

## Chapter 182

Ward’s P.O.V.

I already disliked her Father, but right now I Fucking hate the guy. I am grateful that Alaric realized we were all struggling with our Lycans and ordered them to stand down through the mind-link.

I walk over to Xandros and ask him if he is ready to make a phone-call. He gets up and we both head for Alaric’s desk. Through the mind-link I warn the others to stay quit, because I am going to put the phone on speaker.

Xandros gets my drift as I put it on speaker after he has dialed the number. The phone rings and rings and for a moment I think the call will not get through, but then we all hear “Hello.”

“Father, it’s Xandros. I don’t have much time, so we need to keep this short. Taliyah has agreed to come home with me, but her Mates were not too happy with your request.” He softly speaks in to the phone and I smirk at his performance.

“Xandros, whatever you do, make sure her Mates don’t join you. I need to talk to Taliyah without any interference from others. When will you be coming home?” Talon asks and I have to restrain Damon from growling out loud.

“We will be leaving tomorrow morning after first light. Her Mates will be out on border-patrol, so they won’t be interfering with our departure.” As he says those words, he has his eyes on Taliyah and she walks towards the door.

She puts her hand against the door and shakes the door handle a few times. “Father, someone is at the door, I have to go. See you tomorrow.” And without waiting for a response he disconnects the call.

Taliyah and Xandros are laughing their asses off and I have a feeling there is a story behind this act. We all stare at the siblings as they are still laughing and the more I look at them, the bigger the grin on my face gets.

“This is not the first time you pulled this stunt on your Father, Princess.” I state and she starts laughing harder. Xandros looks at me and tries to calm himself down.

“You are right. Father always treated Taliyah like a servant and Ayden and I were raised with the notion that servants did not deserve kindness. I never thought it was fair what Father did to her and I would sometimes let her stay in my room.

I would always lock my door if I had to leave while she was still a sleep and shaking the door handle was our signal that trouble was on the other side of the door.

I don’t think Father ever figured out why I did that as I tried to open the door and Taliyah was always gone by the time we walked in.” He says and I pull him in for a hug, thanking him for looking out for her.

Taliyah’s P.O.V.

I have a huge smile on my face as I see Ward hugging my Brother. I think back on the first time Xandros pulled that stunt, I shake my head and start giggling “I was always under your bed, Dummy.”

Ward asks me how it was possible that my Father never found out and I tell him that I cleaned the rooms, so my scent being in the room was normal.

“After Mother died, I was told that I was no longer a part of the family and had to earn my keep. The only thing he did not take away was my room, but other than that he took everything away from me.

My Brothers, my belongings and everything he could take away from me. The one thing he could never take from me were my memories and they were the most important thing to me.

Sitting next to Mother, listening to her telling me about how my Grandparents met. Seeing her smile whenever she told me about her childhood. Those things he could not take from me and I know he hated that I had something that could make me feel better.”

Suddenly my eyes get drawn to a picture behind Alaric’s desk and I know immediately when the picture was taken. I walk over to the shelf the picture is on and I say “Sorry, Mom. You didn’t do Grandmother any justice when you described her.”

Grandfather chuckles at my words and I feel Grandmother sliding her arm around my waist “He is handsome, isn’t he?” She whispers and I look at the man in the picture.

Grandmother is right, he looks handsome and I smile as I recognize some features of Xandros in him. “Xandros, you look like Grandfather when you smile.” I say and Xandros comes to stand next to me, looking at our Grandparents.

The picture is over three hundred years old according to Grandmother and Xandros and I gasp at the realization that our Grandparents are over three centuries old. We both know that Lycans and Werewolves can get very old and it never shows.

That was one of the reasons why Lycans and Werewolves hid themselves from Humankind. Because how do you explain to someone that you look like mid-twenties, while you are nearing three hundred years.

I look at my Mates and for the second time I wonder how old they are. They knew my Mother and knowing that Ayden is thirty-one I can safely say that Mother was over one hundred and thirty years old.

“They grew up together, so I think it is safe to say that all three of them are over one hundred and thirty years old. Maybe you should ask them, I don’t think they will keep that from you.” Ivory says and I know that she is right.

“Taliyah, what is going on in that head of yours?” Xandros asks and I just blurt out while I look at my Mates “They are over one hundred and thirty years old.”

Xandros looks at me with his mouth open and I have managed to put my Brother in to shock. “They said that Mother was a hundred years old, when she ran away from home and Ayden is thirty-one.”

Xandros puts a hand on my shoulder and says “Well, Father once said that Mother had been searching for her Mate for a few years before they met and that it took some years before Mother got pregnant.

So, I think they might be over one hundred and forty years old. But I could be off by a few years.” He says and now it is my jaw that drops. Eamon chuckles, he lowers his head and whispers “We are one hundred and forty-seven years old.”