

Amethyst Ayesha [PF] *It took a moment of staring at the phone in her hand to try to make sense of what the conversation had been about. In their line of work, you always knew each time you went out into the field that it could be your last, it was just the nature of the work they did. You just never expected it to hit closer to home. What if it had been her? Or Kaden? Both of them had come up for this assignment in the Balkans. They'd gotten out of it only because the Den was mid-construction and they'd agreed to only one sweep job a year on top of their regular duties. Both had signed off and finished the Den instead. And Jerry had paid the price.*

Amethyst Ayesha [PF] *For the first time in a long time, she knelt with her head in her hands and let the grief take her under. The tears were for Jerry. For them. For the people that lost their lives every day in the name of protecting people who sometimes weren't even aware they'd be saved. Some didn't want to be saved. It was a thankless thing, and they did it regardless, because they needed, wanted to help. It was times like these though when you looked around and wondered... was it worth it? The pain, the risk. The heartache, the loneliness. Even surrounded by people, your very job, the secrets you keep, make you feel alone.*

Amethyst Ayesha [PF] *Her sobs shook her. She wasn't sure she had the right to feel this deeply, she hadn't spoken to him in years. Yet he'd been her first partner, the first person besides Kaden she'd trusted at her back. After he'd made a stupid mistake that had gotten her shot, Kaden had thrown a fit and got her transferred, but no one ever knew the mistake had been hers, he'd covered for her rookie screw up this entire time. And now, he'd gone and made one of his own.... but he didn't have someone to save him like he'd done for her.*

Amethyst Ayesha [PF] *Hearing a noise behind her, she went to hurriedly wipe the tears away, but her mate knew, he always did. He dropped to the deck behind her, his arms around her as he drew her into his arms. He wasn't quite certain of her emotions yet, or females in general, but he didn't even need to be. He was her rock, and his presence stemmed the ache... through it all, Fate had blessed her, she wasn't alone. None of them were. Their lives weren't easy, but they were worth fighting for. Turning her face against his shoulder, she closed her eyes, letting his strength and warmth seep through to her. The gods wouldn't have given him to her, if they meant to simply take it away, right? Clutching tighter to him, she banished the thoughts. It didn't bear thinking about, and she'd fight the gods themselves to stay right where they were, together.*

Mack Thompson [PF] *People assumed him an arrogant asshole. Frankly, that was fine with him. The less anyone knew about him, the better. One thing he didn't take lightly to was his agents being harmed. They'd gone through the death of one of their own. On the surface he seemed unaffected, but rage boiled just beneath the calm exterior. Protocol dictated that the death of an agent was investigated by another cell of Psiforce. Investigated by strangers who didn't give a damn. Glancing down, he shuffled the official summons under the rising tide of other reports. Too bad he'd just not had time to sign the transfer of files over yet. Daresay it slipped his mind. Lucky him, he already had the perfect rogue agent in mind to flout some government red tape.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *His shoulders hunched, he sat silently in the corner of the small pub, staring at the piss ass beer he refused to drink. What the fuck was with Europeans that they couldn't chill a damn beer? Shit tasted like piss on the best day, you needed it cold to take some of the misery away if you were drinking the cheap shit. He'd bought one to blend though, cause when you were undercover, you tried not to draw attention. Asking for ice in Europe was basically screaming "OUTSIDER" at the top of your lungs. His "target" was Vladimir Kovinski. Arms dealer currently holed up in Sibenik. Pretty place to retreat to, if you liked the seaside, he supposed. Course, poor Vlad wouldn't be seeing much of it. His mission was simple. No interrogations. No photos. No evidence and no backup. Vlad had signed his own death warrant and the bastard didn't even know it. Spotting Vladimir standing, his jacked up bodyguards falling into place behind him, Kaden tossed some euros on the scarred wooden bartop, grabbing the leather jacket he'd hung over the arm of the chair. Shrugging it on, he nonchalantly headed towards the 2nd exit. Wouldn't do to draw suspicion. He blended like a shadow as the door closed behind him, slipping into the night.*

Amethyst Ayesha |PF| *There were few things that raised her hackles more than being kept out of the loop. And she was definitely being kept out of the loop. Glaring sideways at the empty desk next to hers, she glanced into the General's office. He was on the phone, ranting at some poor dumb bastard out in the field again. She wasn't stupid. Kaden disappearing on his own, and his health insurance premiums had been paid up for the year? Her partner, her brother had gone out alone. They'd all pitched a tantrum when she had done it, but no, it was totally okay for him to just disappear. Scowling, she scooted over to his seat, nonchalantly opening his desk drawers and skimming thorough the files. Once she'd hit the bottom of the folders and didn't see anything different, she frowned. How odd. Kaden was a mess most days, but he always kept his missions organized. She couldn't think of anything that he'd need to hide from his own agency. Had her partner lost his damn mind and gone rogue? Waiting until no one was looking, she reached under the desk, fingers searching for the small lip of the hidden shelf that was there. Once she felt it, she pulled it to slide open with her nails, snagging the thin manilla envelope. It was where they'd promised to hide information if they'd gone undercover, after her last fiasco. Hurriedly moving back to her own desk, she hesitantly unsealed it, letting the contents drop to the polished wood. As she saw the photo at the top of the pile, she closed her eyes as grief hit her. Why him?*

Mack Thompson |PF| *Checking the time, he dropped into the desk chair. Dropping the mental shields he kept in place for the safety of others, he neutralized the psychic abilities of anyone in the building. He had very little time before someone noticed and wondered what he was up to. As the general of Psiforce, he was the only one with the ability to negate the abilities of others. And he'd have no reason to do so in the day to day operations. Hurrying to pull up the encrypted messenger, he left a few coded notices, bit of extra intel. Things that the agent on the ground may be able to use to his advantage. He

was careful to always choose the best operative for each mission. Complimenting specialties, personalities. This time though, he'd sent only half a team. If one got compromised, the entire thing could come crashing down. This could easily be considered espionage. He didn't give a damn. Trick was to not get caught, wasn't it? Lips firmed, he drew the energies he'd sent out back into himself as he shut down the coded program, ensuring his mental blocks were well back in place. With any luck, no one had noticed the few minutes they'd been without. He'd done what he could on his end. If worse came to worse, well, they'd cross that if it came to it.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He was sick and fucking tired of wasting his time. Vladimir Kovinski was damn near untouchable. To the strictly human authorities, anyways. He'd chosen a vantage point at a deserted beach house that overlooked the small seaside cottage Kovinski was holed up in. Least the idiot had enough brains to not show off extravagance. Likely why he was still alive. Larger residences required more help. And help was so easy to buy off, as Jerry had learned. Checking the time, the smile he gave lacked warmth or mirth. His mission was simple. Vladimir Kovinski would be dead before he left this town. Psiforce didn't play. Tucking the phone back into the clip on his belt, he stood, stretching the kinks from his back with a low groan. 15 minutes before shift change and he needed to piss and grab something to eat. He fucking hated undercover work. Hated stakeouts. Yet he had to time this perfectly, so here he sat, learning the damn routines of dead men walking. Such was his life.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He'd learned the patterns. Watched the different crews come onto shift, when their breaks were. Didn't take long to suss out the time periods. Sibenik wasn't that big, and the population fit the small seaside community. Meant that the guards Kovinski kept around him had gone lax. Bastards probably were being paid jack shit, Kovinski was all about his bottom line. If he'd been paying his security, the neanderthals wouldn't time their shifts the same every day. Wouldn't take off down the beach for a quick joint while they're boss was left with fewer hit men on the property.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *Wasn't the brightest bulb in the fluorescent factory, that's for fucking sure. Pissed him off though. Jerry was a decent agent. So what the fuck had happened here that had caused a good man to lose his life? Checking the encrypted phone, he sighed. He'd gotten a bit more information from Mack a few days ago, but nothing since. He'd be risking a lot to storm the place without all intel. Yet he couldn't see a way around it. Cracking his neck from side to side, his lips curled into a sadistic grin. He lived for this shit.*

Mack Thompson [PF] *The noise seemed deafening. Closing his eyes he breathed out, finding his focus. Sending his powers outward, he could almost visualize where everyone was in the building. Bright colors flashed, some brighter than others. Focusing in, he made mental notes on who needed stress tests or physicals, who needed a session with the therapist on staff. The machine whirled around him, taking scans of his brain as he was using the psychic neurons that few understood. That was the goal here. Understanding in order to help their agents train better, adapt better.*

Mack Thompson [PF] *Imagining a drone, he mentally culled up the noise, broadcasting it through the building, limiting it right at the foundations. As the General, he was the baseline for the others. The one who had the most control over his attributes. The type of control the others would need to strive for. Switching gears, he began reading the minds of those around him, the ones he'd just mentally blasted with sonar. There were not a lot of happy people in the building now. Pounding a quick hit on the inner walls of the machine, he was pulled out after a few moments as the scanner powered down.*

Mack Thompson [PF] *Giving a terse nod to the physician, he grabbed his jacket, pulling it on as he headed for the door. He'd done the tests like a good soldier, yet his thoughts were hundreds of miles away. If he lost another agent, he couldn't guarantee the Balkans wouldn't burn.*

Amethyst Ayesha [PF] *She'd noticed that the lights hadn't been on at Arya's and Kaden's for a few days. Curiosity eventually got to her and she'd wandered over and knocked, but got no response. She'd left, but returned the next day when there still had been no movement. Something had to be wrong. Using the key that was hidden in a small panel built into the foundation, she let herself in, calling for Arya as she moved through the house. Nothing. How strange.*

Amethyst Ayesha [PF] *Something pricked at her memory. Something she hadn't thought much about at the time but...it hadn't made sense. Heading back to the Den, she dug the envelope she'd taken from Kaden's desk at work out of her purse. Upending it on the table, her suspicions were confirmed. There was a marriage license, which had been postdated. That's what she'd noticed that was odd. Kaden and Arya hadn't gotten a license, they'd said their vows alone. He'd clearly bribed someone for this, and to postdate it, but why?*

Amethyst Ayesha [PF] *The only explanation was that he'd not expected Arya to be there when he returned from being undercover. This way if something happened to him on assignment, Psiforce would treat her as an agent's widow and take care of her, wherever she'd gone. Tucked in between the orders of where he was going and why, she tugged out the thin silver band Kaden hadn't taken off since it was put there. One thing agents were always told was that you never took your rings off. Move them to the other hand, maybe, but you needed that connection to your normal life to keep you grounded.*

Amethyst Ayesha [PF] *Twisting the band between her fingers, she glanced up as the door opened, her own mate coming through the door with a grocery bag in his hands, Presto barking around his heels. He'd had an idea for a recipe and ran off...she tried to stay out of the way when he got inspiration, as she had zero idea what flavors meshed well with what, and could offer no help on that. As he headed into the kitchen, she followed, letting Presto outside before beginning to take things out of the refrigerator as he said what he needed. Glancing over as he looked intently at his assembled

ingredients, her lips twitched. Leaning up, she pressed a kiss to his throat* Do you know how many women I'd be fighting off every day, if not for the fates telling them to back off? Tons, tiger. Just... tons. *His brow furrowed as he lifted her hand, spotting the ring on her thumb. Shrugging, she tucked the jewelry into her pocket, leaning her elbows on the counter*

Amethyst Ayesha [PF] Kaden's. I uh... I found a marriage license. In his undercover packet we agreed to keep for each other after my fiasco. Arya isn't at the house. Hasn't been for awhile it looks like. *Sighing softly, she shook her head* I don't think Kaden expected her to be here when he came home. They've been different. She's been different. I think after doing their marriage ceremony privately, they both started realizing they'd never be able to be truly happy. Not the way we are.

Amethyst Ayesha [PF] *lifting her hand, she ran the edge of her thumb over her mating mark* They both deserve that, and perhaps this was the fates way of letting them know love wasn't enough, this time. *Making a face, she patted her pocket* I'm keeping his things safe, all of them. And we'll handle the fallout when he comes home. And you, male of mine, don't get too lost in whatever this all will be...the general still wants his monthly reports of who is dead, undead, and supposed to be dead for this screwed up town. *Frowning, she wrinkled her nose at him* I still can't believe he talked you into becoming a Psiforce asset just because of the Den.

Turstin Ryann [PF] *Turstin wakes up to the sound of birds chirping outside. The noise that most people found pleasant, set his nerves on edge. Padding over to the open window, he sticks his head out and lets out a loud roar. The sudden silence amuses him and he flashes to his human form. Pulling on a pair of jeans, Turstin leaves Am and his bedroom to head to the kitchen. He sniffs the air as he goes and notices that Am's scent was still noticeable, meaning she was somewhere in their massive house. Turning the corner into the kitchen, he sees her sitting at the island eating cereal* Cereal again, Am? Your hatred of cooking is getting out of hand.

Amethyst Ayesha [PF] *She almost let out a laugh as the roar shook the windows, but she managed to keep eating. Her prickly mate waged a battle against the wildlife here at least once a week. She had no doubt one day they'd find the land around them devoid of life, if he had his way. Spooning Trix into her mouth, she glanced up at his voice before shrugging her shoulders* Well really T, nothing I make would ever taste as good as anything you made. So I've decided that I shall simply not try to fail. *Holding out the spoon, she gave him a smile* I'll even share if you're nice to me.

Turstin Ryann [PF] *The corners of his lips pull up into a small smile as he walks over to take the food she offered* I'll make you some eggs. You have been looking too skinny lately. *Turstin walks over to the fridge and grabs the ingredients he needs to make breakfast* What do you have planned for today? I, personally, plan on burning down the trees with the chirpy rats still in them.

Amethyst Ayesha [PF] *Glancing down at herself, she stuck her tongue out at his back. The male still said things most females would get angry with. She however figured it was because he'd been raised by the feline equivalent of wolves. Well, that, and her pants had been a smidge looser. Figures he'd have noticed* Turstin, you can't burn all the trees down. What if we start having more weres here, we need

the protection from prying eyes. *Seeing his scowl, she glanced out of the french doors to the deck, spotting the birds already landing back on the branches again* Okay so, the chirpy rats may be actually attempting suicide by tiger. Fine, just don't touch the Japanese one that has the white flowers, that one is beautiful and it stays.

Turstin Ryann [PF] *Baring his teeth as the birds land back on the trees, he lets out a growl* I have been thinking about your whole 'we need to get more weres thing'. I know you and Kaden have been pushing this place as a safe zone but I don't know. I am not sure I like the thought of horny males by my mate.

Ailwin Ryann [PF] *Sniffing the air, he turned towards where the scent was coming from. Just a quick dinner, then he'd move on. He'd gotten a text from Psiforce. Something about a new halfway house or safehouse or some shit for informants. Normally he'd steer the hell clear. He was a loner and damned happy with that. But the rumors swirled. He kept his ear to the ground almost constantly. If the whispers were true... well, he should at least give the damn place a cursory glance. So he'd made his way to Louisiana. In the south, he definitely preferred the Carolinas. New Orleans had a scent all its own, and one he assumed was an acquired taste.*

Ailwin Ryann [PF] *It barely took any time at all before his teeth were tearing through fresh meat, the blood pooling on the damp ground under his paws. The small rodent wouldn't sustain him for long, but it was enough. His large paws ate up the distance before he found himself hidden by dense brush behind what appeared to be a large mansion. Sniffing the air again, he let out a soft chuffing noise. Hell, he could smell tiger, but that much the rumors had already told him. He'd been away so long, he'd have to get closer to be able to scent if they were truly kin. The gossip sounded so very close.*

Ailwin Ryann [PF] *Shifting, he flashed semi-clean clothes on as he ran a hand over his face. He couldn't imagine what any sane person would think if he walked through the doors. Yet he knew K wouldn't send him a secured text if it wasn't safe even if a lifetime of paranoia was hard to push back. Breathing out a slow breath, he sent up a silent prayer to gods he didn't even believe in before he pressed the bell, hearing it resonate through the house*

Amethyst Ayesha [PF] *Rolling her eyes, she couldn't help the smile that crossed her face* Turstin, I promise you, anyone but you sniffs around me, they're going to be limping, bleeding, or both. Hell, might not even be by my hand. Could be yours, Kaden's, Illy's. Who knows. They'd quickly learn to avoid it. *Hearing the bell, she stood and pressed a kiss to his chin* Stop worrying, mate of mine. This female has eyes only for you. *Heading to the foyer, she cracked the door, her brow raising at the tattooed male standing in front of her* Can I help you? *As his eyes met hers, she had the strangest sense of feeling like she knew him somehow. Then his gravelly voice demanded "Tiger?" as he glanced at her palm. Okkkay. Were, then.* Uhhh... T? Baby? *Turning on her heel, she motioned to the stranger to follow as she headed down the hall, her senses flared to make sure he didn't get too close on her heels*

Turstin Ryann [PF] *Turstin just finished making breakfast when he heard Am calling. She didn't sound scared, more confused. Frowning, he turned and met her at the kitchen entrance* Babe, what's wrong... *Turstin stopped mid-sentence as his eyes locked on Ailwin. Even though they had only been kids when they last saw each other, Turstin knew it was his big brother. Suddenly, he was back on the beach, scared out of his mind. Ailwin hadn't seemed scared though. He just stood there with that defiant look, the same look he had now. The look in Ailwin's eyes would have broken Turstin's heart if he still had one. The pain and longing there was probably matched by his own. He slowly moved towards Ailwin, absentmindedly pushing Am behind himself until Ailwin and him were face to face* Is it you?

