

# Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future Chapter 106

/ [Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Beener](#)

Chapter 106 Delilah and I chat and comment on how beautiful everyone's dresses and suits are as we walk around. Occasionally, we shake hands with people who recognize me. By pure chance, everyone we make physical contact with wins big in their next game.

"Amazing luck people are having this evening, isn't it?" I quip as I watch

Delilah pat a man playing cards on the back. He draws a king card and lays down a royal flush.

"Oui, lucky indeed," she muses.

We get to a roulette table and I look around, realizing we lost our guards and Musu, Carly, and Diane. I rub my fingers over my forehead to hide my eyes.

"Marco? I'm sorry, we weren't paying attention. We lost you guys," I apologize through a mind link, "We are at the roulette table."

"We've got eyes on you. I'm only ten paces back. You're fine," he responds. I look back and see Marco towering above the crowd, "Tyree is with the other ladies."

"Excuse me, monsieur," Delilah says to the man running the game, "How do you play?"

He patiently explains the rules. It sounds like there's a lot of luck involved and no one else is at the table, so Delilah insists we should play. We lay a couple chips down on different numbers and the man lets Delilah drop the ball into the wheel. We watch the ball circle around until it slides into a numbered slot.

"Does that mean I won?" Delilah chirps.

"It does indeed, mademoiselle," he grins, handing her another chip. He hands me the ball bearing, "Mrs. Mason, care to take a turn?"

"I would love to!" I place a chip on a different number on the felted table. Delilah places her chips as well.

I drop the ball and watch it swirl around the wheel until it lands in another numbered slot...which just happens to be where Delilah placed one of her chips.

"Another winner," he announces, handing Delilah another chip. As we continue to play, people gather around, hoping to hop on the winning streak my best friend and I are on. The man switches out our chips for a higher denomination until our chips are worth one hundred thousand dollars each.

Out of the corner of my eye, I see Marco watching carefully. Musu is standing next to him with Carly and Diane at a blackjack table nearby. Tyree is positioned on the other side of us, watching intently as well.

"Delilah, I think this will probably be the last game, then we should go find Bronx. Make sure he hasn't gotten himself into too much trouble," I scrunch my face up at her.

"Well then, we should go all in," she smiles at the surrounding people.

Lex suddenly perks up in my mind, "Kas, danger, but it's not Leticia."

"Ladies, can I interest you in a drink?" a server comes up behind us, hastily. When I turn around, Dionysus is standing with a small tray of champagne flutes and wine glasses. He is standing uncomfortably close to me, handing me a glass of champagne.

"D-Deon? What are you doing here?" I ask, quickly shifting my eyes to Marco.

"Mrs. Santoro hired me for the event, Mrs. Mason. She said to take care of VIP guests, so I brought a glass of our best champagne, just for you," his eyes betray his smile. He barely contains the anger behind his expression.

"I appreciate the gesture, but no thank you. I don't drink," I shake my head and hand the glass back.

"Mrs. Mason, I insist," he says through gritted teeth. His expression darkens as he glares at me. I shake my head at him silently and brush my fingers against the side of my neck, signaling to Marco that I need him to step in.

Originally, I thought Dionysus was working for Zeus, but if Katherine was really the one who asked him to be at the event, does Zeus even know

Dionysus is here? I don't need to question it. From the smell of the contents, if I drink whatever's in that glass, I'm going to die. You would think the God of Wine and Ecstasy would do a better job of hiding poison in his own creation. '

"Drink the fucking wine, Kas!" he quickly becomes unhinged at my resistance, grabbing my wrist, and yanking me closer. Instinctively, I put my other hand on top of his and let heat course through, burning him and ready to throw him over my shoulder before I remember humans are surrounding us. I pull the heat back, but don't move my hand. Dionysus freezes when he realizes Marco has a gun pressed against his temple and a large hand squeezed tightly to his shoulder. The tray he is holding smashes to the floor as Tyree grabs his other arm and twists it behind his back.

Out of nowhere, Bronx steps in front of me and grabs Dionysus by the neck, lifting him off the ground with one hand. Marco and Tyree both take a step back, putting their hands out to stop other people from getting too close.

Over Bronx's shoulder, I see Dionysus looking at me, his eyes bulging out of his head, with Bronx's hand tightly over his neck.

"Who the fuck do you think you are?" I hear Saint's voice growl from Bronx, " You think you can put your filthy hands on my wife?"

"Oh my Goddess, he is so damn hot," Lex coos.

"LEX! Now is not the time. We need to get him under control before Saint shifts in front of all these humans," I scold.

"Fine, but wow, it's so romantic," she sighs as sends me extra strength to match Saint's level.

People pull out their cell phones, getting pictures and video of the altercation, when six security guards come running up. I move around and put myself in front of Bronx, hoping no one notices his dark eyes. I gently place my hand on his chest and catch Saint's attention.

"Sweetheart, I know you're trying to be a saint right now, but you need to put the server down," I say as calmly as possible, emphasizing the word saint, " The security guards will deal with him." "Tl fucking kill him. Snap his neck like a dry twig," Saint's voice rages as Bronx's whole body shakes in anger. I put my hand on the elbow of the arm holding Dionysus and very carefully press down. He lowers Dionysus to the ground, but doesn't let go of his throat. I don't turn around, but I can hear him gagging and struggling against Bronx's vice like grip.

