

Chapter 248

Freya gaped at him in shock, her mouth falling open. She couldn't believe the way the wolf was talking to her. It was outrageous. His words were just as bad as his tone.

Who the hell did he think he was? The only thing that was stopping her flying over the desk at him was the heat from Dayton's fingers stroking gently against her skin. It was keeping her grounded, soothing the fury that was suddenly rushing through her.

"Caleb's back," Rafe continued, ignoring her volatile reaction. "He knows something's wrong. I've managed to convince him to allow me to deal with it so for now you get to keep your head, Freya."

The deep growl that erupted from Dayton's mouth drew his eyes to the other man and he studied him quickly before filing away the information he'd gleaned. He dropped his gaze back to the vampire. She was sitting rigidly, a careful mask covering her emotions.

"What? Did you forget what happened in The Council chambers five years ago, Freya? You were there too. Any vampire who caused harm to any Were would be executed on the spot. No excuses, no justification, instant execution. You hurt Dayton. Did you think because you're an Ancient that somehow gave you a free pass? Not in Caleb's eyes it doesn't. There are no exceptions. The only reason you're still alive is because it would kill Nors if anything happened to you. Ashleigh and Liam too."

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Dayton's hands tightened on the nape of her neck, fury raging through him. He'd had no idea what transpired years ago because he'd segregated himself from his people. Hearing what had been decreed terrified him as well as infuriated him. No one would harm his mate. He didn't give a flying fuck who it was.

"Freya caused me no hurt." He didn't know how he kept his voice level but the cold steel within it was unmistakable. "I've made no official complaint and have no intention to. So you can stop threatening her and tell Caleb Cullen that he'd better stay away from her."

Rafe sat back in his chair, steeping his fingers and tapping them lightly against his lips as he took in the way Dayton's hands now rested protectively on Freya's shoulders, his entire body language that of a wolf ready to defend his mate at the slightest provocation.

The man before him was no longer the man who had come hesitantly into his pack. He had no idea just what had occurred between him and the vampire but it had to have been something profound. Although he was perturbed by the suddenness of the transformation, he couldn't help feeling pleased about it too. Dayton had been a strong Beta to Jared from all he'd heard of the man. It appeared that Beta was surfacing swiftly.

"I've already spoken to Caleb," he finally said. "He acknowledges Freya is pack. I was just unprepared for how much pack she really was."

His words were meant for Dayton, letting him know that he was aware what was transpiring even if the woman with them appeared clueless. He wanted to sigh deeply at the prospect of becoming Freya's Alpha. He would almost have preferred Demetri over the volatile woman, though only almost.w(w)w.n°VéLⓈWoRm.com

"As long as it's crystal clear," Dayton pushed. He knew he wasn't being very respectful to his Alpha but he needed to make sure there were no misunderstandings. He would choose Freya over the pack if it came to it. It wouldn't be an easy choice but he'd walked away once before. He would walk away again if it was the only way to ensure her safety.

Freya was getting seriously irritated by the way the two men appeared to be talking over her in riddles. Dayton's defence of her was staggering, the way his hands held her shoulders both soothing and also confusing.

He kept touching her when least expected. She wondered if it was a wolf thing. She knew they were quite tactile. It was one of the reasons she hated being around the compound, it made her feel uncomfortable. And yet, Dayton's touch didn't. It soothed her and made her feel warm inside.

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Her irritation and confusion increased and she sat forward, dislodging his hands as she pinned the Alpha with a hard gaze. "I don't need a pack of dogs to protect me. You have no right speaking to anyone on my behalf. You have no claim over me. I am not pack nor will I ever be. If Caleb has an issue with me then I will deal with it personally."

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She turned her head to look back at Dayton, her irritation increasing at the amused expression on his face. "I don't need you to defend me either," she bit out.

"But it feels good, doesn't it?" he countered, his smile never faltering as she glared at him.

She had no intention of letting him know just how good it felt. And she was annoyed her displeasure was only making him smile more. He had to know that when he smiled his entire face lit up and he became even more gorgeous, more sexy and desirable. He was baiting her deliberately.

"Whether or not you feel you need our protection is a moot point," Rafe said quietly. "You have it so deal with it. Now I need to have a private word with Dayton. I'm sure your family is anxious to catch up. Just try and stay out of any trouble that will make my life too difficult, Freya. I know you won't be able to resist completely but if you could keep it down to the minimum I'd appreciate it."

It was so clearly a dismissal that she could only gape at him again in complete shock. For a moment she seriously considered doing some bodily harm to the wolf and then Dayton's hands once more circled her waist and she went rigid with shock when he spun her around and kissed her soundly in front of the Alpha.