

Chapter 46 Secret

Hunter's P.O.V.

Tomorrow is the Harvest Moon and I will be faced with my Brothers, not something I look forward to. I know they have been grumpy, annoying and obnoxious since I moved out, I know it has to do with me and the fact that they still believe Micha is interested in me.

Micha, Adam, Peter and Chris keep me informed on what they do and say around my Brothers and of course how they react to it. Peter and Chris love talking about seeing me with Micha and what a cute couple we make.

Adam and Micha take great pleasure in talking about the "dates" Micha takes me on. They always make sure that they mention that he drops me off late in the evening and Micha loves making sure they know how much he loves my scent.

Every time one of them comes over and tells me about their conversations, I laugh my ass off. My Brothers are in a worse mood once the guys are done with their teasing and they always make sure they won't have to deal with one of my Brothers afterwards.

Ella and Emma help the guys by providing them with information on where I am or what I have done. This makes it easier for them to keep enough facts straight and it won't arouse any suspicions from anyone.

About two months after I moved out, Peter came over and told me that he and Chris might have gone overboard a little. Jayce and Jax had just returned from an assignment and had been in a foul mood as it was.

Chris had seen them standing under the banister leading to the Warrior's wing and had linked Peter to play along. They knew I had been to the theater with Elder Marcus and they knew what I had worn for the event.

Chris had talked about it with Peter as if I had been on a date with Micha and they both knew that Jayce and Jax could hear them. Then Chris made sure that Adam asked Dad if I had enjoyed the theater and Dad confirming I had gone to the theater was enough to sent both of them over the edge.

According to Gabe Jayce and Jax had gotten a very difficult assignment and had barely managed to contain their anger until they had come home. No one talked about it as it was business for the Council and with that no one knew it wasn't the assignment that set them off.

I had laughed my ass off and when I had told Ella and Emma, the three of us had rolled over the floor. Tears running down our faces from laughter and after that they gave the guys even more ammo.

There are moments I wonder if I am taking this a bit to far, but Justice and I agree with each other that they don't have a say in our decisions. They should learn to stay out of it or learn to deal with the consequences.

Things haven't been as bad as it had been that time, but they are constantly capable of pissing my Brothers off and never lie about anything they say. Well, okay a little lie, because I never went out with Micha and the only time he smelled my scent was a year ago.

I know Dad invited a lot of unmated males and females that never set foot in the Palace before and I actually hope that my Brothers will find their Mates. At least than they will have someone else to be over-protective about.

Don't get me wrong, I love my Brothers and I know they will do everything they can to keep me safe. I just hate the fact they can't let me be a teenager, to let me enjoy life and make mistakes on my own.

I want to sneak out of the house to go to a party and them covering for me with Mom and Dad. I want to complain to them that Mom and Dad are unfair when it comes to things I want and for them to side with me.

But then again I doubt they remember being a teenager themselves, three weeks after I left Jayce turned sixty-five and two months after that Jax turned sixty-four. Six months ago Jason turned sixty-three and four months ago Justin turned sixty-two.

So yeah, I really doubt they remember their own teenage years. I didn't let their birthdays pass by as I had already gotten their gifts before I moved to the Pack-house.

I asked Martha to put them on their plates at dinner on their birthday and the day before their birthday I paid their Mom's grave a visit, making sure it was clean and had fresh flowers.

Each of them got a similar gift; a leather bracelet with a braided leather band over it and a stainless steel square in the middle. Jayce's had a menacing looking wolf on it, Jax's had a growling wolf, Jason's wolf was howling and Justin's wolf was asleep.

The wolves represented each of them and the man that made them had agreed with me. To this day they are unaware of the fact that I gifted them the bracelets, but Martha told me they never took them off and on occasion they had misplaced them.

Cussing and swearing when they couldn't find them and Mom and Martha would always laugh and shake their heads as they went searching for them, I wonder if they would be like that if they knew I had gotten them.

"Hello, Princess. Am I disturbing you?" Dad asks as he sits down next to me. Despite the fact that I am almost seventeen, I still feel and act like a little Pup around Dad and he just lets me.

Having grown up without a Dad I feel as if I have to catch up on so many things and I am glad I get to do it with Daniel. He is the best Dad a girl could ask for and I would do anything for him. Knowing that I will hardly ever refuse him something, he asked me to dress formally tomorrow.

I crawl into his lap and ask him what he wants to ask me, he wraps his arms around me pulling me close. "I know you don't see eye to eye with your Brothers, but I was hoping that you would be willing to come to dinner tomorrow.

We didn't really celebrate their birthdays because they didn't want to and you weren't there. Mom and I thought it would be nice to do it tomorrow with a dinner in our private dining-room." He says and for a moment I don't know how to respond.

Am I willing to spend dinner with my Brothers? Am I willing to risk getting upset and walking out? I am not sure if I can control my temper if they make a wrong remark and I don't want to ruin the chance of seeing Ella and Emma finding their Mate.

"Dad, I am not sure if that is smart. I want to be there for Ella and Emma, I don't want to miss it if they find their Mate and I am not sure if I can control my temper." I know he can hear the worry in my voice.

"Princess, I will tell your Brothers to be on their best behavior. No, I will ask your Mom to tell them." And we both laugh at his statement, knowing that Mom actually scares them.

We talk for a little bit longer, before Misty calls me inside to talk with the hairdresser and makeup artist that will be working with me tomorrow. Dad kisses me Goodnight and hugs me tight before he goes back to the Palace.

On our way in Misty asks me why Dad came by and I tell her what he asked of me, sending her into a fit of laughter when she hears what he will ask my Mom to do.

"Oh, I wish I could be there when she tells them. Your Mom is one scary lady and they know it." We are still laughing as we walk into the living-room. Christy shows the hairdresser and makeup artist a photo of a dress that looks like my dress and tells them there has to be room on my head for a tiara.

"It won't be placed on her head until after she has gone on stage and they have to be able to place it without ruining her hair." They both nod and then I tell them that I am expected at the Palace before dinner.

We plan when they will arrive at the Pack-house and once we have planned everything for the next day dinner is ready. We have a lot of fun during dinner and Grant seems to finally have accepted the fact that I call him GeeGee.

Brennon never objected to me calling him BeeBee, but Grant had been against it from the start and told me that every time. I especially love doing it when Gabe and Brent are here and it always sends the Pups into a fit of laughter.

Ella links me just after dinner asking me what I will be wearing tomorrow, I tell her that it is a secret and that she will have to wait until tomorrow. I can't tell her what I will be wearing, because only a handful of people know what will be happening tomorrow.

Justice is pacing in my head, because we know that it won't take long before Grandmother will show up and claim that she wasn't at fault. That she did everything right and that Mom was to blame for everything.