"Bronx, let him go. It's going to be okay," I say in a soothing voice, trying to keep as still as possible. If I move too quick, Saint could go off the deep end, "Come on, Sweetheart. Please don't hurt him. Let security deal with it. You and I can go for a walk. Get some fresh air? Just the two of us. Okay? Please let him go." I see the color of Bronx's eyes lighten as he eases his grip on Dionysus. The event security guards immediately sweep the god away.

"Come on, Bronx, let's get out of here. I have to give this roulette ball back to the nice man, first" I drop the ball into the wheel while I collect my purse.

Marco and Tyree distract Bronx while they wait.

"Um, Mrs. Mason?" the roulette man says.

"Yes sir, what is it? I really need to leave," I say, taking Bronx's hand to step away.

"You just won two million dollars," his face looks pale.

"Carly, please have the money wired. And make sure Katherine holds up her end of that commitment?" I ask as I pull

Bronx away from the throng of people who have gathered around at the scene. I watch as they continue to hold their cell phones up, recording us as we leave.

“Marco, we’re going to walk back to the hotel. I think we need to give Saint a chance to cool down,” I send a mind link to the team.

“Right behind you,” he replies, “James will escort everyone else back to the limo.”

Bronx and I make our way through the crowd until we are outside and halfway down the block from the event venue. I look back and see Marco and Tyree tailing us twenty paces behind us. Anger is still rolling off of Bronx as we enter an open square with a fountain in the middle. There’s only a few people milling around. I lead him to the fountain and sitting him down on the edge.

“Are you okay?” I ask, standing between his legs while he wraps his arms tightly around my waist.

“That guy put his hands on you,” he growls into my midsection, still not completely himself.

“And that’s why I have guards, Bronx. So you and Saint don’t have to threaten to kill anyone,” I explain, “Marco and Tyree had it under control.”

“I can’t help it, Baby. I couldn’t stop Saint,” he looks up at me, still gripping my waist, “All I could think about was stopping him from hurting you.”

I see Marco and Tyree on the perimeter of the square, keeping a close eye but staying at a distance. A few people stroll past us, blissfully unaware that my mate almost killed a Greek god a few minutes ago.

I lower my voice, “Bronx, he wasn’t a server. That was Dionysus.”

“That was Dionysus? What was he doing there?” he gives me a concerned look.

“I’m pretty sure he was trying to poison me. All I know is, I’m not eating that chocolate he gave me,” I shake my head, “And I’m also not sure that Zeus is the one giving him orders.”

“Kas, we can talk about it later,” Bronx sighs, uncharacteristically dismissing me, “I’m just relieved that you’re safe. Please sit with me.”

He pulls me onto his lap and holds me close. He closes his eyes and puts his hand on my belly, “How am I going to keep you safe when you are pregnant?”

“Th-that’s what you’re worried about?” I pull away slightly, “Bronx, we don’t even know when that will be!”

“I know, but we know it’s going to happen. Trying to explain it to Saint is like trying to nail pudding to a wall,” he sighs.

“Let me speak to him, please,” I request.

"R-right now?" He looks around, then back at me.

"Yeah, let Saint come forward. Please. I know you two love me and want to protect me, but there needs to be some ground rules like, you know, not trying to kill people who upset him. Sol want to talk to him about it," I justify.

I watch Bronx have an internal argument with his wolf before Saint comes to the surface. Bronx's eyes turn onyx black and Saint grumbles at me.

"He tried to hurt you," Saint says defensively, before I have a chance to scold him.

"Saint, thank you for trying to protect me, but we both know that the situation was more than under control with Marco and Tyree there. What's really going on?"

"I know what you and Lex are planning. I don't want you to leave. What if you don't come back? What if Cora doesn't get to be born?"

"Saint, I'll be back. I promise you. I'll only be gone as long as I need to be, then I will be back as soon as I can," I take Bronx's face in my hands and look into Saint's eyes, "Does Bronx know?"

"No, and I won't tell him or else he's gonna do something stupid," he grumbles in his rough voice, "Kas, things are so different this lifetime. Lex told you, right?"

"Yeah, she told me, Saint. But listen, if things are always the same, how can they ever change? This lifetime being different is proof that now is the time to take action. We all have to be brave. It won't be much longer before I have to go, which means it's that much sooner for me to come back."

"Fine. You can go, but you have to keep your promise. You have to come back," he brushes his fingers across my cheek. I nod with a sad smile and let him pull me down for a rough kiss before he gives Bronx control back.

"What was that about? He wouldn't even let me listen in," Bronx searches my eyes for clues.

"He and I just had to have a little heart to heart. That's all, Sweetheart. Everything is going to be okay."

"Well, he already feels calmer than he has in weeks, so whatever you said worked," Bronx shrugs.

## Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future Chapter 107

/ [Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future](#) by Neener Beener

**Chapter 107** “A star-studded charity event in Greece turned scary last night when America’s pint-sized princess, Kas Mason, co- owner of ‘Patisseries de Loup Magique’, and wife of security mogul Bronx Mason, was attacked by a disgruntled server.”

“The casino themed event was thrown by Santoro Enterprises for Katherine Santoro’s personal charity that provides fresh water resources for people around the world. The Masons made a rare public appearance together, attending the event with a group of Kas’s friends, who walked the red carpet with her.”

