

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future

Chapter 186



Chapter 54

I throw open the door to my office, letting it slam against the wall, and pace in front of my desk as everyone else files into the room. My rage is flowing off of me but I don't care.

"Conference table," I snarl, pointing to the back of the room. James and Delilah quietly go to the table and take a seat. James looks at the table with his neck exposed to me. Delilah just looks terrified. I don't think I have ever seen her eyes so dark blue.

A moment later, Musu pokes her head in through the open door. Her eyes widen when she senses the anger.

"Alpha, you sent for me?" she asks innocently.

"Sit!" I growl at her, still pacing. She scurries over to the table and joins James and Delilah.

Saint is raging in my head, not because of a random portal opening in the packhouse, but because of the intruder who looked like Kas being attacked by a woman who looked like Lenora.

"Saint, knock it off!"

"We have to go after her! We have to help her!" he howls desperately.

"And how the fuck are we supposed to do that? You know where she went? You know how to get there? Do you know what she's doing once she gets there? Because if you do, you and I have to have some really serious conversations about withholding information from me." I seethe at him.

"Bronx, I don't know how to tell you any other way. You are a Guardian. Yeah, you need to protect our mate, but there are other goddesses who need US, too. I don't know where the Hell she went but we have to find her."

"You're impossible, Saint. I'm not even going to pretend to agree with you because I don't understand...at all. Kas is our mate and our priority. All this other insanity is not our business. Well, it wasn't until it started happening inside my packhouse."

Saint groans and continues pacing restlessly, but doesn't argue with me again.

I know I need to calm down before I speak to the people sitting at my conference table. Anything that comes out of my mouth right now will be fueled by an anger that shouldn't be directed at them.

Reggie appears in the doorway, "Alpha, Milo's on his way. He should be here in ten minutes. It was Tessa, without the wig and contacts. Don't worry, we caught her."

"Good. Sit," I point to the table. The news feeds me a sense of satisfaction, but it does nothing for my temper. I take a breath and go stand at the head of the table, gripping the back of the chair tightly. I'm not sure how long it has been, but my patience is dissolving as I wait for Milo.

"Before Milo and Tessa get here...What the fuck just happened out there? How did that imposter of my mate breach our security? How was she able to create a portal inside MY packhouse?" No one answers me, making me even more angry. I slam my fist on the table, shaking the room, creating an indent in the oak table. So much for controlling my temper. 1

"A-Alpha, I-I," Delilah speaks. James holds her hand to give her support.

"What is it Delilah?" I snarl, staring her down.

"Alpha, I placed wards over the packhouse grounds as soon as the Luna reappeared from the pool," she looks like she is going to cry but she keeps speaking, "Anyone who could have magic strong enough to get through them must be extremely powerful or using very dark magic."

"So that person impersonating Kas is a dark witch? Is that what you're saying?" I ask, putting my hands on my hips.

"I don't know for sure, but I will say, naturally occurring portals are always white. Her portal being violet instead of white would indicate it is not a natural ability for her. She had to gain it somehow. Gaining powerful magic like that is not usually of a light persuasion, Sir."

"Dark magic. That's what Musu's research has shown for the past year now. Delilah, Lady Camille is still here, right?"

"Yes, Alpha."

I put my head up and look at the ceiling, trying to think. There aren't any answers up there.

"James, take your mate to her appointment, then bring Lady Camille here. We need her and Delilah to boost those wards. That is, if you're able to Delilah, with everything considered," I allude to her pregnancy without actually saying it, "Don't put yourself at risk."

"Yes, Alpha," James responds, sounding grateful to be excused from the room. He stands up and walks out. Delilah pulls his hand, stopping him.

"Alpha, I will do my best and I-I'm sorry I hit you with that spell. I aimed it at that intruder. I-I was trying to stop her from escaping," she sounds like she is going to cry at any second. I finally stop looking at the ceiling and look at her.

"It's alright, Delilah. You did the right thing. I know it goes against your morals to attack someone. If anyone can handle it, it's me. I appreciate your dedication to Blood River and loyalty to Kas and to me," Her eyes are still deep navy blue, showing how stressed out she is. I listen carefully for a moment. I can hear her heartbeat pounding. My tone softens when I continue,

"Honestly, Delilah. You have nothing to worry about. You are not in trouble for using magic in the packhouse. It was an emergency, and you did what you had to do for our pack. You can relax." 1

She smiles slightly and turns to leave. James gives me a silent nod of thanks and leads her from the office.

