

Chapter 224

Locking the door he made his way over to the modern, stand alone shower and turned it on to a very hot setting. He used the toilet while he waited for the steam to begin to fog up the room. Stripping off the silk pyjama bottoms he eyed his legs critically. More puncture marks where the stakes had entered his body but it was the one on his left thigh that ached the most and drew his attention.

The fatal one. He knew enough about anatomy to know that he must have punctured his femoral artery, that this one was the wound that had almost taken his life. It would have if the vampire outside hadn't acted quickly to save him.

Stepping into the shower he examined his conflicting emotions over that. He knew what she'd had to do to stop him bleeding out. It turned his stomach just thinking about it and yet, if she hadn't done it he wouldn't be here now, standing in her shower, plotting ways to end her life. His wolf stirred, a faint howl echoing inside him as he pushed the animal down. His subconscious also stirred, a faint whispered sound of anguish drifting across his mind as he carefully washed himself.

He didn't know what that sound meant or why his wolf wanted to surface and break their agreement. All he knew was he couldn't be distracted from his goal because it was all that was keeping him together at the moment, his need to take revenge on the woman who had saved his life. The thought was wrong, so very, very wrong and yet he stoked the need, the crippling need to find some surcease from the rage and agony ripping him apart.

Hurting Freya Eriksson was the only way to do that. Killing her would be preferable but he knew that was a pipedream. She had taken everything from him, first Faith and then Rayne. His friend's betrayal was a wound almost as deep as the one Faith had left in his soul. Rayne's empathy for the vampire ripped through him, hurt him; brought tears to his eyes. Freya had taken the only other woman he had let into his life, stolen their friendship, his trust in her. She deserved nothing but pain in return and he was going to be the one who inflicted it.

Determination on his face, he dried off carefully and looked at the clothing on the floor with distaste. He didn't want to be so vulnerable around the vampire. He guessed that she must have washed him, bathed him even while he lay unconscious. He would have been drenched in blood from his injuries and yet he'd been clean and dressed when he'd woken up.

Just the thought of her hands on his naked flesh was enough to stoke his hatred higher. No woman had touched him so intimately since Faith. It was another black mark against the vampire, another score that needed to be settled as she took every last precious moment with his mate away from him.

Opening the bathroom door he was about to try the other rooms, figuring if Nors had pyjama's here then he should have some clothes too. If he could find the Ancient's bedroom he could at least dress himself in proper clothes. He paused when he saw a chair resting directly against the wall from the door. On it was jeans, a shirt, some socks and a pair of boots.

Oddly enough he wasn't that surprised. He should have been, because her actions called her a liar, about being a nursemaid not coming easily to her. Her actions so far clearly indicated that somewhere in her cold heart, some level of compassion lived, that she was capable of doing the right thing if she really wanted to.

Again, he felt a moment of softening towards the vampire and again he pushed it ruthlessly away. He wouldn't be diverted by a small act of kindness. She was a vampire, the perfect vampire even. She was so coldly ruthless, so feral and dangerous it was a wonder she had attained Ancient status. He was sure it was only because Nors had protected her, reined in her worse excesses.

Grabbing the clothes he retreated into the bathroom and dressed quickly, running his hands through his hair to tame its wildness. There was a brush on the counter beside the vanity mirror but he ignored it. It was a feminine brush, her brush and he wouldn't have it anywhere near him.

The clothes were a bit big for him but they were adequate enough. At least the boots fit. Finally feeling as if he'd donned enough armour to face the waiting vampire, he left the bathroom and headed back into the main living area.

Freya looked up from the papers in her hand and watched the wolf enter the room. His face was hard, determined and she had to fight down a smile as he reluctantly came towards the table and sat down in front on the plate of food waiting for him. She could hear his stomach rumbling, knew that he would hate every single mouthful he was forced to eat of his breakfast.

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She eyed him intently, taking in the slightly healthier pallor of his skin, his long wet hair, scruffy as it lay down his back in tangles. Males were so silly sometimes they actually amused her. She had to fight harder to hide her smile. Her hairbrush must have been a step too far for this proud wolf with hate in his eyes. She would find one of Nors' brushes and leave it out for him.

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He attacked the food quickly ignoring her as he forked bacon, sausages and eggs into his mouth. He paused long enough to drink the fresh coffee she'd prepared and take a bite out of the mountain of toast on a separate plate.

He was tense, his big body taut as he ate. Dayton Alexander was a wild animal, full of rage and hate, in a world of agony because he was quite literally at the mercy of and reliant on the one person in the world that he detested most. It was simply heartbreaking to watch him.

Stunned shock rocked through Freya as the thought danced across her mind. She dropped her eyes back to her documents, aware that she was running out of time and had so much to get done. Taking care of the wolf hadn't factored into her plans and it was delaying her timescale. Feeling empathy for him was also something she hadn't expected. It was confusing, unwanted. She couldn't falter now.

"Who would have thought you could cook," he finally broke the silence between mouthfuls of food. There was grudging respect in his words, pulled out through gritted teeth.

"I can do many things," she replied in a bored tone, not taking her eyes from the legal document in front of her. "Just because I don't eat doesn't mean I can't cook. I had a human lover once a few decades ago. He was quite talented in the bedroom for one so weak. I kept him around for a little while."

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