Ailwin Ryann [PF] *As the male moved closer, he took in every nuance. Every feature. It'd been years, but damn, the boy still looked just as he had when they'd separated. His heart beat faster as he realized shit... he'd actually done it. Glancing towards the female, he inclined his head to his brother, his kin.* Well it certainly isn't the fucking tooth fairy. *As the smile split across Turstin's face, it looked foreign, as if he didn't smile often. Hell, the same expression was on his own. Barely touching the floor, he moved closer in what seemed like only a step or two. His baby brother was damn close to him in height now, only an inch or two separated them. Out of character, he found his arms around Turstin, embracing his brother for the first time since they'd lost everything*

Amethyst Ayesha [PF] *Her eyes caught on the two men standing in the hall, and try as she might, looking away was nearly impossible. They both had the type of feral intensity she'd come to associate with her mate. As she glanced between them from behind Turstin's shoulder, his next words had her mouth falling open...another Ryann. Hell, her instincts were trying to tell her, weren't they? As the two embraced, she almost felt a tear...they'd gone so long. It was so odd seeing it. They looked more uncomfortable and glowering than they had before, if that was possible. If this was the one she thought it was, the eldest, then he must be Ailwin. Illy had talked of him often when they were younger. Her smile started slow, but grew as they both seemed stunned. Wait till he realized they'd also found Illy. That was...going to be trying. Illy wasn't like them, anyone could see it. And this one...even for her, he made her wary, had her guard up. Illy probably hadn't pictured her childhood hero growing up quite like this.*

Turstin Ryann [PF] *He knew there was a dumb smile on his face but for once he didn't care. Pulling back slightly from Ailwin* You smell like ass, Brother. *Ailwin's laugh brought out another laugh of his own. Stepping fully back, he gave Ailwin a hard stare* Wait until you see Illy. She'll be squealing for weeks. You were always her favorite.

Ailwin Ryann [PF] *He went to say something, then stopped. They'd found Illy. He'd worried most about her. She'd been too young, too soft to be swept up in the hell she'd suffered. He felt a pang of jealousy, but swept it back. They'd had each other, for however long they had. He was the loner, he'd survived. And he couldn't fault them their happiness. As he reached to the female, he saw Turstin slightly stiffen. Shaking his head, he glanced towards him again* If she keeps you happy, Turstin, she'll come to no harm by me. A woman is the last thing I want or need. *Sniffing at himself, he shrugged* Perks of the solitary life, no one bitches about your smell. It has some merits.

Amethyst Ayesha [PF] *Narrowing her eyes at the implied threat, she motioned towards Turstin* He's a Ryann. He's never totally happy. You're both slightly terrifying to the general public. *Without even noticing, she'd reached for Turstin's hand, her finger tracing the mark on his palm. Ailwin's gaze followed, and she shrugged* Never said I was the general public. Bedrooms are upstairs, you can just pick one at random if you like. Turstin would probably prefer you shower at some point today before dinner. *At the tiger's confused look, she smiled* You didn't think you'd be leaving, did you? Family is for keeps here.

Turstin Ryann [PF] *Turstin smiles down at Am then meets Ailwin's gaze* You are more than welcome here. Illy is at work and won't be back for a few days. Besides us, you are the only other person here, so you don't have to worry about being over crowded. *Letting go of Am's hand, Turstin grabs a quick plate of food for Ailwin before he headed upstairs. Once alone with Am, Turstin wraps his arms around her. His brother was home and for the first time in a long time, he felt at peace*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He slipped soundlessly into the night. The darkness almost cloaked him as he flexed his fingers. He had roughly 5 minutes to get into position, not a second more. Counting down in his head as his back hit the brick facade of the foundation, he'd no sooner taken a breath when he heard the quiet crackle of the guard coming around the corner, relying that his quadrant was quiet. As the guard passed, he stood, the thin wire at his wrists unrolling as he crossed his hands, pulling it taut.* Nothing personal, but I'm gonna need that badge of yours. *Letting his mind go blank, he drew his abilities to the forefront. Sending pulses of energy through his palms, his jaw clenched as the male struggled for a few moments before the electrical impulses hit his heart. Dropping the body to the group, he pulled the spare gun, walkie, and badge from the guard before moving to the next target.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *Outside clear, the stood at the edge of the breaker wall, judging the distance to the short balcony that overlooked the beach. He'd gauged it from his last vantage point, but this was one skill he rarely used, if he fucked up, he couldn't heal himself. Glancing at the short "runway" of bricks, he shook his head. Nothing to it but to fucking go. Taking the running start he needed, he gave in to his abilities, leaping from the ledge and propelling himself forward. The entire time, he was praying like fuck that he hadn't misjudged shit and his gravitakinesis could lift his ass this far. He felt something burst in his nose, but didn't break concentration as he reached out, snagging the railing. Letting out a hushed "ooph!" as he swung back and hit the iron, he gripped the edge and maneuvered himself so he could climb upwards.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *Eying the wooden door frames, he took his time checking them. They were wired, he knew that. He'd taken care of the few guards outside, but he knew there were still at least 3 inside. This is when he wished he had a fucking technopathic he could randomly call up. that, or Am's tits. Got 'em outta a lot of trouble most times before. Shrugging, he passed the badge in front of the lock, like he'd seen the guards do. His worst fear was that it was on a timer, and he was too early. But nope, the slight click made him twist the doorknob, and it swung open. Stepping inside, he let the door close behind him as he waited a moment to let his eyes adjust to the brighter lights inside. Wiping his hand over the trickle of blood under his nose, he grimaced. Human bodies weren't made to do the shit theirs did. Backlash was the price. He had to get the hell out before his powers gave out.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *Stepping carefully, he sent his senses outwards, searching for any forms of life. All 3 guards were in the game room. If he hadn't been paid for a fucking security job, that's where he'd be too. Just proved that Kovinski truly wasn't paying them enough to protect his ass. He could work with that. People who were undervalued tended to not give a damn what happened to their charge. Again, he was left wondering what the fuck had happened to Jerry. Fucking place was the scum of the Belkans, on first glance. How'd one of their own get taken down by glorified security guards? Ignoring the guards, he turned and made his way up the curved staircase to the 3rd floor. The base readings he got told him Kovinski was likely asleep. Worked for him. He had no problem with morals. Unlike Am, he didn't believe in giving someone a chance to take aim.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *His lip curled as he hit the landing, the master bedroom's door flung wide open. Maybe Jerry had been faking and hadn't been an asset to the group at all. Cause fuck, he couldn't explain this shit. Hearing the slightest noise, he dropped to a crouch. It was just a small displacement of the air, but it was still something that shouldn't be there. Pulling the beretta from his hip, he inched forward. Firing would be a damn shame, he didn't want to kill the lazy bastards downstairs if he didn't have to. But if he had to, he damn well would. His eyes narrowed as he cleared the door, and there wasn't a body. God dammit. The bastard had moved. Before he had a moment to rescan, the door thudded shut behind him*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He rolled to avoid the kick at the last second, getting quickly to his feet* Vladimir Kovinski. Didn't think you'd fight your own battles. Least someone in this fucking hellhole has balls, your guards can't manage to jack off without help. You're slacking, Vlad. Don't you know money talks? *He was keeping the random chatter up, as Vladimir was using it as background noise to move closer in the dark. Meanwhile Kaden was using it to hone in on a target. Heart, liver, kidneys, he wasn't too fucking picky. He heard the unmistakable sound of a blade being unsheathed and grinned.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *Blades meant close contact. This shit, he could do. Using the sound of Vladimir's heart beating, he rushed the male, both of them going down in a tangle of limbs. He didn't even know where the fucking knife was, or the gun. All he knew was that he needed to get a hand on skin. Cursing as he felt cold steel plunge into his side, he ignored the pain and curled his fingers around Kovinski's throat.* When you're getting assfucked by the devil, spare a thought for me.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *Leaving the body behind, he headed back down to the balcony. Sniffing, he grinned as he smelled just the slightest trace of smoke from the floor above. It'd take a few more minutes before the alarms would be triggered. By then he'd be long gone. The other guards should live, if they weren't stupid enough to attempt to reach Kovinski. As for him? Leaping from the balcony to the sea wall, he dropped between the crevices and landed on the beach. Tearing a long strip from his shirt with his teeth, he tightened it around his stomach, putting pressure on the wound. This agent was going the fuck home.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He'd barely stepped foot into the building before he heard "Kaleva!" being shouted across the room. Did the motherfucker have an indoor voice? Wiping a tired hand over his unshaven face, he glanced longingly at his desk where his paperwork for his mandatory vacation time was sitting. Soon. Heading into the office, he slumped down in the chair* Afternoon, General. Did you send the shitbucket heli just for me?

Mack Thompson |PF| *Narrowing his eyes, he motioned to the file on his desk* Cut the attitude, Kaleva. You were not authorized to set the damn rental property ablaze. I've been in meetings all day, trying to make excuses for it being faulty wiring. Faulty wiring. That is what you have reduced me to.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *Shrugging, he groaned as his side protested the movement* Look, the job got done, didn't it? Unlike Jerry, I came the fuck back and did my duty to whoever the hell we answer to this week. I take it that means yeah, you sent the rusty can 'o death just to fuck with me. Look.

Kovinski is gone. Anything left in that house is gone. The bodies of the guards were "lost at sea" and they're gonna decompose enough before they're found that all they're gonna see is heart attacks. Fucker's in the media will go apeshit, assume there's a rogue shark or shit. It'll get swept under, like it always does.

Mack Thompson [PF] *His face reddened as he got more aggravated with the dismissive view the agent had* Swept under or not, Kaleva, bribes to diplomats and paying people to look the other way is not a cheap expense. So no, you didn't get state of the art 5 star accommodations. You survived without a daily manicure and coddling this long, I didn't think one more month would be catastrophic.

Kaden Kaleva [PF] *Rolling his eyes, he stood, pulling the papers towards himself without even asking what was in them. Signing his name on the file, he tossed the pen down* Take it out of my bonus for going rogue in the first goddamned place. We done here? Vacation time is waiting and the bottle of Walker ain't drinking itself.

Mack Thompson [PF] *As Kaden headed out, he barely stopped himself from shooting the cantankerous bastard.* Get that side healed too, agent. God knows we don't need more catastrophes. *As the door slammed shut, he raked a hand through his graying hair. One thorn in his proverbial side down, one more to go. He was getting too old for this bullshit.* Daniels!

Deke Daniels [PF] *He'd been attempting to entice the pretty little tech specialist into giving up her digits. So damn close. Till the door banged open and Kaden stormed past* Take it the General decided to handle all his assholes in one day, then? *As K flipped him off, he shrugged. There was a reason most of them didn't associate with others much. Sliding a card with his number scribbled on it to ...Sara? Clara? Cara? Who the fuck knew, who cared, truly? Sex was sex. Dropping into the seat, he raised a brow as the General seemed to be having some sort of painful internal debate* Dude, they make pills for that shit now.

Mack Thompson [PF] *If he didn't know better, he'd swear his abilities had caused some sort of tumor. Except tumors couldn't walk, talk, and slam doors. Breathing out, he shook his head* Time and place, Deke. We've had this discussion. And for the record, the "walking sexsicle" prefers the fairer sex, as well as one that she isn't liable to have to stab every time he speaks. *As Deke turned to eye the female through the slats in the window blinds, he sighed* It's like herding feral cats. Well Daniels, I'm going to make your life a living hell or a fairy tale, depending on your view.

Deke Daniels [PF] *Alarm bells rang as he took in the fact that there were two folders on the desk.* Fuck off, General. I ain't taking a partner. I work alone. Always have. Always will. Can't stand nobody else, nobody else can stand me. You know how this goes. I show up, get my assignments like a good boy, drop 'em off as they're done. Has worked well so far, ain't no need to change something that works.

Mack Thompson [PF] If one more agent tells me any variation of "fuck off" another time today, I'm going to be the one running out of ammunition. *If he'd been in the mood to be amused, the chaotic thoughts Deke was broadcasting would have done it. The boy was terrified, though he hid it behind a "fuck off and die" attitude.* I can sense your powers. I can negate them. I can tell when different subsets of powers will blend and which will split like oil and water. You tell me Daniels. Have I ever been wrong? *As Deke refused to answer, he nodded* As I thought. Can the attitude, I've had about enough of them for today and your new partner WILL shoot your stupid arrogant ass. Meet time is 1830 hours at Cafe Du Monde. And Deke? Try not to get your idiotic self killed. I'm running out of arrogant assholes to fling into undercover work without warning.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *Home. He clenched the key in his palm tightly as he stared at the door. A part of him already knew what he would find, but it wasn't anger he felt, or sadness. More of a kind of understanding. While they'd had high hopes, every relationship fades over time, especially if someone else holds the strings. She foolishly hoped she'd magically wake up one day and they'd be mated. He constantly wondered if he could be selfish enough to keep her from having that. As he was sure if they were meant to be, it would have happened by now. The relief was more powerful than sadness, to be truthful. He didn't want to be the cause of another's heartache. Or wake up a dozen years from now and wonder what the fuck had happened. Letting the door swing open, his gaze snagged on the table next to it. An envelope addressed to him, and her ring. He didn't even need to read it. He already knew what it would say. The same shit he'd wondered about for months now.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF|*Taking the stairs two at a time, he sent out a text to his contacts list. He was home, he was safe. Sort of. And to leave him the hell alone for a week or two, at least. That done, he tossed the phone and the duffel bag onto the bed, stripping as he headed into the large bathroom. Flipping on the faucets in the shower, he let the water heat up before standing under the spray, closing his eyes as the exhaustion finally began to catch up with him. His life wasn't easy. Hell, he wasn't an easy man to put up with. Some people simply didn't have it in them to go the long haul. Something he'd just have to get used to, he supposed. After finishing a quick wash, he debated shaving but shrugged it off. Didn't fucking matter anyways, really anymore, right? Barely drying off, he scowled as the cotton pants he pulled on clung to the droplets still on his skin. Grabbing the bottle of Johnnie Walker from the dresser, he headed downstairs. Flopping into the leather easy chair, he brought the bottle to his lips for a long swallow. Some days, this shit life sucked.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He couldn't quite remember when he'd gotten home. Could have been yesterday, could have been a week or two. Fuck if he had the energy to go check, either. As he wasn't entirely sure where his damn phone had gotten to. Cursing, he tipped his head back in the chair, the headache that had started awhile ago now a nicely maturing migraine. Dousing it in whiskey likely wasn't helping as much as he'd hoped it would. He knew Am had stopped by, but he'd refused to answer the door. Missions that resulted in total sweeps were few and far in between. Yet each one left a damn stain on your fucking soul that no amount of liquor could drown. He'd almost gotten used to it. Almost gotten to where he was incapable of giving a damn. Job was a job. Then he'd inherited some fucked up family and been forced to semi-care again.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF|*The damned Ryanns were spreading like cockroaches. Though the look on Am's face whenever she spoke of Turstin at least meant he wouldn't have to skin the fucker. That helped. Nudging the bottle a few inches away, he groaned and closed his eyes again. Last text told him that some brother had been found. Round then is when he'd misplaced the fucking cell. He vaguely wondered if this was the one Illy had always said reminded her of him. Scowling, he wasn't sure why

