

# Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future

Chapter 178



## Chapter 46

Marco and I get to the main floor and meet up with Lenora and Tyree, who are coming in from outside with Randall following behind them.

"Are you alright, Lenora?" I ask, taking her hands in mine.

"Yes, sorry. Justice got the best of me. Doesn't haven't often," she apologizes. 3

"It happens to the best of US. I appreciate her fervor," I smile as I reassure my stoic Beta, "Let's get you set up in the conference room. I have a feeling you are going to be busier with school registrations than we initially expected."

When we get to the conference room, there is a line of young girls lined up to be registered for school. Some look nervous, some look excited, others look like their friends dragged them there.

"Oh, my Goddess. How many girls do you think there are here?" Lenora gives a shocked whisper as she looks down the line.

"I would say at least forty," I try not to gawk at the line of girls, "Marco, can you please help Lenora with the registrations. I will have dinner brought down to you two. Tyree, you'll escort me to dinner service, but come upstairs with me first. I need to call the Alpha and catch him up on everything from day one." 1

"I would be happy to help down here," Marco says. He looks at the girls sympathetically.

"You thinking about your pups?" Tyree asks, clapping him on his back.

"Yeah. I'd rip someone's throat out if they forced my kids to work instead of goin' to school like they should," Marco says with a growl in his voice. I notice him looking out the side of his eye at Elder Randall. The old man shuffles back from my irritated guard, looking slightly nervous. Technically, I should correct Marco and tell him to be civil, but I am in full agreement, so I let it slide.

"Randall, can you please have the pack gathered in the ballroom tomorrow after breakfast? We can make the official announcement about the packs merging then," I ask, but its more of an order than a question.

"Yes, Goddess. Absolutely," he bows to me and dashes off.

"Alright, Tyree. Let's go," I wave him up the steps.

\*\*\*

"Bronx, there are at least forty children. Not just children. Girls. None of them are boys. Randall just has girls working here," I whisper loudly into the phone, "We have to tell someone about this. I mean, I get other cultures and all that crap, but this isn't just sexism or discrimination. It's criminal. They should be in school. He can call them omegas if he wants, but it is slavery. Don't tell me it's not." 3

"Alright, Kas. The important thing is that you're doing the right thing and correcting it," Bronx tries to calm me down, "I agree with you. Families with children, especially girls, need to be transferred here as soon as possible. There is no way every girl came to the conference room for school registration. I will let Ashley and Reggie know so they can work on opening up housing for the incoming families. When we can get them all here, we will talk to the Council and see if there is anything they can do about Randall."

"Thank you, Bronx. Not just for this, but for your understanding on everything," I soften my tone, "So, how did it go with Tessa DeCaul?"

"Well, she is here and willing to work in housekeeping. Other than that, I don't want you to worry about it. You have enough going on," I can hear a chuckle in his voice, "For now, I have to get going. Carly is briefing US on the agenda for the meetings for the next few days."

"Alright. Um, one more thing before I let you go," I take a deep breath and hold it. Willing the lump in my throat back down.

"What's wrong, Kas?"

"I- um-1 had to tell Lenora and Marco about what Ryan did to me," I speak quickly so I don't lose my nerve to say it.

'You had to?' he emphasizes the word 'has'. 4

'Yeah, we had to go into the stockroom where it happened. Everything was exactly as I left it two years ago," my voice cracks now as my bravery

crumbles, "Lenora was so angry that Justice came to the surface."

"Yeah, I'm sure. She doesn't always show how much she cares, Kas, but she does. I'm sorry you had to go through that, but you're going to be alright. You can do this. I know you can. You're the strongest wolf I know."

'Thank you, Sweetheart. I have to pull myself together tonight because we are making the formal merger announcement tomorrow after breakfast."

"Can you ask Marco to record it on his phone for me? I want to get a sense of the reaction from the pack."

"Sure thing. We still have dinner, then the team is regrouping to discuss tomorrow. So it's going to be a late night for US too," I let him know, "I love you, Bronx. Good night."

"I love you too, Baby. Good night," he gives a sad sigh before hanging up the phone.

Bronx's POV

Hearing Kas had to deal with her assault and I couldn't be there to support her really hurt. I lean back in my chair and rub my hands over my face in frustration before I hear a knock on the door.

"Come in, Carly," I call out.

The door opens, but it isn't Carly, it's Musu.

"Musu, sorry, I was expecting my assistant. What can I do for you?" I lean forward.

"Alpha, I just wanted to let you know I found a little more info on Tessa DeCaul," she holds up a folder and her laptop, "I thought you might be interested before everyone else gets here."

I raise my eyebrow, "Oh really? Please, sit. What do you have for me?"

She sits down and hands me the folder and opens her laptop, "Please look at the first picture."

I open the folder to see a picture of Tessa looking exactly like Lenora. No contacts or blonde hair. It is a little faded like it was a long time ago.

"This picture was taken in nineteen eighty-one," she looks at me seriously. I look down at the picture again, confused. She looks the same age as she did in my office earlier.

"Next picture," Musu flips the page for me. It's another picture of Tessa wearing a poodle skirt.

"When was this one taken?" I scrutinize it carefully. She looks exactly the same.

"Nineteen fifty-four. Next picture," she flips the page for me again to display a picture of Tessa wearing a flapper style dress.

"This one is nineteen twenty-five."

I look at the picture, trying to process it in my mind. How can she look the same age in so many decades?

"She can't be a vampire. Can she? She doesn't smell like one," I look up Musu questioningly.

"Alpha, I think there is a possibility she is a goddess. Like the Luna."

I look down at the picture again, "One of the Manae? That would mean..."

"Katherine Santoro is also one of the Manae. Kas's sisters are converging here."