“Bronx looked swoon worthy in a Tom Ford tuxedo. His new, realistic prosthetic green eye highlighted the secretive stunner’s handsome features.

But ladies and gentlemen, let me tell you, Kas, who is known for her signature silver hair and violet-colored contacts, really stole the show in a curve-hugging black, open back

Givenchy gown, giving the world a peek at the burn scars. She has spoken about them before in interviews, but I, for one, gasped at how severe those scars actually are.”

“The altercation with the server began when the ill-advised employee approached Kas and offered her a glass of champagne. Now we know we have not seen Kas drink alcohol in the past, so naturally she politely refused a drink from the man. Eye witnesses claim he became enraged and grabbed her by the wrist, threatening her, unprovoked.”

“They say Kas stayed calm, cool, and collected while her ever present security guards came to the rescue and subdued the man. But the really juicy part of the story begins when Bronx got involved and tried to strangle the attacker in front of everyone. A source tells us Kas was able to calm Bronx down and convince him to let the man go, letting event security take over the situation. Makes you wonder what he’s like at home, doesn’t it?”

“The Masons immediately left the event after the incident. Witnesses later saw the couple canoodling by a nearby fountain, where they spied Bronx with his hand on Kas’s belly. While the couple hasn’t announced a pregnancy yet, maybe he was just being an overprotective daddy-to-be? Make sure you have alerts set on our social media accounts, because we’ll break that news as soon as we hear about it!”

I feel the spoon drop out of my hand, into the bowl of oatmeal. The reporter from the tabloid news show grins broadly as the professional video clips of Bronx and I smiling on the red carpet switch to me turning to show everyone the open back of my dress, then to Delilah, Musu, Carly, and Diane posing beside me to a cell phone video of Bronx dangling Dionysus in the air by the neck. Finally, a grainy picture of Bronx sitting on the side of the fountain with his hand clearly on my stomach.

“Ashley, I don’t care what time it is there, get the PR team to deal with this NOW” Bronx bellows into his phone as he comes out of the bedroom of our hotel suite, “I’ll be waiting.” |

"Bronx people recorded you," I hear myself say.

"Yeah, I know, Kas. You don't have to worry about it. This is my problem, not yours," he says, pacing and rubbing his hands on his face.

"Media outlets think I'm pregnant," I can feel tears in my eyes as I turn toward him. I rarely let tabloids bother me, but this is too personal.

"Kas, I'm going to handle this," he continues to pace, not paying attention to what I'm saying, and mumbles under his breath about hating public events and cursing Saint for his bad temper.

"I'm going to lie down. Hopefully, when I wake up, this will all be part of a bad dream," I don't even stop to give him a kiss and he's too distracted to notice. I just make my way to the bedroom and crawl under the covers.

"Lex, please tell me you have some words of wisdom to help Bronx and me out here," I sigh, trying to hold back tears. I feel so stupid being upset by a stupid tabloid report.

"Well, I'm not gonna say he hasn't pulled a trick like that in the past but it was way before cell phone cameras were a thing," she admits, "I think you both just have to lie low until it blows over."

I groan and pull the covers over my head, blocking out the world. I let myself close my eyes and try to meditate, but my mind is racing. There's no way I can relax enough to clear my mind. I consider calling Delilah to come hang out with me, but I don't want to trouble her with this. I decide to let a nice hot shower wash my troubles away.

I make my way to the bathroom, turn on the water, and get undressed. While I am testing the temperature of the water,

I feel a shift in the energy in the air. I turn around to see a purple portal forming in the middle of the bathroom. "Kas? Are you alone?" Leticia peeks her head out from the purple light.

"Well, if I wasn't, we'd both be screwed, wouldn't we, Leticia," I drop my arms to the sides, remembering I have no problem with her right now, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to snap at you. What's up, darling?"

Leticia climbs out of the portal with a hop and looks around the bathroom, "This is a hotel? Fancy."

"Leticia, I'm not trying to be rude, but if Bronx finds you here, he's going to kill you. So please keep your voice down," I say, shaking my head. I reach for a towel to cover myself.

"Wow, Kas, has anyone ever told you how bad those scars are?" she asks, her violet eyes staring at me with worry. She shakes her head, forgetting her

concerns and moves on, "Oh and Bronx can't kill me. He has to protect me, just like he does for you. I thought you knew that."

"Leticia, my patience is already running thin today. I don't want to snap at you because you have done nothing wrong. Please tell me what you need or get out until I am in a better mood," I say, trying to be mindful of her fragile emotional state regardless of my temporary aggravation.

"I have everyone gathered at the apartment and I have your meeting confirmed. Two human weeks from today," she beams at me proudly.

I stop messing with the towel and absorb her words. Holy crap, there is no backing out now.

"Oh, Leticia, you're a lifesaver," I breathe out heavily, "What is the meeting going to cost us?"

"The dagger," she says nonchalantly, smelling a bar of soap that was on the bathroom counter.

"The dagger? You mean the dagger? The one you used to..."

"Yeah, that dagger. There's just one minor problem. Well, three actually."

"What's the problem?"

"I got the tip they removed years ago, but we need the three pieces that are still in Bronx's liver. Otherwise, the dagger isn't complete. Not as powerful. She'll know as soon as she looks at it if all the pieces aren't there."

"Okay. When do you need the pieces so we can reassemble the blade? I don't know what kind of curse is on it. How long it will take to fuse everything?"