that pissed him right the hell off, but it did. He'd caught her out front a few times. Always found a bag of food on the porch as she scurried away. The hell was that? Few times he almost pulled open the door and dragged her ass inside. Woman refused to wear actual fucking clothing even in what was their normally colder months. Though the way his mood was lately, he couldn't guarantee Illy'd not end up smacking him. Couldn't blame her, neither.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF|*Why he gave a damn what she wore, was another confusion plaguing him at the moment. She'd nearly grown up with Am. They'd been like his annoying kid sisters that he'd tried to lose whenever possible. His lips twitched as he remembered Am constantly talking about the tiger. The smile disappeared as he heard shoes tapping on the porch. Getting up, he was shielded by the curtains as he saw his current annoyance with another bag. Yet again he almost opened the door, but stopped himself.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *If it had been Am he wouldn't give a damn what she thought of his current disgusting state. Yet it bothered him that Illy would be upset, or that she'd see the wound in his side. Like his ass was weak and couldn't take care of his goddamned self. His brows knit together as she hurried back to the Den. Pulling the door open to snatch the bag, he inhaled deeply. Had to love a woman that didn't order goddamn rabbit food. Why he suddenly couldn't remember when he'd stopped seeing her as an aggravating psuedo-sibling was something he didn't want to analyze too damn close at the moment. Plus, there was food. Thinking be damned.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He'd spent too long in a daze. It was always like this after a deep cover assignment. Fitting back into your daily life was a struggle at first. It's why so many agents either stayed single or partnered up with spouses and mates. Only way to stay sane in a fucking relationship as a Psiforce agent. He'd drank a few bottles of whiskey. They'd been diluted by the damn burgers and fries Illy kept sneaking to his door. He'd finally sobered up enough to realize that his ass was rank. He stunk. Raising his arm, he sniffed before making a face. Yeah. Time to stop fucking wallowing.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *Heading upstairs, he flipped the faucets on, scowling at the shower. He'd let the females design the place, which meant the shower was a glass monstrosity that overlooked the yard below. Not that he gave a damn, no one looked up anyways, but hell. Too much with the goddamned cleaning. Stepping inside, he groaned as the hot water rained down. He scrubbed himself till his skin was damn near raw, erasing the last week or two of squalor he'd been in. Let alone the time he'd spent undercover.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *Tipping his head back, he sighed. What he needed to finish the night was a good fuck and some decent sleep for once. His chuckle sounded rusty. Hell, he was single again, wasn't he? Good fuck required actual effort now. Shrugging, he attempted to draw up an image in his head of something... anything. Might as well take matters into his own hands. Nothing aroused interest at all, making him growl* Jesus. I'm fucking broken.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *Hearing the sound of a gate latch while a car was still running, he twisted to check out the window, appreciating that the damn designer at least kept the room itself from being visible to those outside. Tilting his head, his lips lifted in a grin as he caught sight of a shapely ass in some damn yellow dress bent over near the doors to the den. Now that... that was a damn good view. His cock hardened, his hand almost absentmindedly circling his flesh. Hissing out a breath, he vaguely wondered who was visiting the Den. He'd have to ask. Leaning one arm against the glass to brace himself, he tightened his hold, a low groan being drawn from his throat.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *Just a bit more.... straining to catch another view of the mystery masturbatory fantasy, he was so fucking close he could feel his balls drawing up, the pressure building. His cock jerked in his palm, his orgasm tightening every damn muscle in his back, the vision of that perky ass beneath him, dark hair in his fist urging him forward. He heard a voice from below, making him lift his head again. Another glimpse for the night, perhaps.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *At the sight, he jerked backwards. Forgetting where he was, he slid on the wet tile, his hip slamming against the porcelain. His elbow cracked against the metal bar on the way down, leaving him a stunned heap on the shower floor. What the fuck was wrong with him? The curvaceous beauty he'd imagined screaming his name beneath him.... had been Illy.*

Illy Ryann |PF| *Pulling up to Kaden's house again, I look over at the bag of take out and sigh. He probably finds me annoying, bringing him food every few days. Kaden is a strong, independent man who doesn't need me coddling him. Though even with these thoughts in my head, I find myself grabbing the bag and getting out of my car. Am is a little worried about him but Turstin says that if Kaden needs something he'll ask us. I know my brother is right but I can't help it if I care. Stopping at the front door, I lean against it and try to hear if anyone is home. After a few minutes of not hearing anything, I try to door handle and find that it is unlocked. I should at least leave the food inside. If he isn't here, I don't want a squirrel making off with his hamburger.*

Illy Ryann |PF| *Stepping inside, I look around the place and frown. It looks like a bomb went off in here. Though I am pleasantly surprised to see empty take out bags sitting on the table. So he is eating the food I leave. A smile tugs at the edges of my lips and a light blush creeps up my cheeks. Placing the new take out bag on the table, I begin putting the empty containers in an empty plastic bag I found. A noise behind me makes me spin around and my cheeks grow warmer at the sight of Kaden* Umm..hi? I brought food. There was garbage so I thought I'd relocate it. I wasn't snooping. With having crazy brothers I know better than that. I'm sorry I'm rambling. I do that when I'm nervous. How are you feeling? I mean you look good. Not to say that you don't always look good. Er..you look good for the situation you are going through. Not that I'm saying you need to talk about it, because you don't. Unless you want to. Umm..*I shift slightly, biting my lip* I'm going to go now...

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He'd been drying off and pulling on linen pants when he'd heard noises downstairs. The fuck was that? Tossing the towel over his shoulder, he took the stairs two at a time, almost skidding to a stop as he spotted what would surely end up being the death of him today. As if in agreement, his hip and elbow throbbed in remembered pain. Baring his teeth at her, he attempted to tug

the bag from her hands* Dammit woman. You aren't going to come in and clean up after me. *As she grabbed it back, her eyes narrowing, he cursed under his breath. Fucking females were stubborn as hell* What are you doing here, Illy? Shouldn't you be next door with your brothers to keep you away from...to protect you? *Glancing warily at the empty bottles scattered across the living room floor, he felt his cheeks heating* You shouldn't be commenting on my looks, woman. *Under his breath, he muttered "People be trying to get me fucking killed" as he headed to grab the empty bottles* Well if you're going to stand there you might as well bring the damn bag over here.

Illy Ryann |PF| *Making a face at him* You know, I'm a big girl. I can tie my shoes alllll by myself now. I don't need my brothers' permission to do anything. And like I said, I was just relocating the...stuff here. *Walking over to him, I hold open the bag so he can deposit the empty bottles in his hands. I look closer at his appearance and frown slightly. He looks tired* Listen, I don't have to be to work today. Why don't I..relocate...this stuff and you take a nap or something? I don't mind.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| Little less of the sarcasm, little bit, would do just fucking fine, you ask me. *Tossing the bottles into the bag, he made the mistake of watching as she turned to grab one of the empty bags. Well fuck. There went concentration. Shifting uncomfortably, he hoped like hell that the pants he'd tossed on were better at covering shit than he assumed they'd be* Do you ever actually wear clothes that count as "clothing"? *His mind wandered to his earlier shower, and he almost choked at the thought of being in bed with her in his damn house* No. Just... no. I fucking mind.

Illy Ryann |PF| *Blinking at him, I look down at my clothes. It's a simple yellow dress...okay* What is your issue dude? I'm wearing clothes right now. I only wear less clothes at work. And for the record, you are wearing less clothes than me right now. *Stepping closer to him, I see he is a little flushed. Concerned I place my hand on his forehead* Do you have a fever? Maybe I should bring soup next time.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *It had never occurred to him to think of what Illy wore at work, but the thought now had him grinding his teeth. What the fuck was wrong with him right now? Jesus. As she reached to touch him, he attempted to jerk away but instead found himself standing still, the soft scent of her filling his lungs as she stood way too fucking close for comfort. Just a few inches and he'd have her lithe body pressed against his. The yellow material around her hips. No. No. What the HELL. Growling low, he grabbed her wrist, pulling her hand away from him* You need to not touch me right now, Ryann. *Forcing himself to remember who her sibling was honestly wasn't even helping the hard on that wouldn't go the fuck away. As she shifted closer to stare up into his eyes as if she were worried about him, he tugged the wrist he still had in his hand lower, pressing it against the erection straining against the material. Hissing out a breath, he met her now wide eyes* Again. You need to get the fuck out of here Illy, before Turstin tears my ass into pieces. Got it?

Illy Ryann |PF| *Jerking away from him, I stare at my hand as if it sprouted a head and called me fat* Umm... *Glancing at everything not him, I pull at my dress a little* So do you want soup or...umm..the burgers still okay? *My heart is pounding a million miles a minute and I know for a fact my cheeks are bright red. I slowly back towards the door, suddenly needing air. He was just lonely, that was it. That thought suddenly made me slightly angry* You...ass. What I'm the burger girl and available so I guess I'll do? Well, sir, you can take that dick of yours and smash it in a door. And...and..no more food for you! *I turn and head towards the door. Just as I am about to leave, I spin back around and storm back into the room* And for the record, buddy, I can do the dirty with whom ever I want. If case you forgot, my brother is currently banging my best friend. So paybacks are a bitch aren't they..so yeah..

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *It took him a moment to realize she was yelling at him. Truly yelling at him. Hell. He hadn't had a woman do that since... fuck been so long he couldn't actually remember* Seriously, bit, I think I'd take the fucking door smashing at this point. If my hand would have worked earlier after the vision outside the window, I wouldn't be hard as a damn 14 year old seeing his first goddamned porno. *He couldn't stop the low growl that rumbled up again at the thought of her fucking someone else. No. Fucking him. No... goddamn it! Raking his fingers through his hair, he glared at her*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| I didn't ask for your fucking hamburgers Illy. Didn't want 'em. Didn't need 'em. For some fucking insane ass reason my brain has decided it wants you. Payback's being a bitch, and all. *His lip curled as he turned, jerking the bag of empty bags and bottles up to toss it into the garbage can before the rest of what she'd said hit him. With a snarl, he didn't even realize he'd moved, yet he found her pressed against the door, his fingers curled around her throat. Every inch of her was cushioned against him and fucking hell, it felt excruciating because he knew he wouldn't take advantage of it* Anyone ever tell you that you look fucking edible when you're angry?

Illy Ryann |PF| *I am just about to tell him to go iron his face when he pushes me up against the door. His words mixed with the sounds of his voice makes a shiver go down my spine. My skin is covered in goosebumps and I am suddenly aware I forgot to put a bra on this morning. Looking at him in the eye, I glance down as his lips and lick my own. His grip on my throat tightens slightly and I feel myself pressing against him more, wanting to feel his warmth.*

Illy Ryann |PF| *My mouth opens and closes but no words come out. I keep going up on the balls of my feet only to shift back down and press against the door. My hips rub against his and I can feel his erection through the thin fabric separating us* I brought the burgers because I knew you were too stubborn to ask Am for food. And what would happen if you did have me? Would your brain then decide it doesn't want me? *Leaning up, I bring my lips right to his so that they are almost touching* You want me, tell me. If you are just looking for some hole to plug, I suggest using a sock.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *His breathing damn near stuttered in his chest as every movement of her body against his pushed him damn near the breaking point. His fingers slid up her throat to grip her chin, his thumb brushing across the edge of her jaw* Sweetheart, if that would have worked you wouldn't feel so fucking good right now. And I wouldn't be wondering how hard it would be to survive a big cat attack. *His free hand curled around her hip, forcing her to still*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| You have got to fucking stop moving Illy. Just... stop. *Even as he said the words, he ground himself against her, a low groan leaving his lips* Fucking killing me. *Unable to stop himself, he tipped her head, his lips coming down on hers. The kiss was brutal, hard. Almost as if he were punishing her for him wanting her. As her hands dug into his shoulders, lifting herself upwards, he tore himself away, his shocked gaze rising to her swollen, bruised lips* You need to leave. Now.

Illy Ryann |PF| *Bringing my hand up, I gently touch his soft lips. I didn't expect them to be soft. He was so tough and hard everywhere else, I figured they would be too. My breathing is coming out in little gasps as I step towards him* What if I don't want to leave? *I feel a pulse down between my thighs as my hand leaves his mouth and runs down his bare chest. My hand stops just above the top of his pants* If you really want me to go, tell me now. Because once we start this, I won't stop.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *For the first time in a long time, he damn near trembled at a woman's touch. What the fuck was wrong with him? She was his best friend's fucking sister. And not like "close" like Am and him. His actual fucking sister. Her hand tracing down his chest made his cock jerk, fuck he'd give her

anything she damn well asked for if she'd just drop to her knees and wrap those gorgeous lips around him. He almost put pressure on her shoulders, but staring into her face, he realized he was a fucking idiot. Way to fuck up everything. They were happy at the Den. No one needed his cock getting in the damn way. Pulling her hand from him, he backed away* Get out. Don't bother bringing food, I can get it my damned self. If I wanted a woman, I'd damn well go find one.

Illy Ryann |PF| *His words and the anger in his voice made me blink a few times as pain welled up in my chest. So I was just a throw away to him. I feel a lump form in my throat and my eyes began to tear up a little. This shouldn't bother me as much as it does. I fell like he slapped me. Turning around, I open the door and walk out of it. I wouldn't let him see my tears. He didn't deserve to see them. Getting into my car, I quickly leave and make sure I am far enough away before I pull over. I lean my head against the steering wheel and close my eyes. A few tears fall down onto my cheeks and I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding. After a few minutes, I get my emotions back under control and head home*

Kaden Kaleva |PF|*As Illy left, he dropped into the leather chair. What. the. Fuck. Tipping his head back, he stared at the ceiling, scrubbing his hands over his face in aggravation. Leave it to him. He had just avoided the biggest fucking mistake he could make to save his friendships. Or he'd just lost what could have been the best fucking thing in his life just because he was too damn proud to deal with bullshit from Am and T. At this point he didn't know which and that was damn near terrifying. He could still taste her, smell her. Feel the way she'd fit him so fucking perfectly. Cursing, he stood, heading back upstairs. Looked like another damn shower was in order. This time, probably a cold one.*

Amethyst Ayesha |PF| *She jumped with a small squeak for the 7th time that day. She'd begun counting them, as she needed to know what amount of kicks would be lethal to a tiger so she could stop just shy of that number. Didn't actually matter which tiger at the moment either. Turstin had been called in for the day with a few car accidents. Turned out the early morning fog had been a big problem and since no one knew who had originally caused it, her mate had been tapped to help with the autopsies leaving her alone with his brother.*

Amethyst Ayesha |PF| *And, fun fact, her new brother-in-law type figure preferred tiger form. And to lurk around corners and generally just scare the hell out of her every time she rounded a corner to stare into unblinking, unfamiliar eyes.* Ailwin I swear, brother of the man I love or not, if you do not go do something and stop sneaking around, I will kick you! *The huge tiger made a huffing noise and disappeared down the hall. Likely to go find another damn hiding spot. How antisocial could you be? Groaning, she eyed the text message she'd gotten early this morning.*

Amethyst Ayesha |PF| *The tigers were trying to kill her. Illy had demanded that Am find her someone to go out with. She was lonely, bored, and traveled too much to get to know anyone, and as her best friend, it was Am's duty to help her. Least, that was the gist of the text. Why she suddenly decided she needed to mingle right at this moment, Am had no idea. Didn't ask either. Only men she knew were the agents at Psiforce. She supposed she could look for one that Illy might get along with. May the gods help her if Turstin or Ailwin found out she was going to set their baby sister up with a rogue government agent.*

Illy Ryann [PF] *Pacing around my room, I throw my stuffed tiger pillow at the wall. That bastard. Kaden's words still ring in my ears as I kick the pillow across the carpet. "If I wanted a woman, I'd get one". Well guess what buddy, I can get a man if I want. Glancing down at my phone, I nervously bite my lip. I text Am a few hours ago asking if she knew any guys I could go out with. Yeah, it's pretty lame to have to ask for help but I was kinda desperate. The men in my profession were either gay or had so many women, they could barely keep track. Walking over to the window, I look across the yard and see Turstin coming home from work. Hopefully the house will quiet down now*

Ailwin Ryann [PF] *A growl rumbled in his throat as he padded to the swinging door, nudging it open with his nose. Go Ailwin, fetch Ailwin, stop lurking Ailwin. Acted like he had a damn clue how to do this socializing shit. He ended up slunk down in some soft green weeds, his golden eyes watching the backyard warily. All he needed was T to show up and think he'd upset the woman. Sniffing the air, he let out a soft chuffing noise. He smelled something. Tiger. His teeth bared, he slid forward on his belly, inching his way to the side entrance. He didn't know who else was here, but the only damn tiger's better be his family or he and his brother would be having a talk. Least the place was built with weres in mind. Another swinging door and he found himself in a small foyer of another wing to the Den. A camera sat on a table, bag dropped next to it, some of the contents spilled to the floor. Wandering through the small home, he was being nosy as fuck, but he hadn't found anyone yet. Least if it was another tiger, seeing a fully grown 700lb one making its way through their possessions wouldn't cause heart attacks. A doctor, he was not. Hearing a door shut, his head snapped up, ears flattening as he followed the movements to the stairs*

Illy Ryann [PF] *Grumbling to myself, I toss on a pair of shorts and a tank top then head out my door. I can't stay in here forever, so maybe I'll go bother T or something. I am just about to turn when the hair on the back on my neck stands up. Someone's watching me. Spinning around, I am just about to shift and mess up someone's day when I see a huge tiger staring at me. I know T's tiger form well enough to know this wasn't him. Sniffing a little, I catch the familiar scent of Ailwin. We both stand there staring at each other for a little while. Me being awkwardly human, him being awkwardly tiger. I knew he was here, Turstin came to tell me in person even. I also know I should have found Ailwin on my own and said something but I didn't know what. Turstin and I were closer in age, we played together more as kids then with our other siblings. Ailwin was always kind of scary to me. Being the eldest, he took a lot of responsibility for us when our parents were away. It was also his idea to split up after our people were attacked. A part of me always hated him because of that, and the other parts told that part to grow up. Realizing it had been more than a few minutes with us just staring at each other, I let out a breath* Hey big brother.