I look at my watch. Twenty minutes until we are supposed to be in the conference room. I mind link Carly.

"Carly, make sure everyone from Santoro Enterprises is in the conference room. Including Persephone or Cora or whatever the fuck she goes by." 1

"Alpha, is everything alright?"

"No, but don't tell them that. Just stall until I get there."

"Yes, Alpha."

As I finish the mind link, I can hear a ruckus in the hallway. Reggie and Musu both stand up. Reggie touches her forearm and shakes his head slightly, motioning for her to sit back down. She twists her face in frustration but obliges.

Milo and one of the senior guards appear in the doorway, dragging Tessa by her armpits. She is wearing silver handcuffs. Her black ponytail is askew and her green eyes look wild.

"Let me go!" she snarls at Milo, with her fangs and claws extended and her eyes are pitch black. Milo and the guard ignore her and keep a firm hold of her armpits as she struggles against them. She can't shift with the handcuffs on. I'm surprised she's strong enough to let her wolf come forward at all.

"Let her go," I sneer at Milo and the guard, glaring at the woman. I feel my eyes turn black as Saint directs his anger at her, too.

The guard lets go of her, and Milo shoves her forward. I grab her by the collar and pull her toward me. I feel my breath getting heavy and I notice a purple aura surrounding me, but ignore it.

"The only reason I didn't throw you in the dungeon as soon as you walked through my packhouse doors earlier this week is because I promised my mate I wouldn't. Give me one reason I shouldn't snap your neck right now and tell her you took off in the middle of the night, Tessa?" Saint's gravely voice booms from me. I stare her down inches from her face, letting his anger flow through me.

The black of her wolf's eyes recede, and they are crisp green again. I have to stop myself from thinking I am threatening Lenora. This is most definitely not my sister. I can sense fear coming from her, but something else too. As I look into her eyes, I can tell she is much older than her physical appearance. She has lived lifetimes through the same eyes. She looks at me like she's known me for an eternity. Maybe she has. Mixed in with her fear, I feel a sense of duty and responsibility. I feel the soul of a warrior, a soldier reaching out, not wanting to accept her fate. It's like she feels as if she's the only one who could be in her position right now.

"Bronx...I-I...S-Saint...please...it-it's not what you think...Leticia...she's gone too far d-dark. I'm here to protect you and Iokaste. I swear," she panics and stumbles over her words, "Mother lit the harbinger lamp purple. I was trying to stop her. 1-1 wouldn't lie to you. I promise. Please. Please don't kill me."

I continue staring at her. Saint and I both try to decide if we should trust her.

"What's her deal, Saint? How come you weren't willing to hurt Leticia, but you have no problem snapping this woman's neck?" I ask him curiously.

"We are only responsible for the Mavri Magea. Contessa leads the Sentinel. She can kiss my fluffy white ass," he growls. 1

That was not helpful at all. Let's try this again.

"Sentinel? So she is some sort of guard or warrior or something?"

"Yeah. They all have giant sticks up their asses. Always worried about the ■ rules," he huffs.

I drag Tessa by the collar to the conference room table and force her down into a seat, "Watch her. Musu, follow me."

Milo and the guard nod and step forward while Musu stands up and obediently follows me. I move to the metal door on the far side of the room and punch in the security code on the pad to the left of the door. It silently slides open. I step to the side and let Musu enter first. Once we are both inside, I press the button to shut the door.

Musu takes a deep breath and looks around my private library. She spends a lot of time here, but she clearly doesn't understand why I pulled her in right now.

"What is Mavri Magea?" I ask her, trying to remember I have no problem with her.

"Uh, Greek. It can be dark magic or black magic," she nods confidently.

"You're sure?" I ask hesitantly.

"Yes, Alpha. One hundred percent," she confirms.

I sigh and rub my hands over my face, "Give me a moment, Musu. I need to have an argument with my wolf."

"Oh, uh, okay?" she gives me a confused look. Obviously, she gets along with her wolf.

"Saint, you said Tessa leads this Sentinel group, right?"

"Yeah. Uptight assholes."

"Is Kas the leader of this Mavri Magea group?"

"DING! DING! DING! Finally! Someone give the man a prize."