

# Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future

Chapter 194



## Chapter 62

### Kas's POV

I open my eyes to find I'm laying on my back on the floor of the meditation room of Blood River pack house. My heart is beating painfully hard. I rub my hand against my chest, trying to remember how I got here. When did we leave Silver Moon? Did Bronx come and bring me home? Why would he bring me to the meditation room? It's so weird. I have never woken up from a vision in a different place before.

The vision. Bronx's emotions all come back to me like a punch in the gut. I can feel tears gliding down the sides of my face, into my hair. The sadness inside me is overwhelming. I try to swallow it down, hide it away, but it just won't obey. My lip trembles, doing its best trying to hold everything in, but a gasp of a breath escapes me. I cover my mouth with both hands and silently sob, letting my body shake.

"Lex, is she really going to die?" I squeak out between the sobs.

"I don't know, but it's going to be alright, Kas. Get yourself together. It was just a vision. We've been able to stop them from coming true before. We can stop this one from happening, too. Right?" Lex calms me in a firm yet soothing voice, "Time to assess the situation and keep moving. That's what James and Marco always tell you to do. They've never steered you wrong before."

"Okay, okay, you're right, Lex. 1-1, urn, ju-just give me a minute to think here. I need to collect my thoughts. I think I need to meditate before I leave the room. I don't want anyone to see me this upset. 1-1 just need to clear my head," I nod quickly, agreeing with her but stalling for time. I blink hard and take a ragged breath before I wipe the tears out of my eyes.

"Of course. That was pretty...intense. Even by our standards. I'll give you the energy you need," her warm voice reassures me.

I clear my throat and close my eyes again. I take a slightly more confident breath and do my best to block out all the negative thoughts. My breathing steadies as I let myself fall into a clear minded meditative state. I feel Lex guiding her reassuring energy to me. Helping me stay calm and focus inward.

How did I get to the packhouse? Not sure. I can figure that out later. Is any of this real? It feels real, but so did the disturbing scene in my apartment. So is this all still part of the vision? I have to know before I leave the meditation room. I don't think it's still part of the vision. I am pretty sure this is reality. What did Bronx mean by consequences? I hope I never know. Why would Marco hold Bronx at gunpoint? That could never happen. I just can't fathom it. How can we stop it? What led up to that scene? 2

Not finding nearly as many answers as I hoped inwardly, I let my essence spread out into the surrounding room, then out into the hall, and blanket the packhouse. I see pack members milling around. There is a general sense of worry and sadness coming from everyone. I concentrate further, extending out, not focused on any particular location or distance. A face comes clearly into my mind, but it's not Bronx. It's Leticia.

"Leticia? Can you hear me?" I ask, reaching out to her soul. I can feel her and her wolf. Her wolf feels worn and tired from years of fighting against Leticia. I want to help her, give her strength to keep going, but I know better than to attempt to heal someone if I don't know where they are.

"Iokaste? Are you back? Have you come for US?" Her voice is hopeful and expectant.

"Not yet, Leticia. I-I'm trying to figure a lot of things out. I will come to you when I can. I promise," I wish I could give her a hug for reassurance, but I still feel like it's too dangerous to touch her, even astrally.

"D-did you get my gift?" I can feel her smile, so full of pride, "The guardian I left for you? Only two more left."

"Gift? Guardian?" I ask. I can feel Lex pulling back on my essence.

"You shouldn't be here, Kas. Not yet. Not until you're strong enough," Lex tells me.

"I'll be back, Leticia. As soon as I can," I promise her again.

"Okay. I love you, Kas," her heart sings.

"I love you too, Leticia," I smile. I know I have only met her once before, but I already feel a connection to her. The need to do my best to provide for her swells in me, even if she does make me nervous. I should protect her the way she feels she needs to protect me. 2

I pull my essence away from her and focus back on the pack territory. I feel Bronx, sitting next to the Blood River. Looking sullenly into the scarlet water. He's only wearing shorts, even though the weather has gotten cooler. He must have just shifted. The position of the sun makes it look like it's late afternoon. Milo and Lenora are with him, also sitting quietly, holding each other's hands. Lenora has her hand on Bronx's shoulder. I can't help myself. Seeing Bronx look so glum makes it feel like my heart is being squeezed in a vise. I reach out and touch his cheek, making him bolt upright. He sniffs the air and I see his eye flash black, then back to green.

"Kas!" he yells, looking around, "Where are you, Baby?"

I send a gentle pulse of calming energy to let him know I'm okay, then slowly pull my essence back to my body. Seeing him and being able to touch him was what I needed to know. This is real. Not only is he safe, he's not alone. He may act big and tough, but I know better. He doesn't do well on his own. No vision could recreate that feeling of relief, knowing that he could sense my presence.

"See? Everything's okay," Lex smiles, "Let's go find our mate. Find out why he was sad. Oh and if I could get some time with Saint, I would appreciate it. It's been way too long since I've been able to go on a run with him."

"Yeah. I feel better. I will see what I can do about letting you have some time with Saint. You deserve it for how patient you have been with me," I say thankfully.

"You're telling me," she chuckles.

I smile as I sit up and look around. Everything is calm and quiet. Wait. No music from the weight room next door? That almost never happens. I wonder where everyone is?

Now that I am calm, I lean forward, put my forearms up on my knees, and concentrate on the vision. Of all the visions I've ever had, that was the most disturbing. I can't tell Bronx. I can't tell anyone. They are going to think I'm crazy or homicidal or both. Most of the time, the details fade way before I'm able to fully explain what happened. This time, the details are seared into my brain. I'm determined to keep it a secret until I can make better sense of it.

I take a deep breath and stand up, smoothing my clothes. I look down at my pants and think more carefully. This is what I was wearing on the last day at Silver Moon. So it can't have been that long that I was out. Right?

I can hear people in the hallway running and yelling my name.

"I'm in here!" I call out and take a step toward the door. They know I'm in here, right? Bronx brought me here, didn't he? Didn't he?

The door flies open and Bronx comes rushing in with what seems like half the pack behind him. He practically tackles me, picking me up like I weigh nothing and cradling me in his strong arms. I can feel my legs dangling in the air as he squeezes me tightly, rocking me back and forth.

"Will you please stop disappearing into thin air?" he huffs, trying to catch his breath from wherever it is he just ran from.