Ailwin Ryann [PF] *He stared. He couldn't help it. His last view of her had been a terrified, skinny, dirt streaked kid with tears pouring down her face. Now she stood in front of him, a grown ass woman. They said time healed all, but they were some kinda fucked up. Shifting, he straightened, clearing his throat awkwardly. Unlike with T, he had no fucking idea how to handle his baby sister. Never had, truth be told* You've... changed. *For the first time, he was conscious of what he must look like. He'd changed as well, and hadn't aged near as well as she had* You look like our mother, you know.

Illy Ryann |PF| *Biting my lip nervously, I look down as I try to not get over emotional. I know he would only think I was acting like a kid* I honestly can barely remember her. *Glancing up at him, I smile* You've changed too. Still have that 'what did you do this time' look though. *Stepping forward, I reach out towards him* Can I hug you?

Ailwin Ryann |PF| *For a long while he'd forgotten to smile. How to laugh. Didn't have need of it, living like a fugitive. Looked like he was going to have to re-learn to be as human as he could* I didn't realize I had that particular look about me. Probably why Turstin's mate has done everything but throw a lamp at my head and demand I get out. *As she stepped forward, he realized he'd retained a bit more humanity than he'd thought as he had to swallow a lump that suddenly filled his throat. Taking the last step, he wrapped his arms around her, his chin resting on her head* God damn, I'd given up on finding you. Any of you.

Illy Ryann |PF| *Burying my face into his shoulder, I hug him tight* I thought all of you were dead. Then I moved in with Am and she found Turstin on a mission and then I began to hope that the rest of you were alive. Turstin and Am were working out a way to find everyone but it's been a tough thing to do. Then when T said you were here, I didn't know if you wanted to see me or if you would think I was annoying you. And now I'm rambling because that's what I do, I ramble. Sometimes I never shut up. *Even though my voice was muffled because I was talking into his shoulder, I knew Ailwin understood every word. Finally looking up at him* How have you been?

Ailwin Ryann |PF| *His chuckle was rusty as he relaxed his hold a bit, but still kept his arms around her. She always did this shit, even as a kid. As soon as she got nervous, she'd fucking talk and talk. You'd always tell when she was lying to cover for T, cause she'd follow you around asking the dumbest shit to distract you.* Some things never change. Please tell me you two have outgrown attempting to lie for each other, cause from what I've seen, it isn't going to be any prettier than it used to be. *Giving a small shrug, he pressed a kiss to her temple* I'm alive. Any more than that, kid sister's likely don't want or need to be aware of. I've been the eternal starving musician with a wandering habit. Not much else to be said, pretty sure that paints as much of a picture as I care for my siblings to know. *Gesturing to the camera* You shoot? T talks about as much as the rest of us did. Meaning, not that damn much.

Illy Ryann |PF| *Grinning, I nod* Yeah, I'm a wildlife photographer. *Seeing his smirk, I laugh a little* Yes, I am aware of the irony. Unfortunately, no one else is. The wildlife photographer thing isn't really paying the bills much so I model on the side. T isn't happy about it but oh well. I actually don't mind being in front of the camera much. *Looking up at him* So are you staying long? *The question comes out a little more desperate and kid sisterly than I originally wanted but it's all the same. I just found 2 of my brothers and as selfish as it sounded, I didn't want to lose them again*

Ailwin Ryann |PF| *Leaving her side, he picked up the camera, scrolling through the images* Not bad, kid. You do have an eye for it. *snorting, he mentally reminded himself that he hadn't been here and had no right to say a word. Yet he couldn't help himself, just a bit* Modelling? Jesus, we need to find Barker and Galyn. I can't do this shit on my own. *At her words, he set the camera back down, sliding his hands into his pockets. What was he to tell her?* I...uh. Well. Basically carried my life savings all this time in a damn duffel bag. In case we needed it. Guess T and his mate helped that along. Never really put down roots. Figured I'd do that once I either found you guys or Chasers caught up with me. *His lips twisted in a wry grimace as he watched her* I'm not near as socialized as you.

Illy Ryann |PF| *Smiling sadly, I wrap my arms around his arm* If T can do it, you can.

Illy Ryann [PF] I mean, come on, he cuts open dead bodies for a living. *Seeing his raised eyebrow, I laugh* Yeah, he's a coroner. He is so antisocial he prefers dead people over living ones. Am has helped a lot with getting him out of his shell. Am and I could help you. You could have your own space and do whatever you want. *When he begins shifting uncomfortably, I sigh a little and step back* I won't make you stay, Big Brother. Just know you have family here who love you.

Ailwin Ryann [PF] He always was a bit morose and strange. Then again, aren't we all. *At her sigh, he inwardly groaned. Somehow he's managed to fuck up somewhere again. Clearing his throat, he shrugged* I ain't leaving. Not with most of our family intact again. Even if it comes with this diseased monstrosity of a residence. *Glancing left to right, he lowered his voice* Do you know they have 10 fucking water heaters? Where I've lived, even having one was sometimes a luxury. Basement of this place is packed with wires and fuseboxes and water tanks. It's like a miniature were-city.

Illy Ryann [PF] *Grinning at his words, I laugh* It's a big place so it needs to have extra water heaters so the whole place can get hot water. We even have air conditioning too. *The look on his face was priceless and made me laugh even more* Well if you want, Am and T could build you your own little place out on the grounds like Kaden has. *Seeing his frown, I roll my eyes* He's a friend of Am. Gigantic jerk, more antisocial than you, with the manners of lion bile. *The more I talk of Kaden, the more angry I get. Seeing Ailwin's frown deepen, I change the subject back* So if you want your own place with a single water heater, we could make that happen.

Ailwin Ryann [PF] *His brow rose slightly. So far she'd been timid and polite, but whoever the hell this Kaden was, he pissed her off royally. Might have to do some more sniffing around on the grounds. Was he allowed to play the big brother schtick any longer? Did he give a damn? Not particularly.* I took a room in the... ah... left wing? Whatever was nearest the closest escape route to the woods behind the house. Still kind of living like something is after me. It'll get better. Hopefully. If I need a space of my own, I'll see what T says. Maybe a small cabin somewhere might be nice. I assume you're going to be busy this week at some point. As I got kicked out, Amethyst was on the phone trying to set up a girl's night or some shit. Maybe.. eh... Was thinking maybe one day when we're all not busy we'd all go for a run or something. That is, if you wanted to. Or if T wanted to. I could go alone. *His cheeks heated slightly before he let out a frustrated breath* God damn this is gonna take some getting used to.

Illy Ryann [PF] *Giggling, I stand I up my tip toes to give him a kiss on the cheek. I then wrap my arms around his shoulders* It'll be okay, Big brother. Things will get better over time. You are safe here. Not only are we together, but we have a huge security system by psiforce, you're safe. And I would love to go for a run with you. Honestly, I don't shift often. I know T does though. We have lots of space here so we don't have to worry about running into humans. *Smiling up at him* And Amethyst isn't so bad. She is actually pretty awesome. What did you do to make her kick you out?

Ailwin Ryann [PF] Yeah, friend of mine, K told me I should come here, that it was a safe place for weres. So here I am. Should listen to his drunk ass more often. As for Am. Er. *A ghost of a smile lit his face* I may or may not have been lurking around corners and being a pain in the ass as I investigated the place. Where T's mate unwittingly kept stumbling into me. I maintain I was just checking the place out, she's the one that wouldn't stay the hell still.

Illy Ryann [PF] *Laughing, I nod* Well Am is also a government agent, so she is kinda jumpy. Not to mention, Turstin is super lazy and usually when he is in his tiger form, he lays out on the porch and stays there. And like I said, I don't shift very much. So she isn't use to tigers being where they aren't.

Ailwin Ryann |PF| So me hiding in the nook park under the stairs as she walked past, likely not a great strategy. *He chuckled, his arm going around her in a quick squeeze* I will learn to adjust. Though how he managed to snag someone who clearly has brains and a personality is beyond me. She's gotta be deficient in some way that I simply have not discovered yet. *He sobered, his gaze meeting hers* Are you happy here, little sister? Is this where we stay?

Illy Ryann |PF| *Laughing* Honestly, they are really good together. She makes him very happy and he somehow makes her happy too. *Smiling up at him* Yeah, I am happy here. I think we should stay. I also think we should find Barker and Galyn and bring them here. Then we can all be together again. Safe.

Ailwin Ryann |PF| Safe. Almost forget what that feels like. *Breathing out, he glanced around, his eyes catching the small hints of Illy that made this place her home. The trees silhouetted outside. The smaller house set adjacent that must be this Kaden's place. Truthfully, T and his mate had found a slice of paradise for weres. And their little family was almost complete.* Then here we will stay. *Had Illy not been happy, he wouldn't have given a damn how much had went into this place, he'd growl and make demands until shit got done how he wanted. But, hell. His kid sister was happy. Perhaps he'd learn to feel safe here as well. As her phone rang, he watched her go to grab it, murmuring that it was Am. Not wanting to intrude, he gestured towards the door, mouthing, "Run after?" When she nodded, he shifted into his more comfortable animal form, heading out back. T may have a point about this laying in the sun bit. Maybe he'd try that.*

Illy Ryann |PF| *Looking in the mirror for the tenth time, I put on a little more lip gloss before fixing my hair. He should be here any minute. My stomach feels in knots as I slowly begin to pace my room. I know I wanted to go out on a date, just to prove to myself and Kaden that I wasn't just some available girl. Guys are interested in me...Biting my lip, I look at the clock. Almost time. Smoothing out my dress, I nearly jump when my phone goes off. I glance down to see it's him. Kyle something...I really should learn his last name. Though it might not matter. It's not like I'm going to sleep with him. The thought makes the knots worse. Taking a deep breath for courage, I head out and see him standing by his car. He has a big smile on his face while he holds a huge bouquet of red roses. I actually hate large amount of flowers, they tend to make me sneeze. Putting on a smile, I walk over to him* Hey there. *He gives me an appreciative once over* Hey sexy. You ready for tonight? *Nodding, I take the flowers as he holds them out to me. Mumbling a thanks, I get into the car and let out a breath. Why do I still not feel right? I figured I would feel better once he got here but if anything I feel worse. Glancing out the passenger door window, a small part of me hopes to see one of my brothers passing by. Unfortunately, there is no one to be seen. Once Kyle gets in with his grin still in place, he drives off at a very slow speed. Frowning, I glance at the speedo and see he is going 4 under the speed limit. Good Gods...this is going to be a long night*

Illy Ryann |PF| *The restaurant is packed with people when we finally get there. After talking to the hostess we are seated in front of a huge window looking out over the street and passersbys. Forcing another smile, I look over at him* So. Umm..have you ate here before? *He nods and waves his hand dismissively* Yeah, I eat here all the time. Don't worry, Doll, I'll order you something. *Blinking a few

times, I feel my mouth work soundlessly but I decide not to say anything. Maybe he is just being nice. I don't really have much experience with men...Biting my lip, I glance at my phone wondering if I should text Am* Hey Babe, how about some wine? *Glancing up, I see the waiter and Kyle are staring at me. I nod quickly and Kyle goes back to talking to the waiter* Yeah, so we'll take a bottle of the house wine. I'll have the lobster, extra butter sauce and don't skimp on the seasonings, ya hear? She'll have the vegetarian salad, no dressing. *The waiter nods and disappears into the crowd. Vegetarian salad? Do I look like a rabbit? Looking over at him*

Illy Ryann |PF| Vegetarian salad? *He takes a sip of water and nods* Yeah, girls like salads and your a model right? Got to keep that sexy figure of yours. Don't want you putting on the pounds. *Blinking again at him, I look down at my stomach. Putting on the pounds?* Are you saying you wouldn't be here if I were fat? *He snorts at me* Babe, when I heard you were a model, I jumped at the chance to meet you. Especially once I Googled some of your shoots. Damn girl, you have a great body. I hope we get acquainted soon. Though I was kinda hoping you would have shown more skin. I mean what's the point of having a body like yours if you aren't going to show it off for me? Oh well..*I just sit there staring at him in horror. There is not way an actual person said all of that to another person. Well I'm not actually a person, I'm a tiger, but he doesn't know that!* I don't know what you think is going to happen but..*He waves his hand cutting me off* Babe, don't worry about it. Now, let me tell you a little about myself...

Illy Ryann |PF| *Forty-five agonizing minutes and part of a disgusting meatless salad later, I stare out the window in boredom. Kyle hasn't stopped talking at all. I am just about to get up to use the bathroom when he snaps his fingers at me* Babe, pay attention, this is a really good story about how I saved some kids. They through me a party afterwards, can you believe that? Yeah, I know I'm pretty amazing. *He grins that horrible grin again and looks me over* Good, I'm glad to see you ate a little. You must be full. Lets talk about what we are going to do the rest of the night. You know...when we take this thing vertical...

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He'd been pissed, edgy. Dickwad Kirst had been talking shit all morning about some hot female he was going to fuck. He felt sincerely sorry for whatever desperate woman felt Kyle was a good substitute for some batteries and a cheap thrill. Probably get more fucking attention. He'd had it with sitting at home alone like an ass though, so he'd dragged himself out. Only place that seemed busy was CeCi Bella's. Place was normally quieter, tonight it seemed like half the damn city was there. Pulling to a stop, he hopped out of the jeep and headed inside. Might as well find something to amuse himself for an hour or two before he took his sorry ass home alone. Again.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *Sliding into a seat at the bar, he ordered a beer, not even caring what the hell they gave him. Twisting, he eyed the crowd. There was a small band playing, but most of the noise was from just general conversation. Hearing a familiar braying ass, he cursed. Sometimes he was pretty fucking sure that arrogant prick gave him a twitch. Wondered who his "hot piece of ass" was tonight. Maybe he could at least warn the girl if she seemed halfway decent. Standing, he nodded to the bartender as she sat his change back on the scarred bartop, glass in hand. Heading through the crowds, his lips twisted into a facsimile of a smile*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| Kirst. First time in a long time you weren't spending the night alone with your mother. *Turning to introduce himself to the dark haired woman across from Kyle, he felt a possessive streak break forth, one he'd rarely felt before. If ever. Meeting her gaze with a dark one of his own, he swallowed a large gulp of the icy beer before setting down the half-empty glass* Ah, I see. Well, you certainly did choose a "hot piece of ass" Kirst. Unfortunately, you aren't gonna be seeing any part of it.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *As Kyle stood, Kaden smirked. Puny fuck was a good 3-4 inches shorter than he was, and not nearly as pissed off* Hit me, asshole. You won't live to report me to the General. *As Kyle swung, Kaden blocked it, his fist meeting Kirst's jaw so hard he swore he heard bone break. Turning, he motioned to Illy* We're leaving. Now.

