

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future

Chapter 195



Chapter 63

"Bronx, what are you talking about?" I ask confused, "You didn't bring me home? You didn't know I was in here?"

"No, Baby. I didn't know where you were. No one did. I felt you reach out to me, so I ran back to the packhouse. I was going to let Lady Camille know, but then I smelled your scent and I was able to follow it down here," he explains into my ear, still holding me against him.

He gives me little kisses on the side of my face while he talks, leaving little sparks behind with each one. I close my eyes and smile, grateful to be home and in his arms.

"I'm sorry, Bronx. I didn't mean to scare you," I apologize even though there is nothing I could have done about it, "All I know is I fell into a vision in the dungeon of the Silver Moon packhouse and I woke up here in our meditation room."

I feel him smoothing my hair and nodding, but he doesn't say anything.

"Bronx, w-what's going on? What's wrong?" I ask, sensing there is a lot more to his look than just my reappearance.

"Oh, Baby, I don't even know how to begin explaining it to you," he sighs, sitting on the ground without putting me down.

Once I'm comfortably in his lap, he finally looks toward the door. Reggie is standing in the doorway, blocking everyone from coming in. He looks expectantly at Bronx, his face is worn out and worried.

"Reggie, give me a couple minutes to speak with Kas alone," he says solemnly, "Can you close the door, please?"

Reggie looks around nervously before he closes the door, blocking everyone out.

"Two days? Bronx, I don't understand," I shake my head, looking into his eye, "I mean I know I had a vision but two days?"

Bronx smooths my hair while he admires me, "Kas, there are so many questions about so many things, especially where you've been the last two days and so much has happened, but right now, I need to know how you're feeling. How's your strength?"

The look in his eye is full of concern, not just for me, though. It's deeper than that.

"I-1 actually feel fine. A little on the emotional side if we're being honest, but I don't feel weak or anything. Why?" I brush my fingers across the stubble of his chin, wanting as much contact with him as possible.

"I-it's Ashley," he says in a serious tone.

"Ashley? Is she okay?" I knit my brows, concerned for my friend, "Lenora told me she is having a pup when we were on our way to Silver Moon."

Bronx closes his eye and pinches the bridge of his nose, not his usual face rub he does when he's frustrated.

"Kas, Ashley is sick," he pauses, deciding on his next words, "What the doctor told Reggie is that her pup has a different blood type than she does. It happens occasionally with humans, so they have ways to deal with it. It's extremely rare for werewolves and we don't. We have tried giving her two blood transfusions, but it isn't working and the doctor said it's dangerous for Ashley and the baby." 1

"You want me to heal her?" It sounds like a question, but it isn't. I will do it in a heartbeat. I try to stand up so we can go to the hospital wing, but he pulls me back down.

"Yeah," he sighs, "but I don't want to promise anyone anything. First off, I want to make sure you are strong enough. We know what happens when you're not. But second and most importantly, I never want you to feel like I am, or anyone else is forcing you to do something you don't want to do, Kas. Especially if it has to do with your abilities. I think it's easy for all of US to ask a lot from you without thinking of the consequences. I don't want that to become normal. Everything should be with your permission, Kas."

I look away from Bronx for a moment, trying to search myself for an answer. There's a lot to pack in there, "I, uh. I'm definitely strong enough. I think you and I can have the permission conversation in a little more detail later. And of course I want to help Ashley...and her pup...but can I change a blood type? That isn't something I've done before. I-I don't know. It's not that I won't try. I just don't know if I'm capable." 1

"It's your call, Baby," Bronx wraps his large arms tighter around me, "If you don't think you can do it, no one is going to be mad at you."

"Is Lady Camille still here? Maybe she can give me some advice before I try. I don't want to do anything that would hurt Ashley or her baby," I feel a little lump in my throat but I refuse to let my emotions show. Now is not the time for that. Now is the time for bravery and action.

"Even better, Lady Camille, Delilah, and one of your sister's who is a healer are all right outside the door," he gives me a little smile.

There's no way I heard him right. I suddenly feel very flustered.

"One of my sisters? I- wait, she's a healer? What's her name? Bronx, why didn't she help Ashley already? Why is she here? How did she find me?" I start asking my questions rapid fire as I stand up and start to walk toward the door. I have to meet her. Why didn't he start with that?

"Kas," he grabs my hand pulling me back to him, "Whatever you two say to each other, please understand, she had your best intentions in mind.

Alright?"

"Yeah, of course," my heart is beating so hard.

"Her name is Amari Curadora. She's just as excited to meet you as you are to meet her," he smiles and finally lets go of my hand.

I rush to the door and swing it open. Reggie, Delilah, and Lady Camille are on the other side waiting patiently. Behind them is a statuesque woman with fair skin, soft blue eyes, and wavy auburn hair cascading down her shoulders. She is smiling warmly at me.

"Iokaste?" she asks softly. Her voice sounds like warm honey. It is so beautiful, it takes my breath away. Everything about her is so familiar, like I've known her for my entire spirit's journey, even though I've never met her before. I gently push past my friends and stand in front of her.

"I-it's so nice to meet you, Amari," my voice cracks as I greet her. She puts her hand out, palm up. I place my hand in hers and she pulls me into a hug.

I instantly feel a connection between US. Eternal. Limitless. I can feel her ambient energy. Pure and honest and white. I want to stay in her arms forever.

She lets me hug her as long as I want. It feels so right to be here with her. I let my guard down and let some of my energy flow into her.

"Oh! Iokaste, no my dear. Not now. You can save that for later," she pulls me back by my shoulders and looks at me sympathetically, "You need to save your strength for what you are about to do."