"Hmm, three days before the meeting will be enough. How are you going to get them?"

"Leave that to me," I dismiss her concern. She doesn't know I removed the silver from Bronx's liver and she doesn't need to. I just need to get them out of the safe in the packhouse's dungeon with no one noticing.

"Fine. Just get me those pieces of the blade tip. Our combined power will be enough to reassemble it," Leticia says resolutely. She pauses for a moment as her demeanor changes from serious to hopeful, "D-do you want to come visit everyone? They're so excited to see you."

"Right now? Leticia, I'm in a towel," I run my hand down the cloth for effect.

"Oh, they don't care. Come on, Kas. Come, give them your best rally speech. They haven't seen you in so long," she begs, hopping on her toes with her hands

clasped over her heart. It reminds me of when pups want to open their early presents during Winter Solstice.

I think about it for a moment. I do want to meet the rest of the Mavri Magea. Now's as good a time as any, I suppose, but I can't just leave. Bronx will freak out if I'm suddenly gone and track my necklace.

"Hey Lex, wanna cover for me?"

"Cover for you? How?"

"Shift. You get to hang out here while my human spirit goes with Leticia real quick. I'll be back soon."

"You want me, a giant black wolf, to hang out in a hotel bathroom so you can go see the Mavri Magea?"

"The water in the shower is already nice and hot," I say in a sing-song voice,

"Don't you want a little pampering? Better than running through the freezing Blood River, huh? What do you say?"

"Mmm, I guess," she says hesitantly.

"And if Bronx comes in, you get to spend time with him until I'm back," I say, trying to entice her to go along with the plan.

"I get to spend time with our mate?"

"Yeah, I don't see why not. If he comes in here, you can spend time with him. When I get back, we can shift back like nothing happened, I promise."

"Okay, you got a deal," she says happily. I can sense her tail wagging at the prospect of getting to see Bronx in person.

"Alright, Leticia. Lex is going to shift. Once she is in control, I will release my human spirit from her body and meet you at the apartment. I don't have long though, okay?"

Leticia throws her arms up in the air and does a dance before she jumps back through the portal. I watch the portal fade away and turn my attention back to Lex.

"Okay, Lex, you're in charge. No parties while I'm gone. Enjoy your luxury bath time and I'll be back soon," I giggle at her excitement as I feel the familiar itchy skin and cracking bones of transitioning to wolf form. I let my consciousness fall back, making it easier for me to extend myself into the universe and find my way to the apartment.

I look down and find I'm not naked. I'm wearing a simple, light pink dress in the apartment building's hallway. The doorknob vibrates with energy when it recognizes me, and! easily turn it and open the door. Happy squeals and cheers fill the room as I am tackled with hugs from all sides.

I thought holding Amari's hand gave me a sense of satisfaction. The first time I touched Leticia, I truly felt complete. I thought being held by Cora gave me a sense of fulfillment. But I was wrong about all of it. The energy and forces of these nine women combined make those experiences pale in comparison.

As they all embrace me, laughing and crying, telling me how much they have missed me, images of memories I was never meant to recall come flooding back.

At first, assume they are all mine, but my mind slowly processes that I'm also sensing my sisters' memories because they are touching me. I concentrate and

force myself to separate it all out as they come to me. The longer my sisters hug me, the more I remember. The memories help fill in the gaps of my own fragmented mind. I gasp at the explosion of emotions forced to the surface all at once. Amari and

Katherine had said their memories fill in over the course of a few years during every new lifetime. Mine were just filled in a matter of minutes.

I let the tears stream down my face as I take each one of them in my arms, "I'm back, my darlings. Everything is going to be okay now. I'm going to take care of you. I'm going to make everything right again."

I let their dark energy permeate me and feed the parts of my soul that I didn't know had been yearning for attention. I'm finally with my Mavri Magea. I'm where I am supposed to be.

## Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future Chapter 108

[/ Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Beener](#)  
**Chapter 108 Bronx's POV**

I watch Kas go into the bedroom, but I don't stop her. I understand she's upset. She needs time by herself to think before I go in and try to talk to her about the situation. I can't tell if they upset her about the rumor she could be pregnant or about my reaction to Dionysus putting his filthy hands on her. Thinking about it again gets Saint worked up.

"It's not too late to go find him and tear his throat out," Saint snarls.

"Saint, knock it off. We're in hot water as it is," I argue with him.

"You're just gonna let him get away with that?" he continues to rage.

"Tell you what, Saint. You tell me what the fuck you were talking to Kas about last night and I'll go after Dionysus."

"Forget it, dummy. I already told you, that's between me and our mate," he growls, conceding and making his way to the corner of my mind to sulk.

A new message notification pings from my cell phone.

Ashley: PR team will call in an hour. Be ready. Is Kas really pregnant?

Bronx: fine ty and no she isnt pregnant I put the phone back in my pocket and continue to pace. I stop when I hear a crashing sound coming from the bathroom.

"Kas?" I call out. I feel my heart pounding harder when I don't hear her yell back to me. I run into the bedroom and break open the locked door of the bathroom.

The musky smell of wet dog combined with Kas's fresh rain and lilac scent fill the room. Someone has thrown all the toiletries that were on the counter on the floor. Towels are strewn all over the room and the glass shower door is wide open with steam of the hot water billowing out.

