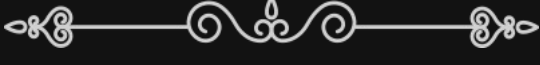


# Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future

Chapter 176



## Chapter 44

### Lenora's POV

As we approach the gates of Silver Moon, I can see Kas is struggling to take a breath. I reach forward and give her hand a squeeze. I'm worried she isn't going to be able to handle this.

"We shouldn't be here, Lenora," Justice whines in my mind, "We need to protect Bronx to protect the Luna. Please be careful in this cursed place. We don't belong here. Don't forget I'm here if you need me. I can run home in five hours if it comes down to it." 1

"What's with all the cryptic talk lately, Justice?" I complain to her.

"I don't know how to make myself more clear. Bronx is the key to protecting the Luna. It's what he was made for. We need to protect him to keep her safe."

I roll my eyes at her, "Okay. Clear as mud. Thanks for the pep talk."

"Kas, you got this. You're not the same wolf you were the last time you're here.

She nods quickly, trying to swallow her fear, "Yeah, Lex is basically saying the same thing."

"Justice isn't happy about being here, either. We just need to stick together. We are going to be so busy, this week is going to fly by. I promise."

"Yeah, busy," one side of her mouth turns up in a smile. At least she's giving it a chance.

I notice the security is more lax than Bronx would be okay with. I make a mental note to ask Elder Randall to beef up the guard detail while we are here. When we finally pull upto the packhouse, a frazzled-looking Randall is waiting out front for US.

I take Kas's other hand and look her in the eyes, "Breathe, Kas. I am right here with you. So are Marco and Tyree. You're not alone."

She looks me in the eye and steels herself, "Let's go."

I give Marco the go ahead and he opens the door, giving US his hand to help us out of the SUV. Randall waits patiently with several omegas who take our suitcases inside. The two guards who were our drivers follow them so they can do sweeps of our rooms and make sure they are secure. They plan to stay outside our rooms and make sure no one goes in, switching off every twelve hours. Tyree and Marco will escort US around the property and to meetings.

"Goddess," Randall says, bowing deeply to Kas. He takes her hand and kisses the back of it before standing up. I do my best to not snort as she makes a sour face and wipes her hand on her leg.

"Just Luna Kas, please, Elder Randall," she insists, sounding annoyed with him. The first time Kas was in a room with Randall, he refused to speak with her because he assumed she was a slave or an omega. Either way, he felt like it was below him to speak to her. Now that he knows she's a goddess, he kisses her ass every chance he gets.

When he feels like he has embarrassed himself enough in front of Kas, he greets me, "Beta Lenora. It's a pleasure to see you again. Thank you for escorting the Luna Regent."

"I'm sure you are," I snark, not holding my hand out for him to slop a kiss on, "Luna, where would you like to start?"

"Why don't we go to the conference room. Make sure we're all on the same page. If we have time, we can start assessments of the buildings that are not being used," she walks into the packhouse without waiting for Randall while she takes control of the conversation. I smile when I notice Marco and Tyree position themselves to force Randall to have to stand back from Kasand me as we walk.

The first thing I notice when we get into the packhouse is that it isn't nearly as clean as it was when I was there two years ago. There seems to be a film of dust on everything and a funky smell in the air, like they have not opened the windows in a long time. There are omegas scurrying around as we pass by, but no one stops to pay their respects to US.

Kas's eyes are slightly wide and shift back and forth quickly. I can sense tension in her building as we move further into the building.

From beside me, the ever watchful Marco leans forward and takes her by the elbow. I hear him murmur to Kas, "All good, Luna?"

Kas jumps slightly at being pulled from her anxious state. She turns her head and nods at him with a grateful look. She takes a deep breath and marches forward to the conference room.

We get right to work, making sure nothing is missing from the itinerary and making adjustments based on Kas's extensive knowledge of the packhouse and the surrounding properties. We decide to start on the fourth floor where the former Alpha's apartment and son's suite is.

Obviously, I don't know every dark detail of Kas's life. Especially from her time in this place. Most of that, she only tells Bronx or her therapist. For the most part, you would never know she came from such a dark background. She puts on a brave face most of the time, but as we walk up the main staircase to the fourth floor, I can tell how difficult it is for her to be here putting on that brave face. The mom in me wants to reach out and take her hand, but the Beta in me knows I need to be respectful of my Luna and let her take charge.

We get to the top of the stairs to find there are four young female omegas waiting in a line in the hallway.

"These are the omegas that will help US today," Randall motions to the girls.

Kas steps forward and looks them over.

"How old are you, darling?" she asks one girl with big doe eyes and long dark brown hair.

"Ma'am?" the girl looks at Kas, then up to Randall.

"I asked how old you are. And you can address me as Luna," she says gently to the girl, trying to express the child has done nothing wrong.

"I-I'm twelve, Luna," she stutters.

Kas takes in a loud breath and addresses the girls again, "Alright. Which of you is the oldest?"

A thin blonde girl steps forward, "Luna, I am. I'll be fourteen next week."

Kas nods slowly and rubs her fingers against her forehead before she turns to Randall. Her expression changes to one of anger. A deep growl comes from her as she snarls at him, it is Monday afternoon. I know for a fact that school doesn't let out until four p.m. here. Why are these children in the packhouse when they should be in class?"

"Goddess?" Randall gasps, taking a step back.

"I asked - why are these girls not in school?" she growls. Her aura is starting to glow dimly as her anger builds.

"I-I..." Randall's face goes pale as he looks around nervously. Not sure what to say or where he can run to hide.

Tyree boldly steps in between Kas and Randall, "Luna, we can discuss this in the conference room. Not in front of pack members."

Kas looks at him dangerously, but stands straighter, "You're right, Tyree. Thank you. Girls, you are dismissed. Tomorrow, you're going to school. If you're not enrolled, please speak with Beta Lenora and she will make arrangements for you."

I slightly bow my head to the girls as an introduction, "When we are done here, I will be in the conference room during dinner service. If you have any friends that also need my assistance, bring them with you."

The girls all nod nervously, looking to see if this is some sort of trick before they sprint down the stairs. For Bronx, education is paramount. If he finds out there are children who should be in school working in the packhouse, he is going to lose his mind.

"Luna, I would like to recommend that we speak to families with children first thing tomorrow. Give them the option to transfer to Blood River first so their pups can get back on track with schooling. I can speak with Gamma Ashley to help with registrations," I advise Kas.

"Agreed," she says, still glaring at Randall, "Let's get started with the Alpha's apartment."

Randall wipes a bead of sweat from his brow as he fumbles to unlock the door to the apartment. When he finally gets it open a blast of fermented liquor smell assaults out senses, making my eyes water. Kas and I look inside to see the entire place is trashed. Smashed liquor bottles everywhere. Furniture shattered and shredded. 1

"Great," she says under her breath. She takes a step in and puts her hands on her hips looking around.

She sighs and cocks her hip, looking at the floor, "Tyree, Lenora, sorry to do this to you, but can you two go through and make sure there are no files that we would need to take with US hidden anywhere? Aside from that, we need an assistant to catalog everything we take out of here. Find housekeeping staff, that are not children, to get all of this broken crap to the firepit out back. Burn it all. Marco and I are going to go inspect Ryan's suite." "Yes, Luna," Tyree and I respond in unison. I smile internally. My Luna is finally taking charge.