

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future

Chapter 171



Chapter 39

“So this Leticia, she admitted to killing Cordell Santoro?” Bronx asks, “Just like that?”

I give a frustrated sigh. I mind linked Bronx to come down to the meditation room as soon as Lady Camille could make sure I was safe and, as she said, actually me. Once she was satisfied that I wasn’t possessed, she relaxed a bit. Bronx got to the meditation room so quickly that I wondered if he had been sitting on a bench in the weight room next door, waiting for me to contact him. He is not taking this whole ‘transported to an apartment that can’t be located’ thing very well.

“She said I ordered her to do it, Bronx. She also said she was the one that killed the guy from the jewelry store. I think in some misguided way, she thinks she’s protecting me. That’s the sense I got from her,” I don’t know why I feel like I need to defend Leticia, but I do.

“Okay,” he holds his hands up, hearing my defensive tone, “I won’t do anything for now. It sounds like she isn’t a danger to you and I don’t know how the Hell we could find that apartment without more information, anyway.”

“I believe that’s the point, Alpha Bronx. I don’t think you could ever find it without Luna lokaste,” Lady Camille adds her two cents into the conversation, “If this is a place that can’t be easily defined by time or location, there is magic involved. I can certainly look into this aspect of mystery.”

“Thank you, Lady Camille. As always, we appreciate your help,” I take her hand in mine and smile at her.

“Luna lokaste, is it alright if I keep your mate here for a while longer to evaluate the development of him having an aura?”

“Of course. I need to go pack for my trip anyways,” I stand up to leave and bend down to give Bronx a quick kiss. He grabs my hand and pulls me back down until I’m securely in his lap.

I hear Lady Camille stifle a laugh as she watches Bronx pepper my face with kisses.

“Bronx, what’s gotten into you? I’m just going upstairs,” I giggle from his scruff tickling my face and neck.

“I just wanted to hear my favorite sound before you go. It’s been too long,” he coos as he looks into my eyes.

I squint my eyes and put my hands on either side of his face, “Is this a trick?” 1

“Trick? No. I am definitely not stalling at all,” he shakes his head innocently.

“Bronx, what did you do?” I ask suspiciously.

“Me? Absolutely nothing. Nothing at all,” he stands me up, giving by butt a little squeeze, “Go get packed. I will be up as soon as Lady Camille and I are finished here.”

“Alright,” I say in a singsong voice.

When I get to the fifth floor, I can hear Marco speaking to someone. I turn the corner to see Lenora standing with her hip cocked and arms crossed in front of him. It’s unusual to see her in such a casual manner with the guard on duty.

“Is everything okay?” I ask, unsure of why Lenora would be on the fifth floor.

“About time!” she rolls her eyes at me dramatically, “Come on, Codi has been begging for you.” 1

“Codi has? Where is she at? Is she okay?” 1

“She’s in your apartment, come on,” she waves me in. I swear I see her hiding a smirk, but it is gone as just as fast as I notice it.

I follow her into the apartment to the sounds of Codi giggling happily. Bronx’s parents, Sandy and Michael are sitting on the sofa in the living room. I gasp in surprise and feel my energy brighten at the sight of them. The last I knew, they had been traveling their way across Scandinavian countries. They are almost never home unless there is a holiday or birthday going on.

Bronx has Sandy’s crisp apple green eyes, but every other part of him is so much like his dad. Bronx and Michael are practically cookie cutter identical except for their age. Olive toned skin and chiseled facial features. Michael keeps his graying black hair shorter than Bronx does, but it’s slicked back just like his son.

While Michael is a little shorter than Bronx, they are both broad chested, muscular, and have tons of tattoos that they like to compare when they get together. They even have the same mannerisms and sway to their walk. The biggest difference between the two is Michael’s personality. Where Bronx takes everything very seriously, his dad does his best to lighten up the mood in the room. 2

I smile when I see Michael holding Codi securely in his arms, making growling and snarling sounds while he has fangs extended. Codi grabs them with her chubby little fingers and laughs while he pretends he is going to nibble them off. She does the same thing to Bronx, and it melts my heart every time. I stop short when I see

them together. A fleeting thought passes over me. Would Bronx ever have this opportunity? To hold his own grandchild and make them laugh like this? If I do things right in my life, hopefully, but nothing is guaranteed. 1

Codi squeals when she sees me and claps her hands before she point to me, "Au Ka! Au Ka!"

Sandy looks to see who Codi is pointing at. When she realizes I'm in the room, she stands up and rushes to greet me, arms outstretched, “Kas!”

I let out an involuntary squeak when she gives me one of her signature bone crushing hugs, “Sandy! What are you guys doing here? I thought you two were in Europe for another three weeks.”

“Well, we heard things are a little crazy around here, so we figured it wouldn’t hurt to stop in and see if there is anything we can do to help. Leni says you are headed out of town for a week on business, so we are going to stick around and make sure your mate doesn’t do anything too...well...too Bronx,” her infectious smile broadens as she speaks, “and we get to spend the week watching our granddaughter.” 1

“Watching Codi for a week? I mean, that’s awesome, but why?”

Lenora steps up from behind us and chimes in, “I offered to go to Silver Moon with you.”

I turn around wide eyed, “Really? Why would you do that?”

“Kas, I can’t let you go to that horrible place by yourself and when Bronx told me that was his plan and what your reaction was, I chewed him out for it. I applaud you for dumping that milkshake on him, though. Oh, and I saw the video of the fight. You were

freaking amazing. He deserved every second of it,” Lenora explains, “Anyway, he can’t change the meeting with the Santoro Enterprises this late in the game and I honestly don’t want to be here if there is going to be someone who looks like me here.

Especially if she was involved with kidnapping you,” Lenora explains. Her brows are knit tightly, showing how upset she is by the thought of the Santoros being here makes her. 3

“Thank you, Lenora! Oh my Goddess, thank you!” I pull myself away from Sandy and throw myself at Lenora for a big hug.

“Whoa there, Luna. You're glowing. I'm trying here, but I don't think I can handle that right now," Lenora murmurs into my ear. I collect myself and pull my energy back in.

I know coming with me is her way of apologizing. Her way of showing me she isn’t mad or scared and that she supports me. As my aura subsidies, I feel her hug tighten.

“Alright, Little Sister, let’s get you packed. Milo is on his way up with your suitcases,” she says as she rubs my back.

I give her a grateful smile and pull her into the closet room feeling much better about the next week. 2