"Kas?" I look into the shower stall. Lex is watching me from inside the shower, letting the hot water stream down her head and down her giant black coat. She is completely soaked through, with her tongue lolling out happily to the side. She gives me a satisfied whine with a yawn when she sees me.

"Lex? Oh my Goddess. Not again. Come on, Lex. Let's get you dried off, Baby. Why did you shift? Can you shift back? Where's Kas?" I ask her questions in rapid fire, knowing full well I can't communicate with her while she is in wolf form and I'm in human form. Despite my best efforts, I can't coax her out of the shower.

"Don't interrupt a woman when she's relaxing in the shower, dummy," Saint calls from the back of my mind before he goes back to sulking.

I rub my hands on my face, then put them on my hips, and look at Lex in the shower, then around the room. She's probably almost three hundred pounds.

I won't be able to move her without upsetting her, which is the absolute last thing I need. As much as I hate to admit it, Saint's right. I pick up the vanity stool and the towels strewn around the room. When I sit down, I stack the towels on my lap while I wait for her to finish her shower. I pull out my cell phone and send another message. Bronx: im going to need longer than 1 hour

Ashley: What? Why?

Bronx: Just give me 2 hours okay

Ashley: Yes, Sir.

I sit for another twenty minutes while Lex indulges in the hot water before she steps out of the shower stall and shakes her soaked fur out. Heavy drops of water land on every surface of the bathroom, including me. I clench my jaw to avoid losing my temper.

"Come here, Lex. Let me finish drying you off," I say patiently. I shut off the water then sit back down so I can wipe her down. °

My beautiful wolf mate sits in front of me and licks my nose happily, melting a little of the anger that is brooding just under the surface. While I need to know what is going on with Kas and understand why she shifted, Lex clearly isn't upset. She just wants attention. I can't deny her that. She's my mate, after all.

She sighs with contentment while I rub her down with the soft towels and dry her off. When I get her as dry as I can, I stop to admire her. She wags her tail and turns her head to the side to side so I can get a better look at her profile.

"Lex, come on now. Please give me Kas back. We have a lot going on. I need to talk to her," I request quietly, running my hands through her damp fur.

Lex huffs slightly, stands up, and makes her way out of the bathroom. She turns around when I don't immediately follow and gently takes my hand in her mouth. She looks at me with her beautiful violet wolf eyes.

I shake my head in disbelief and stand up, letting her lead me out to the bedroom. She lets go of my hand and climbs up on the bed. I watch her happily bounce on the bed like a child, except she's a giant black wolf. She stops and lowers the front half of her body, playfully wagging her tail in the air. She yips at me again and continues to bounce on the springy bed.

"Lex, what are you doing?" I ask as patiently as I can. It's great that Lex is having a good time, but I really need Kas back. I sit on the floor and lean back on my hands, watching Lex roll on the bed, having a grand old time. When she realizes I'm watching her, she stops and climbs off the bed. She licks the side of my face and lays down so with her body wrapped around me like a giant wolf cocoon. Even with the slightly damp fur, she is warm and soft. Now that she's had a shower, she smells just like Kas. I close my eyes and breathe in her scent, letting it calm me.

I nuzzle my nose against the thick collar of fur on her neck, "Lex, I'm glad you're having a good time and I'm glad we got to spend time together, but now! need Kas back, okay?"

I feel Lex sigh heavily and relax her body, making me lean deeper against her. The desire to relax with her is overwhelming. I feel my eyes getting heavy with Lex encompassing me. Which I'm beginning to think is the point.

I open a mind link, "Marco, who's outside my suite right now?"

"James 1s. Is everything okay?"

"Kas shifted, but I don't know why. I'm in here with Lex. She seems to be pretty calm right now, but I need you to make sure she doesn't get out if she goes crazy."

"Kas shifted? Inside the hotel room?"

"Yeah. In the bathroom. It's almost like Lex is taking a spa day or something."

"The excitement never ends, does it?" Marco chuckles, "I'll go stand guard with James"

"Thanks Marco," I say with a yawn.

I look at my watch. The PR team will call in an hour and fifteen minutes. I dig into my pocket to pull out my phone, eliciting a groan from Lex.

"Sorry, Lex. I have to get up in an hour and deal with some shit. Just setting an alarm, okay?" I reassure her, setting an alarm for an hour from now before I let myself sink into her soft, fresh coat and close my eyes.

When the alarm goes off, I groan and roll over, careful not to disturb Kas. Kas?

I'm suddenly wide awake when I realize she shifted while Lex and I were napping. She's snoring lightly, leaning into my shoulder contentedly. I adjust my position so I can pick her up and put her in the bed.

"Bronx? Did Lex behave?" Kas asks sleepily without opening her eyes.

"Uh, yeah. With all things considered," I can't help but smile as I smooth her hair away from her face, "What was that all about, anyway?"

"I promised her for my sisters," Kas whispers before her snores start again. I give her a concerned look. I don't know what her sisters have to do with her shifting or promising anything to Lex, but I can find out more about it later.

My cell phone starts to ring on the floor. I see Ashley's name on the caller ID. I pick it up and leave the room, closing the bedroom door quietly behind me so I can talk to the PR team about our next move.

## Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future Chapter 109

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Chapter 109 I'm on the phone for an hour and a half with Ashley and the PR team, coming up with a statement for the media and a plan for how Kas and I should respond if we're asked questions by reporters. I hang up and rub my hands over my face. I really fucked up. The PR team is mad, Ashley's mad. I can only imagine how mad Lenora is. This was an international event. She is going to have to deal

with it, too. I'm surprised she hasn't called to yell at me yet. And tabloids reporting that Kas is pregnant, too? I can only imagine how upset she is.

I sit back in my seat and sigh. The television is on mute, but I look over and see an image of me sitting on the edge of the fountain with my hand on Kas's belly. Oh shit. I can't hear what the reporter is saying, but she has a huge grin on her face. The tabloids aren't just making shit up. They saw us talking about it. Even if they couldn't hear our conversation, they saw the body language. That's all they need to run with a false story.

Fuck.

I lean forward and put my head in my hands and hear Kas out of the bedroom.

I can't bear to look at her. She gently pushes my chest to get me to sit up. When I look up, I see she's wearing our shirt, hair tousled like it always is when she first wakes up. I let her take my arms and wrap them around her when she sits in my lap, so she is comfortable. She takes a deep breath and breathes in my scent.

"Bronx, can we go home now, please? I want to sleep in our bed, even if it's only for a few days."

"Of course, Baby. Our flight is scheduled for tomorrow and we don't have any other travel plans scheduled. You'll sleep in our bed for as many nights as you want starting tomorrow. Not just a few days. I can see if Carly can move up the flight if you want to leave sooner?"

"No. I can wait one more night," she sighs and curls herself up tighter against me, "I can just stay in here though, right? I don't have to leave the room?"

"Yeah, you can just stay in the room. Kas, I really fucked up this time. I'm so sorry," I whisper into her forehead. I realize I'm rocking her back and forth slightly.

"It's going to be alright, Bronx. People will forget about it soon enough," her voice is hollow, like she doesn't believe the words she's saying. I can feel an emotion coming from her. I think it's sadness, but it's more complicated than that.

"What's wrong, Kas? If all this is too stressful, I will pull strings. We can get out of here in an hour if that's what you want. I know! fucked up. I will do whatever it takes to fix it. Just give the word and we are on our way to the airport," I give her a kiss on the temple and whisper into her ear.

"I'm fine, Sweetheart. Just a little-"

I wait for her to finish, but she doesn't. I look down and see she is asleep. Her head and top half of her body drops forward heavily when I try to look at her.

“Kas?” I adjust my position to tilt her back, making her head roll back heavily against my bicep, “Kas?!”

I pat my hand against her face, but she doesn't respond. I take a deep breath and smell her scent. Her body is warm and I can still feel the sparks of our mate bond. I lift her eyelid, but her eyes don't have the hollow, empty look they do when she falls into a vision. They're just rolled back slightly, like she passed out.

“James! Get Delilah. Something's wrong with Kas,” I command through a mind link while I take her into the bedroom, “It's not a Code Violet. Not like one we've seen before, anyway.”

“Yes, Sir. Is Kas still in wolf form?” James asks, sounding concerned.

“No, she shifted back. I'm putting her in bed now. Hurry!”

I take Kas's hands in mine and kiss her fingertips. I feel my breath getting heavier as I try not to panic, “Kas, come on, Baby. Wake up.” °

Marco walks in the room with James and Delilah right behind him. Delilah rushes over to her friend, “What happened to her, Alpha Regent Bronx Mason?”

I explain the events over the past few hours while she runs her hands down Kas's body without touching her. A slight blue aura comes from her hands as she murmurs an incantation.

Delilah sits at the edge of the bed and looks at me confused, “Alpha, I-I don't think her human spirit is in her body right now. The only thing I could do is try to meditate and find her.”

“Delilah, I'm sorry, but absolutely not. You know I would never try to get in your way when you're trying to help someone, especially Kas, but you can't try to leave your body and gallivant around the universe while you're pregnant. There's too much that could go wrong,” James says sternly.

“Yeah, I agree, Delilah. We can't let you do that. Let's wait it out for a bit and see if she can find her way back. Something or someone pulled her away suddenly. If it's more than a few hours, let's contact Lady Camille. Okay?” I say to Delilah, who can't take her eyes off of Kas.

She nods her head and wipes away a tear, then takes Kas's hand, “Ou es-tu mon ami? Reviens chez nous. [Where are you, my friend? Come back to us.]”

Kas's POV

I can't smell Bronx's scent anymore, so I open my eyes and look around. I'm in the hall of Mount Olympus, where I first met Zeus. I look in both directions, but I don't know which way to go to find him.

"Hello?" I call out. My voice echoes down the hall, "My name is lokaste Latmus Mason. Someone summoned me here?"

From the end of the hallway, I see a woman materialize out of thin air. She has light blonde hair that seems to flow in a non-existent breeze. She is wearing a tiara with a crescent moon. Her blue eyes shine like moonlight and become more clear as she glides closer to me. I can't see her feet to tell if she is walking or floating an inch off the ground. "Mother," I hear Lex whisper, but she sounds far away, as if she isn't actually with me.

The woman in front of me moves at an impossibly fast pace, even though she walks slowly. She kneels down to the ground and sits in front of me with a loving look and a smile that draws me in, intoxicating my senses.

"Ah, lokaste, my little warrior child," she says. I hear her voice in my mind, but her lips don't move.

