

Chapter 135

Taliyah's p.o.v.

My name is Taliyah and I am twenty-five years old.

The world as you know it, no longer exists. In this time and age Humans are a myth. Most of the Human civilization was destroyed during the war, torn down or has crumbled to pieces over the centuries.

Only the high-ways still exist, smaller roads are nothing more than dirt roads. Cities and villages are mostly gone, taken over by nature.

Not that we care, because nature is our friend. We love running through the forests around us.

None of us knows what the world looked like back then, there are only stories, files and pictures left in the Council's Archives.

Let me tell you how that happened.

Centuries ago, the Humans discovered the existence of Werewolves and Lycans. We were outed by a reporter, someone who didn't care about anything but herself.

A Werewolf Alpha found out she was his Mate. Because every Lycan and Werewolf knows the significance of a Mate, we know that every Lycan or Werewolf would have done the same. He told her the truth about who and what he was, hoping that she would accept him. His explanation, his turning in to a Werewolf to show her the truth, it was all recorded.

She asked him for time to process it all, realizing it was a lot to deal with he gave her time and she broadcasted it within an hour after he left.

As soon as the news reached him on what she had done, he went to her workplace to confront her and that is when it all went to hell. Security guards and cops that recognized him, tried to capture him and that is when Humankind found out that we were living among them.

Some of the guards and cops were Werewolves and Lycans and they came to the aid of the Alpha. He was able to get away and he took his Mate with him.

The Archives tell us that he delivered her to the Council, he rejected her and left her behind after he told them to do with her as they pleased. They questioned her and once it was clear that she did it to gain fame, they sentenced her to death.

The rejection, her trail, her conviction and sentencing were broadcasted in real-time and it started an all-out war with the Humans.

No one blamed the Alpha for what he did, after all every Werewolf and Lycan wants to find his or her Mate. Our Mate completes us; they give us comfort, they give us strength. The Mate-bond is a strong and powerful thing, so most kept looking for their Mate, we still do.

Some Humans accepted the fact that they were Mated to a Werewolf or Lycan and some didn't accept it and committed suicide even though the Council informed the Humans through a broadcast that rejecting a Lycan or Werewolf would suffice.

And in some cases parents or siblings killed their entire family after they found out one of their children or siblings were mated to a Werewolf or Lycan.

After decades most Humans were gone and those that still lived among us, chose not to have children. With no more Humans being born, they went extinct and the Humans that were mated to a Werewolf or Lycan would not give birth to a Human. After all their genes were not as dominant as ours.

And now, centuries later, the only reason we are still taught about Humans, has to do with the fact that sometimes a Pup turns out to be Wolfless. As soon as we become of age, we shift for the first time.

Werewolves become of age on their eighteenth birthday and Lycans on their twenty-first birthday.

If a Pup does not shift, they are called wolfless, they can't shift and they don't have the speed or the strength of our kind.

And I am one of them, I am wolfless or at least that is what I let everyone believe.

My Father is Alpha Talon, Alpha of the Blue Crystal Pack. My Father is cruel, a sexist and he takes whatever he wants from whoever he wants.

My Father either ignores me or he treats me like a servant. He refuses to call me by the name my Mother gave to me. He always calls me Tali, because he doesn't consider me a gift.

My name Taliyah means Gift and my Mother told me that she gave me that name because I was a gift from the Goddess.

The only one that actually calls me Taliyah is my Brother, Xandros and he is also the only one that treats me normal. At least when my family is not around and even though I hate it, I know he does it to keep me safe.

The day my Mother died, my Father marked Alena as his Chosen Mate and she is no better than my Father. She always calls for me when something has to be done.

I also think she hates me because I refused to call her Mother or Mom after my Father marked her. Ayden, my oldest Brother, calls her Mother, but like me Xandros refuses.

I know that she blames me for that, after all I told her, in front of a lot of Pack-members, that I would never call her Mother even if my life would depend on it.

I am still hoping that one day soon I will find my Mate and if the Goddess is on my side, he will be from another Pack. So I can finally leave this shithole behind.

I smile at the thought of walking out of the Pack-house and I can already hear Alena cussing and swearing, because it will mean she has to find someone else to bug.

My Uncle, who is also the Pack's Gamma, and his Mate show me time and time again what it is like to have your Fated Mate by your side. They remind me of the stories my Mother used to tell me as a bedtime story.

Growing up, my Mother would tell me stories of my Grandparents. They met at a masquerade Ball, hosted at the Palace. My Grandmother wore a beautiful, deep red ballgown and my Grandfather wore a dark three-pieced suite.

They felt the pull towards each other, the second they were both in the ball-room. The room fell quiet as my Grandfather made his way over to his Mate, my Grandmother was in shock to find her Mate so soon after becoming of age.

My Mother told me about her childhood, growing up with an older Brother and both her parents around. That even after many years of being together, they would not let the opportunity pass by to touch one and other.

To cuddle and hold the other in their arms. To steal a kiss when they thought no one was looking.

My Mother was always smiling as she told me those stories at bedtime.