

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future

Chapter 201



Chapter 69

There's a glint in Leticia's eye as she watches the words absorb into my soul, "Feels good, doesn't it?"

I put my fork down and clear my throat, trying to play it cool, "It kinda does, yeah."

"That's because there's power in those words. They are yours, Kas. You own them," she puts her chin in her hands and watches me more closely.

"What do you mean, I own them? A person can't own words, Leticia," I try to rationalize with her, but it seems fruitless.

"It's your faction, Kas. Mavri Magea is Greek for Dark Magic. Nowadays, I think our sisters call US 'The Dark'. Rude isn't it? We didn't pick the name. Mother gave it to US. We are the youngest of the Manae. And you are the youngest of all of US. Mother saved the best for last, I guess. Can you believe she had to ask permission to change the calendar just for you?" she chuckles as she shakes her head at a memory.

I push the vegetables around on my plate, "So we have dark magic to counteract how 'light' our other forty sisters are?"

Leticia tilts her head side to side, "Sort of. We keep balance so our sisters don't get any smart ideas and try to overtake the Olympians. And we can't help that it's dark magic. It's just who we are."

Leticia looks a little annoyed as she explains, clearly unhappy with 'The Dark' moniker.

"When you say dark magic, you're talking about what Amari calls 'mysticism'?" I ask, making sure I understand.

Leticia rolls her eyes again, "Yeah. I suppose it is."

"So, in the past couple of weeks, I've started to understand my abilities better. Are yours the same as mine?"

"I wish, but no. Each of the Mavri Magea has a specialty. Mine is traditional magic, but since I don't have a coven, I kinda work on the fringe by myself. The rest of our faction can harness their energy to do things like create heat or freeze time. Desiree even has the power of persuasion," She leans forward and raises her eyebrows, looking impressed. I return the look, even though I have no idea who Desiree is. The longer I speak with Leticia, the more I feel like she is on the verge of some sort of maniacal episode, but if I could give her guidance, I could rein her in.

"Out of the ten of US, you have a smorgasbord of everything the rest of the Mavri Magea has, plus the ability to have visions. Shit, what I wouldn't give to be able to look into the future," she muses, looking off into the distance.

"Leticia, I assure you, it isn't as great as it seems," I shake my head, thinking of all the terrible things I've seen.

"Whatever, it still seems pretty cool. PLUS all the abilities Katherine, Amari, Contessa, and Persephone have, you lucky bitch," she takes another bite of her food before she points her fork at me with a sly smirk on her face.

"Yeah, Amari mentioned something about that, but it didn't make sense at the time. You're filling in a lot of blanks for me. I appreciate it more than you'll ever know." 1

Leticia smiles as she chews her food happily. It's clear that she likes the recognition from me and feeling that she is important to me. I know she has no reason to lie to me and what she is saying aligns with what Amari told me, but it seems really unbelievable. I need to get as much information out of her as I can.

"Sorry, I know this is a ton of questions, it's just the first I'm hearing about all of it," I apologize, "Thank you for your patience."

"We have all the time in the world or until you decide it's time to wake up," Leticia says with an air of nonchalance. She puts her hand on my forearm. 1

I can't help myself. I close my eyes and feel a memory come to mind.

Leticia is standing in front of me in a dress that looks straight out of the eighteen hundreds. I look to my left to see we are hidden in a dark alley. The sound of rats scurrying around US makes my skin crawl. The smell of stale urine is strong in my nose. My eyes are glowing bright violet, giving US just enough light to see what we're doing. I press a rolled piece of leather against her chest. Inside is an ancient silver knife. She's the only one I can trust. It took centuries of setbacks to obtain it, but I know it's safe with her.

I whisper quietly as I give her instructions, "Don't worry, Leticia, you'll know when it's time. The balance of power has tipped too far. It's up to US to fix it, but my lifetime has almost run its course. They'll be coming for me soon. Be brave, my Darling."

I watch as she nods with tears in her large violet eyes, "I love you, Iokaste. Forever in the past and forever in the future."

I embrace her and give her a kiss on the cheek, then push her away, urging her to hurry and not get caught. I turn and quickly walk the other direction. As I come out of the alley, I bump into a large man so hard that it knocks me on my butt.

Iokaste? What are you doing? A gravely voice asks and a large hand reaches down to help me stand.

I look up to see Bronx, dressed in an old timey suit with a long jacket and top hat. His sparkling green eyes look at me with concern. Both of them.

I gasp as I open my eyes, pulling my arm away from Leticia's hand. The knife, the instructions...it was all my idea. Hearing her use the saying I thought was only between Bronx and I. I don't even know what to think.

"Ah, so you had a vision. What was it?" she puts her hand under her chin and looks at me quizzically.

"I-I was giving you a-a silver knife," I stammer, thinking about the vision.

"War of 1812," she nods and takes another sip of her wine, "That was an exciting life."

"Leticia," I swallow hard, "What did I want you to do with the knife? I mean, what exactly did I ask you to do besides fix the balance?"

"You very clearly told me to focus on clearing out the Guardians. I don't know how that balances power, but you were insistent," she looks me in the eye as she speaks.

"So, you killed Cordell Santoro?"

"Yes, he was a tricky one. Usually surrounded by security, but he finally went out on his own to get cash, so I could finally follow him. Oh, and I was able to get Dante Ferox pretty easily once I tracked him down."

"I see. So you've killed two of the Guardians so far?" I ask, dreading the answer.

"Three. Didn't you see Alexandras in the basement of your old packhouse?"

"I-I did but -1, umm, I didn't recognize him," I try not to sound stunned.

I think about the little girl who was terrified of me. Her words ring in my ears, 'The Luna did it.' She saw Leticia and thought it was me.

"Leticia, you said your ability is traditional magic. Did you glamour yourself and try to kill Bronx before he and I met? Back when he was in the military?"

"Well, that was me, but I wasn't trying to kill him. Think of it as practice more than anything. It was like you said. I just needed to weaken him enough so he wouldn't be able to stop me. I plan on saving him for last. It's going to be the biggest challenge for sure," she says, like it was part of a recipe book she memorized.

"Don't kill Bronx," I say quickly, "I mean, don't kill anyone else, but please don't kill Bronx."

"Well, if I am not killing the last two Guardians, what's the new plan?" She sits back and crosses her arms. She doesn't look angry, just waiting for new orders.

"I don't know yet. Just give me time to think it through. I will come back when I have a better idea," I smile as genuinely as I can, considering the circumstances.

She sighs and taps her foot on the ground, "Fine. I need to go to England to borrow the Clavis Inferni for a freelance job I picked up anyway."

"Thank you, Leticia," I breathe a sigh of relief and stand up, "I'm going to go now. I will be back soon. I promise."

She stands in return and opens her arms to give me a hug. I brace myself to protect from having another vision and hug her back. When she lets me go, I can see a little sadness on her face.

"Don't worry. I won't be long. A couple months at the most. I just have to get things in order," I reassure her.

She nods mournfully as I walk back to the door of the apartment. As I turn the knob, my vision dissolves back into blackness and I feel myself sleeping again.

When I open my eyes, I'm in my bed. Delilah is in an armchair next to the bed asleep, with my green and gray blanket covering her. 1

"Delilah?" I say softly, placing my hand on her knee.

She opens her eyes slowly and looks around before she looks at me, "Oh Kas! Finally!"