"M-mother?" I feel tears trying to prick at the corners of my eyes.

"Yes. I'm so happy to see you, lokaste. Please come with me. You have caused quite a stir here," she stands and takes my hand. She isn't as tall as Zeus, but she is well over six feet. When I take her hand, I feel like I'm floating an inch off the floor to match her gait.

"Have I done something wrong, Mother?" I feel worry settling into my chest.

"Patience, lokaste. I know it isn't a gift you were given, but I think you can wait a few more minutes," she looks down and smiles. I have never heard someone tell me a motherly thing in my life.

We come to a large round room with giant throne-like chairs around the perimeter. As we enter, people materialize in the chairs. Some of them I recognize from pictures and statues I have seen. Zeus materializes in a chair that is larger than the rest around the circle.

"Stand in the middle, my darling," Mother says softly.

I move to the center of the room where there is a compass rose etched into the floor. I look around at the children of Titan Gods surrounding me. Out of the corner of my eye, I see two people standing next to Mother's throne. They are not giant like everyone else. They are normal sized. Amari and Jasen. They approach me with a smile and take my hands.

"Amari, what's happening?" I whisper.

"We will start soon, don't worry. Everything's going to be fine," she smiles with her soft blue eyes. Jasen nods reassuringly on the other side of me.

"lokaste, ah, my apologies. You go by Kas now, correct?" Zeus's voice booms through the room, startling me.

"Y-yes, Sir. You can call me Kas," I gulp hard, feeling like my voice is tiny.

He smiles and nods before he continues, "Kas, your mate, Bronx Mason, attacked Dionysus. Is that correct?"

Oh crap.

"Yes, Sir. Dionysus grabbed my wrist and Bronx was protecting me." I confirm.

"And why exactly were you in contact with Dionysus outside of Mount Olympus?" Zeus leans his elbow on the edge of his chair, paying more attention.

"Well, that was the second time that I know of, Sir. Maybe the third if he was a shadow in my home, but I can't confirm that. Regardless, he wanted me to drink wine that he made for me."

"And did you? Drink the wine, that is?" A beautiful woman sitting next to Zeus asks. Power rolls off of her, soft and feminine but dangerous at the same time.

"No, ma'am. Not that night. I don't drink alcohol if I can help it and we were at a human charity event. My advisors have told me never to drink at public events like that."

Zeus and the woman trade a look. I wonder if they can mind link? ~

"Sage words from your advisors. Kas, my name is Hera. It is a pleasure to meet Selene's youngest daughter," she smiles with a nod.

"Oh! Your Highness, no, please. The honor is mine," I bow deeply to her. Zeus catches my attention again, "Kas, please let your mate know that I will deal with Dionysus personally."

"Thank you, Sir. He will be relieved and grateful to hear that," I can't help but give a half a smile.

"This is the mutt Father gifted the power of time?" A man to my left interrupts. I look over to the white-haired man with black eyes. He has a three-headed dog chained to his throne. "Hades, if you don't behave, I will send you back to the underworld right now," Zeus's voice is louder than before. Hades's mouth turns to a snarl, and he rolls his eyes but doesn't respond.

"Kas, the last time you were here, we discussed the possibility of you having a pup. We have caught word that your sister Persephone's lifetime will end and you will be the vessel for her rebirth."

"Yes sir, that is correct," I say. I feel Amari squeeze my hand.

"Well then, it sounds like I have fulfilled my obligation," he chuckles crassly. At his words, my storm cloud rages larger than it ever has, darkening my mood and fueling my anger. I suddenly have tunnel vision as I let go of Amari's hand and

make my way over to Zeus. I stride over to his throne and pull myself up to stand on the edge of his seat before anyone can stop me.

“NO!” I growl at him, “It was already fated for Cora to die. I’m already fated to give birth to her. You said The Fates did not see a child for me yet. Cora is Selene’s daughter. Not mine.”

I see red as the venom of dark magic flows through me. I grab Zeus’s chin and force him to look at me.

“You will keep your word, Zeus. I refuse to let you back out of your promise. With the Olympian Gods and Goddesses as my witness, I hold you to your word,” I snarl. A deep purple aura surrounds us as I feel his powerful energy flowing through my hand into my body.

“If you try to deny me, I will suck you dry. I will end your eternal existence. Right here and right now,” I say to him in my goddess voice.

## Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future Chapter 110

[/ Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future by Neener Beener](#)

Chapter 110 I watch as his skin becomes sallow and his eyes turn soft blue. He speaks again but his voice is less confident than it was before, “Okay. Stop. Please stop. I will give you what you want. You can have your baby.”

I let go of his chin roughly, letting him fall forward. My arms cross in front of me and I watch him grab his chest, panting and looking up at me. I meant it when I said I would suck his energy dry. Besides, now I have what I need from him; I have no use for his egotistical ass.

“Oh, an energy empath, well played, lokaste,” Hera smirks with her chin against her hand as she watches me jump down from Zeus’s throne to stand back with Amari and Jasen, “Selene, with her gifts, your daughter would make a good Olympian. Are you sure you want to let her continue as part of the Manae?” °

“She has her place, Hera. We are here to discuss lokaste and the future and scape of the Manae. Not her place in the hierarchy of the Gods,” Mother says in a damning tone.

“lokaste,” a man’s voice says from behind me, “word has traveled that you have devised a plan to bring balance to the Manae.”

