

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future

Chapter 217



Chapter 85

From the time Tyree knocks on the door, to the time her sisters walk in, it feels like all that negative energy that was filling the room gets sucked back out. I look over and see Kas looking back to her normal self. Did she just pull all that bad energy back into herself?

Katherine is gripping Tessa tightly by the upper arm. She leads her to a chair and sets her down. Tessa's eyes are puffy and watery and her nose is red. I'm not sure she knows what's going on around her. It's kinda sad. She lost her mate, got called out for knowing he's a pervert, had a blowout with her sister, and her wolf is a little loco. A crazy wolf never ends well for the human side. I almost feel bad for her. Almost. 1

Once everyone's sitting, Kas stands at the head of the table.

"Thank you for meeting US here," she says to her sisters. Even those few words, she sounds more like herself than she has all day, "I want to apologize for my behavior earlier. I let Elexis get the best of me and it won't happen again. I would like to continue the conversation now that we're in a more private atmosphere."

Katherine smiles, while her other sisters look down at the table, "Kas, I would also like to apologize on behalf of all of US. I should have stepped in and stopped Valor when she took over Tessa's consciousness."

Why is everything with this woman so calculated? I mean, it's convincing, but still. It doesn't sit right.

Kas nods, then introduces everyone. She introduces Musu as her historical researcher, Dellah as her business partner, and James and me as her personal guards. We all shake hands like a regular meeting. I see a tiny red light turn on inside the camera above the door. James looks down at his watch and gives a tiny nod.

"Now that I've had time to calm down and think things through, I would like to continue with my questions. Based on how things went earlier, I'm going to spare Tessa. She's had enough for today but I would like to propose something."

"Propose what exactly?" Katherine looks at Kas and sits up when she asks the question.

"I would like to propose that Tessa stay with US at Blood River until she's able to heal from the mate bond breaking. Her Frouros are welcome as well if they would like to be closer to her," Kas's smile is genuine and inviting, "This is based on one condition, Tessa. You agree to have regular appointments with our therapists. We have some of the best in the werewolf world and you and your wolf need help. I would be foolish to turn a blind eye and let you continue to suffer. It's nothing to be ashamed of. Many of our warriors see therapists. Even Bronx and I go regularly."

There's the compassionate Luna we all know and love.

Tessa looks away from the table and up at Kas, "You - you would let me stay...here?"

"Until you're feeling better, yes. Think of it as me extending an olive branch to you. As long as you're seeing a therapist and following their advice you are welcome to stay. Besides, I'm sure our trainers would love to have someone with your experience and expertise to provide special training sessions with our warriors and guards," Kas takes a sip of water from her cup and nods. Then sits down and shuffles her note cards.

Where did she get the water from? I don't remember seeing no cups before. My eyes dart around the room. There's no water pitcher or tray with other cups on it.

"Now," she goes on, "my next questions are for Amari if that is alright?"

Katherine gives Amari a death glare, but Amari seems like she's ignoring it and answers Kas, "Of course, darling." 1

"Amari, when we were in the meditation room, you told me you've lived through five of my lifetimes. How long are you able to live?" Kas looks up but has her pen ready to make notes on the card. Musu has her fingers ready on her laptop too.

Amari's eyes shift around for a couple seconds, "Well, we all seem to have different lifespans. My group, the Giatros, seems to average about two to three hundred years per lifetime. Healing has a tendency to drain your life force overtime, you see. Tessa's Sentinels max out at two hundred, but that is to be expected based on the type of work they do. I think one time Tessa lived to be over three hundred."

"Three hundred and forty-three," Tessa murmurs under her breath.

"Katherine's Mavens can live about four or five hundred years and Cora's Agrios well...Cora, how old is the oldest you've ever been? I don't really know."

"Eight hundred and twenty-nine," the red-eyed woman looks around the room. She seems like she doesn't like attention.

Musu stops typing and looks up, "Oh my Goddess. Almost a thousand years? H-How old are you now?"

"Four hundred and seventy on the coming winter solstice," Cora looks in the distance like she's trying to remember for sure.

I look over at Kas. Somehow she doesn't look phased by any of this. She takes another sip of her drink. I thought it was water when I first saw it, but now it looks like it must be juice. Where did she get that? I didn't even see her pour anything.

"And what about me? Why are my lives so short?" Kas asks. She laces her fingers and sets her elbows on the table.

"Well, I believe it's by unfortunate design, darling," I notice a tear rolling down her face. You have the lifecycle of regular humans to make sure if you become corrupt by dark magic, it won't last long. Honestly, your fate always seems to be tragic or violent. I can't remember a lifetime where you have lived past thirty-five years old.

I feel like somebody just poured cold water over my head. I snap my head over to Kas to see her reaction. She's only gonna live to be thirty-five?

She's got a poker face on. I can't tell what she's thinking.

"What about the rest of the Mavri Magea?" she asks blankly.

"Well, we're not quite sure. My guess would be seventy or eighty years old? They're spread around the globe instead of being close knit like the rest of us. We are never certain where they are, let alone how old they are," Amari shakes her head.

Kas clears her throat and takes another sip of her drink. When she puts the heavy glass down, it doesn't make any noise. Wait what? Wasn't that just a regular cup? I feel like I must be seeing things.

Kas leans back in her chair and crosses her arms. She don't have a poker face no more. She is very clearly, most definitely, without a doubt, mad.

"So, Tessa, I apologize, but it looks like I do have another question for you," Kas's voice is deadly calm when she talks, "You said you would keep me in the Waiting Room for sixty or seventy years. It wasn't just to extend my lifetime, was it. You wanted to see how long it would take to kill me off. You would have held me there for the rest of this lifetime, however long that would have been?"

Tessa puts her hands to her face and starts sobbing, "I'm so sorry, Kas."

"You know, Tessa. You make it really difficult to want to like you," Kas says. She's starting to glow purple while she takes another sip of her wine.

Wine? No. That can't be right. She doesn't drink. Am I losing my mind?

I feel my eyes go wide when Alpha Bronx's voice comes into my mind, 'Marco? James? Where you guys at?'

Oh shit.