

# Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future

Chapter 163



## Chapter 31

When we get upstairs, he doesn't put me down until he sits me on the sofa, and kneels on the floor in front of me, so we are close to eye level. He takes my face in his hands and kisses me deeply again, this time slower and more intentionally than the one downstairs in front of the pack. The sparks of our mate bond comfort me more than they have in a long time. I let myself melt into the sensation, feeling his warm and soothing hands against my skin. When I feel a wet tear on my cheek, I pull back slightly. I can feel powerful emotions coming from him: sadness, fear, and regret.

"Bronx?" I wipe the tear away from his face, "What's wrong, Sweetheart?"

"Kas, when I got the call telling me that woman was in town, I was worried I may never see you again. I-I just knew that I had to get you to safety. All these terrible thoughts started running through my mind. And then I spoke to you on the phone and you sounded so angry that I would make you hide in the apartment and you were so confident about your role in the pack. It made me realize I can't remember the last time I have focused on you and listened to you as my equal. Not just since you got back and I've been trying to take care of you until you felt better these past couple weeks but, like, in general, you know. For months before you were taken, I started taking you for granted now that you are more independent."

He looks at me with a look of regret and desperation. I shake my head, not sure what to say, but I don't feel like I need an apology from him. I think I just need to let him talk.

"Honestly, Kas, I've been trying to figure it out. Why have I been

acting like such an ass toward you? We both know I have. I don't like the way it makes me feel, and I hate the way it makes you feel. I think deep down, the idea that you don't need me to protect you like you did when I first met you bothers me. It makes me nervous. If you don't need me, maybe eventually you won't want me. What would I do with myself if you ever told me you don't want me? Where would that leave me?" he shakes his head as a look crosses his face that I can't identify. Desperation? "I think Saint was trying to convince me in his own fucked up way that it would be easier when that day comes if we weren't as close to you as we have become. It would be easier to let you go and be on my own again. But that's not true. I-I can't live without you, Kas."

"So, what do you need from me, Bronx? To be less independent? To depend on you and lean on you more?" The thought upsets me a little. That he might want me to regress.

"No, no, never, Kas," he picks up my hands with both of his and holds them in my lap, placing his forehead down on them, "I love the woman you have become. I would never ask you to backtrack."

"Okay, so then what?" I ask, trying to understand where this is all headed. I feel him grip my hands a little harder. A light purple aura starts to surround us, but it isn't coming from me.

"I think I just need you to understand that before you came into my life, it was just me. I didn't have someone by my side to support me. People expected me to lead, and I know you don't need me to lead you. I know you want to be beside me, helping me. I think...it's just that...I-I need you to want me. Yeah, I need you to want me, Kas. And when I stupidly forget that, please remind me I want you, too," he looks up at me, gulping back more tears.

"Bronx, you know how I know you want me?" I ask, tilting my

head with a smile.

"How?" he sniffs slightly.

"You're glowing, Sweetheart. This aura isn't coming from me."

He looks down at our joined hands and back up at me, observing the distinct glow surrounding us and starts laughing in disbelief.

"What does it mean?" he asks.

"Well, I think it means that our connection is stronger than ever. It means you are stronger than ever," I keep his hand in mine as I gently caress his cheek with the back of my fingers. He closes his eye and kisses my hand when it gets close to his mouth.

I lean forward and give him sweet little kisses on his mouth. I can feel him smiling against me as he lets go of my hands and wraps his arms around my waist, pulling him closer to him. 1

"This is the most romantic thing," Lex sighs dreamily, "It's been a while since you two mated."

"Not now, Elexis," I growl internally and shut my nosy wolf out of the private moment.

"Bronx, since this is clearly something new, what do you say we go into the bedroom and test it out? See how bright this aura can get," I smile slyly at him.

He gives me a sly smile back as he moves his hands under my shirt, pulling it over my head and throwing it to the floor, "We have the entire apartment to ourselves, you know? Why confine ourselves to the bedroom?"

He tugs on the waistband of my leggings. I lift my hips up to oblige as he pulls them down. I feel my breath get deeper as I watch him kiss the skin of my thighs, slowly undressing me.

I feel a little growl rumble in my chest as he moves higher on my legs, using more of his tongue as he moves his way up.

"BRONX! WE NEED YOU OUT HERE! " Milo screams from the hallway, pounding on the door, bursting the little bubble of passion that was growing between Bronx and me. 2

Bronx growls angrily and claws the cushions next to my hips, shredding them from back to front. His voice comes out as a whispered snarl and his eye turns black as Saint pushes to the surface, "Are you fucking kidding me?"

"Just a minute, Milo! " I yell quickly.

"Hurry up!" he yells again, pounding on the door one more time.

"Saint, it's alright, we can finish this later," I reassure him, leaning forward and kissing Bronx deeply. The kiss back is different from coming from Saint than it is with Bronx, a little more forceful and assertive. I pull away long enough to add a little something to make him behave, "It will give you plenty of time to think about all the different things we can try. We can even make sure you and Lex get time together. Now please give me Bronx back for whatever is happening out there." 1

Saint gives me a mischievous smile and I swear I hear a little purr come from him before Bronx's eye turns green again. Bronx clears his throat. I can't read the look on his face, but he seems pretty annoyed. Without saying a word, he pulls my leggings back up before he hands me my shirt. He puts his hands up in front of me and raises an eyebrow. Showing I should stay on the sofa. I nod questioningly, not sure I should speak since he isn't. He motions with his hands again and raises his eyebrow further, making sure I

understand. I raise my eyebrows further and nod again.

He stands up and adjusts himself before he calmly goes to the door. He takes a deep breath before he throws it open, grabs Milo by the neck, and moves out into the hallway, slamming the door behind him.

I throw my hands up to my mouth, not sure whether to laugh or be horrified. Ultimately, I laugh a little knowing Bronx would never actually hurt his best friend.