A man sitting behind me says. I turn to face a muscular blonde man with curly hair. He’s wearing a short toga, with a metal hat, and winged sandals. Hermes, Messenger of the Gods, is addressing me as if I didn’t just suck almost all the life force out of Zeus.

Zeus's energy is still coursing wildly through me. I swallow hard as I find room for it to be contained in my soul so it doesn't affect my decisions. Even contained in its spot, I feel the power of the staticky force crackling inside me, begging to be released.

"Yes, Sir. I have. The last time I was here, Zeus told me I would have tough decisions to make. Sol made them based on the limited knowledge I have. The wheels are in motion as we speak. They have been for centuries, but I have finally crossed the Rubicon in this lifetime. I have to see it through," I tell him, "It needs to be finished before I move on to the next lifetime. I don't

know if I will ever get all these memories back to be capable of completing my mission."

"Iokaste, we have heard about the details of your plan. We have seen your sacrifices, and commend you for seeing this plan through. We do not fight all wars on the battlefield, as you are soon to find out, Daughter of the Moon Goddess. You truly are the warrior Selene prides you to be," the man sitting next to Hermes says. There is no confusing him to anyone else. Ares stands as tall as Zeus. He is broad and muscular like Bronx, with light brown hair and piercing blue eyes. He is wearing an ornate golden chest plate and matching plumed helmet.

"Thank you, Sir," I accept the compliment from the God of War.

Mother speaks again, "Iokaste, we want you to know that while we cannot interfere with your plan, we all support it. Even dear Amari and her mate will help. If you can see this through to the end, you will be rewarded."

"Rewarded?" I ask, confused, "I don't want a reward for doing what is right. Even if the right thing is difficult. I just want this mess to be fixed. I have worked hard for too many lifetimes to give up now."

"And when we explained this to your sister and her mate, they agreed. That is why they want to help," Hera smiles warmly.

"Help? How?' I turn my attention to Amari.

"Kas, you have everything you need to succeed within you, and it seems you have finally learned how to balance it all. You have a powerful pack to support you and friends who truly love you to guide you. After all these eons of watching you struggle, I can finally say I am proud to call you my sister," Amari looks at me with tears in her eyes as Jasen places his hand on her back, "If we stay, we will only be in the way of what you need to do. Jasen and I have accepted our fate. We will greet you with open arms in our next lifetime, darling."

"Next lifetime? Amari, what are you talking about? What's going on? Jasen?" I try to reach for her, but she and Jasen stand back. An invisible barrier shimmers up between us and I am trapped. I pound on the barrier and yell for Amari. She smiles weakly and turns her body to be held by her mate.

Zeus seems to have recovered from me taking his energy. I try to find a way around the barrier, but I am trapped in the center of the compass rose. Zeus takes a deep breath and creates a ball of electricity in his hand.

"I'm sorry, child. I have no way to make this less painful," he says sympathetically at Amari, then hurls the electricity at her and Jasen.

I watch in horror as Amari and Jasen drop to the ground, still in each other's arms, staring blankly at the sky.

No. No. No. No. No.

I can't breathe. I press my hands against the barrier and push hard against it. It feels like I'm running through quicksand as the barrier gives way to my force. I have to get to Amari and Jasen. Maybe there is still time. Maybe I can heal them. The harder I try to run, the further away I feel. The room around me turns blurry and dark until I'm running in pitch blackness.

As I come out of the darkness, I feel Lex close to me again, "It's okay, Kas. I'm right here. What happened? I saw Mother, then you disappeared." I try to answer her but I can't, "Amari. She...I...Jasen..."

"Come on, Kas, keep making your way back. Everyone is waiting for you," Lex says soothingly, "Follow me."

I let Lex's spirit lead me back to my body. I can feel myself shaking and sobbing as the room around me comes into focus. Bronx is holding me in his muscular arms, rocking me and rubbing my back, trying to soothe me. Delilah is holding my hand, chanting a spell under her breath. Her eyes are navy blue as she looks at me with a worried expression.

James and Marco are standing behind them. James has his hand on Marco's shoulder. Marco has his hand to his mouth and tears in his eyes.

I look around the room, trying to absorb what I'm seeing. I'm not in the halls of Mount Olympus. Maybe it was a bad dream. Maybe it was a premonition and hasn't happened yet. There's no way I just watched Zeus murder Amari and Jasen. The Olympians, Amari, and Jasen seemed like they already knew it was going to happen.

I try to move so I can explain what I just experienced, but a searing, crushing pain forces me into the fetal position.

I've never felt pain so intense. Not even during the worst beating of my life by my former Alpha. Not even when Bronx almost died, and I felt our mate bond break. It feels like I'm being torn into tiny pieces and those pieces are being lit on fire. I hear myself screaming and wailing Amari's name. It hurts so badly,

I can't even catch my breath to cry. I feel my face getting red as the torment grinds deeper into my bones. My whole body shudders trying to expel the agony, but there's nowhere for it to go.

Bronx is talking to me, trying to find out what is happening. I can hear him, but I can't answer. Delilah is trying to use a magic spell to calm me down, but it isn't working. All I can focus on is the pain and Amari being killed in front of me.

I see Marco on the phone. His face goes pale as he looks at me, then his eyes haze over when he sends a mind link.

"Get Katherine on the phone. Now," Bronx says, "Now!"