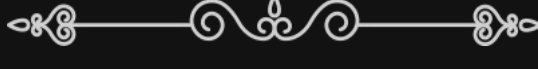


# Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future

Chapter 174



## Chapter 42

### Kas's POV

Waking up in Bronx's arms, tangled up against his body, is probably one of the best feelings in the world. He weighs well over a hundred pounds more than me, so I used to think his heavy arms would crush me in my sleep, but now I know those arms are the safest place in the world. I have gotten used to the weight of him and find it comforting to bury my nose into his chest and breathe in his delicious dark chocolate and coffee scent before I have to open my eyes and face the world. 1

I sigh as the morning light shines through the window. I know I should go down to the training field for one last session before I leave, but I selfishly just want to lie here with my mate.

"Bronx, we're late for training," I nuzzle closer to his warm body and tap his arm to wake him.

"No, we're not. I had the trainers cancel it for the day," his gruff morning voice whispers sleepily. He wraps his arms tighter around me without opening his eye, "Now let this weak old wolf sleep. You wore me out last night."

"Fine, but I'm getting a shower. You're welcome to join me...last few minutes before I put clothes on," I whisper in a sing-song voice.

His eye opens and flashes black as Saint comes closer to the surface, while a sly grin crosses his face. His voice is more gravely as Saint speaks on Bronx's behalf, "Only if I get to wash you down, Baby."

"Hmm, I don't know, you just said you were worn out. How will you ever manage?" I tease him.

"Will you look at that? My old wolf battery is fully recharged. Let's go," he growls and playfully grabs me by the waist. I let out a squeak as Bronx easily picks me up and carries me into the bathroom.

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James and Delliah decided not to come with US because they have their first appointment with a doctor who specializes in hybrid pregnancies

scheduled. Musu stayed back so she could help with the Santoro meeting and be on hand to do any last-minute research if Bronx got any additional information.

Lenora and I settle into the back of the large SUV. Tyree sits in the front seat, while Marco and two other guards ride in a separate vehicle. The dark tint makes it impossible for anyone to see in, which is perfect when we get to the gate to see photographers camping out trying to get a glimpse of me. They seem to have become suspicious of my unusually erratic schedule. As we head down the road, away from town, guards on motorcycles block the road, preventing anyone from following US.

"What is that like?" Lenora asks, "Everyone recognizes you? All those photographers wanting your picture? I get recognized sometimes, but no one really does anything about it."

I think about it for a moment while I look out the window at the thick wooded landscape, "Well, I definitely never thought it would be part of my life, that's for sure. But I guess in a weird way, it doesn't bother me. Most of the paparazzi are nice. I mean, I know they aren't my friends or anything, but they know it's a 'more flies with honey situation', right? The ones who aren't respectful know they are going to get chased out by my security guards or by the other paparazzi. So even though it is selfish and they are just looking for a story, they kind of look out for me at the same time." 1

Lenora hums in response and watches me for a minute, then looks out the window, "Bronx really hates it you know. He never wanted that kind of attention directed at you. He feels like it's his fault for being so reclusive from the human world."

I think about it for a moment. Would things have been different if I knew Bronx was a famous billionaire before our wedding day? Maybe, but I still would have married him. I didn't have any experience in the human world before I met him. The first time I was off Silver Moon pack territory was when he and Lenora brought me to Blood River. My first time in the human world was when Lenora and Ashley took me to the mall. The first time I saw my picture in a newspaper was on our honeymoon in Paris, where I was referred to as an indie rockstar model who was trying to siphon all of Bronx's money from him. 1

When Delilah and I opened the bakery, it was difficult to tell the difference between real business and people who just wanted my picture. We had to set rules and add additional guards to deter people from lingering.

"I wouldn't change anything if it meant getting to be with Bronx," I muse out loud. Lenora looks back at me and smiles warmly before we fall into a comfortable silence.

We stop for a quick gas station lunch while the drivers gas up the SUVs and take a break. The attendant inside the little store keeps staring at me as I walk around, picking up snacks.

I take my water, sandwich, and cookies up to the counter and set them down so he can ring them up but he doesn't pick them up. I look up from my wallet and see he is looking up, staring at Marco and Tyree who are standing close behind me.

"So big," the man croaks with wide eyes.

"Guys, you're scaring the poor man," I try not to laugh, "Please back up a couple steps."

"Sorry, Luna. Just following orders," Marco blushes slightly and backs up. Tyree takes a moment, eyeing down the man before he backs up too.

Ah, Bronx gave them orders to stay close. Got it. When we get back in the car, I will have to speak with them. The less attention we can draw the better.

"Are you that woman with the bakery? I've seen you on TV," the man asks not that he isn't being intimidated by my guards.

"Yes, that's me," I smile.

"I don't mean to be too forward, but the cameras don't do your hair justice," he looks at me curiously, "It's so sparkly. W-what kind of hair dye do you use?"

It's a question I've been asked hundreds of times. I just go to my default reaction by holding my finger up to my mouth and wink at him, avoiding having to answer.

I hear a frustrated growl come from behind me and see Tyree looking impatiently at the man.

"I think that's my cue to leave," I say apologetically to the man, handing him more than enough money to cover my food, "Please keep the change."

"You have a good day, ma'am," the man pleasantly tips his hat to me.

I walk out of the store and meet Lenora at the car. I look back and realize Marco is with me, but Tyree isn't.

"Marco, where's Tyree?" I look around.

"Uh, bathroom?" He tries to sound casual, but fails miserably.

I look back into the convenience store window and see Tyree leaning over the counter snarling at the poor man who just helped me.

"What the Hell?!" I growl under my breath and start walking back to the front door quickly.

"Kas, come back!" I hear Marco call, but I won't be deterred. I won't have one of my guards intimidating a human for no reason like that. 1

"TYREE!" I snarl, using my Luna tone, as I throw open the door to the little store, "STAND DOWN. NOW!"

He quickly stands up straight and takes a step back, turning his head toward me but keeps his body square to the man, trying to keep a protective stance.

"He was trying to take your picture, Luna," Tyree tries to justify his actions.

"Luna?" The man behind the counter asks confused, "I thought you were Kas Mason."

"I am, Luna is the code name my guards use for me when they think there's a situation they need to pull me from. I apologize for the intrusion. We'll be leaving now, Sir," I bow slightly, then step forward to grab Tyree by the sleeve.

I don't care how big either of these two guys are, as soon as we get next to the car, I start growling and yelling about being respectful and not drawing attention if it isn't necessary.

"Marco, you especially should know better. People take my picture all the time. We can't stop them otherwise they will call reporters who will write articles about crap like this," I point to the store while I glare at the two of them. They are both looking at the ground, exposing their necks, as my temper flares.

"We are about to go to Silver Moon territory. Do you understand how much people there hate me? Do you know how stressful of a situation it's going to be all week? You cannot go off every time someone behaves in a way you feel is not acceptable. You need to be professional and step in when necessary. Not when you feel like throwing your weight around and intimidating people. You are my guards. Not thugs. Act accordingly. Am I clear?"

"Yes, Luna," Tyree says in a whisper.

"Marco?" I turn my gaze to him.

"Yeah, crystal," he says apologetically.

"Good. Now get in the SUVs. Let's go," I snarl before I climb in the car.

"Wow, the Luna pulling a power move. Maybe I'm rubbing off on you," Lenora quips when I sit down with a huff.