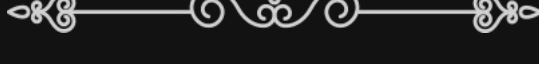


Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future

Chapter 168



Chapter 36

Once I'm ready, Delilah lets me know the doctor stopped by and said I could go see Bronx.

As we walk down the hall, I take a deep breath and steady myself for whatever his reaction is going to be to seeing me. She gives my hand a squeeze when we get to the door of his room.

"We will be here waiting," she murmurs in my ear.

I smile and nod as Tyree opens the door to let me in.

Bronx is sitting on the edge of the bed with his legs hanging off the side. He is holding an ice pack up to the side of his face. I don't know why he is holding it on that side because the side he isn't covering looks pretty swollen too. His nose was broken but someone reset it so it could heal faster. His eye is swollen, so he's barely able to open it halfway. Since he doesn't have an eye on the other side, I assume he can't see much of anything.

They must have taken his shirt off for the exam. He is covered in scrapes, cuts, and bruises that Saint is still healing. There are also burn marks covering his wrists and arms.

I thought that maybe when I saw him, that would be when I would feel some remorse, but I don't. I still feel justified in my actions.

"Come here, Kas," he holds his hand out to me.

"A-are you mad?" I ask tentatively.

"Not anymore. Please, come here," he waves his hand, bidding me to come to him.

I step forward and place my hand in his. I feel our comforting sparks as he pulls me toward him until I am leaning against his chest. He takes his arm and wraps it around me, then puts down the ice pack so he can wrap the other one around me, too.

"B-Bronx, I'm going to tell you the same thing I told Marco and James," I sigh as I hug him back, "I'm not sorry. I would do this again if it meant I would stop you from committing crimes and preventing a war. I would do it again in a heartbeat."

"I know and I'm proud of you for standing up to me," he rubs my back slowly and purrs as he speaks in my ear, "You were amazing. I understand now why Saint says I was made for you. No one else could have survived...well...whatever came over you. I don't know that you could have ever gotten that mad at anyone else." 2

"So, you're really not mad?" I ask, trying to gauge if he is being sincere or if he is about to break my neck.

"I'm really not mad. In fact, I'm impressed you could beat me. It was all kind of a blur between the time you dragged me out of Lenora's office and getting to the training ring. But once I lunged at you that first time, I knew exactly what I was doing. Tyree showed me the video. You did everything perfectly."

"I am so confused right now," I chuckle at him as he pulls me onto his lap and nuzzles my cheek.

"Kas, you know how Lex always says you two are a warrior child of the Moon Goddess?"

"Yeah?"

"Well, this was it. You showed everyone how true that is. You fought for what is right and you won. The thought of going to war

gave me this weird adrenaline rush. You did what you had to do to stop me. There isn't a single werewolf in this world that could find fault in how you handled that situation," I feel his arms tighten around me, "Thank you."

"Thank you? For what exactly?" I feel my brow furrow in confusion.

"For stopping me from doing something really stupid," he pulls away from our hug and gives me a deep kiss, "I love you, Kas Mason." 2

"And based on your current state, I obviously love you too, Bronx Mason," I want to touch his face but every centimeter looks painful.

"The doctor wants me to stay a couple hours to make sure my eye opens up like it's supposed to, then I can leave," he informs me.

"Okay. I could just heal you," I shake my head, not understanding why he wouldn't just ask me to heal him instead.

"I actually want to take the time to sit here," he clears his throat, " I want you to sit here with me. We can come up with a plan.

Together. Figure out what to do about this situation in a civil way."

"Ahh. I see. Well, would you like to have this conversation over food? Cause I could go for a grilled cheese sandwich."

"I'll take a vanilla milkshake. I don't think now is the time for me to chew anything," he nods slowly, rubbing his jaw.

I mind link Mrs. Miller, who is happy to bring us some food. Then I let Marco, James and Delilah know I'm going to sit with Bronx for a while. Delilah is so relieved to hear that Bronx isn't upset with me. Tyree offers to escort me back up to the apartment whenever I am

ready. Marco will take over the evening shift instead of one of the substitute guards. I offer Musu the suite next to our apartment, so Marco doesn't have to worry about her while he's working.