Illy Ryann |PF| *I am just about to bail when I hear Kaden's voice. Looking up, I see a pissed off look on his face. His words register just before he knocks Kyle out. Standing up, I grab onto Kaden's hand and drag him through the crowd and out the door. I stop once we are a good distance away and turn to face him* What the hell are you doing here? And punching my date for that matter?

Kaden Kaleva |PF| Fucking killing Am. *Instead of answering her, he lifted her, ignoring her indignant protest as he dumped her into the jeep. He noticed she didn't attempt to move as he headed back towards the Den though. Likely figured she needed a damn ride home or she'd be getting there in animal form. Pulling into his drive, he watched her eyes dart towards the Den, as if she was waiting for someone to come rescue her* Oh no, Illy. You wanted a bit of attention? You wanted a male to fucking claim you? Then you damn well got it. *Slamming the door, he moved to her side as she sat, her eyes straight ahead as she completely ignored him.* We're playing it like that, hm, little bit? Not a problem.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *His arms went under her, tossing her over his shoulder. He felt her attempt to bite his hip, but his palm against her ass drew an outraged gasp as she began to struggle. Kicking the door in, he dumped her to the couch, not giving her a moment to start bitching before he followed her down, her smaller hands trapped in his palm as he pulled them above her head. Staring into her wide eyes, he had a moment's thought of wondering what the fuck he was doing before he shrugged it off. Fuck it. Consequences be damned. Wedging one thigh between hers, he hissed out a breath as he went to meet her lips and she bit him instead* Now bit, that wasn't very nice. *His free hand cupped her chin, forcing her to open as his tongue swept into her mouth, a low groan leaving him as she began to kiss him back, their breaths hurried* You're not leaving, Illy. Not tonight.

Illy Ryann |PF| *Debating on whether or not I should murder him, I am surprised when he is suddenly on top of me. After that, everything was kind of a blur. He tasted of beer and Kaden and it was delicious. Sliding my tongue along his bottom lip, I nod at his words as I press my hips up into his. The bulge I feel there is impressive. I move my lips a little until he moves so I can wrap my legs around his waist, my dress sliding up my thighs. Groaning into his mouth, I feel my breath coming out in short gasps. I kiss my way up his jaw and nibble his earlobe. Whispering into it* Thank you for saving me, My Big Strong Gladiator Man. *His low laugh makes my stomach twist and turn but for once tonight, it's not a bad thing*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He'd normally take his damn time and savor the temptress that had been pretty much the reason for a chronic hardon the past few days, but as she lifted, her ankles crossing over his back, he gave the fuck up at sanity. Releasing her wrists, he pulled the fabric of her collar away from her skin before a sharp yank had it ripped all the way down the hem.* Right now, I really appreciate these god damned "Fuck me" dresses, cause they make this shit a breeze. *She laughed, and his eyes narrowed when they were suddenly skin to skin* Show off. *Twisting, he lifted her until she sat straddling his alp, his hand sliding between her thighs. Meeting her gaze, his lips curved into a small smile as she spread her legs wider, his fingers sliding deeper. Bending his head, his lips tugged and pulled at her nipples, moving from one to another until they were reddened and she was tugging at his hair, her hips shifting with every movement of his fingers* Not enough, bit? Tell me what you want, and maybe you can have it.

Illy Ryann |PF| *My whole body felt like it was on fire. Everywhere he touched burned in pure pleasure. Biting my lip, I feel my body shaking with need. The look in Kaden's eyes was possessive and wanton. It made me shiver in response. Leaning forward, I suck his bottom lip into my mouth and swirl my tongue around it* I want you to fuck me, Kaden. I want to be so sore tomorrow I can't move. I want you in every way sexually possible. *His quick in take of breath made me smile. I have never felt as sexy as I did in this moment* So how about it, Agent? You going to give me what I want?

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *If he could have possibly gotten any damn harder, those words would have done it.* Fuck, Illy. You been hanging around bad influences. *Bringing his fingers up to his lips, he watched her eyes darken as her taste exploded on his tongue* You, bit, can have whatever the fuck you want. *Curling one hand around her hip, he circled his cock with the other, his breath damn near stuttering in his chest as she sank down, her head thrown back in pleasure.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He managed to stay still, barely, as he waited for her to adjust, watching the emotions flicker across her face. Her nails dug into his shoulders as she began to move impatiently, making a dry laugh escape.* Always were in such a damn hurry, woman. *Wrapping his arms around her, he thrust upward, groaning as every time he moved, she met him stroke for stroke. He couldn't take his damn eyes off of her. How the fuck had he missed her, standing right the hell in front of him* Goddamned you riding me is a fucking gorgeous sight.

Illy Ryann |PF| *A blush warms my cheeks as I watch him, watch me. He has always been so in control. Even when I first met him, he never seemed to let anything get to him. Am said he was always like a rock, tough and strong. That's the thing I always liked about him most. Where as I was always afraid of Chasers finding me and killing me, he always seemed in control, safe. I had a crush on him since the moment his eyes met mine. Now staring down into those same eyes, I see his control slipping, because of me* I've wanted you for so long, Kaden. *A throaty moan leaves my throat as he finds a rhythm that hits that spot deep inside of me. Throwing my head back, I scream out his name as my orgasm rips through me. All the light bulbs in the room flare then shatter as my orgasm continues to wash over me*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *A hoarse chuckle leaves him as glass hits the floor. His fingers moved to her clit again, adding pressure, drawing out another orgasm. As she clenched down, her pussy damn near milking his cock, he shuddered, his cock jerking as his release swept through almost without warning. His arms tighten around her as he draws her closer, his lips tracing her throat* I'd ask where have you been all my fucking life, but I'm pretty sure I'm just a flaming goddamn moron, and you'd tell me so. *He heard a small snuffle, and his brows creased. What the fuck did he do!?!*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He went to lift her chin up, to apologize, something, when he yelped, damn near dropping her as he shook his hand, glancing towards the cushions to see what he'd hit. Illy's choked gasp made him freeze, before he tentatively lifted his palm towards her. He wasn't sure what the hell he expected, but seeing what looked like claws and a paw branded into his skin wasn't exactly what he was thinking. He went to say something, but the only thing that came out was a "uhhhhhh.....", as his brain seemed to stop functioning. Finally, he managed a few more syllables, didn't think they were any brighter though* Illy... uhh.. this.. your hand?

Illy Ryann |PF| *I was just about to say something clever'ish when my hand felt like it was on fire. Knowing immediately what that meant, I just stared at Kaden as he shook his hand out. I nodded at his words and held up my hand out, showing him the exact same mark* We are mated. *My voice is eerily calm as I leaned back against the couch cushions as Kaden stood up. I could see he was panicking a

little, hell so was I. Standing up next to him, I take his branded hand into both of mine* You don't have to do this you know? I won't take it personally. I know I have basically been that weird girl your adoptive sister hung around with. I also know you and Arya tried having this and...*I stop for a moment, too afraid to look up into his eyes. Honestly, I never really thought about finding my mate. That was a lie, I thought about it all the time. I usually pictured it when I was alone and it was usually Kaden's face I pictured as my mate. Never did I think he would actually be it*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *His breathing was harsh, eyes a little wild as he stared between their hands. What in the actual fuck. He heard her speaking, but didn't really take it in at first. He kept clenching his hand, feeling the strangeness of the raised marks on his skin. Raking his fingers through his hair, he had one of those fucking Hollywood, cliché, bullshit movie moments where everything seems suddenly clear, like you're the asshole in the middle of a damn storm when two steps over it's sunny. Blinking, he just shook his head*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| I don't... fuck. I don't know why the fuck you'd choose me. Ain't like I've ever done anyone a damn bit of good. But... hell. I've seen T and Am. Somebody did something right. Can't say that somebody did right by you, dumping you with me. But... damn. *Dropping his hands to his sides, he swallowed, searching her face for.. fuck, he didn't even know what. An acknowledgment that this was real? That this time it would last? That... hell, that she could stand his ass long?* You're doing a whole lotta not talking, bit.

Illy Ryann |PF| *Laughing a little, I look up at him. He seems a little panicky but he isn't running out the door. That's good* I have had a crush on you for years, Mr. Kaden Kaleva. Every time I pictured this moment, it was your face I saw. You are strong, loyal, and pure sex on a stick. *Smiling, I kiss his knuckles and look into his eyes* There is no man in this world and all the others that I would rather have. If it was my choice, I'd pick you every time. However, I want you happy and if it's not with me, I understand.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *His brow creased as his eyes narrowed* There is something wrong with you. Truly. Turstin fucking hit you in the head too damn often as a kid and now you got some kind of deficiency. *His fingers pressed against her jaw, forcing her to keep his gaze* Any jackoff who said he couldn't be happy with you needs fucking castrated. You're the one who got the short straw. Ain't nobody looking at me like a prince, sweetheart. You shouldn't either. *His voice lowered a little, but he knew she heard* I can't be T, Illy. That ain't me.

Illy Ryann |PF| *Blinking a few times, I clear my throat* I don't want you to be T. That's how the men of my race are, their mates are everything to them. I want you to be an agent and save people, to watch the game and drink beers, to...scratch your balls and wear crusty socks. *His cute half smile makes me laugh a little* All I want from you Kaden, is to come home to me and only me. To have a future with me, one with us laughing and yelling and fucking each other. I just want you. What is it you want?

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He snorted, his lips curving into a smile* I suppose if I say I want someone to make sure I don't have crusty socks, I'm gonna get hit. Do I get like, extra credit points for putting the seat down, making dinner sometimes, watching a stupid chick flick, and shit? Cause during the "yelling" portion, I'm gonna need some goddamned extra points to save my ass. *She raised a brow, as if she was waiting for an answer, and he sighed* I don't know what I want, Illy. I'm a fucked up, complicated moron. But hell, assuming your brother don't tear me limb from limb, cause he's gonna damn well know how we got these fucking things, guess I'd like to figure out what I want as I go. But I want it with you.

Illy Ryann |PF| *Smiling a little in confusion* I will only ever hit you if you call me fat. You don't need 'extra points' to go towards anything. I'm not even sure what they are suppose to go towards. Sex? Kaden, I will have sex with you anywhere, anytime. If you put the seat down, it would be nice, but I can put it down too. You can make dinner if you want, or we could go out to eat, or we could eat at The Den and have T cook, or hell I could cook. If I want to watch a chick flick I'll get Am and her and I will have a girls day. Kaden...I don't want someone to treat me like a princess. Princesses are locked away and admired. I want to be right by your side, not hidden.

Illy Ryann |PF| If I want flowers, I'll buy flowers. If I want love notes, I'll write them on a cake and then eat the cake. I don't need a personal shopper to buy me clothes or jewelry. I don't need a clingon that has no dreams or ambitions. I don't want any of that. I want you to tell me of the things you want to do and the places you want to see. I want us to do and see those places. I want you to come with me when I go take pictures of wildlife. I want a partner not a lap dog. And I want you to know that if and when I yell at you, just because I am pissed, doesn't mean I'm walking out that door. It just means I'm yelling. If you want to do this with me, then do this with me. *Holding out my marked hand, I wait to see what he will do next*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He was out of his damn element. Way the hell out of it. Yet he couldn't help but be charmed by her words. The way her voice got sharper as she tried to hit all the points she wanted to make. The way her eyes lit up with her passion. He couldn't think of a single damn reason why they weren't a perfect damn match, and wasn't that a bitch. Could have saved years of bullshit if he'd just opened his damn eyes. His face relaxed, the tenseness in his muscles loosened and for the first time in a long ass time, shit just... felt right. Stepping forward, he brushed the hair from her face, before he took her hand in his, pressing his lips against the marks* Well, little bit. Looks like you're gonna be stuck with me.

Illy Ryann |PF| *Pulling him towards the couch, I push him gently down onto it. I slowly straddle his waist and lean forward. When our lips meet, it's like a fire again. Everything seems to been moving fast and slow at the same time. Reaching down, I slowly begin to stroke him. His low groan has me ready for him. I lean forward and slowly impale myself on his hard length. Letting out a breathless gasp, I try to focus on what need to be done. Our marked palms press together as I slowly move up and down* You need to repeat after me and part of the way through, we will have a chance to bind our lives together. If you want to do that, I'm game. *My words are fast and kind of smooshed together as my body begins to shake. I don't know what it is about him but I am already ready to come and have him fuck me harder*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *His head tipped backwards as her slick heat enveloped him. His fingers twined with hers as his other hand stroked down her spine, urging her closer. He wasn't sure how the hell he managed to repeat the mangled words back to her, but since she hadn't stopped, must have meant he'd done okay. As the last syllables left him, he grimaced, pressure in his gums making him lift his eyes to hers. Took a moment, but he remembered vaguely the rest of the bits and pieces he'd heard over the years. She froze, her lips clamped tight, as if she was waiting to see what he'd do. Well, fuck it, they're doing this, then they're damn well doing it right. Shifting forwards, he nudged her head further back, eyeing her throat. Would it hurt her? He had no damn idea. Grazing the skin with his teeth, he nearly came as she shuddered in his grasp, goosebumps raising on her flesh. Hm. Taking that as permission, he sank his teeth deep, his eyes widening as something.... changed. He barely felt her bite the other side of his throat, it was like a damn live wire had struck them. He couldn't fight his release, nor the guttural groan as he swore he almost felt the connection grow between them*

Illy Ryann |PF| *Shaking uncontrollably as Kaden and I come together, I collapse against him as the mating and bonding is finally complete* That was...that best thing ever. *He answers in a raspy laugh. Leaning up a little, I place a gentle kiss against his throat where I bit him* You know that this means you are mine now and I am yours? *Nibbling his chin, I pull back with a gasp* Oh no! My brothers are going to murder you. They are both going to shit kittens.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He snorted, shifting to hold her more comfortably* Means Kirst comes near you again, he'll be missing a few more fucking teeth. The arrogant donkey fuck. *At her raised brow, he shrugged* He brags a lot. Like a braying ass. *Letting out an appreciative noise as her teeth grazed his chin, he groaned, this time not in pleasure* Brothers? Woman, T can't say shit, we done been through this crap once. The others, well, they don't know you, haven't for years. Be like "Hi, I'm Illy, this is the sarcastic asshole mate the fates saddled me with". Problem solved.

Illy Ryann |PF| *Biting my lip, I look up at him sheepishly* Am didn't tell you did she? *At his frown, I shift so I am sitting next to him* My eldest brother, Ailwin, showed up at The Den a little while ago. T can't say much because he is mated to your sister and now you are mated to his but Ailwin... I just saw him for the first time yesterday. He's single and super antisocial...

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *Making a face, he tipped his head back against the cushions, shooting her an unreadable look* Feed them something that makes them really slow. Least that way I can outrun them. That or shove you in front of them. You're the baby, they might not swipe at you to get to me, right? *His lips twitched before something teased at his subconscious* Damn. Didn't know the general was fucking sending people already. Am's gonna have a damn field day, she's too damn uptight and high strung for that. Thought we had some time before the locusts descended.

Illy Ryann |PF| *Giggling at him* Well they can't kill you. We are bonded now, remember, if you die, I die. And I don't know if it was the general. Ailwin just said someone told him to come here. We have the room and Am has been preparing like mad for the impending rush, I suppose. Either way, I think you are going to be happy you live out here and not at The Den. *Leaning over, I kiss his cheek then nibble his earlobe a little* Are you wearing some fuck me spray or something? Because I swear I should be exhausted and sexed out but I just seem to want you more.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He shivered as her teeth sank slightly into his ear, before he froze, a sense of dawning doom stealing over him* Someone... ah... someone told him? *Yet another instance of sudden clarity and he couldn't fucking think of why he'd been so goddamned stupid.* Ryann. Ry. Fuck. I'm dead. *Flashes of his "notorious" past went through his mind and he groaned before sinking lower into the couch* This world is entirely too fucking small. And I'm a dead fucking agent. *As she giggled, he growled* I'm serious, woman. You got great sex, and you ain't gonna get it anymore because I'm going to be dead. God damn I hope it's at least quick.

