

Chapter 222

Dayton's first waking thought was pain. It surrounded him, engulfed him and tore him apart. His last memory had been of pain too. A sharp agonising ache as the spikes had pierced his body and then nothing but blackness.

"You're awake." The feminine voice sounded bored, slightly irritated. It was enough to force him to open his eyes and turn his head slowly to the side to see the woman he hated more than anything peering down at papers in her hands.

His first instinct was to launch himself at her but he was as weak as a newborn baby, helpless before her. Fury burned at his helplessness, red hot and pointless because he couldn't do anything about it. He had obviously been badly injured; his Were healing abilities struggling to counteract the damage.

He ignored her and tried to look around his environment. He was in some kind of building, rustic but with enough modern touches. There was electricity for one, the faint purr of a generator outside. He was lying on a huge sofa. It was soft, with his body sinking into it as it almost wrapped itself around him. A soft blanket covered him and he was surprised to find that he felt clean. He must have been covered in blood after his fall. How he wasn't now was puzzling.

"Where am I?" he asked, his throat scratchy due to dryness. The vampire rose, cold green eyes meeting his hate filled ones for a brief moment before she walked out of the room, returning with a glass of water which she held out to him.*WwW.(n)ôv@QW@tm.com*

"My lair," she answered, a trace of amusement crossing her face as he growled at her. "Drink. Your body needs to replace the fluids. You lost a lot of blood."

He was able to turn slightly, push himself weakly up onto to one elbow so he could reach for the glass. It was an effort to hold and drink from it but he made himself do so, refusing to accept any help from her. The last thing he remembered was scenting her, the fury at finding her within his grasp, the need to rip her throat out the dominating thought in his mind. It had made him careless and now he was weak and at her mercy.

"I thought wolves were supposed to be intelligent," Freya remarked, moving to sit back down at the table and pick up more papers to look through. "You appear to be on the stupid side, managing to fall into a pit trap. I find that a little disappointing myself. I'd attributed more intelligence to you. I so hate being proven wrong."

"Fuck you!" Dayton hissed, rage boiling through his blood at her words.*(w)Ww.NoVéℓ(w)orm.c(o)m*

She raised an eyebrow and met his gaze with a slight smile curving her lips. "Well, I did offer that service, dog. You didn't appear to be too interested at the time," she said sardonically.

The rage blossomed, turned cold and hard as he glared at her. "Do you have any idea how much I hate you, vampire?"

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Soft tinkling laughter filled the room, her eyes warming with real amusement as she perched her chin on her hand and regarded him intently. "Is that supposed to make me feel bad in some way?" she asked curiously.

"You have no concept of the number of people of all species who hate me, Dayton Alexander. One more makes no difference in the grand scheme of things. But I suppose if it makes you feel better then please feel free to hate all you want. It's a very potent emotion. You can justify all manner of awful deeds in the name of hate. I'm quite partial to it myself."

"There isn't anything even remotely human about you, is there, Freya?" he bit out, surprised to find that her words actually shocked him despite everything he already knew about her. She had no redeeming qualities whatsoever.

"Not for much longer," she breathed softly, something cold lurking in the back of her eyes, a secret hidden deep within. Her expression changed instantly, turning bored. "Perhaps you should sleep a bit more? The sooner you heal the sooner you can be gone from here. There isn't a lot of time left so it's best you go home as soon as possible."

Despite everything, something froze inside Dayton, an alertness coming over him at her words. There was such a sound of finality to them, a hint of weariness hiding in the bored tone. His instincts latched onto it and he gaze sharpened. "What does that mean?" He hated himself for asking the question but he couldn't help himself.

"Nothing that concerns you, wolf. Just heal and be gone. I can help the process if you'd like. My Ancient blood will heal you faster."

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Disgust surged through him and he bit out a curse. "Thanks but I'd rather die than drink your blood," he said hoarsely.

Cold green eyes met his, wintry and hard, a darkness within them that almost made him back down. "How do you think you still live, dog?" she asked; her voice as cold and flat as her eyes.