Once the tray of food is delivered, I take it back into the room. I make Bronx sit back and relax. I sit on the bed facing him while I chew on my sandwich so we can talk.

Bronx's POV

Kas raises the back of the bed and makes me sit properly, even though I would rather pace the room. She climbs on to the bed and pulls the tray table between us, like a little mini desk.

"Kas, with everything that's been going on, I think we need to come up with some sort of strategy here."

"Strategy? What kind of strategy were you thinking?"

"Well, if I promise not to hurt this Tessa woman and promise not to start a war, will you trust me to handle the Santoros?" 1

I watch as she blinks at me, chewing her sandwich, trying to decide if she can hold me to my word or not.

"What are you doing, Bronx?" Saint asks suspiciously. I feel him pacing in my mind.

"I'm listening," Kas says after she swallows her bite.

"I think we need to divide to conquer," I sigh, trying to come to terms with what I'm about to say.

"You mean, divide AND conquer?" she tilts her head with a suspicious look.

"Ahhh, no. Not in this case. So, there has been so much going on

that I haven't had an opportunity to tell you about the call I got from Elder Randall."

"What did that jerk want?" she asks, taking another bite of her sandwich.

"This is where the divide to conquer part comes in," I take a deep breath and pray to the Moon Goddess this doesn't backfire, "I'm sending you back to Silver Moon while the Santoro's are here."

"What the fuck are you doing, dummy?! " Saint growls in my mind, "You can't send our mate back to that Hell hole! "

"Trust me, Saint. I don't want her here when the Santoros are here."

I observe her as she processes the information. At first, her face is emotionless. She sets her half eaten sandwich on the plate, brushes her hands together to get the crumbs off, and picks up my milkshake. She holds one finger up indicating she needs me to wait a second. When she is done with the sip, she stands up on the bed and pours the entire milkshake over my head. 2

It backfired. Definitely backfired and holy shit, that's cold! 5

I feel myself take an involuntary breath in as the drink drips down down my face and back, "Kas! What the fuck?! Let me finish talking."

When she is satisfied that she has emptied the glass, she jumps off the bed and throws the glass across the room as hard as she can, smashing it into a thousand pieces.

Tyree and the other guard come rushing into the room as soon as they hear the glass breaking. Tyree grabs Kas around the waist just as she is ready to launch herself at me.

"Luna! Stop!" he yells over her growling and snarling, "Alpha, what happened?!"

"Kas, STOP!" I yell using my Alpha tone. She stops struggling against him, but there is still a low growl coming from her chest.

"Kas, the Elder Council called me and told me we have to take control of the Silver Moon pack. We need to make them part of Blood River. I'm sending you there to see how many members will join our pack understanding that you would be their Luna," I try to control my temper while I gingerly wipe the milkshake out of my still swollen eye, "The ones who don't want to come are welcome to leave peacefully and become rogues or seek asylum with other packs." 2

"What?" she stands up straight now. Finally ready to listen.

"Tyree, I appreciate you are trying to protect me, but I need you to take your hands off of my mate," I try to suppress a growl but fail watching Tyree hold Kas back by her waist, "She isn't going to hurt me."

"The fuck I'm not," she uncharacteristically swears at me. I see Tyree smirk a little. I can't blame him. It is humorous hearing foul language come from such a little woman. 1

"Luna, why don't you just sit in the chair over there. I will stand in between," Tyree negotiates with Kas.

She gives him a damning look before she sits down in the guest seat and glares at me with her arms and legs crossed.

"You have one minute to explain yourself," she snarls.

"I can't at least have three minutes?" I ask with a shrug.

"Forty-five seconds, Bronx," she says dangerously.

I do my best to explain that I want her to take control of the Silver Moon situation so her former pack sees she isn't scared of them and so they can see how powerful she has become. At the same time, it will keep her away from our territory while the Santoros are up to...Whatever it is they think they will be up to while they're here. 1

She watches me with her leg bobbing over the other before she stands up, pushing her chair back roughly. Tyree takes a defensive position between us. 2

"When do the Santoros get here?" her tone is still angry.

"Two days."

"Why the Hell didn't you start with that, Bronx?" her shoulders drop as her tone finally relaxes.

"Yeah, dummy. Why didn't you start with that? How many times a day do you have to piss off our mate? Huh?" Saint chides, agreeing with Kas.