Illy Ryann |PF| *Smiling down at him* Like I said, you can't die without me dying. So you aren't going to die. And why do you look so worried? My brothers are bad but T will get over it and so will Ailwin. The last time I saw him, I was just this little cub he basically had to raise. Now I'm grow and can do what ever...or who ever I want. He'll get over it. *Leaning down to give him a kiss and then tilt his head up* Don't worry so much. I'll protect you.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He groaned again, the sound one of almost agony at her words. So the last vision Ry, er, Ailwin had of Illy was a defenseless little girl. He was so fucking screwed.* I do not think it's gonna be that easy, little bit. *Sighing, he just shook his head. Might as well enjoy this while he could

before he was castrated, cause he doubted Ry had changed much, and that mean fucker didn't play. Fact was, if Kaden had to pick one male at his back in a goddamned warzone where split second emotions couldn't come into play? At one time that stone cold bastard would have been it. Shit. Twining a piece of Illy's hair around his finger, he breathed in the soft scent of her* C'mon, babes, first one in bed gets to pick their own damn side.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *Smacking her ass, he dumped her to the floor, her squeak making his lips twitch as he scrambled over the arm of the couch. They'd barely made it to the landing before she overtook him. Course, her naked ass diving in front of him made him forget about the bed. Snagging her ankle, she cursed as she tumbled, but her voice changed in seconds as he wedged his shoulders between her spread thighs. Hell, if this was his night before execution, he was making the damn most of it.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He frowned as he stood at the edge of the pavement, watching people rushing by him. Some held hangers, others held makeup brushes, hair brushes... curling irons. A few were carrying fans, others had trays with drinks on them. The place was a fucking disaster. He'd basically bullied his way in by flashing his false badge, and now was left alone.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *Following the voices as they got louder to be heard over music blaring from speakers somewhere, he rounded a corner to see a photographer laying on the ground, camera held at an awkward angle. He couldn't help the broad smile as Illy's head turned, the fans whoever had ran for blowing her hair back from her shoulders. Crossing his arms, he leaned against one of the metal railings for the loading platform.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *The fucker seemed to not be able to stop taking pictures. Eh, he couldn't blame the poor bastard. Finally, he'd demanded something.... Kaden had no idea what but he assumed it was some camera bullshit. Spotting his chance, he wedged himself between two people bickering on what lingerie they should try next. Leaning closer, he whispered* You wanna sell that shit, put her in the white one.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *As they stared, likely trying to figure out who the hell he was, he ignored the signs that it was a working set and made his way to Illy. He grinned at the way her face brightened when she saw him, and he shrugged at her questioning look* Well, heard tomorrow was some lovey bullshit day. Since you're working, figured I'd be a good mate and come visit my woman. I'm sincerely happy today's shoot at least has some fabric.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *His lips twitched as he tipped his head in the direction of the dozens of staff wandering around* I'd hate to have to explain to the General that "assault" was logical when people were looking at what is mine. *Scratching his chin, he made a face* Don't rightly think my personnel file can handle any more strikes against me.

Illy Ryann |PF| *The set was going as usual. The photographer and director were never on the same page so they were always yelling. Feeling something in the air change, I glance over and see Kaden. I couldn't help but let a huge smile cross my face. The sound of the camera clicking a few times made

me smirk a little. Wrapping my arms around Kaden's neck, I give him a kiss on his cheek* Well I am always happy to see you. Valentine's day really isn't my thing but you are, so I guess I better start getting excited. *Grinning as he continues to stare at the people passing by, I shake my head* Stop looking so frowny. You are going to scare them and then I'll never be able to leave here.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| I flash a fake badge and sneak onto this damn set, and that's all I get? *curling his arm around her waist, he brushed his lips against hers, nearly groaning out loud as she returned the kiss. He hadn't believed the bullshit Am had spouted about being mated making shit more powerful, but dammit if she wasn't right. Pulling away before he ended up turning this into a goddamned porno, he glared towards the stagehands again* I'm supposed to scare them, bit. That way they remember me when I'm not here. That's how this shit works, right? *His brow furrowed as the lights were swung into another position, hitting him square in the eyes before they were twisted into a better alignment* I have no idea how the fuck you do this shit for a living. I'd rather shoot something.

Illy Ryann |PF| *Laughing* Boo Bear, most of the people here are gay, married, or modelizers and none of them could hold up to how sexy you are. *Leaning against his arm, I discreetly move my body so he can feel how thin the fabric is* The sooner I get done, the sooner I can go home. *Smiling up at him* What to Psiforce say when you told them you were mated to a Ryann as well?

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *His lips twitched before he forced his face back into its normal stern lines* Complimenting me is not going to make me stop terrorizing the men around you. Especially not when all I can fucking picture now is how easy this shit would be to tear into pieces. *He grimaced slightly* Eh. The General had a few choice words about what the hell is happening to his agents. Though, my guess is he was simply trying to expand his little entourage into husband and wife slaying teams, which I wasn't fucking interested in to begin with.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| Most of the Psiforce women are fucking vicious. Least I know my woman has claws but would rather use them for pleasure instead of pain. I uh... *his cheeks heated before he dug into his pocket, pulling out a small box* Just open it. *He'd spotted the small metalsmithing shop when he'd gone to interview a potential informant. On his way back he'd pulled in just to check things, but his eye had been caught by a small claw keychain in a velvet gift box. Another stop to have a key to the house made, and he'd tucked it into his pocket. He'd intended on holding it till tomorrow, but patience was never his strong suit*

Illy Ryann |PF| *Looking down at the box, I open it to find a key on a claw key chain. A smile lights my face and I jump up a little to hug Kaden* Nawww, you got me a key to your place! *Kissing him all over his face, I make sure it sounds extra wet* You are the best. This is perfect. *Snuggling into his side, I look around the set and see people watching us. I roll my eyes and turn my attention back to Kaden* You are so good to me, K. I will happily use my nails for pleasure later. *Grinning at him, I take the key chain out of the box and hold it tightly in my hand*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *His arms tightened around her as he found himself smiling. Hell, he hadn't expected her to be this happy about a key, but he'd take it.* Well, you know, now you got other damn wares showing up at the Den, got people sniffing round. Thinking you know, you might need a place that's quieter occasionally, or something. Or, you know, there's plenty of room for your shi... stuff too. Place is kind of big for just me. *At her look, he sighed heavily* Yeah, okay, I'm asking you to move your ass into my place, cause hell, might as well do this shit right the first time, right? *He tried to hide it, but he was actually damned nervous about her response. The place had been built for his life before he was mated. Would she be okay with making it hers? Fuck if he knew.*

Illy Ryann |PF| *Grinning, I rub my nose against his quickly before he moved away* I would love to move in with you. Honestly, I don't even have that much stuff. Most of it is just books and stuff. Though, there is one thing we have to do first. *Biting my lip, I take a deep breath* We have to tell my brothers.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He winced, shoulders slumping* I was figuring you'd say that. I'm sure they'd notice you suddenly moving into another part of the Den. *Tangling his fingers with hers, he brought her hand up and brushed his lips against the mating mark before tossing her a small grin* Well, like you said, good thing I'm pretty damn invincible now, right? Maybe we can spring it on 'em during dinner while they're all distracted by steaks and beer.

Illy Ryann |PF| That was my plan. Wait until after they have gorged themselves on food. They would be less likely to try to run after you. *Going up on my tip toes, I kiss his lips* You better go. I need to finish up here. *Glancing over, I see the photographer yelling some more and putting away his camera* Or maybe not. I might be done now. *The director points to me then the door. I nod and smile at Kaden* Looks like I get to go home early. Care to give me a ride? *I wiggle my eyebrow at the double entendre*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *His lips twitched as he attempted to not respond, but damn it if she didn't make him want to fucking grin constantly like a damn moron because holy shit, he'd finally gotten something right. Course she'd been faster on the uptake, but hell, he'd eventually got his shit together* Please god tell me you get to keep this outfit. Cause I'd love to test how quickly I can tear it into pieces. *He eyed it, leaning back to blatantly check out her ass* My money's on "deck". Won't even hit the door.

Illy Ryann |PF| *Bursting out into giggles, I nod* Yeah, I get to keep the outfits. I have a whole drawer at home full of stuff like this. I just never really had a reason or place to wear them. *Looking him up and down appreciatively* Well until now. *Grabbing his hand, I walk him over to my changing area and quickly pull on my shirt and shorts. I toss the high heels aside and put on my converse shoes* Ready? *Tucking myself into his side, I walk out of the photoshoot grinning like a fool*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *His eyes lingered appreciatively on her body as she pulled her clothes on, now that he knew what was under them, just made him that damn eager to get her back out of them.* You're trying to give me a damn heart attack, aren't you? Yeah, we're gonna need to move the contents of that drawer over to our place, quickish. I'm gonna need to investigate it thoroughly. *His arm went around her waist as she pressed herself against his side, his thumb hooking into her belt loop* Well, Miss Ryann, seems you've got me right where you want me. What say you, we pick up something to eat, and go hide away for a day or two? I'm sure ain't nobody gonna coming looking just yet.

Illy Ryann |PF| *Grinning up at him, I hop into his jeep* I think we should either get tacos or pizza. Hmmm... *Tapping my chin, I look at him* Tacos are good now, but we are going to be starving after. Pizza would be better for after but we'll have to have bloated sex though. Oh! Why not get tacos now and pizza later! I also vote we get beer and gummy worms. *Grinning sheepishly at him* I'm usually always hungry. It goes with being a were and what not.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *Her words caused a full on laugh from him* Woman, I could give a damn what you eat. You can have your gummy worms if I can snag a bag of peanut butter M&Ms, how's that? And we're out of beer. Which I assume is fine and well since I have no idea what the fuck brand you drink. Long as it ain't piss-water Corona's, otherwise you can have yours and I'm still snagging a 6 pack for myself.

Illy Ryann |PF| *Smiling over at him* I can drink pretty much any kind but if I had to pick, I'd say I'm a Sam Adams fan. How big is your fridge? Because I don't do that whole, warm beer thing. There needs to be space for beer and chip dip. And none of this "low fat" nonsense. If I wanted "low fat" I wouldn't be eating chip dip now would I? *Blushing a little, I take a deep breath to stop my rambling* Sorry about all the talking, it's a flaw I'm working on.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| What the hell kind of man do you take me for? Beer gets a separate fridge, kept at damn perfect temperature, cause that shit needs to be babied. *He frowned, before shrugging* Ah... while we're at the store we may need to swing by and grab dip. I might have some, but I ain't opened the container in a long time if it's in there, so something might attack if we try to lift the lid. *At her words, he grinned* From where I'm sitting, your "flaws" are just damn fine with me. Besides, means I don't ever have to wonder what you're thinking. Makes it easier on me, cause usually the answer is "fuck if I know".

Illy Ryann |PF| *Once we stop, I lean over and give Kaden a hot kiss. One with lots of nibbling and tongue. Stopping in the middle, I slip out of the jeep and head in while yelling over my shoulder* We should get cheetos too and other little snacks. You know, food for 'fuel'. *Grabbing a cart, I start tossing stuff in talking away about this and that but mostly about nothing. True to his words, Kaden said a few things here and there when I took a break from talking but mostly let me gab away. When we finally got in line, my jaw dropped at the \$417 price tag* Oh my God! I am so sorry. This is why I don't ramble and shop. Horror happens. *Biting my lip, I dig through my wallet* I just paid off one credit card so I can help pay for it, though it only has a \$300 limit. I'm sorry, K... *Glancing behind me, I see the people in line looking at us and my cheeks begin to feel warm* I want to fall into the floor now...

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He couldn't help the smile as they wandered the aisles, tossing whatever looked decent into the cart. He'd actually gotten used to her voice as a soundtrack to his day damn quickly, and whenever she stopped, he'd glance over to see what had caught her interest. Loaded up on beer and snacks, he began flipping through a hunting magazine at the checkout while everything was totaled. Glancing up at the price when he heard her upset, he frowned* That's a normal shopping trip for me sweets. After all, I need fuel, right? Looking the way you do, I can't see going out shopping for necessities more often than we absolutely have to, cause fuck if I want to see you wearing clothes. *Tugging his wallet from his back pocket, he tossed one of the cards to the clerk* You, little bit, worry far too damn much. You're mine, and I get to make sure you get all the gummy worms and beer you want.

Illy Ryann |PF| *Grinning shyly up at him, I wrap my arms around his arm and hold on until the cart is loaded up. I let go and help him load all the groceries into the jeep. Most guys I went out with hated when I spent money on food. Being a tiger, I burn through calories at an alarming rate. I once ate a 72 ounce steak in 20 minutes and still wanted pie afterwards. Getting into the jeep, I nibble on my bottom lip as we head home not saying much. I mean what say there to say? I'm not a gold digger, I am not here because of his money. Honestly, I completely forgot he even had lots of money. What if he thinks I can't take care of myself or that I'm a moocher? Sighing, I look out the window in silence until we get to the drive that heads to Kaden's house. I get out and begin grabbing some of the groceries. Racing him to the door, I use my brand new key to unlock it* It works!

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *she was quiet on the drive home, which had him glancing her way more than once. As they pulled into the paved parking spot for the jeep, he shook his head as her squeal reached him. Grabbing a few more bags, he dumped them on the deck* Well I should damn well hope it works, otherwise my suave, charming way of telling you to move in would sort of suck. *Grabbing the rest of

the bags from the car, he shut the back before heading for the deck, spotting her already putting things away. He saw a small container of dip sitting to the side of the counter, not opened* I take it that's the hazardous waste? Maybe I'll double bag that shit. Er... on second thought you know, we might wanna toss most of what's in there. I haven't really opened it for anything but beer in a few weeks, with being gone. Then, burgers. So, yeah.

Illy Ryann |PF| *Smiling over at him, I stick my head in the fridge and see he isn't kidding* Dang, this expired weeks ago. *Picking up the 'lunch meat', I being to toss everything in a garbage bag* How about I take this out and you can put the beer away, okay? *Kissing him on the cheek, I head out to the garbage can. After coming back in and kicking my shoes off, I hop up onto the counter and begin nibbling on chips and dip as I watch him move around the kitchen putting groceries away. He was so sure footed, solid, like he never ever doubted himself. The complete opposite of me. I often found my cars keys in the freezer and melted Popsicles in my bag. It was crazy. Biting my lip a little, I watch the way he moves. He has the sexiest walk I have ever seen. I could have sex with this man every second of every day and it would not be enough. Licking the dip from my fingers, I put the lid on it and giggle a little as he bends down to put away from fruit. Even his butt is perfection and usually the butt isn't something I find attractive on men. I blush a little when I see him looking over at me with his eyebrow raised, still bent over. Damn, busted*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He could feel her eyes on him, which had the effect of making things damned uncomfortable as he moved. Hearing her soft laugh, he twisted slightly, raising a brow as her cheeks flushed* Getting a good look there, babes? You realize if we get food into us, the clothes can disappear, which means you'd get a much better view. *Digging out the bag of tacos they picked up, he took a few before sliding the bag to her, closing the fridge door with his hip after grabbing two beers. Depositing one beside her, he leaned against the counter next to her, his booted feet crossed at the ankles. Strange, how this damn routine seemed like they'd done it before. Being with her just seemed... easy.*

Illy Ryann |PF| *Nibbling on the taco, I keep looking at him looking at me. Every once in a while, I would smile and he would smirk back. After about 3 1/2 tacos, I decide we have ate enough. Tossing the rest of my taco over my shoulder, I slide across the counter and wrap my legs around his waist. Even though he is still chewing, I lean forward and nibble on his jaw and throat* If you weren't so sexy, we could have a normal meal like normal people but no. You have to be sex on a stick.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *His eyes begin to close as her teeth sink into his neck, forcing him to hurry up and swallow the last bite of food before he choked. Sliding his hands up her thighs, he jerked her closer to him, his hands curling around her upper thighs* Sex on a stick, huh? You're damned distracting yourself, bit. *Pressing his forehead against hers, he shifted, letting her feel the erection that was making his jeans damned uncomfortable* What do you say sweets, we gonna make it upstairs or to the couch, or am I tearing these fucking clothes off right here on the counter?

Illy Ryann |PF| *Looking up at him, my eyes darken as I hook my finger into the collar of his shirt and rip it down the middle. It falls to the floor in tatters. My clothes soon follow then his pants* I think I like this dining in thing. We so need to do it more often. *Rubbing my naked body against his, I let his cock slide between my folds without going in. Smirking up at him* We gonna make it upstairs or to the couch, or are you fucking me here on the counter?

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He hissed about a breath as the heat of her seemed to sink right through him. Tightening his grip on her thighs, he tugged her forward just enough for her to be positioned the way he wanted. Without wasting even another second, he growled out a strangled curse as he slid into her tight

sheath. Her knees dug into his hips as each thrust had her nearly sliding backwards, making her dig her nails into his shoulders. The stinging just made him that much harder. * I fucking love the way you feel, woman.

