

Eamon's P.O.V.

"I must have looked a bit confused, because Bahari told me that he had once been like me and that he had almost missed out on the best thing in his life, his Mate. He told me that he had finally found her at the age of two-hundred and three years old.

The way he spoke about her and their children made me realize that even though I would not always see the bright side of not having my Mate, I would not give up on finding her. I promised him that I would be patient and that I would always remember his words if I hit a rough patch.

After I made sure everyone was on a chopper out of there, I took Bahari's body and walked him home. I stayed with his Mate and children during the burial ritual and after that I told them what Bahari had done for me.

I was not sure if I should leave them alone with their grief or if I should stay. Bahari's youngest Daughter asked me to stay, because she was afraid her Mother would not survive the night. Ianthe passed in the night and I helped her children bury her next to her Mate.

I have kept in touch with them over the years, because I felt I owed it to Bahari to do so and I know I have a family out there that I care about. I hope one day I will be able to introduce you to them." My Mate is sobbing not just for me, but also for the man that saved my life and his Mate.

I pull her closer to my chest as I place kisses on the top of her head and over her head I look at my Brothers. They

look as sad as I feel, but it is my Mate that feels worse than any of us.

Her sobbing turns to silent crying and then we hear her breathing even out as she falls asleep in my arms.

*"Thank you for telling us what happened."* Malachay says through our mind-link.

*"You all deserved to know. I needed our Princess to understand that there is a part of me that I hope she never meets."* I tell my Brothers and I really hope that she never meets the man I was back then.

*"You mentioned his children. How are they doing?"* Ward asks and a smile creeps on to my face. *"You will have to wait for that answer until our Mate is awake. I think she would like to hear it too."*

Taliyah's P.O.V.

I feel something damp against my cheek and it takes me a moment to realize that I am still in Eamon's arms. The dampness I feel is from the crying I did listening to his story.

My heart broke for Eamon when he admitted that he had given up, my heart broke for Bahari who gave his life for Eamon and my heart broke for Ianthe who lost her Mate. My heart broke for their children, because they had to learn to live without their parents.

I also feel pride at my Mate's decision to take Bahari's advice, I feel pride knowing that he gave Bahari the honor he deserved by walking him home. But most of all I feel

pride knowing that he kept an eye on Bahari and Ianthe's children.

I lift my head up towards Eamon and he looks down at me with a smile on his face. "I am proud of you, Handsome. Thank you." He kisses me passionately and I open my mouth at the pressure of his lips on mine.

He breaks the kiss to let me up for some air and he places kisses all over my face. As soon as I am able to speak again, I ask him about Bahari's children and Ward responds "Finally."

Eamon and Malachay chuckle and I have a feeling that Ward had already asked this question without getting an answer. And at that moment my stomach decides to put in its two cents as it rumbles loudly.

"Why don't I answer that over some lunch? Taliyah has been awake since five and I woke up close to seven, so some coffee will do us all some good." Eamon says.

Ward picks me up bridal-style and almost runs from the room, making me giggle. Apparently my Mate really wants to get an answer and truth be told, so do I.

Layna is in the kitchen and she is more than willing to prepare us some lunch. It doesn't take her long to put together some delicious smelling "Philly Cheesesteak" and I know it is gonna be a messy lunch.

*"Layna, you can take the rest of the day off. We have a few things to discuss and I think we need some privacy for that."* I say through the mind-link, so after she has served

us our lunch she heads home.

I have a huge grin on my face as I see a slice of mushroom escape and land on Malachay's shirt. Eamon already has a piece of mushroom and onion on his shirt and from the corner of my eyes I see a slice of steak tumbling down Ward's shirt.

Once we are all finished with our lunch I am the only one who is still clean. My Mates pout as they stare down at their shirts and I burst out laughing. I see Ward reaching out his hands and I am fast enough to take off to the living-room.

Ward is hot on my heels and I jump behind a couch to stay out of his reaching hands. "Ward, if you want answers, I suggest the three of you clean up." He looks at me with a wicked grin on his face and I know that I have to come up with something to save myself.

"Ward, I am warning you. Step back and clean yourself up or I am going to call Grandfather." I say with what I hope is a stern voice. The grin drops from his face and I know that I have won this battle.

However the look he gives me before he turns around tells me that I will pay for this, one way or the other. Ivory flashes me an image of me sprawled over his knees and I actually moan out loud.

"You bet, I will do that." I hear Ward say from the bedroom and I hear Malachay and Eamon chuckle. I scold Ivory for showing that through our mind-link and she says *"You know that you will enjoy every second of it."*

I sit down in an armchair near the window as my mind wanders to the last time I was sprawled over Eamon's knees. I hate to admit it but Ivory is right, I will enjoy every second of it.

My Mates are back in the living-room and I turn to face them as Ward is stalking towards me. "Hello, Baby. All cleaned up." I say teasingly as I look in to his eyes.

He pulls me out of the chair, crushing his lips to mine and I wrap my arms and legs around him. I kiss him back, opening up so he can deepen the kiss and he does not disappoint me. Soon I am breathing heavily, I push my hips towards him and for a few moments he indulges me.

Then he pulls back, places me in the armchair again and sits down next to his Brothers on the couch. Leaving me all hot and bothered by myself, I know he is uncomfortable as well as I look at the bulge in his jeans.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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