

Chapter 230

Soon her wolf would be ready to leave and she would have to make a decision on what she was going to do with her life. She had promised him she would try. She just wasn't sure if she had his strength. But she would try because he asked it of her, because he was willing to fight for her even if he didn't feel for her what she felt for him.

Silently she left the room and picked up her cell phone, hitting the speed dial.

"Freya?" Nors' voice was thick with emotion; fear and concern the predominant ones.

"Hello, Nors," she whispered, fighting back tears at just the sound of his voice.

"Are you alright? Where are you? I'll come and get you. We've been worried out of our minds, Freya. Liam wouldn't stop crying. Ash thinks we're never going to see you again. Just tell me where you are."

Sweet Nors, so demanding and so protective. Her brother never ceased to amaze her. Despite the displeasure creeping under the relief at hearing from her, she knew it was just his concern for her.

"I need some time," she said quietly. "I just wanted you to know that I'm okay. I have a...friend staying with me at the moment. I'm not alone."

His voice was gruff when he next spoke, his emotions close to the surface. "I didn't mean what I said before. You know that, don't you? I love you, Freya. We love you and you'll always have a place in our family."

Her tears overflowed, his love shining through with every word. "I know," she whispered tremulously. "I love you too so very much. Tell Ash and Liam that too. I'll be home as soon as I can."

"Freya, are you sure you're okay?" he asked gently. "This friend you're with, is it anyone I know? I can still come and get you if you change your mind."

Wiping at her tears she sat straighter and took a deep breath. "You've picked me up too many times, Nors. You have your family now and it's time I learned to deal with my own mess and work it out on my own. I'll call again soon and I'm fine, really I am. Don't worry about me so much. It's time you lived your own life."

There was silence on the other end of the phone for a long moment and then Ashleigh's voice. "Freya? What did you just say to Nors? He's laughing and crying at the same time."

"He's just learned his sister has finally decided to grow up," she said with a small smile on her face. "He's probably in shock. I have to go now. Kiss Liam for me, Ash, and don't let Nors worry too much. I'll be in contact again soon."

She hung up before any more could be said and finished wiping her cheeks dry. Then she headed back into Dayton's room and lay down beside him. She felt emotionally drained, tired on a level she'd never felt tired before. Caring was an exhausting experience and she was yet to see the benefits of it. Watching Nors and Ashleigh together showed her that it was worth it. Now it was her turn to find out if it really was.

She closed her eyes and let sleep claim her, all the while conscious of the wolf at her side.

Dayton rolled over and wrapped his arm around the soft, tantalising woman sleeping beside him pulling her tightly against his chest. Sleepily he breathed against the side of her neck, his lips brushing the soft skin lightly so as not to wake her. His wolf rumbled its pleasure, his body reacting instinctively to her closeness.

His tired mind began to climb out of the thick fog of sleep and he knew it wasn't Faith in his arms. The thought didn't trouble him as it once had. Faith was gone and there would always be a special place in his heart for her. He would always love her and miss her but it was time to move on, time to start living again.

He knew who he was holding so tightly. There was no mistaking that wonderful scent of cherry blossom that teased him. Her scent had always teased him, right from the very first moment he had seen her. It was what had thrown his barriers up even tighter than they had been before. Clinging onto his memories of Faith had demanded it of him which was why he had reacted so negatively to her.

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He slowly opened his eyes, shifting slightly so he could prop his head on his hand and gently brush Freya's hair from her face. She truly was exquisite to look at, so soft and vulnerable in her sleep. He smiled slowly catching a lock of her hair and letting it fall through his fingers.

He knew she would hate being considered vulnerable. She viewed herself as a monster and maybe a part of her truly was just as all vampires were capable of being. The past couldn't be changed but the future could. All she needed was the right trigger, the right incentive to want to be different. Finding Freya's trigger was what was important and he was committed to helping her do that.www.NoVélWolf.com

His fingers trailed lightly across her jaw, her skin like silk against his fingertips. It felt strange touching a woman's skin after denying himself so long, strange and intoxicating at the same time. His wolf was certainly enjoying this closeness to her, as was the man.www.NoVélWolf.com

Freya stirred, turning in her sleep, instinctively seeking the warmth of his body. Her hand came up to his chest as she cuddled into him, making his heart start to race and his body tighten with need. He couldn't stop his hand threading into her hair, tilting her face up as he lowered his head and gently brushed his lips against hers.

He had kissed her earlier, used touch as a way to anchor her as she fell apart outside. His kisses then had been way of grounding her, a way to reach inside her and pull her out of her destructive thoughts. His kiss now was the kiss of a man who wanted the woman lying in his arms. It was his first real kiss in over five decades and it felt amazing.

Freya opened her eyes, feeling warm heat beneath her fingertips and hard lips moving sensually over hers, teasing her, enticing a response that she had no hesitation in returning. Her shocked brain tried to assimilate that Dayton was kissing her but her body overrode her surprise to press against him and kiss him back with a need that was almost overwhelming.

His hand tightened in her hair and he rolled her onto her back, his mouth becoming more urgent as her response ignited a fire deep within him which was quickly raging out of control. Her taste was heady, intoxicating and he pressed his erection against her as his tongue swept into her mouth and tangled with hers in a hot, erotic dance.

He'd forgotten how wonderful kissing could be, how hot and sensual it was to taste a woman's mouth so intimately, to press her softness against his aching hardness as he tasted every inch of her. Freya's response was total. There was no hesitation, no uncertainty as her fingers burrowed into his hair and she kissed him back as if starving for the contact.www.novÉLWolf.com

She was full of hunger, full of need and passion and he realised instantly that he'd found her trigger, what she needed to survive, what everyone needed to survive. Freya Eriksson needed touch. She needed someone to see past the mask she presented to the world and truly see the woman beneath it. It was what she had craved, what she'd been searching for all her life and had never found.

Freya needed someone to love her, despite her past, despite her faults. She was starving for affection, for tenderness, for love.

Dayton pulled his mouth from hers, his wolf growling loudly, demanding to be heard after decades of being silenced. He stared into her beautiful green eyes, shock rippling through him as he finally listened to his animal, finally heard what it had been trying to tell him but he'd been too wrapped up in his misery to hear.

Freya Eriksson had been waiting for him! He was her trigger, he was what she needed. And she had been what he had needed, what he had spent the last fifty years craving.

The woman in his arms, this erratic, volatile vampire was his new mate.