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Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future chapter 94

Kas's POV

"Kas, you're sure about this, right?" Lex asks while I get changed into fresh clothes, "I mean, I agree with your decision, but I just want to make sure this is what you really want to do. We don't know if it's going to work."

"I'm sure, Lex. We have to try. I only have to live long enough to give birth to Cora. After that, worst case, you and I meet again in our next lifetime," I say resolutely, "You have my back, right?" "Yes, I have your back. Jeez, Kas, you're such a badass, you know that? You're making this lifetime one of my favorites," she coos at me, "A true warrior child of the Moon Goddess."

I roll my eyes at her, "Speaking of lifetimes, hundreds of them. I understand why you couldn't tell me but you told me we have had like fifteen or twenty lifetimes with Bronx, with all things relative, that isn't very many." "Well, there are a couple reasons for that," she says sheepishly, "Sometimes you die before you meet him. Sometimes you die before I even wake up."

"Who was my mate before Bronx? I mean, Saint isn't even a thousand years old but you and I, our spirits, are ancient."

"I don't really want to get into those morbid details, Kas. It's the past. It doesn't matter. You have Bronx now and I have Saint. We love them very much until the end of our spirits' journeys."

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Morbid? I lean against the dresser and think for a moment. What an odd way to describe past mates. From the bathroom, I hear the shower turn off and Bronx gives a big snarling yawn. I can't imagine living a lifetime that I don't get to know this guy. He is perfect for me.

"I know technically I can't command you to do anything, but I am going to command you right now, okay?" "Ummm...okay?"

"I command you to never ever, no matter what, never tell me how I have died in the past. This is the last time in this life anyway that we have this conversation. I need to keep as many positive thoughts in my heart as I can." "Command accepted, ma'am."

"Thank you. Now let's go find Cora and Amari."

Bronx comes into the closet room, with a towel wrapped low around his waist, and gives me a kiss before he chooses what to wear for the day. I admire his hard chest and abs and smile at the tattoos that blanket his skin like a work of art.

"Yeah, the sooner the better. I want to get back so we can spend time with Saint," she purrs, sending dirty images of things she wants to do with him. "Earth to Kas. What are you thinking about?" Bronx is waving his hand in front of my face, "I've been talking to you for like five minutes."

"I-oh-I was th-thinking about- I-hmm," I clear my throat while Lex laughs. Bronx smirks as I stumble over my words, too flustered to tell him what Lex is up to. "BUSTED! she howls at my expense. I compose myself, then give Bronx a kiss, and let him know I am going to see my sisters and leave before I can embarrass myself further.

"LEX! Knock it off!" I laugh at her as we walk down the hall with Tyree.

"You alright, Luna?" Tyree asks, looking at me with concern.

"Oh, just my wolf being vulgar," I smirk at him.

"TMI, Luna," he averts his eyes as we walk to the second floor. I see a flush come through his dark complexion. "Hey, you asked!" Now I laugh at him. He scrunches his face, regretting asking his question. I didn't figure him as a modest guy.

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He just shakes his head, "You're my Luna. Do you know what my mom would do if I told her you were talking to me like this? Just casually walking down the hall, talking about your horny Luna wolf? She would drag me to the Northern border and bury me six feet under with her own four paws."

"Sorry, Tyree. I will do my best to not upset your mom," I smirk at him.

When we finally get to Cora's suite, I knock and wait patiently. I can hear her moving around in the room, but she doesn't come to the door.

"Cora? It's Kas. You wanted to see me?"] call out.

I hear furniture moving, "Mia stigmi! [One moment]"

I look at Tyree, who shrugs at me, but he listens closer to the door as well. Finally, Cora cracks the door open enough to peek one scarlet eye out at us. "Please come in now, Kas. Antras nkarnt episis? [The male guard too?]" she looks at Tyree.

"No, he will wait in the hall. I can mind link him if there are any concerns," I smile at her. She nods and pulls me into the room without fully opening the door, closing it quickly behind her.

I look around to see she has completely rearranged the room. She has moved even the heavy furniture to make a nest of bedding, with the furniture forming a protective barrier around it in the center of the room. The room smells musky, like she has been shifting and spending time in wolf form in the room. "C-Cora, don't you feel safe here?" I look at her with worry.

"Blood River is a good pack," she says plainly, "I will never speak against my sisters, Kas."

