

Chapter 221

Freya heard a wolf howl and looked up from the papers littered across the table top in front of her. The sound was feral, full of rage. It told of a death about to come. The sheer viciousness of it made her smile before she dropped her eyes back to the documents before her.

The next howl was of such agony that she was moving before she realised what she was doing so, standing on the porch of the well concealed wooden retreat high up in the mountains surrounded by trees. Nors had built the place almost a thousand years ago. They had lived there together for a few centuries before he had become bored with it and moved back down into the

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She had always treasured that time, how close she had been to her brother, just the two of them content with each other's company. This was probably why she had maintained the retreat long after Nors had forgotten it even existed.

She knew there was something pathetic about how she kept the place almost the same as it had been then. The only real additions she had made to it was to put in a modern bathroom and upgrade the kitchen too. She didn't eat but it was always in the back of her mind that one day she may sell the place and if a Were or Human bought it they would want a proper kitchen.

The retreat had been everything to her once so very long ago. A place of happiness, a place of safety. It had been instinctive to come here, to retreat to the last place she could ever remember feeling true happiness. And now there was an animal out there intruding on her privacy, a wounded animal by the sounds of things.

Should she look for it or should she let it die? In the wild survival depended on being strong and fit. If the wolf had been stupid enough to get itself into trouble then it was no business of hers. And yet the echo of that anguished howl still hung on the afternoon air and she found herself remembering a pair of dark blue eyes, agony shining in their depths.

Freya stepped off the porch and inhaled deeply. Her body stiffened and her head swung around to the left. The scent that greeted her was like a punch in the gut. She could smell the forest, the rich earthy masculine scent that belonged to only one male she knew. She took off into the trees in an instant, following that scent and the sweet, sweet smell of warm hot blood.

The pit was twenty foot deep, her keen gaze easily taking in the long, naked limbs of the man lying impaled on the wicked looking spikes. Her heart twisted hard as she walked the pit carefully working out the best place to drop down into it. She ignored the twisting of her heart, pushing it deep down out of the way.

Dayton had obviously gone into the pit in his wolf form but had reverted back to human after being impaled. It would make it awkward getting him out because the pit had been dug for a large wolf not a six foot three man. She could scent his blood, could tell that something major had been severed by its thickness. It was evident she didn't have time to be pissing about.

Freya dropped into the pit, a spike piercing one thigh deeply, another shredding her hand that reached out to avoid falling on top of him. She ignored the pain, was used to suffering all manner of injuries over the long centuries. She snapped off the spike below her thigh and pulled it through, tossing it out of the pit. She then did the same with the one through her hand.

She was healing instantly, her agile mind working out how best to free Dayton from his spikes. Luckily for him he was unconscious. The agony he would be in, had he been aware, would have driven him insane. There was nothing for it; she was going to have to lift him up. His weight had pushed the spikes in deeply and she needed to sever them beneath him.

Dayton Alexander was not a light man, his big body full of thick heavy muscles, but she was an Ancient vampire and her strength surpassed his to the nth degree. Freya wrapped one arm securely under his back and raised his body slowly, ignoring the sucking noise of his torn flesh rasping against the thick wood.

She worked quickly, methodically, severing each spike beneath his body. Most of them had missed vital organs which was a minor miracle, with the exception of the one through his left thigh. That had hit his femoral artery. It was that one which was pumping his blood out so fast that he was probably moments away from death. She could hear how weakly his heart was beating and she strove to work faster.

Freya sprang up agilely, easily clearing the pit with the man secured in her arms. She lay him down on the ground and moved to the worst injury. She stared at the spike, knowing that the instant she pulled it out there would be precious seconds remaining to stop him from bleeding out.

She had been in this situation once before, the night she had tried to keep Ashleigh alive long enough for Nors to come heal her. She'd been unable to do the healing because they wouldn't have been able to mate if she had. Dayton required the same kind of healing. His only chance of survival was if she mixed her vampire blood directly with his.

He would never be able to mate with another vampire if she did so but then he was still pining for his dead mate anyway. She figured it was a moot point for him.[wWw.n0veLwoRm.co\(m\)](#)

Making her decision she gripped the protruding stake with one hand and ripped open her fingers on the other. With the speed born of an Ancient, she pulled out the stake and plunged her blood soaked hand deep into the wound. Searching quickly for the rupture in his artery, she mixed her blood with his until it sealed completely; then she closed the wound.

She treated the non lethal injuries in the same manner, removing the stakes and sealing the wounds quickly. Then she opened his mouth and fed him a few drops of her blood, holding it closed until he swallowed reflexively.

His heartbeat was stronger, the imminent threat of death receding. But he would hurt like hell when he woke up. She hadn't been able to give him enough of her Ancient blood to speed up his healing too quickly and she doubted that he would accept any more once he woke up, not the way he felt about her.

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Standing up slowly Freya stared down at Dayton wiping her hands against her already bloody jeans. She studiously ignored the pull of his blood; that sinfully wicked flavour that had set her on fire when she'd first tasted it.

What was she to do with him now? He was alive but unable to fend for himself. She didn't want to return to the compound or her family, didn't want Nors to remember their secret place and come looking for her. If she left Dayton here he would most likely die and her efforts to save him would have been pointless.

She wasn't even sure why she'd bothered to save him. Maybe it was her way of apologising for what she'd done to him? Something had touched her cold heart long enough to make her unbend enough to save a dying wolf. Allowing him to perish now wasn't an option. Sighing deeply, Freya reached down and picked him up almost tenderly. She streaked through the trees, taking him back to her sanctuary.