

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future

Chapter 198



Chapter 66

Kas's POV

As I walk back down to the meditation room, I feel a little storm cloud brewing in my mind. I feel justified in my anger. While I need time to process all this new information, it sounds like I have only heard a fraction of what there is to know. I know I need to keep a cool head and hear everyone out. Flying off the handle isn't helping anyone. We've lost almost an hour to help Ashley because I had a stupid tantrum.

I open the door to the meditation room and hold my fist up in the air, unfurling my fingers. The women all take deep breaths and look around with relief. 1

"Lady Camille, Delilah, may I have a few minutes with my sister? I know you're trying to help, but this does not involve you," I stand with my hip cocked and arms crossed in the meditation room doorway. I watch the witches look at each other and nod before standing up.

Lady Camille bows to me silently before she walks out of the room. I feel a pang of guilt watching my mentor walk away from me without a word.

Delilah stops in front of me before she leaves, "Kas, please know that we love you. We would never advise you to do something we thought would hurt anyone. Especially anyone who is a part of Blood River. And I would never ever let anyone do anything to hurt you. You know that, right?"

A tear spills out of her deep indigo blue eyes. I wipe it away for her and give her a hug without saying another word. When she lets go, she kisses my cheeks and exits the room, closing the door behind her.

"Are you calm now, Kas?" Amari gives me a compassionate smile.

"No, but I have a friend who is very sick and the people who love me are telling me you are a necessary component in healing her. So, for now, I am calm on the outside, but inside, that's a different story. I won't let my emotions cloud my judgement regarding helping a woman I consider my actual family," I emphasize the word actual when I respond.

I let my words cut her for a moment before I continue, "It takes about five minutes to walk up to the hospital wing. You have that long to tell me what it is we need to do to help Ashley. Because of my outburst, we have lost precious time. I take responsibility for that, but now I need to do everything I can to fix it."

"Spoken like a true Luna," Amari smiles. She stands up and follows me out the door.

Bronx and Reggie look at US tentatively as we pass the weight room, but they don't follow. When we climb the staircase, I notice one guard follows us. The others stay at the bottom of the stairs.

I stop halfway up the staircase, "Excuse me, Arnie? Why are you following us inside the packhouse? We are only going to the hospital wing, not out to the grounds."

"Luna, I'm just following orders," he answers, but avoids my question at the same time. I squint my eyes suspiciously and look him over. He isn't wearing a suit like my guards usually wear. He has on the tactical gear he would usually wear if he were working on a mission for Reggie or Milo.

"What about the men at the bottom of the stairs?" I ask.

"They are assigned to the Alpha," he states simply.

"Assigned to Bronx? What the Hell is going on?" I ask, a little too briskly. Out of the corner of my eye, I see Amari shift her feet uncomfortably.

Arnie's dark eyes shift away from my glare, "L..uhh...I was just told we are on high alert protocols until further notice. They assigned Tyree and I to you and our guests while you're inside the packhouse, Luna," Arnie explains nervously, not expecting my sharp tongue.

"Okay, no offense, but why you and Tyree? Where's Marco?" I try to soften my tone slightly, but the little storm cloud in my mind is putting me in a bad mood.

"Marco is on leave for the rest of the week and James doesn't come back until next week, but he is helping advise strategy for the guards until then," Arnie tells US.

"Marco's on leave?" I feel my brows knit.

"Yes, Luna," Arnie nods slightly and looks at his watch, "He was put on leave as soon as everyone got back from Silver Moon yesterday but he and his mate have been temporarily moved to the suite next to your apartment on the fifth floor."

I feel my head jerk back slightly. Marco and Musu are living on the fifth floor? It doesn't bother me, but Bronx is very protective of who is allowed on our floor for security reasons. Marco is on leave and he and Musu are on the fifth floor? What in the Goddess's name happened? I am about to say something else, but I remember we really need to get up to Ashley.

"Oh and Tyree starts his shift in two hours, so you will see him for the night shift," Arnie smiles, showing off the dimples on his cheeks.

"Thank you, Arnie," I nod respectfully, then walk up the stairs again.

Amari tells me she believes she can daisy chain her healing ability to me, similar to the way Bronx can send his extra energy to me when I'm feeling drained. She also tells me I need to tap into more than just my healing ability. I need to pull the parts of me she calls mysticism to change the actual composition of Ashley's blood. Since she doesn't have any mystical abilities, she can't explain exactly how to call on it and harness the power.