She doesn't need to say more. She doesn't trust the other Mana leaders, but she won't speak ill of them either. She takes my hand and makes our way to the middle of her bedding nest before she sits down cross-legged in the center, then pulls me down into her lap just like Bronx does. I let her put her arms around me and rock me slowly. She hums a lullaby that makes me feel sleepy. I recognize the interaction as something Lenora does to soothe Codi. "Cora, why does the song sound familiar?" I ask, letting myself lean heavily against her chest.

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"Greek lullaby. Ancient song I keep alive for you," she says.

"Thank you," I smile at the sweet sentiment, "Cora, why can I understand

Greek when you speak it to me? I never learned Greek."

"Iokaste, your language is Greek for hundred years and hundred years more.

You always have known it. You come from me and I come from you. That is why you know it when I speak."

"Oh. Is that how you can mind link me as well?"

"Not mind link. Only a link between us. Special for sister, who is my daughter and my mother," she replies, patiently answering my questions.

We fall into a comfortable silence while she rocks me. I have only ever felt this safe and relaxed in Bronx's arms before. I feel like I am supposed to be here. In Cora's arms and her in mine. Our energies flow between each other as if it is the most natural thing in the world. I take a deep calming breath and feel wet tears on my cheeks without realizing I have been crying.

"Iokaste, don't cry. You are strong, but I am here for you. Always," she pulls me away from her just far enough to look me in the eye.

"This life has been so...violent...Cora. You and Bronx make me feel safe. I'm crying because I'm happy," I try to speak as plainly as possible to match her cadence.

"Okay. Only happy crying is allowed, then," She says with a smile. She kisses my forehead gently and pulls me back to her chest.

"Cora, when I was in the waiting room and I touched your hand. I had a memory of us fighting side by side. Was it real? You sacrificed yourself for me. The pain was so bad. I remember I screamed, and it killed everything around me."

"This is a real memory. Giant War maybe?" she confirms, "I always sacrifice for you. You always sacrifice for me and are a good mother to me

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Kas. You will be a good mother again, soon.”

“You could stay here, you know. We could let you stay in the western part of the pack territory, it is very remote. No one would bother you,” I smile, trying to convince her to stay.

“I must go, Kas. Care for my Agrios. Make peace with our Mother to bless me again in my next life,” she explains, “Do not worry. Soon, you have me for seventeen years or more until Dante comes.”

I sigh heavily, “I understand. I’m looking forward to being your mother, Cora.”

She continues to hold me until the tears stop streaming down my face. We finally get up and leave the room. When we get to the hall, I take her by both hands.

“Can we get you transportation back to your Agrios group? It’s the very least I can do.”

“No, I will make my way. They will know when my time has come. You will know also. I am sorry now for the pain of my future death.”

I frown slightly. It sounds like I will feel her death similar to a mate bond breaking. I am glad she told me.

“This goodbye is only for now. We have many goodbyes together in the future, my beautiful lokaste.”

“Goodbye for now, Persephone,” I say and watch her walk down the hall to the main entrance of the pack house. “Stay strong, Kas,” Lex soothes me, “ You’re doing the right thing.”

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“So, she’s just gonna go...prepare to die?” Tyree asks, looking down the hall after Cora.

“Essentially, yeah,” I frown, “Then I give birth to her.”

All he can do is shake his head in disbelief. I leave him and go to Amari’s door. We greet each other with a smile when she opens it.

“Kas! A-are you oKay? You look like you’ve been crying,” she pulls me into her room.

“I just said goodbye to Cora,” I feel my lip tremble but remind myself what Cora said. It is temporary. I swallow back the lump in my throat, “Amari, I have a question about something you said to me.” ‘

“Of course, darling. What is it?” She pulls two chairs and we sit down at the kitchenette table.

“The other day, you said I was an energy vampire. Lex said it’s a slur, but what is it exactly? I have never heard of it before,” I ask calmly.

“Oh, that. Well, yes, Elexis is right. It is a slur these days. I shouldn’t have said it. The more politically correct term is energy empath,” she places her hands on the table as she explains, tapping her fingers lightly, “Traditionally, an empath absorbs emotions of people around them. A lot of empaths don’t realize it’s even happening. They have to learn to control the absorption, otherwise they become overwhelmed, angry, or even depressed trying to manage emotions that are not even theirs.”

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"I've heard of an empath. So what is the difference between a traditional empath and an energy empath?" "Energy empaths don't absorb emotions, Kas. Someone like you absorbs another being's actual essence, abilities, or mysticism. If you're not careful, you could drain them of everything."

