

## Chapter 139

Taliyah's P.O.V.

I sit on my balcony with a cup of coffee in my hands and I am enjoying the silence. My Father has been gone for a few days and it is a relief to be able to walk around without him here.

I stare at Blue Crustal Mountain and I let my mind drift, this is my favorite spot because my Mother and I would sit here enjoying the view, the peace and quiet.

Thinking about my Mother I smile, she was the only one that truly cared about me and I wish she had had the time to tell me more about her family, about my family.

Even though I had heard some stories more than once, I would always ask Mother to tell them again.

Those stories would always put a huge, bright smile on her face. And I needed to see that smile, especially after she got sick.

I asked her once how she met my Father and she told me about her Brother wanting her to take a chosen Mate, a man he picked and whom she despised.

She wanted to find her fated Mate and had ran away from home, never looking back. But the look in her eyes told me that she regretted it.

She found him and they were happy. My Father was ecstatic every time she got pregnant. Her face darkened after she spoke those words and I asked her what was wrong.

She told me that one day I would understand the Pack-rules and that it would answer my question. She said that my Father wasn't too happy with a girl, but he told her they would just have another child.

She told me I was too young for the rest of the story, but that I was smart and that I would figure it out as I got older. She never spoke of my Father after that day.

My Mother became ill around the time I was seven years old, sometimes I would hear her whimper and cry. But soon her crying and whimpering became worse and in a few years' time I could hear her scream in agony.

I was not old enough to understand why and my Mother refused to talk about it. But for some reason I knew my Father was to blame for her pain and heartache.

My Mother finally gave up on life when I was fifteen, but thinking back on that day, a wicked smile always creeps on my face. Because my Mother got her revenge without anyone being the wiser.

She filled me in on a secret she had kept from my Father and nowadays I feel nothing but hate for the man they call my Father.

The day started out as most for me, Elder Matthew was waiting for me after I finished my breakfast and even though he was not supposed to, he taught me on Werewolf and Lycan history.

At first he was reluctant to teach me, but he could not win the discussion when I asked him how else I was supposed to know if I was about to do something against the rules of our Pack.

He all so taught me everything my Father wanted him to teach me, but my greatest interest was history and our Pack-rules.

Suddenly the door was slammed open and my oldest Brother, Ayden walked in. "The doctor says it is time to say goodbye." No emotion in his voice and he walked out before I could respond.

I was in a state of shock and it took Elder Matthew a few minutes to get me to snap out of it. I ran up the stairs and went straight to her room.

My Father, Ayden and my other Brother, Xandros were already there. Xandros was sitting in a chair next to her bed, holding her hand and whispering to her.

My Father and Ayden were leaning against the wall next to the door. They looked bored and impatient. I nodded my head at the doctor as I went to my Mother's side.

After an hour the doctor declared my Mother dead, my Father let out a sigh of relief and told my Brothers to follow him. Xandros kissed our Mother's forehead before he left.

I sat with my Mother for hours, I had dismissed the doctor telling him I would let him know when they could collect her body.

I skipped lunch and dinner, but one of the maids had brought it up. All the time I sat there I heard a noise I couldn't place or find the source of. The Pack-house was finally quieting down and I hoped that the annoying sound would leave with it.

"Sweetheart, come closer." The sound of my mother's voice scared the crap out of me. I hug her and whispered in her ear that she was announced dead by the doctor.

She giggles and asks "How fast did your Father run from the room?" The look on my face must have held the confusion I felt inside, because she tells me that it wouldn't surprise her if he marked Alena as soon as he had left the room.

"I need you to listen to me. Don't ask questions, just listen. Did you hear anything will you were sitting here?" I just nod my head

to stunned by the information I just heard

"That is because your hearing is superior to that of Werewolves. You are a Lycan, just like me. I never told your Father that and I had my reasons. Elder Matthew most have told you about the Pack-rules and with that the rule of succession.

Your Father needs three Sons so he can still control the Pack after he steps down. He told me this hours after he marked me, but I was too much on cloud nine to see him for who he was.

But as the years passed, I realized your Father was a power hungry Wolf. Looking back I probably felt it that day and that is way I never told him."

Her breathing became heavier the more she told me and I was hoping she could finish her story before it was too late. I could still hear the faint beating of her heart, so I knew she was still with me.