

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future

Chapter 219



Chapter 87

"TH see if there's any residue on the wall and ask Delilah if she can identify it," James says after we've watched the video three times.

I still can't believe it. A shadowy outline of a person came out of the wall. A glass materialized in its hands and handed it to Kas. She didn't even look to see who it was. She just took the glass and kept on talking. No one around her reacted until I saw Marco look at her questioningly.

Sure, the mood of the meeting was strained, but whatever she was drinking intensified the anger coming from her a hundred times over and spilled out into the rest of the pack.

"Yeah, and what would have made the cup keep changing form?" Marco points to the screen. The glass vibrates from a regular juice glass to a heavy-bottomed hand blown glass. Every time she picks it up, the cup vibrates, changes shape, and the color of the contents changes. When I walk into the room, it just keeps changing in her hands when no one is focusing on it. The more she drinks out of it, the more you can see her demeanor change and the people in the room look more uncomfortable.

"Alpha, are you sure this dinner is a good idea? Maybe we could try to keep her up in your apartment instead," James says.

"No, I think a little normalcy will be good for her," I shake my head, 'Things have just been so crazy lately. Dinner with the pack will make her happy. Bring her spirits up."

"I think you're right, Bronx," Marco nods in agreement, "Maybe just having a minute to breathe and have a good time will make her feel better."

"Let me go check on her. Do you guys need anything else? I trust you're arranging extra security during dinner?"

"I already have it taken care of," Marco reassures me.

Kas's meditation music is playing when I get to the apartment. I look over the back of the sofa and see her sitting on her yoga mat in the middle of the living room floor. Her eyes are closed and she has a soft smile on her face. I smile, seeing her do something that is part of her regular routine. "So you're telling me all you had to do was smash that goop filled glass and that healed our mate?" Saint asks as I get in the shower.

"Seems that way, buddy. I can't explain it. Hopefully Delilah will have some answers," I explain to him as patiently as possible, "Let's just be happy that Kas is feeling better, okay? She's meditating. Clearing her mind. Things are getting back to normal."

"I guess," he doesn't sound convinced. I'm not convinced either, but I will not have him in my head, nagging me all night.

I lean my head back to wash the shampoo out of my hair, but I manage to get some in my eye.

"Shit!" I growl under my breath and I lean forward, rubbing my stinging eye to get the shampoo out.

The lights seem to flicker while I blink rapidly to clear the stinging. Without warning, Kas's sparkly hair is getting soaked by the shower and her vibrant violet eyes are looking up at me with concern inches away from my face. I jerk my body up quickly at her sudden appearance and almost slip on the wet floor. 1

"Bronx! Are you alright?" She cries, putting her arms out to steady me.

I keep blinking the stinging shampoo out of my eye, "How did you get in here without me noticing? You scared the shit out of me, Baby."

"I'll wear lead boots so you can hear me coming next time. I guess we're even," she tilts her head and smirks at me. She glances at me for a moment and points to my eye, "Can I help with that?"

"Yeah, that would be great," I say, still trying to catch my breath from the shock of her sneaking up on me. How did I not smell her scent until she was standing in front of me? 1

Kas pulls my face close to hers, "Close your eye."

I oblige and feel her press her lips against my eyelid. Not how she normally heals someone. I feel a warmth behind my eye and the pain from the shampoo disappears.

"I can keep going," she looks up at me as she pulls away.

There is that deep feeling again. The one when she was in the hospital wing after she almost drowned in the pool. Like she has tapped into something more than just her essence. It almost feels like I'm being pulled in. Mesmerized by the complexity of it.

"You mean keep kissing me? Because we can't be late for dinner, Baby," I realize my hands are already on her waist and I have pulled her closer to me.

"No, I mean, I can keep going and heal the other eye," she smiles softly as she watches me process what she just said.

"I-1 don't know, Kas. It seems dangerous. What if something goes wrong?" I sigh as I look at her through the water drops.

"Nothing's going to go wrong. I can do it, Bronx. Don't you trust me?" she asks. She looks like I've hurt her feelings. I feel a pang in my heart when she looks at me with her violet eyes and little frown.

"Bronx I promised Lex I would try to convince you. It was important to her. As much as I hate to say it, what do we have to lose? We're already missing an eyeball," Saint says, finally giving in to the idea.

I sigh deeply and search my mind for any way out of this. Yes, I trust Kas with my life, but I don't trust magic. I know she says healing is not magic, but I really can't tell the difference. Making my eye stop stinging from shampoo is one thing. Creating a new eyeball is completely different.

"Alright. What do I have to do, Kas?" I look down at her with a half-hearted smile. Even with the water matting her sparkly silver hair to her head, she is beautiful. I can sense the love she feels for me, "Do we go into the bedroom so you can put your hands on me like when you healed my scars?"

"Let's try something a little different this time," her smile changes from one of happiness to one that is more lustful.

Kas has me sit on the built in tile seat of the shower so she and eye are closer to eye level. She stands between my legs and slowly puts her hands on either side of my head, bringing my face to close to hers. I feel a smile come to my face as I put my hands lazily around her waist. 4

"I don't know if this will hurt or not, but I just need you to concentrate, Bronx," she breathes against my skin as she moves closer to me. I feel her lips brush against my cheek as she whispers, making me shiver.

She tilts her head slightly and gives me the slightest of kisses, keeping her hands on the side of my face. She leans in and kisses me again and again. Each kiss becomes deeper and more passionate. The warmth of her mouth against mine combined with the sparks of our mate bond is a sensation I can't even describe. As our kiss becomes more intense, so does the heat from her hands on either side of my head.

I feel myself getting excited and my breathing gets heavier as she pulls my face closer to hers, letting my tongue share space with her mouth. I pick her up and set her on my lap so she's straddling me. Sparks come off of every inch of skin we have in contact.

I open my eye, not surprised to see a bright purple aura surrounding US before I close it again, letting myself relax in the moment with her. The deeper she kisses me and the hotter her hands get on the side of my head, the more I feel a dull pain behind my eye that gets sharper and sharper by the second. I imagine a laser honing in to cut metal as the pain becomes more intense.

Saint howls in my mind, "Bronx, make her stop. Holy shit! This is not worth it!"

He's right. I feel ringing in my ears and the pain is throbbing intensely where my eye used to be. My arms shaking involuntarily and if I wasn't already sitting, I feel like my legs are going to give out. I don't know what Kas is doing, but it isn't working.

I pull away from the kiss, "Kas, I can't. It's too much. I can't do it."

She leans her forehead against mine, taking a few ragged breaths before she looks up at me again. She looks tired, but her violet eyes are shining with joy, "Are you sure about that?"

She unwraps her legs from around me and stands up, turning off the water, "Wait here, Sweetheart."

I watch her get towels for US, but something is off. A disorienting feeling like my peripheral vision has gotten wider. I feel dizzy, unsure if I should stand up. It feels like the world is twice as bright and colors are twice as rich as they were a few minutes ago.

Kas wraps the towel around me and pulls me out of the shower with both hands. She takes me to the vanity and wipes the steam away.

"Holy shit," I whisper as I stare at myself, "Kas, you did it."

I blink my eyes in the mirror. Both of them. That's right. Both of my green eyes blink in the mirror as I look at myself in disbelief. Seven years after the witch stole it out of my head, multiple surgeries to repair damage from the silver blade, and I have a perfectly functioning eyeball on the left side of my face. All thanks to my amazing mate.

I watch Kas through the mirror as she leans against the vanity with a tired, smug look on her face, "Next time, we're getting that silver out of your liver."

I nod as I look back at myself and touch the skin below my eye. I can't believe it.