

# Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future

Chapter 167



## Chapter 35

Kas's POV

I wish I could tell you what set me off, but I don't know. It was just like when I attacked James. I couldn't control myself. It felt different, though. Instead of acting on instinct to kill, it upset me that Bronx would want to tip the balance of our natural order. I just felt so angry at the core of my being. Hearing Bronx wanted to break laws and go around the established system to get revenge lit a flame inside me. The thought of him wanting to start a war was overwhelming. I wasn't sure how I was going to stop him. I just knew I couldn't let him do it. We have rules to follow. I won't allow him to become a tyrant.

I didn't want anyone else to get hurt. I knew that much. That's why I froze time before I threw myself at Bronx. A surge of energy flowed through me I had never felt before. Some deep down part of me knew my actions would mean I would serve justice, and I felt brave. Fearless. Confident that I was following my mother's bidding.

He wasn't expecting it. He caught me, but the momentum knocked him down. I don't remember exactly what happened after that. I think I froze him too, or partially froze him at least. Regardless, I was able to grab him by the collar and drag him down the stairs, out the front door of the packhouse, and down to the training grounds. 2

Everyone saw us. I could hear him growling my name and yelling for me to let him go, but it didn't deter me. People looked like they wanted to stop me, but it scared them to approach me. I could see it in their eyes. They did not know what he had said in Lenora's office. Or what he was planning if I didn't stop him. Milo and Reggie tried. Even Marco wasn't able to talk sense into him.

When I threw Bronx into the ring and made him stand on his own two feet, I didn't even think of him as my mate. He was a threat I needed to diffuse. I don't know why I felt like it was my responsibility or why I was the only one that could do it. I don't know why I felt like I needed to fight him to get my point across.

The look of rage on his face when he was standing across from me in that ring was intense. The anger of being attacked and humiliation by being dragged across the packhouse and grounds in front of his pack set him off. I think that was the moment I knew I had done the right thing. He can direct his anger at me all day long. I can take it.

From the first moment he lunged at me and the heel of my foot hit him square in the mouth, I had the upper hand in the fight. Not for a lack of him trying. He gave everything he had in him, but his brute force tactics made him sluggish and tired him quickly.

Everything I had ever practiced and learned was at the front of my mind. Instincts that I didn't even know I had presented themselves and made themselves available to me. 1

Lex was an unwilling participant. She didn't want us to hurt our mate. She wanted me to find another way. I pushed her to the back of my mind and took control for once. I could feel her pushing back, but the surge of energy coursing through me kept her at bay. 1

Marco and James stopped me. I don't know how far I would have taken it. I had tried to kill James. Would I have killed my own mate? Did I have it in me to kill the man I love? I'm still not sure.

Now that I'm sitting in the hallway, waiting to be allowed to see Bronx, I feel more like myself. The strange surge of energy, the demand for justice, has dissipated.

"Luna, you okay, cause I know you keep sayin' you're fine, but you don't seem like you are?" Marco checks on me for the hundredth time. He and James gave me some sort of potion that Delilah made that helped me calm down and make me sleepy. I'm still feeling the effects of it, but I am completely in control of myself now.

I look down the hall to see Tyree and another guard standing in front of Bronx's room, making sure no one enters.

"I-I just want to see him, Marco. How much longer do you think it will be?" I lean my head back against the wall and run my fingers against my scalp. Lex has mostly healed my cuts and scrapes. My reflection in the mirror shows I still have a black eye and a fat lip. There is still blood in my hair, too. I don't know if it's mine or Bronx's. Maybe both? It doesn't matter.

"They've been in there for a while. The doctor will come out and speak to you soon. I'm sure of it," he says, trying to comfort me even though he doesn't actually have an answer.

"If they weren't scared of me after I attacked James, they sure will be now," I say.

"Who is they?" Marco asks.

"Everyone," I look at him from the corner of my eye. He leans his arms forward onto his knees and looks at the ground.

"Kas, you said so yourself. You're scared of what's happening to you. I'm not gonna lie, I'm kinda scared of it, too. But I know underneath it all, you're still you. The Moon Goddess wouldn't let you turn evil overnight," he explains, "Something is going on that don't have nothin' to do with you and we just have to figure out

what it is. I'm on your side and I always will be. I have always told you that you can come to me anytime there's a problem. That's still true. I won't always have an answer, but I will always be there for you." 3

"Thanks, Marco."

"I do wish I could have seen the fight though," he says with a smile in his voice, "You being able to put him in that examining room over there. That makes me proud in a fucked up way."

I cover my face with my hands and hide the smile at his admission.

We sit a while longer in silence. What the Hell is taking the doctor so long?

Normally, in situations like this, my emotions get the best of me and I would cry, but I don't have any tears right now. Yeah, I am worried about my mate, but there's no sadness. What I told Marco and James earlier is true. I'm not sorry. Someone had to stop him.

I feel a sense of relief when I hear a familiar voice, like little jingling bells down the hall, speaking to the receptionist. Delilah comes around the corner with her long light brown hair flowing behind her and her ocean blue eyes filled with worry. She is wearing a dark blue cotton sundress that makes her skin look flawless. I never really feel jealousy, but I would say, seeing Delilah's perfect skin, knowing I will never have that is probably as close as I will ever get. Even when she told us she was pregnant. I was sorry for myself, but not jealous of her. James follows behind her quietly with his hands in his pockets. 1

When she sees me, Delilah comes running over and throws her arms around me, "Kas, are you alright?"

I don't hug her back; I don't want to get more blood on her.

"Yeah, Honey. I'm fine. Bronx is the one to worry about," I sigh. I try to smile at her, but she isn't falling for it.

"Come on, the receptionist said we can use an empty patient room down the hall to clean you up. No sulking, Luna Regent lokaste Mason," she uses my full name and title. It's a thing witches do to hold power over someone. It makes it easier for them to invoke spells.

Delilah is a powerful witch, but she typically isn't allowed to perform magic on pack territory. 1

"You spoke to Milo and Lenora," It isn't a question. If she is using my title and name, they had to have either asked her to be prepared or she had to have asked permission to use magic on me.

She doesn't answer me, she just hands me a duffel bag and pulls me up, leading me down the bright white hallway. I can smell James and Marco following us closely, but I don't bother turning around to look at them. She leads me into an empty room and sets me in the guest chair before going back out into the hall and closing the door.

"Will you two stop it! We will be fine. Look at her. She's practically in shock. She's not going to hurt me! " I hear Delilah scold my guards through the closed door, one of which happens to be her mate, "Besides, I'm perfectly capable of protecting myself."

When she comes back in like nothing happened and takes my hand again but doesn't make me stand up, "Would you like to talk about it, lokaste?"

"Please stop calling me that. The feeling has past. I'm not violent anymore. I am back to being just Kas," I weakly plead.

"Alright, Kas. Do you want to talk about it?" she asks again.

"Not yet. I just want to get a shower. Then I can talk about it."

"Well, you're in luck. I have an expert on 'talking about it' at my house and she has been dying to see you," she smiles, referring to Lady Camille.

I smile back, "Perfect. After they let me see Bronx, can you, me, and your expert go to the meditation room and figure out what the Hell is going on with me, please?"

She nods with her perfect toothy smile and helps me into the bathroom so I can get freshened up.