

## Chapter 231

His wolf howled in ecstasy as he stared down at her in stunned shock. He knew it was possible to find a second mate, that there were instances of it happening in the past though they were few and far between. Most wolves went Rogue after losing their mate, unable to bear the loss of half of their souls. Most who didn't, were older when their mates passed so they spent their remaining years alone.

But Faith had been young when she'd died and he had been strong enough to hold onto his sanity, to survive her passing though he'd done a piss poor job of it. He was young enough and had the capacity to love again and he found Freya firmly embedding her way into his heart right beside the spot Faith lived.

It was a different kind of love from what he'd felt for Faith. He could feel the difference. Faith had been his youth, his wild streak; their love almost innocent in its beauty. Freya was his future, his salvation. The love blossoming for her was intense, deep, taking over the bigger part of his heart but that was only right because she was alive, vibrant and beautiful in his arms.

"What?" she whispered concern crossing her face as he stared down at her.

Dayton kissed her softly, resting his forehead against hers as his body hummed with joy and he fought to calm his racing heart. He should have felt terrified at this turn of events, he should have been running a mile from her but he wasn't. His mate was a vampire. She was indestructible. He would never have to suffer her loss as he had suffered Faith's.

But he would have to go carefully with her. Freya may crave to be loved but she wasn't used to accepting it. She was fragile emotionally, still learning who she was deep down inside. He would have to ease her into his life, convince her that she deserved the happiness she wanted so badly.

His wolf didn't even argue with him about it, agreeing with him in an instant. For the first time in such a long time, Dayton had a goal to reach for, someone to live for. It was the most wonderful feeling in the world.

He stole another kiss, a long searing one that turned his blood to fire and brought the sweetest of moans from Freya's lush lips. Then he rolled off her and lay on his back smiling. "Still feeling a bit on the weak side," he belatedly answered her question, feeling her eyes on him the entire time. *www.n0t0r0Wo0(m).com*

It had the desired effect, sending her scooting off the bed like a shot. The truth was he felt more than able to get up and fix himself something to eat, but his vampire had displayed a need to care for him. She said she was no good as a nursemaid but when it came to him she was a natural at it. She was already showing her reaction to the mating pull though she probably had no idea what was happening to her.

Letting Freya experience her softer side was the way to go. Letting her explore her need to comfort, to care for another person was critical to her forgiving herself. He didn't need a woman to wait on him hand and foot but it was about her needs at the moment. Once she was more balanced, once she was accepting him as part of her life, then he would show her just what he needed.

The passionate, fiery love of a vampire. Untamed, wild and so very, very sensual.

"I'm never going anywhere with you again!"

The tart words hung in the confines of the car making Caleb Cullen's lips twitch in amusement as he stole a quick side glance at his grumpy mate. She'd been shooting acidic little barbs ever since Rafe had called to tell her the babies had arrived and it was all he could do not to burst out laughing at her rare display of ill humour.

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"I believe you were the one who wanted to visit Shanghai," he reminded the petite redhead sitting at his side, his tone dry as he struggled to contain his laughter.

"Six months ago," she muttered under her breath, her arms folded over her chest tightly. "You wanted to visit the Seychelles first, and then the Dominican Republic. If we'd gone to Shanghai when I wanted to then we would have been home and I wouldn't have missed the birth of the babies. Again!"

This wasn't the first time she'd missed the birth of new additions to her family. They had been in Europe when Millie had had her children, arriving late to greet her nieces. Now her nephews were here and she'd missed that too.

Caleb sighed deeply and pulled the car over as soon as they'd entered the seclusion of the forest, unsnapping her seatbelt and his and pulling her firmly onto his lap so she was sitting astride him. He ground his mouth hard against hers, holding her tightly until she softened under his touch and leaned into him, surrendering to his kiss.

"Mmm, doesn't that feel so much better?" he breathed against her lips, tangling his hands in her riot of red curls that flowed like silk through his fingers.

Her soft sigh washed against his mouth and he kissed her again, more gently this time, savouring the sweetness of lips that drove him insane with need every time he tasted them.

"I'm being a horror, aren't I?" she whispered when he let her up for air. Apologetic lavender eyes connected with his and he smiled lovingly at the exquisite creature in his arms. *www.n0t0r0Wo0(m).com*

"Luckily for you I'm addicted to horrors," he teased gently, earning him one of her beatific smiles that set his heart racing a hundred miles an hour and made him feel as if he was falling even more in love with her than he already was. As if that were remotely possible.

Rhianna Armand was his world. She was everything to him just as he was to her. His heart beat in time with hers, his breath matched the pace of hers. She was the other half of his soul and he wouldn't have it any other way.

"Shouldn't we talk about what's really upsetting you?" he asked gently, playing with a long strand of curls while trying to ignore her damp heat pressing against his rigid body. He wanted her constantly, could never sate his need for her beautiful body no matter how many times he loved her and he loved her at every possible opportunity he could get. She was totally addictive and she was his and he wanted to take her right now but he knew she had other things on her mind.

"Later," she evaded turning her head to look out the window. He cupped her chin and brought her gaze back to his.

"You've been avoiding it for five years, Annie," he said firmly, refusing to allow her to duck away from the topic again. "You can't hide from this, sweet one. You have to talk to Rafe. It's only blind luck that Gard hasn't revealed his presence to the wolves so far. You know he's fascinated with the pack, that he's spending more and more time watching over them."

Rhianna frowned deeply biting hard at her lip. She knew what Caleb said was true and yet she still couldn't find the right moment or the courage to talk to her brother, to reveal to him secrets that would rock his world and possibly rip it apart.

She loved Rafe so much, relied on him to always be there for her. What if he couldn't cope with the truth? What if he saw Gard as somehow replacing him in her affections? How did she tell her Were brother that her soul contained another soul which was so old, so powerful that she eclipsed all other beings that walked the planet?

"I'm frightened, Caleb," she whispered, tears filling her eyes.

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