

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future

Chapter 191



Chapter 59

Kas's POV

I look into my old bedroom and see a large man's body on the ground. He is leaning against the bed frame. The longer I stare, the more detail my mind takes in, the more horrified I become.

The front of his black shirt is torn in half and his chest has been crudely cut open from his sternum, all the way down to the middle of his stomach. His intestines are pulled out of his body, strewn across the floor like grotesque, sticky ropes. His ribs are broken and sticking out at odd angles. It reminds me of the bones on a rack of lamb. Someone has pulled one of his lungs out, resting it overtop of his chest instead of inside. I feel my heart squeeze in my chest.

Who would do this? Who would have it in them to be able to commit such a crime?

My watery eyes wander up to find his neck has been deeply slit. It makes his head tip in an unnatural position. I look up at his face to see if I recognize him. His left eye is missing, recently cut out. There is blood still dripping out of the empty socket where the eye used to be. If his hair was longer, he would look a lot like Bronx with lighter colored hair. Bronx is more broad and muscular, but he certainly looks like they could be related. I don't know him. He isn't any Silver Moon pack member I've ever met.

The sickly smell of the room is more than just blood. It's the stench of his exposed organs filling the air. I start to feel nauseous. The pool of his dark blood is stretching out across the floor all the way to the doorway. I look down and see it's touching my shoe. I look back up and look around the room. There is blood sprayed all over. It could practically be a macabre coat of paint.

I close my eyes to block out the sight but the smells of death won't let me forget what I just saw. My heart races and I can feel my heartbeat in my ears. I try to take a deep breath to calm myself before I open them again.

But there is no air when I suck in. Water fills my mouth, choking me. I open my eyes. The chlorine stings them, making me squint. I'm underwater? Is

the surface is two feet above me or a hundred feet? I can't tell, but I can feel heat coming from below me. I'm scared to look down.

"Get away from it, Kas! Get to the surface!" Lex begs desperately. She sounds like she is trying not to panic, but she can't swim either, so she is just as helpless as I am.

Instinctively, I try to scream or howl. Whichever comes out will be good enough for someone to hear me, but it just makes the water fill my stomach and lungs. I close my mouth, trying not to gag and kick as hard as I can. I try to paddle my arms, but I'm not getting anywhere. Now the water comes in through my nose, burning my sinuses, making me cough, but the cough just pulls in more water since I'm still surrounded. I can see the late day sun over me. It's wavering light peacefully cuts through the water. Doesn't it know I'm about to die? How can it be so peaceful right now?

"KAS! Freeze time! Freeze yourself! Maybe you'll float to the top if you stop struggling," Lex tries to calm me down.

It's my only option. I don't know what else to do. The edges of my vision get dark as I concentrate on the little energy I have left and stop time. It doesn't work, something is going haywire since I can't concentrate. I try to keep kicking, but my legs feel like they have lead weights in them.

Everything speeds up, then slows down. The feeling is disorienting. I see an enormous shadow hovering just over the water, suspended in time. What the Hell is that? I sense my body going into a defensive mode. My hands get hotter and hotter while my vision grows darker and darker. There's a sensation around my waist, like the arm of an octopus is wrapping itself around me. The octopus has faint sparks. Is it an electric eel? Is it my mother coming to tell me my spirit's journey is over? Maybe she's here to help me cross to the underworld? 1

I am yanked up forcefully. 2

I stop for a moment and look around. My apartment? How did I get here? I was drowning. I look down at my clothes. Except for the thick splatters of blood on my sweater, I'm dry. Blood? When I look up, I see Bronx on the floor in front of me. Holding a familiar body.

My breath catches in my throat. No. This can't be right. No. No. No. I want to run forward and help heal her, but I sense it's too late. I want to go to Bronx, but it doesn't feel right. Something is very wrong here, making me plant my feet firmly in place.

"Kas, you can't do this. You can't," Bronx sobs with tears rolling down his face. Her blood is covering him from the underside of his chin all the way down his shirt. I watch as her lifeless eyes stare into the ether while he continues to hold her close. I swallow hard as my own tears stain my face.

"Bronx, I have to. Please don't make me choose," I shake my head. I don't know how to make him understand, "I'm doing this for US."

Wait? What am I doing? Why would I say that? What am I doing for US?

"You've lost your mind, Kas. Stay. Let me get you help. If you leave right now, there will be consequences. You aren't helping US, you're ruining US. Can't you see that?" he growls through his tears. I can feel his anger building past his anguish.

I turn and look at the hands extended out to me. All I have to do is reach out and take them, but that feels like it's too dangerous. I turn back to Bronx. What should I do? How do I fix this?

"We have to go, Kas," Lex says calmly in my mind, "Now, before we lose our nerve."

"Go Kas," Marco groans from where he is sitting, propped up against the wall, blood trickling down the side of his face. He's holding his gun up at Bronx, "Go now. I will deal with the consequences."

I stop for a moment. Lex is right. Marco's right. I have to go. I reach out for the hands and let myself be pulled in to a world of treachery.