

Chapter 180

She opened the door and slipped inside the Gallery, her gaze quickly running over her friend, ensuring he had come to no harm. He appeared to be okay though she could sense his anger boiling deep within him. She knew why he was so angry. The vampire had touched him. She hadn't only touched him but it was skin on skin contact. Not something the strong male before her found acceptable.

Dayton watched her intently, the faint hint of a welcoming smile on his face. Two years was nothing in the life span of a Were and he hadn't really noticed her absence when she was gone. And yet, now she was back he realised that he had missed her.

Rayne was a law unto herself. She came and went as she pleased, often without a word of warning. She had fallen into his life almost as soon as he had left the pack. Nothing he'd done had persuaded her to leave him alone, she had just kept coming back until one day he hadn't tried to make her leave. That day had been one of the rare times he had seen the real woman behind the mask she wore for the world.

She was almost as tall as he was, coming close to six foot. She had a love affair with the colour black and was dressed accordingly. Tight black jeans rode low on her hips, a short black T-shirt concealing most of her womanly curves though leaving a little of her midriff on show.

An emerald and diamond piercing glittered in her naval, matching the strikingly unusual colour of her eyes. Those eyes were haunting, spellbinding in their unusualness. They were deep green but the iris was bordered by a thin circle of silver.

Her complexion was pale, her skin satiny soft and completely unblemished. Thick, midnight black hair was secured in a long ponytail high on her head, her exquisite face so breathtakingly beautiful that many a man was quick to trip over when she walked passed them. One look into her eyes was enough to have them looking away and keep walking though. The hint of wildness in her gaze was enough to send a shiver down anyone's spine, no matter what the gender.

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Those eyes very seldom softened but they invariably did around him. Rayne regarded him as her friend. He was probably the only one she had and the feeling was mutual. She was the only person he let within his barriers because she was the only person he could trust to respect his boundaries.

They were the same; damaged beyond repair. He didn't know what nightmares lay in her past but he knew she had them. They were most probably worse than his. The very nature of their pain was what brought them together. They were kindred spirits.

Which was how Dayton had known that Ashleigh was a danger to him. He sensed in her the same feeling he had when he had first met Rayne. The same kindred spirit lived within Ashleigh, calling to the part of him that was still susceptible to giving a damn. Which was why he had faced the wrath of the vampire to push the little blonde away.wvw(ω).Ⓢℓℓw℔rM.cοm

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The silence between them stretched for a little longer and then Rayne's lips curled in a little smile, warmth entering her eyes. "I see you need to work on your pick up lines," she drawled softly, her voice a husky sound that filled the Gallery and made it feel less cold.

Dayton stiffened, the feel of steely fingers once more wrapping around his neck making his eyes narrow sharply with displeasure. "I see you still have a smart mouth," he countered coolly.

"Is that any way to welcome me home?" A sultry laugh bubbled out of her lips, pleasure washing through her. Being with Dayton was the only home she knew. It was a fleeting moment of belonging which never lasted long before her wanderlust took hold again but it was one she sought more often than she cared to examine.

"How long were you out there?" he asked moving over to the small desk in the corner that he used for discussing purchases with clients. He sat down in the chair behind it, watching as she walked across the room to perch on the edge of the desk, letting one leg swing nonchalantly. "Nice boots," he added dryly giving the leather and sharp stiletto spiked heel an appreciative glance.

Rayne laughed again. "I'm going for the dominatrix look. Have I managed it?"

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Truth be told everything about the woman sitting on his desk was decidedly lethal. She moved with an unchecked feline grace which screamed to the world that she was dangerous. Her boots were a part of her human arsenal. She would use them as a deadly weapon if need be.

Other Weres would take one scent of her, one quick glance and they would know instantly that she was a Werecat. They wouldn't know what kind of cat she was but he did because he had seen her in animal form. Her panther was impressive, midnight black, all honed sleek muscles that could rip prey apart effortlessly. He had watched her do it before.

"Sounds like your pack is trying to lure you home," she answered his question when he didn't comment further.

He frowned deeply, an angry black scowl crossing his face. "They will fail."

Rayne couldn't help but smile at the total vehemence in his voice. She had walked with him a long time, longer than she had ever spent in anyone else's company. Her gut instinct told her that his time was coming. He may not be ready to face it yet but one day soon the beautiful man before her would find some peace within his tortured soul.

It gave her a little hope deep inside. If Dayton Alexander could find some peace then maybe she could too. Maybe her endless centuries of solitude would end.

"So, how long can I expect to see you around this time?" he finally asked. It was a game with them whenever she turned up. He would try hard not to ask the question and she would try not to tell him her plans. Sometimes she won but usually it was he who did. The fact he was asking her so soon was a testament to how rattled he was about his female visitors, even if he wasn't willing to admit it yet.

Rayne reached out, caught a lock of silver hair in her fingers and let it trickle slowly through before she traced her knuckles gently against the side of his face. She met his gaze as she touched him, smiling gently as he allowed the light contact with barely a flinch. "For as long as you need," she breathed softly.

Something told her that he would need her in the coming weeks. She didn't have any real foresight, not as a skill set like her other abilities. But sometimes she just knew when she was needed at a given point in time. She had felt it just before she had met Dayton for the first time all those decades ago and she felt it now.

She knew she was in the right place at the right time. The question was, why was she needed here?

To be continued...