

Chapter 262

He lay on his side, finally leaving her heated flesh with a reluctant groan. Rayne's hair was wild around her head, her eyes smoky with satisfied passion. He reached out and smoothed her hair back gently so he had an unobstructed view.

"Mine," she whispered softly, an expression of such happiness on her face it almost brought him to tears.

"Yours," he whispered back, leaning forward to gently caress her lips with his.

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"How did you know you were immune to my venom?" He was still annoyed with himself for losing control enough to bite her. He'd no facts to back up what she'd told him. He should have waited to be sure he wouldn't inadvertently kill her. His irritation was evident in his voice.

"You're angry because you trusted me?"

Her response shocked him and he frowned deeply. "Never, Sarayne, I trust you with my life. I'm just not accustomed to others knowing more about things than I do. I like to have facts before I act on something."

A slow smile spread across her face and she rubbed a hand against his chest soothingly. "You like to be in control," she countered with a laugh, the slight tightening of his lips confirming it. She sighed softly and brushed her fingers over his mouth. "I knew I was immune because I'm immune to all vampire venom."

Gard was so shocked he couldn't speak. It was impossible, completely unheard of. "How do you know?" He was sure he didn't want to hear the answer to that question.

"I've been bitten a few times over the centuries. Not mating bites though. The ones meant to kill me on the spot. Pissed off a few vampires I can tell you." She deliberately made light of it, knowing he would struggle hearing that some of his people had tried to kill her.

A muscle clenched in the side of his jaw and she could almost hear his teeth grinding. "How have we never heard about this?" His calm words didn't match the murderous fury in his eyes.

"The vampires were only pissed off for a very brief moment."

Her answer was curt, her tone telling him she would elaborate no further. She didn't need to. The only way this knowledge could have been contained was if the vampires responsible were dead. Which meant Rayne was strong enough to take vampire lives.

He was astounded at the thought and yet immensely proud too. Knowing his mate was so strong soothed his protective streak slightly. It also generated new questions. "The children?"

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Rayne sighed softly, a smile gracing her lips. "They are like me, Gard. They will eclipse me because they have something precious which I didn't; they have parents who love them and will nurture them as they grow into themselves. They are the future."

As much as he loved the children no one could ever eclipse his Sarayne. She was one of a kind. "They have you too, Kitty. How could they possibly go wrong?"

Gard pulled his mate into his arms, kissing her long and deep and oh so sensually. How could anyone go wrong having his cat in their lives?

To risk a heart, you need a wolf.

Dayton smacked his hand off the doorjamb, a muffled curse escaping his lips. His bedroom was empty and he knew without a doubt that Rayne hadn't come downstairs. He walked quickly to her room and looked in finding it empty as expected. She had run. He had seen it in her eyes but had hoped she would stay.

Ultimately the decision was hers and he knew that. She wasn't one to be caged by anyone. It didn't stop him wishing she had stayed so he could repay her for all she had done for him.

"She isn't used to relying on others." Freya's quiet words had his head turning to see her standing at the top of the stairs. She looked perfect as always having changed into a pair of jeans matched with a red summer top which showed off her pretty curves very appealingly.

His mouth was watering instantly. Not only did she look great but it was the most casual he'd ever seen her dress, almost as if she was slowly letting go of the rigid control she enforced upon herself.

"You can relate to that," he answered, leaning against the wall and crossing his arms. He wanted to kiss her luscious mouth so much but he wanted her to come to him first. So far he'd been initiating all their contact. He had to know if she wanted him as much as he did her.

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"I've relied on Nors my entire life," she countered walking forward slowly as if she couldn't help herself. "It is others I have an issue with."

His lips quirked. He loved her brutal honesty. She just opened her mouth and spoke, never stopping to think of just what she was revealing about herself. She reached him and stopped, her eyes glued to his, waiting for him to do something. When he didn't move she reached up carefully and captured a lock of silver hair.

He held himself still as she caressed his hair, then her eyes darkened and she let go, taking a step back. He moved then, sliding an arm around her waist to pull her against his body. "What was that?"

She evaded his gaze but he cupped her chin gently, bringing her eyes back to his. "Talk to me, Freya."

Resistance flared in her eyes for a moment and then she frowned. "You haven't taken me to your bed. You touch my body, kiss me whenever you want to, you show me you want me but you fail to follow through. Your actions are confusing. At first I thought you were bedding Rayne but you've told me that isn't so. It leaves me with only two options available. You still hold Faith too close to your heart or you don't really want me."

It was such a vulnerable admission coming from her that his heart twisted sharply in his chest. He teased his lips gently across hers. "You forgot the third option, honey."

She pulled back frowning at his teasing tone as well as the endearment he used. A perfect eyebrow arched in his direction. "Which is?"

"I could be romancing you," he chuckled lightly, brushing his knuckles against her cheek. "I may want to bend you over that banister right there and fuck the living daylights out of you but it's not what you need, Freya. You may think it is and I know we'd both enjoy it immensely, but then I'd only be proving to you that I'm just like every other man you've ever known. Out to enjoy your body and nothing else."

His earthy words certainly sparked her desire even as her confusion grew. "Sex is natural. It's what males and females do. You are constantly being frustrated because you're not achieving your physical release."

Dayton did laugh then tightening his hold on her as she stiffened at his laughter. She sounded very altruistic but he was sure her own sexual frustration was driving her just as much as her concern for him was. "I've survived five decades without real sex, honey. I think I can manage a few months more."

"Months!" Freya all but squeaked the word out, her eyes flying to his to see if he was joking. He made her so hot she was about ready to scream to get him to take her and ease the burning ache he set inside her. He was laughing at her still and her anger kicked in.

"Perhaps I am not willing to wait months," she said darkly, moving out of his arms. "There are plenty of other willing males who would not turn down a night in my bed."

Dayton's smile froze on his face though he managed to contain the growl which threatened to rumble out of his chest. His vampire was testing him, pushing at the boundaries he'd set.

"I have no doubt there are, honey," he drawled softly. "But I'd have to kill every man who touched you. As long as you're willing to accept the consequences then feel free to indulge yourself."

Her expression remained calmly neutral though her eyes narrowed slightly. "Possessiveness, aggression, typical Were traits when dealing with mates. You contradict yourself with your behaviour, Dayton. Your mate is dead.'www.no(v)e()w(o)r.M.cOm

She was so keenly intelligent it was scary. He had no idea just how much she knew about pack and Were life. Now he had to judge just how much to let her know. Too much and she may take off as fast as Rayne just had. There was a fine line between easing her into his life and keeping secrets from her. She deserved the same honesty she gave him.