

Aziza's P.O.V.

Yesterday I buried myself in the Archive in hopes to find out more about Roger's Father. I forgot about lunch and about dinner, both times Ragnar brought me some food and something to drink.

I don't remember if I actually thanked him, so I told myself I would do it in the morning. I also had to check the message I received from Ynanna and now I need some breakfast.

My stomach is making itself known and Jenny is laughing in my head. As I turn towards the stairs, I bump in to Gunnar and he jumps back with his hands raised.

I giggle at the sight until I remember what happened the other day. "Gunnar, I am sorry for snapping at you. I had a lousy night and unfortunately you paid for that. I am really sorry."

"Promise me that if you are ever truly pissed off that you warn me, so I can run in the opposite direction." He says and we both burst out laughing. Kaiden hears his remark and asks me to put him on that list as well.

The three of us are still laughing as we walk in to the dining-room for breakfast. Ragnar is talking to Chase while Hunter is at the buffet loading his plate full of food.

As soon Ragnar is finished talking to Chase, I get his attention and thank him for making sure I ate yesterday. "I have the tendency to get lost in whatever I am doing and with that I forget about food or sleep."

He asks me if I found out anything and I shake my head
"No, nothing than I already did. I asked Finlay to check
the Archives, just to see if I didn't overlook anything."

Gunnar replies with the same remark as Finlay had done
"If you didn't see it, than it does not exist." and I start
giggling. He looks at me and I tell him that Finlay had
said the exact same thing. Gunnar smiles at me and tells
me that I was probably great at jigsaw puzzles.

"Why do I get the feeling that you were the kind of kid I
always hated for losing pieces?" I ask teasingly and his
eyes widen as his cheeks turn red. The guys laugh at his
expense and soon I see a smile appear on his face.

My phone beeps again and I remember the message
from Ynanna, so I quickly unlock my phone to read it.
Jenny roars out loud and I mutter "Fuck." As I read the
words on my screen.

Ragnar looks at me and I tell them through the mind-link
that we will meet in the office after breakfast. I grab a
plate and load in full of food, not as much as Hunter did.

I enjoy the food as much as I always enjoy Tullia's
cooking and I smile lovingly as my mind wanders to my
baby Brother. "Aziza, are you still with us?" Kaiden asks
and I nod my head as I put another forkful of food in my
mouth.

Ragnar's P.O.V.

I have been avoiding Kaiden ever since he left me with
that loaded question and I still have no answer to it.

I see the same smile appear on Aziza's face that she gave her Pup the other day and I feel the need to run from the room. Kaiden's question pulls her from where ever she was and she takes a huge bite from her food.

Once her mouth is empty, she looks at Kaiden and says "I was thinking about Tullia's cooking, this tastes almost as good as hers. Tullia is my Father's second chosen Mate and they are very happy together.

I also have a six month old baby Brother, his name is Brennon and he likes to push our Dad to his limits. Doesn't want to sleep when he should, doesn't want to eat when he should and his absolute favorite is crying for no reason what so ever." She laughs after she finishes speaking.

Gunnar is smarter than the rest of us as he asks "He was the one you spoke to on the phone, the one you asked if he was giving Daddy a hard time." Aziza starts laughing even louder and I want to know for what reason.

After she calms herself down, she says "Dad had tried to give him his bottle only for Brennon to toss it away, Dad picked the bottle up and tried again. As you might have guessed Brennon had found a new game, bottle tossing."

We all burst out laughing, Gunnar grabs a bottle and holds it in front of her and she does as Brennon had done. Gunnar gets up to get the bottle and Aziza is shaking her head as he comes towards her again.

Kaiden is laughing so hard that he slowly slides out of his chair and as Gunnar goes after the bottle again, he

finally falls out of his chair. Chase is the first one to catch his breath and asks if we can go to the office.

Once we are all breathing normally again, we get up and Aziza gathers our plates to bring them to the kitchen. She thanks the girls for breakfast and asks if they can bring some coffee to the office.

I make sure that I am the last to enter and I leave the door ajar, just like I did last time. Aziza notices and she gives me a smile as she nods her head. We both seem to understand that this way the women are more comfortable coming in here.

After we all have our coffee, we look at Aziza to hear what she has to say and it takes a while before she is starts talking. She asks if we know Interrogator Ynanna and we all shake our heads, we never met her or worked with her.

"Ynanna is the best Interrogator the Council has, because everyone always underestimates her. For reasons unknown to Ynanna her Lycan has been dormant since she was twenty-two.

Ivy shows up when she needs her, but she never talks to her at other moments or answers any of her questions." My mind is running in circles and my Lycan is stunned to silence.

"Ynanna is tasked with questioning Roger and she tricked him in to confessing to a crime." Aziza looks around the room and I ask her what happened.

"She asked him question after question, rephrasing them to catch him on lies or indescrepencies. She also does it to get them distracted and bored, in the hopes they will start losing focus.

Once Ivy sensed that he was losing focus, she informed Ynanna and she asked if he had killed Perryn." We all mutter as we realize that this is a very smart lady.

Perryn was my investigation and I ask Aziza if she knew what his response had been. "Ynanna send me his literal answer: Yes, I was sick and tired of the whining little Bitch. She was in the way of my plans for revenge."

I wonder what he meant with revenge and if his chosen Mates had been a part of it or a distraction from it, like Perryn. I am not the only one lost in thought and for a long time all you can hear is our breathing and from time to time someone taking a sip of their coffee.



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