I wait for her to say more until I realize there is nothing more for her to say. A spark ignites in my heart as I comprehend what she's saying. I have another weapon in my arsenal.

"So, not that I would, but I could...kill someone by draining their energy?"

"In theory, yes. I don't know if that has ever happened, though. Energy empaths are extremely rare. In a normal case, it's their only ability. As you know, you are not a normal case. I don't know what could happen," she shrugs with a sympathetic frown, "In other lifetimes, you would use this ability nefariously. That's not the case right now. I have never seen you this compassionate before."

This information is more powerful than she realizes. She doesn't know I have the abilities of the other Mavri Magea, too. I wonder how much energy I can absorb at one time? What effect would it have on me? How long does someone else's energy last? I put the questions aside at risk of sounding too eager.

"Do you think if I absorb someone's energy, they could recover?"

"Hmm, in typical cases, yes. I don't think an energy empath can absorb enough energy to prevent the victim from being able to regenerate. In an extreme case, it would leave the victim as a shell of themselves. I don't see how they could come back from a major energy drain."

"Amari, please help me remove the silver from Bronx's liver. He already agreed to let me try. I'm worried I won't be able to do it with the energy I have. Not after how draining it was to create an eye for him," I hold my breath, waiting for her answer.

She sits back in her seat, hands still on the table, and looks up at the ceiling. After what seems like an eternity, she looks at me again.

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"If at any point I feel like it's becoming dangerous, I'll stop immediately. I have to trust you blindly, Kas. You don't remember your past lives, but I do. I love you, darling, but I have hundreds of reasons to not trust you," she says resolutely.

"So, you'll try?" my heart beats harder. I can't wait to tell Bronx, "I promise I won't hurt you, Amari. You don't know how much this means to me. Thank you so much," my heart beats harder. "You're welcome, Kas. We're leaving tomorrow, so it needs to be this afternoon. I think this healing is best suited to happen in the hospital wing, just in case," she advises.

"Oh yes, yes. Agreed. I'll contact the hospital staff right away," my words spill out like water from a fire hose as I throw my arms around her in a crushing hug, "Thank you so much, Amari. I will have an omega come escort you so we can do a practice run through first."

"Okay, darling. You're very welcome," she chuckles, patting my arm to loosen my grip.

She gives me a guarded look when I let go. I can't help myself. I give her a happy peck on the cheek and show myself out. Bronx is in the hall speaking with Tyree casually.

"Hi Baby, don't you look happy," Bronx grins, holding his hand out to me. "Yeah, I got good news," I say in a sing-song tone, giving his hand a squeeze, "Amari is going to help me finish healing you. That way it won't drain my energy."

He looks at the door to Amari's suite tentatively, "Oh, she will, huh? Wow, that's...uh, that's great, Kas. Um, when is this supposed to happen? Katherine said they are leaving tomorrow."

"This afternoon. In the hospital wing, for safety, of course. Oh my Goddess, I'm so excited. Aren't you excited?" I feel myself going a mile a minute, but! can't help it.

"It's great, Kas," he says with a tentative smile. He rubs his hand on the back of his neck, like he always does when he's uncomfortable.

I decide to change the subject, when I see he is not as accepting of the idea as I had hoped, "How did it go with Katherine and Tessa?"

"Tyree, can you give us a minute?" he motions with his head for Tyree to give us space.

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"Of course, Alpha," he bows his head slightly.

As we walk down the hall, I look back to see Tyree further back normal.

"Tessa has agreed to stay. Katherine says she supports it, but I think that is just what she is saying. I don't think she supports it at all. We need to be really cautious with Tessa here, Kas," he says through a mind link.

"Don't worry, Sweetheart. Everything is going to work out. I can feel it. I'm sure of it. Not just healing you. I'm going to go to the hospital wing and plan with the doctors. Be there at three p.m. Okay?" mind link back.

He looks like he wants to say more, but he holds back. I give him a deep kiss and he sends me on my way while he goes to check in with Carly about some MasonCo business.

kk

Bronx's POV

"Kas, I feel like a freak show," I murmur in her ear, "Does everyone need to be here?"

Not only have my parents insisted on being there, Lenora, Milo, Ashley, Reggie, Katherine, Tessa, two doctors, and two nurses are in the room too, just in case something goes wrong.

"It's going to be fine. They're here because they care about you," Kas smiles as she helps me take my shirt off. I growl in frustration as she gives me a kiss.

"Lay down, Sweetheart," Kas gently pushes on my chest.

