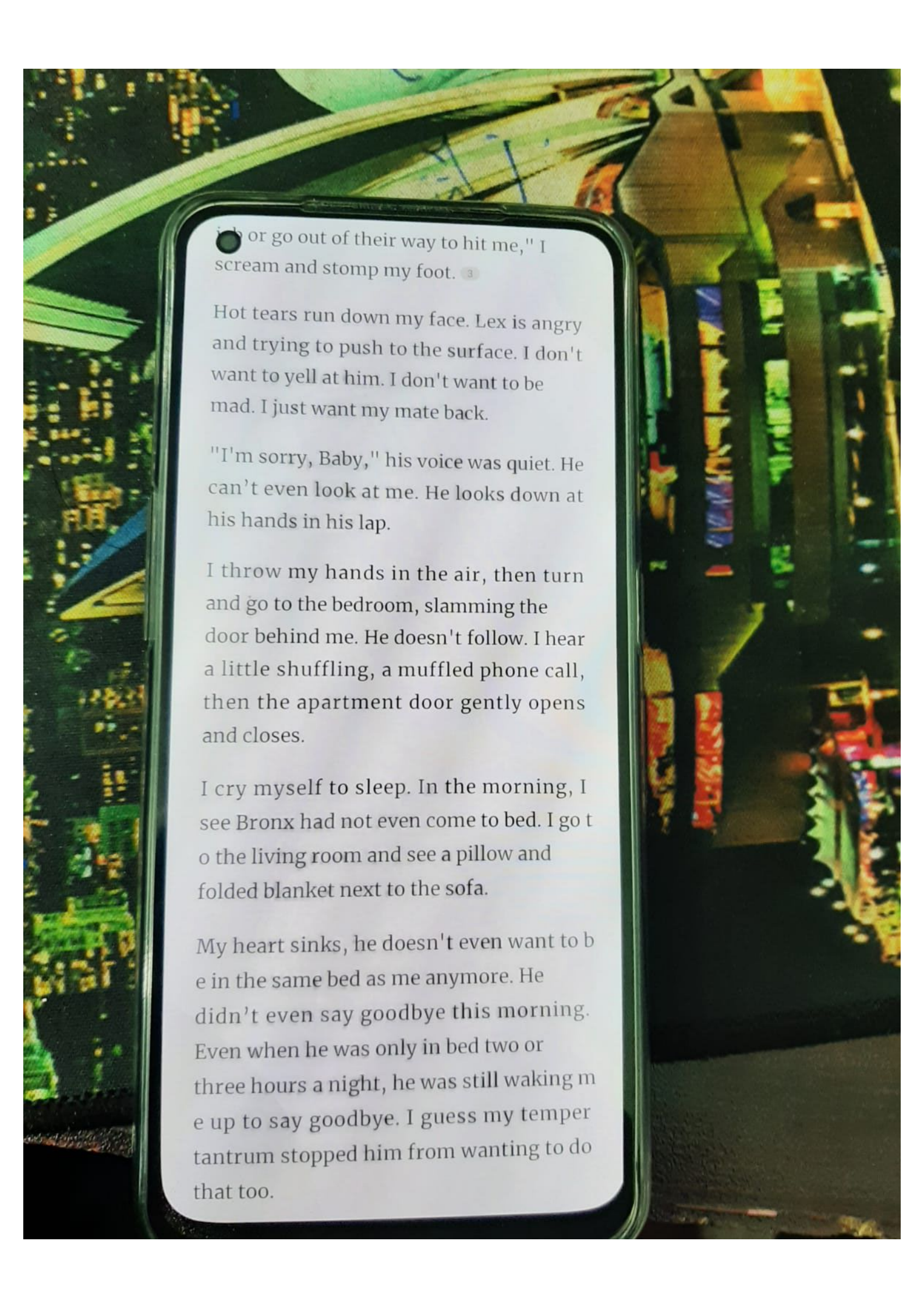
orning is because no one saw me all day? Well, aren't I a lucky girl?"

"Kas, I-," his face is turning red from the neck up. I can't tell if he's angry or embarrassed and I don't care. Let him yell if he's mad or apologize if he's embarrassed. It would be the most he has talked to me in days. But he just stops as if he doesn't know what to say.

"I won't be that easily dismissed, Bronx Mason. I understand your work is important, but what about me? Am I not important? If I don't matter, then why am I even here, going through the motions?" I feel myself becoming more and more hysterical. A purple aura is starting to surround me.

"I'm not allowed to get a job, no one will let me help around the packhouse, everyone is too busy to teach me anything, and my mate doesn't even want to spend time with me. I'm lonely, Bronx. I feel like a ghost around this place. No one sees me and when they do see me, they practically run the other direction. At least at Silver Moon, people would yell at me that I was doing a shitty job or go out of their way to hit me," I





or go out of their way to hit me," I  
scream and stomp my foot. 3

Hot tears run down my face. Lex is angry  
and trying to push to the surface. I don't  
want to yell at him. I don't want to be  
mad. I just want my mate back.

"I'm sorry, Baby," his voice was quiet. He  
can't even look at me. He looks down at  
his hands in his lap.

I throw my hands in the air, then turn  
and go to the bedroom, slamming the  
door behind me. He doesn't follow. I hear  
a little shuffling, a muffled phone call,  
then the apartment door gently opens  
and closes.

I cry myself to sleep. In the morning, I  
see Bronx had not even come to bed. I go t  
o the living room and see a pillow and  
folded blanket next to the sofa.


My heart sinks, he doesn't even want to b  
e in the same bed as me anymore. He  
didn't even say goodbye this morning.  
Even when he was only in bed two or  
three hours a night, he was still waking m  
e up to say goodbye. I guess my temper  
tantrum stopped him from wanting to do  
that too.





that too.

I fucked up.

Happy fucking Valentine's day.

 Comments

 Vote (33.5K) 

60

Milo's POV

"You were right, Bronx. You made things

it triggered a