Illy Ryann |PF| *Throwing my head back, I let out a throaty moan* Gods Kaden, you're so big. *Biting my lip as he rolls his hips just the right way, my eyes close as pleasure shoots through me. My nails leave welts down his shoulders and upper arms as I try to get closer, needing more of him. Our mouths meet in a fierce battle for dominance, tongues tangling together. He ultimately wins and I whimper slightly as he nibbles on my bottom lip, sending chills over my body. Every part of me begins to tighten as my orgasm builds. Meeting him stroke for stroke, I throw my head back and come, moaning out his name and screaming for more.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *His chuckle is strained, hoarse as she throws her head back, her body shuddering. Holding back his own release is damned harder than he thought it would be. Sliding one hand between her thighs, his thumb circles her clit with every hard thrust forward, his breathing becoming more erratic. Lifting his gaze, he eyed her hands as they left his shoulders to curl around the edge of the countertop* Play with your breasts for me little bit. I want to see your hands on yourself, every inch of you shown off just for me. *As she does what he'd demanded, her small hands tugging her nipples, her dazed eyes meeting his, a groan left his lips at the sight. Feeling her body move under his, her clit nearly throbbing with every circle of his thumb.... hell, all of it was eclipsed as she screamed his name, her pussy clenching down, making every movement sheer fucking pleasure. As his cock jerked, his orgasm hitting damn near instantaneously, he curled his hand around her throat, jerking her lips up for a bruising kiss, trapping her hands between them* You have no goddamned idea how crazed you make me, bit.

Illy Ryann |PF| *A tiny growl leaves my throat as his hips slow to a stop. My heart is beating like crazy as I nibble on his chin then suck hard on his throat, leaving marks. Different emotions swirled through me but it was too soon to say what they are or what they mean. Wrapping myself around him, I hold him close to my body. His breathing on my neck raises chills everywhere. Leaning up to tongue his earlobe* I want more Kaden. *His sharp intake of breath shoots straight between my legs as I smile up at him* Good thing we went shopping today.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He hissed at the feel of her wrapped around him. It was like he couldn't fucking get enough, as if every damn touch sent a shock straight through to his cock and jerked him right back to horny as hell. With a smirk, he reached over to pull the nearest cabinet open. Digging through it, he unearthed his prize. Sliding his hand under her ass to brace her against him as he lifted her, letting her wrap one arm around his neck before handing her the small plastic jar of honey* My woman wants more, more she'll get. Suddenly craving sweets, and you know, thinking we haven't christened the shower yet. *Sinking his teeth into her earlobe, he headed for the stairs. Call him greedy, but he was damn well taking every drop of honey he could get, for as long as he could.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| No....No. *lifting the remote higher over the arm of the couch, he glared at the shebeast attempting to take it* No. *Apparently the game was boring her. Hell, it was boring him, yet he wasn't going to admit that. As she proceeded to attempt to crawl up him as he laid on the couch with a determined look on her face, his lips twitched* Illy, I will spank you. *The interest that flared in her eyes gave him an almost instant erection. Fuck. This new mate shit was rough. The lightest touch. The slightest glance. Just hearing her laugh sent a bolt of lust through him. It appeared she was the same. He was pretty sure they'd tested every surface in the house in the last few days. Some they'd tested twice, just in case. Her scent was likely branded into his skin. They'd pretty much given up clothes, shit kept getting ripped. Eventually maybe they'd manage to at least get naked first. Till then, well, lounging around naked meant damned easy access to his woman.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *When he'd first gotten home from assignment, he'd cleared the house of anything from his past. Unfortunately that meant his bedside drawer as well. He hadn't found time to make a few new orders, but if the look in her eyes was any indication, hell, maybe he'd just take her with him. Easiest way to watch what makes a female squirm. Dump her in the middle of a room of any kink imaginable and watch her cheeks flush, see what she gravitated to. Damn. Come to think of it, the idea was gaining more merit the more he thought about it. Just as he'd gone to open his mouth to suggest it, he phone rang, nearly vibrating off of the table. Her mouth twisted in a grimace, so he knew it was likely from the Den. One of her brothers or Am.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *They'd been calling more frequently. Not him, as he'd shut his phone off and Am knew the life. Sometimes you just needed to shut everything out for a bit. No one would question it. Illy though? She hadn't been out of contact even when she was on location somewhere. She kept in touch religiously. Likely their childhood meant they were determined to not lose each other again. Understandable, but damned fucking annoying.* Just answer the fucking thing, might as well get this shit over with so they'll leave us the hell alone. *The doubt on her face made him brush his thumb across her lip, smoothing the frown that had appeared* We'll deal, bit. Promise.

Illy Ryann |PF| *Growling to myself, I roll off the couch and grab my phone. Luckily it was Am and not Ailwin or T* Hey Am. What's up? *She gives me a small lecture about staying in touch. It probably has nothing to do with her actually being worried. Am knows I can take care of myself. However, T on the other hand, can be extremely annoying. Poor girl* I'm sorry, I just have been really busy with...*Looking down at Kaden's body, I bite my lip a little as my eyes reach his groin* With...uh...things. Lots of things, big things. Yup. *I hear her pause a little before she asks me where I am* I am at...umm...a place. *Hitting my forehead, I hear sounds like shuffling on the other end then T's gravelly voice begins yelling at me* I know I should have called....yes T I realize how worried you and Ailwin have been....I know The Den was built for security...*After about 5 minutes he finally runs out of things to yell about and asks the same question Am did* Where are you? *Biting my lip again, I lock eyes with Kaden* I am at my mates house, T.

Amethyst Ayesha |PF| *The men around here were aggravating. She could think of a few more words, but she'd hold them back for now. Their calls had been being ignored. So of course, instead of assuming their sister was busy, she was either mad at them for some reason or dead in a ditch somewhere. She'd been elected the one to try and figure out which. Breathing a sigh of relief as the call connected, she couldn't help the small diatribe that erupted in a lowered voice. Illy of all people knew how they were, and she'd left the only other female dealing with all of them. Well, at least Kaden was still on his self-imposed exile, so she only had two currently, but two was more than enough. At Illy's evasive tone, she pulled the phone away from her ear to look at it with a puzzled expression on her face. Illy talked her ear off normally. She was never this hesitant to say anything. She'd forgotten that T

could eavesdrop with his super hearing, and let out a growl when the phone was ripped from her hand. After a few minutes, T had the same response she did. The only word he'd say was an incredulous "Mate...?". Am's jaw dropped as she stole the phone back, hurrying to lock herself into the guest bathroom* Illy! You've been mated? To who? How? When? You know what, nevermind. T is pacing outside but I get it. Disappearing was a must. Maybe... well, would you like to bring him to dinner? They'll behave if there is food.

Illy Ryann |PF| *By now I am basically chewing a hole into my lip. Sighing, I walk out of the room, ignoring the grumbling shout of Kaden, and head into the kitchen* Okay, I will tell you but you have to promise not to freak out. T and Ailwin can't know yet. *After her reluctant promise. I close my eyes and let out a breath* It's Kaden.

Amethyst Ayesha |PF| *Her mouth dropped open. That.... well. That was unexpected. Letting out a slow breath, she grinned* Well. That wasn't what I was expecting to hear, but I can understand the secrecy. He's not being a complete asshole, is he? You know you can always kick him. We used to do it frequently, remember? You know, I think... I think this is an amazing thing. You two are truly perfect for each other. I know you've always had a crush on him. You'll be happy, the fates couldn't have picked a better man. Though god forbid we actually say that within earshot of him. *Squaring her shoulders, she shook her head* Well. Us women have to stick together around these chest beating idiots. What do you want me to do?

Illy Ryann |PF| *A huge relieved grin spreads across my face* Thank you Am. Kaden has basically decided he is going to die soon even though he can't. And honestly, I was thinking of getting everyone together. Ripping this band-aid off as fast as possible. Maybe later tonight?

Amethyst Ayesha |PF| He's always so damn dramatic. *Laughing, she glanced towards the door, where she could see the shadows of booted feet pacing under the crack at the bottom of the door* Fast as possible might be best. Wouldn't want to give them time to get each other all worked up. I'll make T go cook something. Beating food into submission sometimes helps him calm down and think rationally. Er... if you've been anything like I was, maybe try dragging yourselves into a shower first. Separately. Might not help though. I'll try and man the fort here and keep them from stockpiling ammunition. See you in a few hours?

Illy Ryann |PF| *Giggling at her words, I glance over my shoulder and see Kaden leaning against the door frame with his legs and arms crossed. How long has he been there? Need to get the man a damn cow bell* Okay Am, see you soon.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *His brows knitted together as Illy laughed. He'd followed, because of course he had. Laughing was good, wasn't it? Then again, she was talking to Am, not her feral fucking brothers.* On a scale of here to the Arctic, how far we running, babes?

Illy Ryann |PF| *I smile at him and walk into his arms* We are staying here. Am was actually really excited about us being mated. She said we were a perfect couple and would do good together. We are having a dinner tonight, with everyone including my brothers. The sooner we get this over, the sooner they can calm down.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| I highly doubt they're going to calm down anytime soon, little bit. *Resting his chin on the top of her head, he wrapped his arms around her* Well, good news is Am seems to exert a calming influence on T. By the time we get there, she'll have him in a decent mood, which may help

with Ry. *Sniffing, he groaned* Yeah. We smell like the 4 day sex hangover we've been doing. That's not going to win me any favors. *Leaning down, he brushed his lips across hers lightly, doing his best to keep it quicker than things had been. With a low growl, he pulled himself away with almost superhuman effort* Separate showers. Otherwise we're never fucking going to make it anywhere. *Watching as she headed down the hall to the downstairs bathroom, he shook himself. Shower. Things to do. Imminent death. Forcing himself to turn, he took the stairs up to the bathroom upstairs. Far enough away, hopefully, to keep the damn showers separate.*

Ailwin Ryann [PF] *He'd been headed into the bayou for some fresh air when the fucking phone started bleated like a dying rabbit. Scowling, he tugged it from his pocket. He'd have to figure out how to change that damn ringtone. Spotting T's name, he opened the text. "Illy. Mate. House. Now." His scowl grew more pronounced. Illy was mated? When the fuck had that happened? He'd just seen her a few days ago. The realization that someone had been fucking with his baby sister was slow in coming, but the anger was quick to boil over. He'd just gotten her back into his damned life. Turning, he made it to the Den with quick strides, skidding to a stop as his brother seemed to be guarding the bathroom door. He didn't smell Illy.* I take it your mate has barricaded herself into the bathroom with her cell phone. Looks flimsy enough, I can break it down. *As T went to say something, the door opened. Am rolled her eyes at the sight of them, her tone less than amused as she muttered that T had called in the cavalry. How was she tossing this shit off like it wasn't damned important?* Where is she?

Turstin Ryann [PF] *He was going to break the damn door down. Fuck it, he was going to remove all doors in the entire place so none could ever be shut again. Pacing back and forth, T stops when he senses Ailwin nearby. The door suddenly opens to show an annoyed Am* Don't give me that look, Am. She's our sister. Where. The. Fuck. Is. She? And who the hell is this mate of her? Did you know and not tell me?!

Amethyst Ayesha [PF] *Rolling her eyes at the two of them, she tucked her phone back into her pocket and shoved past them* Point one, Illy is a grown woman. Point two, she didn't freak the hell out that you were mated, Turstin. Point three, the fates chose well for you. Do you not want your sister to find the same happiness you have found? That's rather selfish of you, don't you think? And as for you. *narrowing her gaze at Ailwin* You break my doors, you will fix it. By hand, not flashing a new one in. No, I didn't know, and if I did, I wouldn't tell you two overbearing brutes when you're rampaging. She is bringing him to dinner tonight. I expect a civilized meal, or you will both have to build a doghouse out back to sleep in until I've decided you've sulked enough. *She saw Ailwin giving Turstin an incredulous look* If you say a single chauvinistic word, I will shoot you, tiger.

Ailwin Ryann [PF] *He bared his teeth at the female, ready to fire off something that would likely piss her off. Watching Turstin cross his arms and glare but not say anything until she'd appeared to be done speaking, Ailwin glanced towards him.* She can't be serious. It's our fucking baby sister. Who the hell can she have been fucking between a few days ago and now? She ain't even been anywhere. She's too young. The fates fucked up, if that makes him selfish so be it. *His eyes narrowed at her threat* You have zero authority over me, female. I'm not sleeping with you. You'd do well to aim your threats at your mate instead.

Turstin Ryann |PF| *Turstin lets out a sigh and looks between Am and Ailwin* Am, I would chew off my legs to make you happy. But I am siding with Ailwin on this. She's been alone most of her life and then suddenly when half her brothers are here she has a mate? Yeah, maybe the guy is a good guy, but who the fuck cares. He can't protect her. The last thing we need is a fucking idiot who doesn't know how to protect her from chasers. Ailwin and I are her brothers, Amethyst, and we will protect her even if it means getting rid of this shit stain.

Amethyst Ayesha |PF| *A sadistic part of her really wanted to tell him the "shit stain" had been one that had helped rescue him from the Chasers, but she held it in. Barely. Wait until he realized that Illy's mate was the one that had singlehandedly taken out half of the Chaser compound. Might make him eat his words. Throwing her hands up, she turned, heading into the kitchen. She could hear them following behind her as she started tugging down her old cookbooks she'd inherited from her grandmother along with the house she'd sold* Turstin, I love you more than life itself, but as your mate, I can tell you when you're being an idiot, and sweetie, right now you're being a hardheaded idiot. Illy survived on her own without you two for most of her life. And you're forgetting she also had me. *tossing a glance towards Ailwin, she let a tight smile show* Perhaps you should regale your brother with the story of how we met. Maybe then he'd stop feeling as if my threats weren't something he should fear. And since you appear to be too busy frothing at the mouth, then I shall figure out what to cook and just poison everyone with my awful cooking.

Ailwin Ryann |PF| How you two met? This has bearing on Illy having a shithead for a mate, how? *Yanking the cookbook from her hand, he threw it at his brother* I've seen her cooking. If we want him to live long enough to dismember, we need him to not eat arsenic and vinegar.

Turstin Ryann |PF| *Catching the cookbook, Turstin slapped it down on the counter* I don't use cookbooks, I just make the fucking food. *Am's words rung in his ears but he still couldn't help the pure anger that was boiling inside of him. Gently moving Am out of the way, Turstin began making dinner*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He twitched uncomfortably as they drew closer to the doors. While subconsciously he knew that shit would be okay, he was still nervous. He and T had gone through something similar once before, as Am was like his baby sister. But he hadn't actually seen Ry in years. And... yeah. The years before that hadn't been pretty. He knew without even thinking that this entire evening was going to be fucking painful. The door swung open to silence. Raising a brow, he tightened his hand on Illy's slightly in reassurance. Let's hope dipshit managed to keep the past from being shared over dinner, cause that would fucking ruin an appetite.* Assuming they're in the kitchen. Are you ready for this, little bit? There's still time to hop a flight to anywhere-but-here.

Illy Ryann |PF| *Biting my lip nervously, I glance up at Kaden and smile* It'll be okay. If not we'll move far, far away. *Holding onto Kaden's hand, I slowly walk us through that house. T's cooking smelt better and better the closer we got to the kitchen. Glancing at the dinning room table, I push open the door and come face to face with the most uncomfortable silence I have ever felt. Slightly panicked, I look up at Kaden to see he felt it too. Clearing my throat to get their attention, I try to smile a little* We're here.

Ailwin Ryann |PF| *They'd all gone silent as Turstin had begun cooking. Am had set the table. He stood around and glared. Wasn't much good for anything else at the moment. He heard the moment the door latch clicked open. Every muscle tensed in preparation of beating some sense into a fucking asshole until he agreed to tuck tail and run, never looking back. As the footsteps got closer, his tiger wound higher. Standing to his feet as Illy cleared her throat, he glanced dismissively at the male standing next to her before opening his mouth to say something to her. Clarity hit in a split second before the words actually formed. What he'd been intending to say came out as a snarl, teeth bared. Had he not smelled the bonding scent of the two, he'd slaughter the fucker where he stood* You fucking ignorant asshole. Had enough of slumming it, so you go after my fucking sister? *He made it to the male in barely two steps until they were nose to nose* Leave. Your depraved shit doesn't belong anywhere near her.