"So, like magic. You think I can combine my healing ability with magic to help her?"

"I believe so, yes," she confirms, "and I think if you had not been introduced to your past lives, it would be easier, because you wouldn't know what you can or can't do based on history."

I don't quite understand what she is speaking about. Lady Camille helped me discover as many of my past lives as possible through past life regression and hypnosis. In many of those lives, I was a powerful warrior, celebrated and decorated for my accomplishments in battle. In others, I was a compassionate Luna. I attributed none of those things to being able to perform magic. I'm not a witch.

"Kas, for you, the possibilities are limitless. Which is an amazing gift, but it can also be a dangerous curse. Just like your witch friends, you need to remember to stay in the light," she smiles as we get to Ashley's room.

I take a deep breath, "Okay. Let me go talk to Ashley real quick. Make sure she's ready for this. I will let you know when you can come in."

"Of course, darling," she smiles patiently. Behind her, Arnie takes his place, blocking the hall from anyone getting past him.

I quietly knock on the door. Through the little window, I see Ashley's mom stand up and come to the door.

"Oh Luna! Thank the Goddess," she whispers, pulling me into a tight hug, " I'm so glad you're safe. A-are you here to help my daughter?"

I take her hands and look at her misty eyes. At this moment, I realize how important this is. Not just to Ashley and Reggie or any of their friends. This is important to many people in our pack.

"Mrs. Swanson, my sister Amari, and I will do everything in our power to help Ashley. There was never a doubt in my mind when Bronx told me she was sick," I reassure her. She looks so much like Ashley, with blonde hair and bright blue eyes, but right now, those eyes are filled with tears and worry for her daughter and grandchild.

"Thank you, Luna. Um, she has been in and out of consciousness. So you can wake her up if you need to," she motions over to Ashley in the bed.

I look over to see Ashley looking pale and gaunt, curled into a loose fetal position on the bed. It is a startling contrast to how I have seen her before.

I walk over to the bed and lean over the little railing, taking her by the hand, "Hey there Gamma. I heard you were looking for me."

Ashley's eyes flutter open, but not to their usual wide, cheerful look. She looks exhausted. The dark circles under her eyes make her look even worse. Her voice is soft and croaky when she speaks, "Kas? You're back? You came to help me and Katie?" 1

"Yeah, of course I'm here. As Bronx would say, wild werebears couldn't keep me away," I smile, "Who's Katie?"

"Oh, that's the baby's name. After Reggie's nana," she smiles weakly.

"I bet you already ordered the whole nursery, huh?" I chuckle softly, admiring my brave friend.

"The painters are scheduled and everything," she tries to laugh, but doesn't have the energy.

"Ashley, I-I just need permission from you to do this. Heal you, or at least try to heal you. I have never done anything like this. I don't know if anyone has but I'm going to try my hardest. You know there is no guarantee it will work," I explain to her.

"Kas, I know I'm in good hands with you at my side," her eyes blink as if her lids are too heavy to hold open.

"Okay, darling, let me go get my sister. You relax. All I need is for you to lay flat on your back so I can put one hand on your chest and the other on your belly, okay?" I reach forward and smooth her hair. She nods slightly and closes her eyes again. Mrs. Swanson hurries forward to help Ashley adjust her position. 1

As I make my way to the door, I think for a moment. When did I start calling people darling? I remember saying it to one of the little girls at Silver Moon, but it is not a term of endearment I have ever used before. I let the thought go as I step into the hallway. Behind Amari, Bronx and Reggie are sitting on the seats against the wall. Bronx has his hand on Reggie's back, leaning in toward him, whispering words of encouragement. Reggie looks like he's going to cry or puke or pass out. Maybe all three.

"Luna, c-can I be in there, please?" Reggie jumps up and begs me.

I look at Amari, who shrugs her shoulders slightly.

"That's fine, Reggie, but you can't touch her while I am healing her. You need to stand back. If you don't think you can do that, you can't come in," I say to him gently.

"Stand back? No problem, no problem at all," he says, before he makes his way in the room.

"Ready Amari?" I ask. She looks so calm and serene. I get the sense that is how she is all the time.

"Yes, darling. Let's help your Gamma."