

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future

Chapter 189



Chapter 57

Tyree's POV

As soon as the Luna opens the door, the smell of blood is overwhelming. It isn't old and stale, like you would normally smell in a dirty dungeon. This smells like someone just sloshed buckets of it down the hallway.

How is that possible? The door was locked. I look over at the Elder, who looks pale and if I didn't know better, guilty. I send a mind link to Marco and Beta Lenora, letting them know I need backup. Honestly, the Luna can handle anything going on down there. Even if she wasn't one of the strongest wolves I've ever met, with her powers she can defeat any threat, but it's my job to protect her, not the other way around.

My wolf, Slayer, paces in my head, "High alert, my man. This clearly ain't right."

"Agreed, Slayer. Let me know if you see anything. If memory serves me correctly, there isn't a whole lot of room to move down there. We won't be able to shift if there's an actual emergency."

"Ten four," he growls.

I let him come forward enough for my eyes to turn black and extend my fangs. Just one step closer to shifting if we need to.

"Luna, stand back," I touch her elbow. She looks at me, trying to hide her fear, but her eyes are wide and her breathing gets heavier with building panic.

"It's alright, Luna. I've got this," I reassure her and she steps back.

I look at the Elder again. He looks like he's about to bolt like a scared jackrabbit. I'm probably about to get fired for this, maybe even banished, but my wolf and my instincts are telling me not to let this guy out of my sight.

Goddess, forgive me. I pull my handgun from the holster and press it on his back. He lets out a little gasp and starts to look back at me, but thinks twice.

"W-what's the meaning of this?" he stammers like a coward.

"You first, Elder Randall," I growl at the old man, pushing him toward the stairs.

"I-I'm sure this i-isn't, uh, n-necessary," still stuttering over his words, "probably just a leaky pipe or something of the sort."

I look at the Luna, who crosses her arms over her body and who shakes her head at me. She doesn't trust him either. Maybe she will put in a good word for me when I have to go to trial for threatening a member of the Elder Council. Maybe I won't make it to the trial. Mom will probably kill me first.

"Get movin', Elder," I grip his shoulder with my other hand, pushing him forward. He makes his way slowly down the stairs, protesting the entire way.

I feel the Luna close behind me as we make our way down. Out of my peripheral vision, I see her hands glowing purple. I know it's her way of protecting herself, but it still makes me nervous when she does that stuff. You never know who she is going to use it on. I'm glad she has never had to use it on me.

As we reach the bottom of the stairs, we can hear a child near the end of the hallway crying. The Elder looks around, scared to move forward. 1

"Wow, that squeaky door sure sounds like a child, doesn't it? Heh heh..." his face has a cringey smile to it.

"Tyree, we have to help her," the Luna whispers to me, "come on."

"Marco, what's your ETA? There's a kid somewhere down here," I mind link again as we look in the first couple of empty cells to make sure they're empty. I remember being down here to guard the Luna after the Alpha first found her. It is just as disgusting now as it was back then.

"Less than two minutes," he calls out, "Protect the Luna."

"Also, something fishy about this Elder. I have my gun on him to make sure he doesn't try anything funny."

"Yeah, don't gotta to tell me twice. Keep 'em close."

"Tyree, the crying is coming from where my old bedroom is," the Luna says. I look down to see her head tilted, looking down the dark hallway, curious to know who's down there. 1

"Luna, wait for Marco. He will be here in just a minute. We don't know who or what is down there," I warn her, "the more backup we have, the better."

"No, it's okay. C-Can't you feel the sadness? The fear?" her voice is barely a whisper. Before I can stop her, she walks silently down the hall.

"Luna! Please! Wait!" I hiss through my teeth.

"Hello? Who's there? You don't need to be afraid. We're here to help," she calls down the corridor. The crying stops and a child's hiccups can be heard.

From the end of the hall, a girl's face peeks out from a doorway. She still has tears streaming down her face.

"It's okay, little one, come on. We can help you," the Luna squats down, urging the girl to come to her, "How did you get down here?"

A look of fear comes across the girl's face as she recognizes the Luna. Even from this far away, I can see her trembling.

Just then, Marco comes charging down the stairs and steps in front of the Luna, "Luna! Stop! It could be a trap!"

When he turns around and realizes the face at the end of the hallway is a child, he holsters his gun and slowly approaches the little girl, holding one hand behind him to show the Luna she shouldn't follow 1

"Hello, ninita [little girl]. I'm Marco. I'm one of the new pack guards, so you're safe now. You can trust me," he says in the most soothing voice I've heard from him in the twenty-three years I've known him, "You can come out. We aren't here to hurt you. Well get you back to your parents. Okay?"

"The Luna did it," the girl whimpers and starts crying again, pointing at the Luna, "It wasn't m-me I swear. I-I didn't do it."

I feel the Elder shift uncomfortably under my grip on his shoulder. He looks back at me and whispers, "You know, maybe we should call security. This seems like a job for professionals."

"Who the Hell do you think we are, old man? Pool boys?" I growl into his ear. His body stiffens again, and he turns back to watch Marco. I'm dead meat when my mom finds out about this.

Marco slowly makes his way to the girl. When he reaches the doorway, he looks into the room and freezes. He instantly scoops her up in his arms, and holds her tight against his body, hiding her face from whatever it is he sees. 1

He backs away, whispering to the girl that she is safe, and no one can hurt her. Beta Lenora finally comes rushing down the stairs at the same time. She sees me holding my gun to the Elder's back. Her eyes widen, but she says nothing.

"What happened?" Beta Lenora rushes toward Marco, taking the girl from him. The little girl can't be over six or seven years old. She is covered in blood, but doesn't seem hurt, just scared. She grips onto Beta Lenora tightly, crying and begging for the Beta to save her from the Luna. Beta Lenora looks confused by the child's words.

One eighteen," Marco looks at me grimly, using the military code for a murder. 1

"What's one eighteen?" The Luna asks, looking between US, "What does this girl think I did?"

"Kas, come on, you don't need to see what's down there. Tyree and Marco can handle it. This child is terrified. Let's get this her back to her parents," Beta Lenora urges. 1

I look over at Marco. His shirt and the front of his jacket are soaked in blood where he was carrying the girl. A look of recognition crosses his face. Without warning, he grabs the Elder by the throat and slams him against the wall. Looks like I won't be the only one to stand trial.

"Why was there a little girl down here with a grown man?" He snarls at Elder Randall.

The Elder trembles under Marco's hand. The smell of urine fills the air.

"1-1 don't know," he whimpers. The Luna steps up, her eyes are pitch black now too.

"There's a man down there?" The Luna interrupts.

"Was," Marco growls, "Someone killed him."

"The door was locked, Randall," the Luna snarls at him, "You have the only key."

"1-1..." he stammers, his eyes are filling up with tears.

"Lock him in a cell," The Luna orders.

"Kas, let's go upstairs. We need to find this girl's parents and call the Council," Lenora begs.

The Luna ignores her and starts making her way down the hall.

"Kas! No!" Marco yells, but it's too late. She is standing in front of the doorway, her purple glow getting brighter and brighter until we have to avert our eyes.