



## The Watcher Series Extras: 1.5

### Intolerable: Bowen & Tyran Reunion

*SPOILER ALERT: Best not read until you have completed The Unintended.*

#### Europe, 1664

Bowen sighed. “Why have you come here, Brother?”

“You neglected to say farewell,” Tyran replied flatly.

“It has been well over a year. Why now?” Bowen inquired, though clearly not surprised to see his kin.

Tyran pursed his lips and sat on the balcony overlooking the city street. Black smoke puffed from the oil lamps lining the cobblestone lane. The few people brave enough to venture into the streets were drunkards heading home or ladies of ill-repute selling their wares.

“And how is Mother?” Bowen finally asked, after the silence had stretched into the darkness.

Tyran grinned over at Bowen. “Intolerable...as always,” Tyran stretched his long legs out in front of him. “But what could you really expect? Her favorite son slipped out in the middle of the night without a word.”

“I am not her favorite...and I *did* warn both of you I would leave.”

“She never believed it.”

“Mother should know better than to doubt me,” Bowen replied shaking his head.

Tyran’s voice softened uncharacteristically. “I have missed you, Brother.” He paused and drew in a breath, “But you seem to be doing well.” Tyran hitched his thumb

over his shoulder towards the apartment, and the beautiful woman sleeping inside.

Bowen squeezed his eyes shut and rasped, “Do not *even* consider it.”

The smirk returned to Tyran’s face as he chided, “You never share—always too attached to your food.”

“She is more than food to me, and you know it.”

“They always are. Too bad; she looks delectable—another fair-haired beauty.”

Tyran looked through the window thoughtfully for a moment. “How long will you stay with her?”

“What concern is it of yours?” Bowen inquired, his voice calm.

“So hostile,” Tyran laughed as he stood up. “Now I certainly must have a taste.”

Instantly, Bowen was standing before Tyran, blocking his path to the apartment.

“Leave her be, and you can stay.” There was a hint of defeat in his tone.

Tyran returned to his seat with a triumphant expression.

“Do not look so happy. You would not like her anyway. She is good.”

“Then why are you going to break her heart? Or will you turn her?”

Bowen’s shoulders slumped, and he plopped next to his brother. The real answer: he was lonely. He swallowed hard and replied, “You know my feelings on turning humans. I will make sure she has everything she needs when I go. She will be better for having had me in her life a brief time.”

“So you will slink away into the night, as you did to your own family.”

Bowen cringed. “No. She’s human and can have no hope of my return. I won’t have her wait for me needlessly. I won’t be cruel.” He paused and indicated some soldiers loitering outside a brothel at the end of the street. “War is brewing, Brother. It is always convenient for *our* kind.”

“Hides our kills,” Tyran responded.

“Not that. Let’s us disappear. I will simply need a uniform and a letter with a

military seal to notify her of my glorious demise in the name of God and country.”

“I see you have already thought through the details,” Tyran commented, looking a little smug.

Bowen let out another sigh. “And to answer your question earlier...No...I do not love her. Though I do feel genuine affection.”

“Then why the need to give her closure?”

Bowen closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose. “When we were gods, Taranis, you were one of thunder and destruction. Your followers feared you. They burned men alive in the most horrific of sacrifices to appease you. Those wicker man rituals...” Bowen’s voice trailed, still hearing the screeches of pain and the smell of burning flesh as his brother looked on without a speck of empathy. “I do not—” he stopped short, realizing any judgments he had were useless. “Let us simply say that it is my last act of goodness before allowing you to drag me into your world once again.”

“You say that as if you never enjoyed being worshipped.”

Bowen stood and moved towards the apartment. “I do not claim to be anything better than I am.”

“You would have fallen in love with her. It is who you are.”

“No. I am done with loving humans,” Bowen replied, sounding resigned. “The spare bed has clean linens. The shutters are reinforced and will keep out the sunlight. She knows not to open them.”

“You will not regret letting me stay,” Tyran stated earnestly.

Bowen smiled sadly. “Good to see you, Brother.” When he entered the apartment, He knew he *would* regret his brother’s entry back into his life. Bowen wondered how many years it would take for him to be free.