Turstin Ryann |PF| *Turstin barely had enough time to register that Kaden was Illy's mate when Ailwin damn near went crazy. Stepping forward* Ailwin. Kaden is a friend. So calm your tits. Plus, don't you smell it? They are bonded, we can't kill him without killing her. And honestly, it could probably be worse.

Amethyst Ayesha |PF| *If she'd had any doubts, seeing the two of them together had pushed them aside. She'd never seen Illy look so sure of herself, secure in her own skin. Kaden for the first time looked like years of weight had been lifted from his shoulders. The difference in both, in even such a short time, was startling. She threw Kaden a reassuring smile before Ailwin literally lost his shit. Her eyes wide, she glanced between the two of them. Mouthing "What the hell?" towards Turstin, he shrugged, hesitantly moving towards her as if to protect her if fists started flying. Curling her arm around his waist, her gaze danced between the other three. She had known Kaden all his life, and she had no damn idea that he and Ailwin had known each other. Or that there apparently was some kind of history. This could actually end up being rather entertaining.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *Knowing that Ry wouldn't touch him. Or, well, at least wouldn't kill him made him not give a fuck at the moment. His lip curled as he kept the tiger's gaze, refusing to look away even as he could sense that Illy was starting to worry.* From where I'm standing, you barely fucking know your sister. I'm the one that was there when she needed me. So fuck your attitude and fuck you. If I leave, she comes with me. So you're pretty much fucking screwed, Ry. But then again, that's nothing new, is it?

Illy Ryann |PF| *Turstin's reaction was pretty much as I expected but nothing could have prepared me for Ailwin's reaction or more to the point Kaden's reaction to Ailwin's reaction* Wait a second, you two know each other? *Neither of them looked away from each other and it seriously pissed me off. Stepping between both of them, I put a hand on each other their chest* How about we calm the hell down, shall we? *Looking at Kaden* That is my brother you are talking to, so stop being a jerk. *Looking at Ailwin* He is my mate, Ailwin. I am happy with him and he is happy with me. Also, you lay one hand on him and I'll rip it off myself.

Ailwin Ryann |PF| *He softened his expression slightly as Illy stood in between them, but K's words paired with his smirk pissed him right the fuck off again* You really wanna do this, K? Yep, that's me, always fucking screwed. Lucky me I never got lonely. Remember Bogota? How 'bout Amsterdam? Lots of shady little fucking memories I got stored up, you asswipe. You wanna stand here and pretend you've changed, but I know damn well our tastes don't change. You're just as fucking deviant as you were then. I fucking don't want your shit tainting my goddamned sister. She deserves better than you. Hell, she deserves anything but you. We use women, K. We don't mate them.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He hissed as 3 separate pairs of eyes turned to him and Ailwin both.* You're a goddamned fool. You always were. Shady memories, my ass. You were right there with me, sick fucks both of us. *He growled low at the implication that he didn't deserve his mate, which made him almost reach for the tiger's throat but Illy standing between them stopped him* You use women, Ry. I may have at the time but I didn't fucking love them. They were strangers. There's a goddamned difference. I'm in love with your sister, I can't treat her that way. She fucking deserves to be loved.

Illy Ryann |PF| *Glancing between both of them, I haven't the faintest idea what to say. Something about Columbia and them both being depraved. Biting my lip, I look over my shoulder to Am and T, both of which seem to be watching the show while eating the dinner T made. Great. Turning back to the matter at hand* Would you two just stop, this isn't going to change anything. *Suddenly Kaden's words register and I turn to face him with a smile on my face* You love me? *For the first time in almost 20 minutes, Kaden breaks eye contact with Ailwin to look down at me* I love you too, K. *Reaching my hand up, I brush the hair back from his eyes*

Ailwin Ryann |PF| Jesus. *Muttering under his breath as Illy seemed to have completely lost the teeth she'd just grown, he slammed his fist against the wall in frustration. How the hell could he argue with this shit? How could he stomach knowing the fuck was sleeping with his baby sister, knowing their past? Their appetites didn't change. Hell, he was living proof, wasn't he? Ever alone. That's how it was. You just adjusted. Grimacing, he turned on his heel, dropping into his seat at the table, taking a huge drink of whatever the hell Am had poured into the glasses.* Hurt her, K, and there won't be a place on this entire fucking earth you can run. That I promise you.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *Blinking, he broke eye contact to glance down at Illy as Ailwin stormed off to the table. The fucker had opened a can of worms that he hadn't actually wanted to open in front of the people who he respected for the most part. Closing his eyes as Illy's fingertips traced his temples, he gave her a small smile before capturing her hand to press his lips to her knuckles. For the first time he was actually aware of what the others had mentioned. The air around them seemed to thicken, their scents blending together into something wholly new.* Yeah. Probably shouldn't have just shouted that shit, but I meant it. *Tugging at her arm, he led her to their seats, his cheeks flushing as both Am and T gave him interested looks. Shit was going to be uncomfortable for a few days while this night and it's various bombshells wore the hell off* So. Yeah. Illy and Am want a family dinner. *Giving Ailwin a nod, he ended up just shaking his head. To be honest, silence from Ailwin was actually a good thing. Meant he'd run out of shit to argue about and they'd manage to move on eventually.*

Illy Ryann |PF| *Smiling at Kaden, I glance across the table and see Ailwin not looking at anyone. For some reason the sight suddenly makes me want to cry. Was he not my big brother anymore? Was he disappointed in me? I just got him back and now it felt like I lost him again. A lump forms in my throat and I try to eat past it but it's hard to do. Setting my fork aside, I see Kaden look at me. Doing my best to smile but failing miserably* I'm not really hungry. *Looking around at Am and T, I give them the same failing smile and look down at my plate. Figures, I do my best to prove to my brothers that I can take care of myself and now I'm getting all choked up because Ailwin now hates me. Awesome*

Ailwin Ryann |PF| *He could hear it in her voice. See it in her posture as he glanced her way. He'd somehow managed to fucking upset her again. Sighing heavily, he watched as K wrapped his arm around her shoulders, putting her fork back into her hand and urging her to eat. Hell. This was why he stayed away. He was no good with this emotional bullshit and treading on thin ice to not sink the damn ship. Clearing his throat, he raised his gaze as she glanced to him*

Ailwin Ryann [PF] Eat, little sister. K and I... shit's complicated. You don't put two assholes together and expect 'em to get along without some blows. But if you are happy, that is all that matters to me. I can't promise I won't hit the smug fuck, but it won't be because of you, it'll be cause he's a goddamned prick most of the time.

Illy Ryann [PF] *I try to smile at him* I love you Ailwin and I'm afraid your going to just disappear again. *Grabbing onto Kaden's hand, I let out a breath* I think things will get better in time.

Turstin Ryann [PF] *T motions between Ailwin and Kaden with his fork* Did you miss the last half hour? They are probably going to beat the shit out of each other at some point but don't worry. I won't let them kill each other. *Clearing his throat, T looks at Illy* And don't worry. We aren't going anywhere. *He stares meaningfully at Ailwin* We are a family and we aren't going our separate ways again.

Amethyst Ayesha [PF] *She almost laughed out loud at Turstin's matter of fact tone, but she held it in. Figured, things had just started sort of calming down and it was her male that had to mention more fighting. Reaching her hand under the table, she gave his thigh a small squeeze. She was grateful that they meshed together so easily, really. She truly was a lucky female. The fates could have landed her with a grouch like Ailwin. Resisting a shudder, she caught herself glancing between the two males again. Ailwin returning her look with a glare of his own.*

Amethyst Ayesha [PF] *Kaden didn't appear to really see anyone but Illy at this point, which was rather adorable but she'd kiss her ass goodbye if she actually said that out loud. She'd have to get Kaden alone and bully him for a bit later, because that was a friendship that she simply had to know how it had happened. Though, if she knew her best friend as well as she thought she did, Illy was likely to get the deets before Am herself did. As the sounds of forks hitting plates and small bits of chatter resumed, she took a sip of wine, leaning her head on Turstin's shoulder. They were a screwed up family. But she honestly wouldn't change it for the world, assholes and all.*

Amethyst Ayesha [PF] *Peeking out at the deck, she sighed, glancing at Turstin. When he just shrugged, she straightened her shoulders, heading to the counter to grab a cup of black coffee. Detouring to the refrigerator, she grabbed a bottle of apple juice for herself before sliding the french doors open. Turstin pretended he was busy doing literally anything else, but she knew he'd react quicker than anyone would guess if she appeared to be floundering or scared. Nudging the large feline with her toe, she held the steaming mug up when he lifted his head to look at her* Shift, tiger.

Amethyst Ayesha [PF] *He growled, but shifted into the still-imposing human form of her brother-in-law* You realize sitting out here pouting...er... glowering isn't going to help anything get resolved, right? *As he ignored her, she made a face before dropping into the hammock, letting it swing gently as she opened her drink and took a sip* Fine. Don't talk. Listening is better anyways. I have a little story to tell you.

Amethyst Ayesha [PF] *He scoffed, but leaned forward, so she knew he was at least going to give her the time of day. Progress!* Well. A long time ago there was a little girl. Her parents had died and she went to live with her grandmother who she'd never even met. The woman tried her best, but she was just too old to handle a small child who was "different". So she sent the little girl to a military school in the hopes of helping by giving her life structure. While there, the little girl met a boy around her age.

Amethyst Ayesha [PF] He was her hero. Her knight in shining armor. When he'd cut courses, she'd tag along. He pretended like it annoyed him, but he always made her feel like a part of his little group. When he went to Chicago for more in depth training, she followed. When she had her first roommate, he welcomed the other girl as well. He became their rock. He made broken hearts okay by making sure no one dared hurt them. He made sure they never wanted for anything, even though he wasn't but a few years older. They never even asked where he got the money to help them from, they just knew that if they ever needed anything, he'd be there.

Amethyst Ayesha [PF] She didn't have a family, but he made sure she didn't feel that loss. He got drafted for PsiForce a year or two before she did. At the same time, her roommate graduated. She was alone for the first time in a long while when her grandma died. Neither of them had anyone else. She sat at the funeral by herself. Wondering how she could go through life completely alone. And you know what? From places that she couldn't even pronounce, they both came back. She hadn't said a word, but they'd seen the announcement and showed up at her side. Sat beside her on the pew, holding her hands. Letting her tears fall without a word. Didn't matter that both had been working, that neither had the cash to come. They'd done it anyways. Because they were her family and she wasn't alone.

Amethyst Ayesha [PF] Now. The psychological trauma we deal with due to the jobs we have may result in some of the agents letting off steam in creative ways. It may turn them into the occasional raging prick that needs knocked on his ass a time or two. It may cause trust issues, or wariness. But I don't give a damn what he's done on his downtime, because I've been there too. We all have. That man would have died for two little girls he barely knew and didn't need to help. The fates brought us all together for a reason, I truly believe that. You may not realize it, but I saw it even then. Illy has never loved another the way she loves Kaden. Ever. Frankly, neither has he, though he's tried. So you can look back on your memories and shudder, seeing the demons both of you tried your hardest to banish together. That's your right.

Amethyst Ayesha [PF] But remember that the rest of us have far, far different memories. And that man has given up more than any one person should. So has Illy. They deserve happiness. And they deserve their family to support them. We are all family, and we will all make this a home whether you personally like it or not. Your siblings need you, Ailwin. And though you appear to loathe seeming weak, you need them as well. *Standing, she tossed her bottle into the trash can, wiping her hands on her jeans* You can go ahead and shift, get back to your brooding now, I've said what I wanted to say. *Stepping back inside, Turstin 's arms wrapped around her, causing her to let out the breath she didn't know she was holding. Meeting his lips, she shook her head when he asked if she'd gotten through to his brother* Only time will tell, T. I think I did. Or rather, I hope I did.

Ailwin Ryann [PF] *He sat staring at the treeline as Amethyst went back inside. He hadn't said a word simply because he didn't know what the fuck to say. Hell, he'd been there that day. He remembered that shit. K had seemed shaken up about something. Had asked him what you did when you knew someone you cared for needed you. Damn, at the time he'd figured it'd been something random. They'd been simply agent and informant, though he'd like to think they'd counted each other as a friend at that point, but really, who the hell knew.*

Ailwin Ryann [PF] *He'd taken another hit from K's smoke, leaned back and stared at the sky above them. Small town in Bangladesh, if he remembered correctly. Fuck if he knew what town, but the place was a fucking ghetto. He and K had fit right the hell in though. Just needed a "fuck off" attitude, really. As he'd watched the sky, he'd thought of his own siblings. Of what he'd give up to be there when they needed him. Of how often he'd wondered about all the fucking times someone else had wiped Illy's tears. Had lifted the idiots up by the scruff of their necks and shoved 'em back into the fight even when they didn't want to play any more.*

Ailwin Ryann [PF] *He'd told the young agent that there was nothing on this goddamned earth that would have stopped him, fate be damned. If he knew someone he cared about needed him, he'd take on the fucking devil himself to get to their side. K had nodded, wished him luck. Disappeared into the night. He'd gotten back to an empty hotel room. Figured the fucker would stick him with the bill at least, but even that shit had been taken care of. Fucking hell. Least now he knew Illy hadn't been alone. She hadn't cried with no one to tell her shit could get better. His lips twisted in a grimace as he glanced towards the small house not even a couple hundred feet away from the Den.*

Ailwin Ryann [PF] *His brother had found one hell of a mate, he'd give the little bastard that. If he was being honest with himself, so had Illy. Taking a sip of the coffee, he shuddered. Shit was disgusting. Setting the mug aside, he let out a large sigh. Life was infinitely more fucking complicated than he cared for. He hoped he never found a damned mate, if this was what his life would end up consisting of. Love was time consuming and aggravating. Even when it was for your goddamned siblings.*

Ailwin Ryann [PF] *How the fuck do two arrogant dumb fuck males make amends? You didn't talk. Shit was for pussies. Won't be no hugging it out bullshit. The memories he had of K meant he'd never be able to look at the fuck the same way the rest of them did. Though Am was right. They all had their demons. Just so happened his and K's had been drinking buddies. Past was the past, wasn't that right?*

Ailwin Ryann [PF] *Standing, he ambled down the small pathway, heading for the truck T had told him to use if he needed to. Little while later he dropped off a package on K's porch. Had taken some time, but fuck it. K'd understand. With that, he twisted his new key in his hands. He hadn't been prepared for finding his siblings here. Hadn't been remotely prepared for K and Amethyst. Saying "home" felt foreign. But that's what it was. or at least, would become. He'd make damn sure of it.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He'd stepped out to toss the trash bag in the bin when he noticed the white plastic bag on the deck. He hadn't heard anyone come up, but hell, may have missed 'em when he'd gone to shave after Illy had headed to check out the proofs from the damned lingerie job he'd interrupted on Valentine's. Tossing the garbage, he lifted the bag, his brow raising as he saw beer. Shit, there was a goddamned beer delivery service now? Men the whole world over would be pissed drunk in no time. As he went to chuck the beers in the fridge, he caught the labels that he hadn't seen through the bag.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *Letting out a laugh, he pulled one bottle out, popping the tab.* Where the fuck'd you find this shit? *Taking a sip, he coughed, barely swallowing before setting it aside* Gotta say, Fosters ain't any better here in the states than it is in Jhenaidah. *Rubbing a hand over his face, he exchanged the Fosters for a Budweiser, dropping to sit in the La-Z-Boy he'd demanded for the living room.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| Well, damn. *His lip curled slightly as he stared at Illy's shoes tossed by the door. The books she'd stacked in a pile against the wall until he either built or bought a bookcase. Still surprised him a bit. Looking around, wondering what the fuck had happened. How he'd gone from the idiot picking fights over the two girls with pigtails with stars in their eyes, to calling one his sister and the other his woman. His mate. Hell, guess life was funny like that. Can't outrun your fate, always comes back around.*

Kaden Kaleva |PF| *He couldn't remember feeling this sense of peace. Of being right where he belonged in a long time. Fuck, he wasn't sure if he'd ever felt it before now. Tipping his head back, he grinned. He loved her. Couldn't imagine not having her in his life. Looking at his palm, he ran his thumb over the tiger paw branded into his skin. Guess he didn't have to worry bout that too much anymore. Where she was, so the hell was he. The woman had torn apart his life like a damn hurricane. And he was 100% okay with that.*