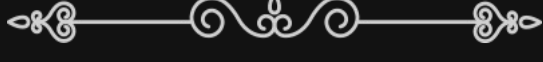


Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future

Chapter 179



Chapter 47

I spread the pictures out trying to make sense of it. Has she been reincarnated that many times in a hundred years?

"Is this it? Were there any other pictures?" I ask, looking up at Musu.

"I think I found one from the second Italian War of Independence, but it is very old. I can't be sure it is her," Musu turns the laptop to show me a

grainy image of a stern-looking woman sitting in a chair. There is a large man in a soldier's uniform behind her with his hand on her shoulder. It could be her, but there is no telling for sure.

"Do we know who the soldier is? He doesn't age either?" I ask, tapping my finger on the desk while I examine the image. I look down in the other pictures and see he is in the one from the twenties and the one from the eighties as well.

"Still researching, but it looks like his features stay the same, just like hers do."

"This stays between US for now, Musu. Until we can figure out what the Hell is going on. I want all the intel you can possibly gather before we confront Katherine Santoro."

"Yes Alpha," she says with a little sigh. I can see a touch of exhaustion on her face.

"I know it's difficult, Musu. And I am sure it's getting to be a lot of stress, which is not good for you or the baby. The offer still stands. If you need to take time off to collect yourself, we will all support you on that decision," I look her in the eyes while I speak to her. I think I give her the genuine smile that Kas always talks about because she doesn't look scared by it.

"It's actually babies, Alpha. I'm having twins. And if you think I'm taking time off when things are getting this juicy, you have another think coming," she laughs heartily at me, flashing a toothy smile. 3

"Twins?!" I lean back in my seat and put my hand over my heart, "Wow.

Double the congratulations, Musu. That's such a blessing."

Before she can respond, there is another knock on the door. This time it's Carly, with all her supplies for our meeting.

"Carly, please give Musu the names for any males who will accompany the Santoro Enterprises team. She has some research to do."

"Of course, Alpha," she flips through the pile of papers in her arms and pulls a sheet out. Musu takes it and nods gratefully, "I can email it to you as well."

"Oh, no no. I have a feeling the smaller the paper trail on this the better," Musu stands up, "Alpha, thank you for your time. Please let me know if there is anything else I need to know once you are finished with your touch base. Carly, thank you for the information." 2

Once Musu leaves, Carly puts packets of information on the conference table. I notice she looks a little more frazzled than usual.

"Carly? Is everything alright?" I stand up and walk over to the conference table to speak to her. She's usually able to hold her composure during work.

"Uh, yeah, Alpha. Just my parents. They are pressuring me to go with a chosen mate instead of waiting for my fated mate," she sighs, "Like I don't have enough going on. I need to worry about a mate right now?"

I pull out a chair and motion for her to sit while I adjust the chair next to her so I can face her, "They're just worried about you, Carly. You're going to be twenty-three, right? They see most of your friends finding their mates or choosing their mate, so it's understandable."

"Yeah, I guess," she says as her shoulders slump, "I know my mate is out there somewhere, Alpha. I don't want a chosen mate. I want to find the one, you know? The one the Moon Goddess chose for me."

"Carly, look who you're talking to," I chuckle, "I thought I was going to die a lone wolf before I found Kas." 2

Carly gives a little smile, but her eyes still look sad.

"Listen, I know better than anyone how much pressure parents can put on you. You're an adult and you can make your own decisions. If you want to wait, then wait," I shake my head while I give her my honest advice, "He's out there. Keep looking. And if that means you need to leave this pack to be with him, my schedule will fall apart, I won't have someone to remind me to take a break and eat lunch, and I don't know where I will find any important files, but I will figure it out. Okay?"

"Okay. Thank you so much, Alpha," she genuinely smiles now, before she looks at her watch, "Let me finish setting up this table. Everyone will be here in ten minutes."

I stand up to go back to my desk and give her space when she calls to me again, "Oh, Sir. I looked in my roommate's duffel bag liked you asked. Just clothes and a burner cell phone that has a dead battery."

"Nothing indicating her identity?"

"No Alpha."

"Alright, thank you. Oh, and don't worry, she won't be there long. You will have your suite back to yourself soon."

Lenora's POV

The breakfast served by the Silver Moon omegas is really gross. Mrs.

Miller's staff has spoiled me by constantly going over the top to make sure they feed US well at Blood River.

There is a knock on the door, and Kas lets herself in without waiting for me to respond.

"Hey! What if I was getting dressed?" I scowl at my Luna.

"Lenora, we have to be downstairs in twenty minutes. You have never been late in your life. There is no way you weren't dressed by...Oh, my Goddess. What are you eating?"

"Rumor has it, breakfast," I frown as mush my fork into the mystery meal.

"Oh heck no," Kas takes the plate away and heads into the kitchenette. She pulls ingredients out of the little refrigerator and off the counter. She looks up and sees me looking at her suspiciously.

"Get over here. You're learning how to make an omelette," she points a knife at me, then to the counter she is prepping food on. I feel my eyes go wide. Kas has always told me she is going to teach me how to cook, but I have always been able to avoid it...until right now.

I stand up and walk over to where she's chopping vegetables in the kitchenette, not sure where to stand or how to help. Is there a word for more than nervous? Cause that's where I'm at right now.

Next thing I know, I'm holding a giant knife, chopping the vegetables by myself. Kas patiently shows me how to crack the eggs without getting shells in the bowl. The correct size pan, how much heat to turn the burner, and why I should use butter instead of spray oil. She watches attentively as I pour everything into the pan.

She shows which spatula to use and how to tilt the pan just right. Before I can overthink it, there is a delicious-looking omelette on my plate.

"Holy shit," I murmur when I taste it, "It is like one Mrs. Miller would make."

Kas elbows me with a giggle, "Who do you think taught her? Now hurry up, we have to head downstairs in five minutes."

"What about you? Aren't you going to eat?" I ask, concerned about her.

"I am way too nervous. I will get something after the announcement," she shakes her head as she wrings her hands.

"Alright, but don't make me call Bronx and tell him you've decided to stop eating," I point my fork at her between bites. When we first found Kas, she was so malnourished from being starved by the Alpha, she barely weighed eighty pounds. Nowadays, she is healthy, but when she gets stressed, she has a tendency to forget to eat.

"Don't worry, Marco has a banana and granola bar in his suit pocket," she reassures me.

I quickly mind link Marco and ask him to put a second granola bar in his pocket for her. It's going to be busy from the time we make the announcement about the packs merging until lunch.

I put my plate in the sink and wipe my hands, "Ready, Luna?"

She takes a deep breath and straightens her suit jacket, "Yeah. Let's do this."