

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future

Chapter 177



Chapter 45

Kas's POV

The moment I realized Elder Randall had school aged girls working instead of getting an education made me want to call Bronx right away but I am determined to complete this assignment without him. I want him to know I can handle difficult Luna responsibilities without him needing to be involved. Besides, he is busy dealing with the Lenora look alike.

When I was seventeen, I was pulled out of school to become a slave in this very packhouse. Once Bronx and Lenora saved me, I knew I could never allow this treatment for any other werewolf children. There is no room for it in our society. Knowing that Elder Randall was the one who exploited these children infuriated me. As soon as I can speak with Bronx in the evening, I will let him know about expediting sending families with children and children who may have been separated from their families to Blood River. More importantly, the reason we were making the change. 2

I stand back and wait for the now nervous Randall to unlock the door to my former Alpha's apartment. When he gets the door opens, my heart sinks. It's destroyed. There is absolutely nothing salvageable. I had hoped there would be something valuable to sell. What if everything else in the packhouse is the same way? I have Lenora and Tyree stay in the apartment to look for any paperwork we may need to take with US. I order Randall to have adult omegas come, get the destroyed furniture, and burn it.

With that settled, I have Randall take Marco and me to the next suite. One of the few rooms in the packhouse I was never allowed to enter. It belonged to the Alpha's son, Ryan Connors. I stand with my arms crossed, feeling annoyed as Randall fumbles to find the correct key. Finally, he cracks the door open and waves his arm so I can go in first. I take a step forward, but Marco stops me. 1

"Let me do a quick sweep, Luna," he nods at me. I see his eyes flash black showing that Clash is at the ready if needed, "Just to be on the safe side."

"Thank you, Marco," I nod in response.

Marco swings the door open and steps inside.

I listen carefully, trying to avoid eye contact with Randall while I wait.

"Hostia m****a (holy shit)," I hear Marco swear in Spanish.

I furrow my brow. What could possibly be in there that would make Marco swear like that. I mean, he swears in English sometimes, but the times I have heard him swear in Spanish, it is because something is seriously wrong. I give Randall a quick, suspicious look.

"Goddess, I assure you, no one has been on this floor since the Alpha and his family were banished two years ago," he holds up his hands in surrender.

I roll my eyes at him and step inside the room. Marco is standing at the end of the bed looking at the wall where the television should be. The wall is plastered with hundreds of pictures of me. All of them with my eyes either cut out or crossed out with black marker. Some of them have my mouth cut out as well. There are words in red marker 'MINE', 'PLAY THING' and 'WHORE' written in large sloppy letters all over the place.

There are pictures of me sleeping in my old cot in the dungeon. Some of them are pictures of me serving food to the Silver Moon pack. Others are of me restocking rooms from the service cart. Even a few of me on my knees curled up in a small ball while his father whipped me with a cat of nine tails.

As I stand next to Marco, I feel my jaw drop and my eyes water. Behind me, I hear Lenora and Tyree rush into the room.

"What happened?!" Lenora calls out as she slides to a stop next to me, "Oh. My. Goddess."

Out of the corner of my eye, I see Marco grab a box from the ground and step up to the wall of photographs. He isn't facing US, but I can see him wipe a tear away with his sleeve before he tears the photos down roughly and throwing them in the box.

"Tyree, don't just stand there. Help me," his voice cracks as he talks, "We have to burn all this shit."

Tyree nods, snapping out of the trance of looking at the wall, and helps Marco.

"Come on, Kas. You don't need to look at this any longer," Lenora takes me by the arm to pull me out of the room.

Tm fine," I sniff as I let the tears fall, "I don't want Bronx to know about this."

"Kas-" Lenora protests.

"I said I don't want him to know. He already killed Ryan. There is no sense in making him angry by telling him about this. Once Marco and Tyree burn everything, it will be gone forever. That's the end of it. Don't tell Bronx."

"Okay, Luna," she speaks quietly while she shakes her head, "but let's still go out into the hallway. You don't need to be here for this."

I let her lead me out of the room and we sit on a bench in the hallway while the guards and Elder Randall throw all the pictures in the box. When they finish, Tyree advises he is taking the box down to the firepit to burn it, then heads down the stairs with the box securely under his arm. 1

"The only other room that should have anything in it is at the end of the hallway," I point down the hall, 'The rest of the rooms should be empty.'

'What's at the end of the hall?' Lenora asks.

'The stockroom. If there's anything salvageable up here, it would be in there. Most of the snacks are probably expired, but there are definitely cleaning supplies and toiletries that can be used for the new houses that are going to be built,.' I advise to the group. I stand up and lead the way.

When we get to the door, Randall finds the key on his key ring and opens it. The motion sensor light activates and turns on as the door creaks open. I take a deep breath, dreading entering the room. Marco steps in and gives a quick look around, then motions with his head that it is safe for me. Lenora steps in and I follow.

'What the heck is this?' she asks confused. She picks up a ripped pair of leggings, exposing an old blood stain on the floor.

'Those were mine,.' I whisper, feeling very unsure of myself.

Lenora looks at the leggings and then the floor. Her face pales when she realizes what must have happened to me in this room.

'Who?' her eyes turn pitch black as Justice speaks on Lenora's behalf. The only people that know are Bronx and my therapist.

Marco looks between US not understanding what is happening.

"Luna, WHO?" Justice growls again.

"Justice, it was Ryan. There is nothing that can be done,." my voice is barely a whisper. That's all I can manage.

Lenora balls up the shredded pants and throws them across the room in a fit of rage and runs out. Randall steps out to see if he can calm her down.

"Kas, wh-what happened here?" Marco asks innocently, 'Why was the Beta so angry?'

"Marco, a couple days before Lenora found me, Ryan..." my voice trails off.

I take a deep breath, "He raped me in here."

I look at Marco, wiping the tears from my eyes. He looks at me with a mix of disbelief and anger before he looks at the blood on the ground. He drops to one knee and takes my hand.

"Kas. If the Alpha hadn't already killed that pendejo [asshole], I would make it my mission. I'm so sorry that happened to you. I-" he can't finish speaking as his words get choked by tears.

"Thank you, Marco," I try to smile but I can't, "Thank you for your dedication. I know you are always there for me, but in this case, I need you to find it in you to release the anger and the need for revenge from your heart. There is no one left to blame. There is no way to get revenge."

He sighs heavily as he wipes the last of his tears from his eyes, "Is there anyone else? That did that to you, I mean."

"No, it was just him. Just that one time,." I reassure him.

He nods slowly, "You wouldn't lie to me?"

"No Marco, I wouldn't lie to you,." I shake my head, "Let's get out of this room. We can have the housekeeping staff pack up the supplies we send back to Blood River."