

Malachay's P.O.V.

I wake up feeling like something is off and as I turn to my side I realize that my Mate is gone. I jolt up straight in bed, only to find her sitting on the couch.

Eamon has his arm around her waist as he is reading on his tablet, while Taliyah is taking notes on whatever it is she is reading. I feel the bed dip as Ward gets up and makes his way over to the couch.

Taliyah is so engrossed in her book that she doesn't even notice that he is standing in front of her, butt naked. Eamon and I chuckle as Ward realizes that she doesn't even notice him.

He stomps towards the bathroom, but stops dead in his tracks as she says "I was enjoying that view, Baby." Eamon tumbles of the couch as he bursts in to a fit of laughter.

Ward walks back to the couch, lifts her up and sits down with her on his lap. Neither one cares that he is still butt naked, she puts her head against his chest and keeps reading her book and notepad.

I make my way in to the bathroom and start my morning ritual, looking in the mirror I can see my Mate and my Brothers. I keep watching them as I brush my teeth, it is a sight I will never get tired off.

My mind goes back to our twenty-first birthday and the three of us had been talking for days about finding our Mate. We turned twenty-one on a Full Moon, so we would

be able to find our Mate right away.

Little did we know it would take us more than a hundred years to find her and I hate to admit it, but even I had thought about taking a chosen Mate a time or two. Eamon was most affected by not finding our Mate and the longer it took, the more he withdrew from us.

When we were fifty years old, I thought we had lost him for good. He was constantly volunteering for the most danger assignments he could find and more than once he returned badly injured.

But that time we didn't see him after the news came that the assignment had been pulled off successfully. Alaric informed us that there had been fatalities and the longer it took before anyone was able to tell us that he survived, the more depressed I became.

After a few weeks he finally walked in to the front door and I could see that my Brother was back. A weight had been lifted off my shoulders, but he never talked about what happened and we never asked.

I still feel the weight of that period on my chest, even though it was almost a century ago. Two arms slide around my waist, the heaviness of my thoughts dissipate as I feel her lean against me.

"What is bothering you, My Love?" She asks and as I look in the mirror I see my Brothers looking at me. I tell her that I will be out there soon and will tell her what had been running through my mind.

Eamon's P.O.V.

I know what Malachay is thinking off, the second I feel his emotions darken and I know that my Brothers deserve some answers.

I tell Ward to get dressed, so we can have a conversation without him distracting any of us. I sit down in the armchair and pull Taliyah on to my lap, I need to hold her as she will hear about a very dark time in my life.

Malachay and Ward sit down and Malachay is about to start talking, when I shake my head at him. This is my story and I need to be the one to tell my Mate about it.

"Princess, I love you with all my heart. What you are about to hear is not easy for me to talk about or to admit what I went through. You have met our parents and you have seen how they are together.

I wanted that for us, for as long as I can remember and the closer we got to be coming of age, the more determent I was on getting it. Unfortunately it didn't work out that way as we all know.

The more Full Moons passed without finding our Mate, the angrier I got at the Goddess for not putting her on our path. At a certain point I no longer cared if we would find her, I volunteered for the most dangerous assignments that came our way.

I took them, not caring if I lived or died and I became more reckless over the years. I would take risks, I knew I would advise against if anyone asked me if they should

take them." I feel her arms wrap around my waist and she buries her face in my chest.

I feel a rollercoaster of feeling running through her and my Brothers, but I know that I need to tell her this. I need to tell my Brothers what pulled me out of my self-destructive ways.

"When I was fifty, I took on an assignment that was classified as a suicide mission. The Daughter of Alpha Malcolm had been kidnapped by rogue Lycans and they had dug themselves in to a cave system that had about 426 miles mapped passageways.

The Council had the last map on which every discovered passageway was mapped out, but they also knew there were still passageways that had not been discovered by the Humans. With a copy of that map and a team of volunteers I left.

I didn't expect to return or that we would be able to find her, but apparently they were not that smart after all. They had made their camp in one of the largest rooms in the cave system and it was the first one we went to.

What we were not aware of was that not all the rogues were present as we barged in to the room to rescue the Alpha's Daughter. Some of them had still been above ground and a few others had been wandering around the corridors to the left and right of the room.

A Werewolf rogue is bad to deal with, but a Lycan rogue is a whole other story. I lost four men in the room that day and if it had not been for Bahari, I would not have

made it out alive." I feel her shiver in my arms and I can feel the turmoil in her emotions running wild.

"Three men had taken the Alpha's Daughter out to safety, when a rogue attacked me from behind. Bahari stepped in between us and because of that I was able to take him out.

Bahari was fatally injured and we both knew that he didn't have long to live. He asked me to do him a favor and I told him anything he needed, because he saved my life. He asked me to stop my suicide missions and just be patient, that one day I would find my Mate."

 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

 Send a Gift to the Writer!