

Chapter 263

Dayton turned and walked to his room, holding the door open until she followed him and entered. He closed the door behind them and quickly straightened the bed. The reminder of Rayne being there would most probably be one she wouldn't be comfortable with.

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He stretched out on the bed and patted the spot beside him. She came with more alacrity than he thought she would. "You're right about my behaviour in one aspect and wrong in the other. I am not contradicting myself. It is uncommon but not unheard of for a Were to find a second mate. It has probably only happened a handful of times in the last three hundred years but some have found happiness after their loss."

Freya blinked slowly, quickly sifting through the information he was giving her. She hadn't known it was possible for a Were to mate more than once. He said he wasn't contradictory in his behaviour at her taunt about finding another man, which could mean he was alluding to only one thing.

"You think I am your new mate." The words whispered out on a shocked gasp.

"Oh, I don't think, honey. I know." His eyes danced with amusement at her stunned expression.

She didn't know how to react to this. Her heart rate was kicking up a healthy beat because he was effectively telling her that he considered she belonged to him. No one had ever dared to try and claim her the way he was. It was both thrilling and irritating at the same time.

She knew her emotional attachment to Dayton was stronger than anything she'd ever felt for anyone before. His pain had made her weep, her own actions which had caused that pain breaking something deep inside her. This man before her pulled out her softer side, made her vulnerable to him. It was frightening how easy it was for him to touch her on such a primal level.

He would demand full surrender though. No matter that she was the stronger of the two, the oldest and the more lethal one. He would want her to submit to him and she knew she was incapable of doing so.

"I will not submit to you." There was no point hiding from the issue. She didn't want to hurt him by rejecting him but he had to know that she wouldn't come to heel at his command.

Dayton burst out laughing, doubling over and clutching at his stomach he was laughing so hard. Freya growled, her anger igniting instantly. The urge to hit him was strong but she didn't want to really hurt him. She pushed him hard until he fell off the bed and landed on the floor with a loud thump. She expected him to be angry with her but he remained on the floor laughing even harder.

Curiously she looked over the side of the bed and then shrieked when he pulled her off and she landed on top of him. He rolled over immediately trapping her beneath him. He was still laughing and there were tears in his eyes.

"I'm sorry, Freya," he managed to get out between chuckles. "Just the thought of your name and the word submit being in the same sentence is enough to make me die laughing. You wouldn't know how to submit if your life depended on it, honey. I don't know where you got the crazy idea that I would expect that of you."

Her irritation evaporated and she stared up at him perplexed. "Isn't that what mates do? One is more dominant than the other?"

He leaned down and took her mouth. It was impossible not to. He wanted to stroke her all over so he could wipe the confusion from her exquisite face. She opened to him instantly inviting his tongue in to taste her sweetness. Dayton groaned and dived in eagerly, teasing her mouth erotically with his.

"No that's not what mates do," he whispered against her softness. "Mates love and protect each other. They spend hours kissing and licking and stroking each others hot bodies and they make beautiful babies together. There might be times when one is more dominant than the other but only if the situation calls for it. Does Nors dominate Ashleigh?"

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Freya frowned. The heat of his body pressing against hers was making her want to do things other than talking but she knew she had to have the answers to the questions inside of her too. She was about to answer yes to his question and then her frowned deepened.

"When Nors really wants something Ashleigh concedes to him," she answered slowly. "And yet when she has a need, he will do anything to ensure it is taken care of."

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"Sometimes Nors is the more dominant one and other times it is Ashleigh," Dayton smiled as he stroked her cheek gently. "You view dominance as someone ordering the other person about and forcing them to bend to their will. Nors and Ash don't truly dominate each other, they compromise. He can force Ash to do what he wants but he knows he'll hurt her if he does. She knows there are times when he needs to be taking care of her so she lets him because it will hurt him if she doesn't. Mates don't want to hurt each other, Freya. It's the last thing they'd ever want to do."

She was quiet as she digested the information, applying it to what she knew of her family and seeing the truth in it. It was actually a very subtle dance Nors and Ashleigh performed in their relationship. They did it effortlessly and they found such joy in it. She stared up into Dayton's expectant face. He was waiting for her reaction.

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This was what he wanted from her? For them to be bound together exclusively forever, dancing the same dance as all the other mated couples? Part of her yearned for what Nors and Ashleigh had. A larger part was frightened of it. She didn't think she had the capacity to bend in that kind of relationship.

Her eyes connected to the streak of silver in his hair. Dayton had chosen a mate before and had suffered unbearably for that choice. Choosing her was another mistake. Surely he had to see that? Faith dying had almost destroyed him. What would she do to him when she let him down as she knew she would? It was what she specialised in; letting down the people she loved most in the world.

And she did love this wolf so much. She was pulled to him like a moth to a flame. Every time she was apart from him she wondered what he was doing, who he was with, when she could be close to him again. So far she had managed to behave herself, control her more feral instincts despite the confusing emotions battling inside her. But that would end and she'd do something awful, hurt someone and he would hate her.