

Forever in the Past and Forever in the Future

Chapter 200



Chapter 68

"Amari, what the fuck are you talking about? Kas is a werewolf. She may be a goddess, but she is not a hybrid, and she's definitely not a vampire,"

Bronx snarls at my sister. I feel his body tense up as he holds me a little closer, showing his protective nature over me.

I watch as Amari takes a step away from Bronx. I sense her fear skyrocket at his reaction to her statement.

Tm sorry to interrupt," I put my hand flat on his chest to stop Bronx before he says something we will all regret and address my sister, "Amari, I don't know what an energy vampire is and right now, I feel like I should care, but I don't give a shit what kind of vampire you think I am. This conversation needs to happen after I've had time to rest. Because I'm not making it through any discussions about anything without falling asleep in the middle."

Even trying to speak those few sentences takes everything I have in me.

"Yes, I think that's probably for the best," Amari says with a quick nod, "It will give me time to discuss my thoughts on this with Katherine. Bronx, please let me know when Kas is feeling better so we can meet. We will be in our suites if you need US in the meantime."

I watch as she leaves the bathroom, closing the door behind her. Bronx takes a deep breath once she is gone. I feel his demeanor relax slightly.

"They're staying here in the packhouse?" I ask sleepily.

"Yeah, but that's not your concern right now. Let me get you to bed, Baby. I don't want you to worry about anything Amari just said or where your sisters are staying or anything like that. I just want you to focus on resting, okay?" He nuzzles the spot where my forehead meets my hairline, breathing in my scent, "When you're feeling up to it, then we can figure out what she's talking about."

"That sounds good to me," I think I say out loud. But maybe it was in my head? I don't know. I'm too exhausted to tell the difference right now.

Bronx will understand. I let myself drift off to sleep.

In the darkness of sleep, I hear a woman's voice calling to me. It isn't Lex, but the voice sounds just as familiar as Lex does. Her voice is happy and inviting, like she is glad she found me.

I call out into the darkness to see if I can find the woman, "I'm here. Can you hear me? Who's out there?"

As I speak, the surrounding dark gets lighter until I am standing in the hallway of Leticia's apartment building. I go to her door and put my hand on the handle. I feel the vibrating energy as it easily opens for me.

"Leticia, a-are you here?" I step into the apartment and look around, closing the door behind me.

I feel much more comfortable and welcome here compared to last time. It's like the apartment remembers who I am now and wants me to stay. The accents of green and white are more vibrant, as if the decor is trying to show off. I feel the magic practically holding this place together surrounding me.

I hear some shuffling of dishes coming from the kitchen. I walk down the hall to the wide open modern looking kitchen. A short woman with sparkly silver hair, just like mine, is facing the stove. She is standing on a stepstool, reaching for plates in the cabinet.

"Hello lokaste! Can you please stir the sauce? Dinner will be ready in just a few minutes," she says without turning around. There is no doubt now, this is Leticia. Her voice was the one calling me in through the dark.

I move next to her and pick up the spoon next to a pan on the stove. There is a creamy rose sauce in the pan. Next to it, there is another pan with some sort of white fish that has a beautiful brown crust to it.

"This smells delicious, Leticia," I compliment her. I take a little taste from the spoon. It's just as good as it smells.

"Thank you, I learned from the master," she steps down from the stool with two plates in her hands and gives me a wink.

"So, I take it I'm here because you summoned me somehow?" I ask tentatively.

"I did! I figured out how to bring you here without creating a portal or you having to be under hypnosis. Isn't that great!?" She sounds so proud of herself.

"That is great, Leticia. Good job. I appreciate your effort," I spoon the sauce over the fish and vegetables she has added to the plate, "So, uh, why exactly am I here? Not that it's a problem but I assume you have some sort of update for me?"

"Well, I realized when I found you while you were meditating, our sisters have been holding back a lot of information from you. I wanted to bring you here, so we can talk uninterrupted. Without their influence. I have known them long enough to know they will try to manipulate you, lokaste," she sounds very matter of fact, as if she has been planning out what she should say to me.

"Leticia, please call me Kas. You're my sister. There's no need to be so formal."

She takes the plates from me and gives me a curious look, "If you insist, but you know if we are using magic, I need to use the name Mother gave you"

"Oh, yes, I'm aware," I confirm for her. She nods and walks toward a breakfast nook.

I pick up a water pitcher from the counter and two glasses before following her to the small dining table. Once we settle into our seats, Leticia waves her hand in front of her glass, turning it into a goblet of wine.

"Want some?" she smiles while taking a sip.

"Oh, no thank you. I don't really drink much."

"Suit yourself. So, Kas, when you told me you didn't know about the Guardians the other day, I realized I had to step in and catch you up on a lot of information about us. Well, about you specifically and our beloved sisters," she rolls her eyes when she says beloved.

Interesting. I have been searching for answers for so long. Now someone is finally going to just give them to me. This seems too good to be true.

"Alright, I'm listening," I take a bite of my food, ready to get some straightforward answers. However skewed her version of reality is, I don't feel like Leticia will lie to me. I need to hear her out, then figure out on my own how much to believe.

"Well, I know you know there are fifty Manae. Did you know Mother has US split into five factions? Ten sisters each. You, Katherine, Amari, Tessa, and Cora are our leaders. The Guardians are your mates. Mother tasks them to protect their respective factions. In your case, Bronx. He is the strongest of the five Guardians because you are the strongest of the fifty Manae."

I lean back in my seat and take a sip of water, taking a moment to process this new information. It never occurred to me that Bronx was so involved in this or that I could be the strongest of anything.

Tm a leader? I mean, beyond Blood River? Amari mentioned something about different sisters having unique abilities, but she didn't mention factions."

"Ah, of course she didn't. Amari hates conflict. It's the healer in her. She thinks referring to our groups as factions creates too much division between all of US. But honestly, it's the easiest way to describe it."

I nod with understanding at her explanation. Hearing that I'm the strongest of fifty goddesses still seems a little unbelievable, but I don't have a reason to question her.

"Katherine is technically our Luna, but that's bullshit. The Mavri Magea doesn't answer to her. We never have. We answer to you. You're the only one that's ever been able to put her in her place. Well, except for maybe Bronx but he usually tries to stay out of it."

I stop mid-bite. Mavri Magea. The words create a spark in my chest. It feels deep and comforting, like it has always been there, but I forgot how to find it. There is also a dangerous sensation to it, like I forgot how to find it on purpose. I feel a heat inside me as I try the words out, "Mavri Magea?"

The foreign language fits perfectly on my tongue, falling from my lips, feeling completely natural. Saying them out loud gives me a renewed sense of. I'm not sure what. Purpose? Responsibility? A new way to define myself? Regardless, it feels a little messy but in a good way, like I am finally moving in the right direction. Yeah, that's it. It feels right.