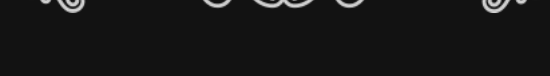


# Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future

Chapter 192



## Chapter 60

Bronx's POV "Ladies, Gentlemen, again, I apologize. This is obviously not a good time, but we will have our head doctor come down right away," I nod to the Santoro Enterprises team, not letting them see my genuine emotions.

"Of course, Alpha," Katherine doesn't look away from Tessa, who is sobbing and writhing in pain. 1

Reggie, Milo, and I walk as calmly as possible out the door, closing it behind US.

"What happened to Ashley?" he asks Carly as we jog down the hallway.

"I don't know, she was having pains in her stomach and they took her to the hospital wing," Carly whimpers, running alongside US.

"I gotta go, Bronx," he starts running faster.

"Yeah, we got it. Take care of your mate," I call out, "Carly, what happened at Silver Moon?"

We reach the end of the hallway into the main level of the packhouse.

"Beta Lenora said there was a murder and when the Luna saw the body, she fell into a vision," Carly informs me with tears in her eyes.

"Alright, I gotta go," I say, pulling off my clothes as I head for the front door, "Milo, you're acting Alpha. Don't let anyone in that conference room leave our territory. Say whatever the Hell you have to. Make it happen."

"Yes, Alpha," he responds, "Please make sure my mate is okay too."

"Of course" I look back at him as I take my pants off, "I will have her call you as soon as we figure out what's going on with Kas."

I don't wait for a response; I let Saint shift and take control. Before I know it we are sprinting full speed toward Silver Moon.

"You're such a dummy. I knew this would happen. I told you it was a bad idea," Saint snarls as he bounds across the countryside, "You shouldn't

have sent her away. She belongs with US. Not at that Hell hole!"

I let him complain because he's right. With everything going on, I should have kept her home and let her try to get back to her normal routine. I should have pushed the Council to give me more time for the Silver Moon transition so that she and I could go together.

About two hours into our trek, Saint stops to get a drink of water from a little stream in the woods. He lays down on the bank, getting his pure white fur dirty with the wet mud, while he drinks deeply, quenching his thirst.

"Saint, I know you're mad, but we still have a lot to talk about. I need to understand this whole Guardian business and how Kas and Leticia are involved," I say calmly into his mind.

I hear him huff at me, but he doesn't respond.

"Come on, Saint. You said there are other goddesses that need US to protect them. Please, help me understand what that means. Right now there is a really fucked up web that all leads to Kas. You know her, right? Our mate? All of this leads to her getting hurt or worse," I try to talk sense into him, "If you keep up this pace to Silver Moon, we will be there in two hours. That gives you two hours to tell me as much as you can. I know there are things the Moon Goddess won't let you disclose, but there is plenty you can tell me now. Right?"

He sighs deeply and shakes his fur out, which actually makes US more dirty. He takes off running again, toward his mate.

"Fine, I will tell you as much as I can but I'm still mad at you," he growls, "I'm doing this so it can help our mate."

"Thank you, Saint," I breathe a sigh of relief.

Over the next hour and a half, Saint gives me as much information as he can about the Manae and the famil/ dynamic. Most interestingly, Kathrine is the Luna but only Amari, Tessa, Cora, and Kas answer to her. The rest of the sisters depend on those five, along with their mates, to lead them based on their abilities, almost like sub-packs.

"So this Mavri Magea group. Kas is their Luna, but they are not part of Blood River? Where's their pack? Where do they live?" I ask, trying to understand the intricacies.

"Everywhere," he says simply.

"What do you mean everywhere?"

"They are spread across the globe. They live as lone wolves. Sometimes they have mates, sometimes not. They can live for hundreds of years at a time. When they need US or they need Kas and Lex, it is because there is a problem."

"Oh. Okay?" I think I understand, "Wait, they live hundreds of years? Does that mean we are going to live hundreds of years too?"

"No."

"Any explanation on that would be helpful there, buddy."

"I don't want to be morbid. Just know that we have never had that. We are warriors. So are Kas and Lex. Wolves like US don't have the luxury of time."

"Sounds ominous," I say softly.

"Can we drop it now? We are almost there. I need to concentrate on getting there,"

"Alright," I concede, "Saint, thank you."

"You're welcome, still mad," he huffs as he sprints through the thick woods.

As we come out of the woods behind the Silver Moon packhouse, we see pack members point and scatter. Saint's reputation precedes him. Besides, the last time we were here, their Alpha got banished.

We find an old trunk at the edge of the woods with some clothes in it.

I shift and rifle through the trunk. Behind me, I could swear I hear noises. I turn around and don't see anything. I sniff the air. It smells like rogues have been here recently. Doesn't surprise me, I'm sure security for this pack is lax.

I find a pair of shorts that barely fits and a tank top that is also small, but good enough to go inside the packhouse.

I see a young girl running through the hallway as I come inside, "Hey there!"

She skids to a stop and looks up at me wide eyed, "A-are you our new

Alpha?"

"I am. Why aren't you in school?"

"The new Beta signed me up this morning. I start tomorrow," a small blush and a proud smile comes over her face, "Mama said we get to go to our new home next month!"

"Well that's fantastic. What's your name, little one?" I'm in a hurry to find Kas, but I don't want to intimidate one of my new young pack members.

"Annie, Sir," she nods confidently.

"Well, Annie. When you get to Blood River, come find me. I want to give you and your family a proper welcome and introduction."

"Yes, Alpha," her smile widens before she turns and runs off again.

Alright, now to find my mate. I open a mind link to my team, "I'm here, where are you guys?"

"In the dungeon. Remember how to get here? Otherwise I can send Tyree."

"No, I got it, but I need better fitting clothes."

"What?" Lenora sounds confused.

"Better. Fitting. Clothes." I repeat, with less patience. 1

"Okay, I will send Marco to find something for you. Hurry up and get down here," she says impatiently.

I make my way to the dungeon, trying not to look like I'm rushing. I draw enough attention as it is, I don't need to add to it.

When I get to the door of the dungeon, I finally let myself sprint down the stairs. The scent of blood and exposed organs permeates the air.

When I get to the bottom of the stairs, I see Elder Randall in the first cell. 1

"Randall? What the Hell are you doing in there?"

"Oh Alpha Bronx, thank Goddess you're here. You're pack members have gone insane. Your guard locked me in here, completely unjustified, I'll be spe."

"SHUT YOUR TRAP, RANDALL!" Lenora roars coming down the hall. She takes a metal pipe and slams it against the bars.

"Leni, what the fuck?" I stop her before she hits the pipe against the bars again.

"Ask him, Bronx. Ask him why there was a little girl locked down here in the basement with an adult male who isn't even a member of Silver Moon. Go ahead, ask him," she growls, hitting the pipe against the bars with a loud clang.

I feel Saint perk up and growl, "What did she say?"

"Randall, what is Lenora talking about? Explain yourself," I give him a deadly look.

"I-I was giving him a place to stay but he didn't want anyone to know he was here. I owed him a favor. He told me he needed more information

from the pack members here. I didn't know he was going to pick a little girl, but I swear, he wouldn't hurt a child. He has a mate," Randall cries and blubbers while he tries to justify his actions.

"Who is he?" I growl. Without realizing what I'm doing, I grab the silver bars.

I feel my skin burning against it, but I don't care.

Randall looks at me and backs up, "Alpha, please don't hurt me!"

"WHO IS HE?!" I snarl. This son of a bitch is lucky I don't have the key to this cell.

"His name is Alexandras DeCaul," Randall whimpers as he cowers in the back of the cell.