Amari steps up to the side of the bed, "Bronx, I won't mince words. Extraction hurts. The fact we're dealing with cursed silver, well, it's probably going to hurt a lot worse coming out than it did going in. Not to mention, Kas needs to go slow to make sure she doesn't damage any other organs."

I nod to the ceiling. I can't look at anyone and lose my concentration right now.

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Amari continues with her warning, "You need to be awake, Bronx. If you pass out, we will have to stop. We need your feedback in case something goes wrong. If you pass out and the silver has already moved, it could be dangerous."

I rub my hands over my face, * Wonderful. Wide awake, got it. Let's get this over with, please."

"Is this gonna hurt worse than that time drunk rogue Alpha tried to kill us?" Saint asks. °

"Probably, buddy," I say dryly, "It is cursed silver after all."

"Shit. I didn't think about it that way when I promised Lex," he grumbles.

"Saint, it's too late now. We just need you to concentrate, alright? See how many people are here? You want them to think you're weak?"

There is a moment of silence before he huffs at me. I feel his strength bolster as I let myself look at Kas and Amari, "Let's do it."

Kas and Amari join hands next to the bed. Kas's aura surrounds the two of them before Kas turns to me and places both hands on my midsection over the area where my liver is. Amari leans against the wall, looking winded. '

I look at Kas as she closes her eyes and watch her aura glows brightly. It's so bright, I'm forced to squint. A searing heat builds in my abdomen. The pressure of Kas's hands becomes more sensitive as the heat intensifies.

I grit my teeth and involuntarily growl as the heat turns into a focused pinpoint area. Saint paces in my mind while I feel sweat dripping from my face. My breath gets heavier and more ragged as I try to focus my attention away from the pain.

"Saint, I don't know how much longer I can hold out." I grunt in my mind.

"Want me to tap in?" he asks in a worried tone.

I hear myself groan loudly, and my muscles start involuntarily contracting

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from the pain. Darkness is creeping in at the edge of my consciousness.

“Let me take the reins, Bronx,” I hear Saint say.

“Not yet. I got it.”

“Listen, dummy. You don’t get it. Let me take over before you fucking pass out and our mate has to stop healing us,” he snarls at me, “I’m tapping in.”

I’m too weak to stop him. Saint pulls me back and takes control without shifting. I watch helplessly as he realizes how bad the pain is. His fangs and claws instinctively elongate to defend himself from whatever’s causing the pain. Milo, Reggie, and my dad step forward and do their best to hold me down as Saint

writhes under their grip.

“Almost done, Saint,” I hear Kas whisper into my ear as Saint howls in pain, “Hang in there, Sweetheart. I love you.”

I feel his rage, brought on by the pain, subside slightly at her words. He gives in the shaking muscles and searing heat of pain coursing through our body. I give him what strength I have left to help him through.

When he can’t take it anymore, the longest, loudest howl I have ever heard from my body fills the room, causing everyone except Kas to cover their ears and wince.

“How much longer?” Saint snarls at Kas. She opens her glowing violet eyes and looks at him, removing her hands. As soon as she does, the pain is gone.

“I’m done, Saint,” she brushes the back of her fingers over my cheek, “Please let us have Bronx back. Thank you for protecting him.”

I watch Saint take Kas by the upper part of her arm and lean her toward my body. His gravelly voice purrs at her, “Thank you, my beautiful mate.”

Kas leans her forehead against mine and closes her eyes as Saint lets me take control back.

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I feel better than I have in years. Everything around me feels more crisp, my movements feel effortless. My vision, improved by two eyes, now seems to be technicolor. An energy I haven't felt in years surges through my body. I take a deep breath and smell minute scents I didn't notice before.

I wrap my arms around Kas and pull her onto the bed. I nuzzle her cheek and let our combined ambient energy surround us. I don't give a shit who is in the room to see it.

"Are you okay, Baby?" I ask while I rub her back. I feel her nod against my chest.

"It worked?" Dad asks.

"It did," Kas's voice sounds strained. I pull away from her slightly. She looks a little green, like she has an upset stomach.

"W-where's the silver?" he asks, a little unsure of what just happened.

"I need a bucket," Kas says and holds her hand over her mouth. One nurse rushes forward with a bucket and nota moment too soon. She gets sick in the container over and over. It's the same black tarry substance she has vomited with other healings to get poison out. I sit up and rub her back until she's done. "The silver is in here," she hands the bucket back to the nurse, "Along with all the tar that was left over from Bronx's smoking days."

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