

## Chapter 264

Freya pushed at his chest, breathing a sigh of relief when he acceded to her silent command and stood up. He held a hand out to her and she accepted it rising gracefully as he tugged her up.

"You're making a mistake," she said quietly pulling her hand back. "I would not make a good mate. I don't have the ability to compromise with anyone. I can't be like Nors. I would force my will on you because I am the stronger of us. I would damage your spirit."

Dayton wanted to curse out loud but he held it in. He could see the conflicted emotions in her eyes. She wanted what her brother had so much but she genuinely believed she was incapable of having it. It was too much for her too soon.

"I believe in you, Freya," he said gently. "I know what you're capable of even if you don't believe it right now. You not only want this, your soul is crying out for it, for someone to love you unconditionally."

"You know what I've done," she hissed moving away from him to pace the room in agitation. "You know what I am. How can you just wipe that out as if it doesn't exist?"

He watched her carefully, hearing the plea she probably didn't even know was in her voice. She wanted forgiveness so badly, yet didn't believe she deserved it.[w@ω\).Ñσ\(ν\)ε⓪\(ω\)0Rm.com](#)

"Your past matters nothing to me, Freya. But I do want your present and your future to be with me." He caught her, halting her pacing until she was looking up at him with an angry scowl on her face, denial in every bone of her beautiful body.

"I want to annoy the hell out of you until you push me off the bed. I want to be at your side as you work through your emotions and learn the correct ones for any given situation. I want you in my bed so I can show you what real love feels like between a man and a woman who are not out for just their own sexual gratification but want to give their partner as much pleasure as they can. I want you, Freya Eriksson. Forever."

She yearned for what he spoke of, craved to give in and believe that she could have what he described. "And when I fuck up?" she ground out. "When I disappoint you, hurt someone you care about, what then, Dayton? Will you still want me or will you curse me?"

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He framed her face gently in his hands and teased his lips over hers. "Why didn't you hurt Rayne? You wanted to. She was a threat to you. Why didn't you act on that threat?"

Freya stood so still, her heart beating hard in her chest as Dayton's touch both soothed and excited her. He was a sneaky wolf, changing directions in their conversation to throw her off balance, using touch at the same time to focus her when she was becoming wild. She suddenly realised he'd been doing this since she'd returned to the compound with him. He'd been handling her the whole time and that sparked her anger again.

"Answer me, Freya," he whispered against her lips, his tongue licking slowly over her bottom lip tempting a moan from her. Anger warred with desire as she fought not to take his mouth in a hard, punishing kiss which would hopefully soothe some of the pent up frustration running through her body.

"Because she was your friend," she hissed out reluctantly. "I would have caused you pain if I had acted on my instincts." The admission was ripped out of her.

"And mates don't inflict pain on each other," he whispered softly. "You could never hurt someone I care about, Freya. I'm sure you will fuck up many times in other ways but I'll still be with you, I'll still catch you when you fall. I won't ever wash my hands of you and leave you alone. No matter what."

"Why?" It was a confused plea, a need to understand why he was willing to fight so hard for her.

"Because you will do the same for me, honey," he groaned softly, his fingers burrowing in her hair. "You already have by forcing me to confront my emotions over Faith. You broke through all my barriers and led me home to my family. You saved my life and cared for me even when I thought I hated you and wanted you dead. I fucked up spectacularly and you stood by me and picked up me. You didn't give up on me as I will never give up on you. We're meant to be together, Freya. We're mates."

He made it sound so easy, that all she had to do was reach out and take what he offered. She had hurt him when they were alone and he didn't fault her for it, instead he saw it as necessary to achieve a greater good. He attributed coming home to be her doing, a gift she had selflessly given him. She didn't believe that was true herself but he believed it and he took joy from it.

This wonderful man was offering her things she'd never dreamed she could ever have. And she wanted them so badly, she wanted him so badly. If she didn't then she wouldn't be staying in a wolf compound, afraid to leave him, to be alone again. He believed in her so completely.

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"I'm scared I'll fail again," she finally admitted. "Before it wouldn't have been so bad but now...Dayton, I'm so frightened of failing you."

He crushed her tightly to him, stroking her hair gently. She sounded so vulnerable and his protective instincts needed to make her feel safe. She'd had to take in a lot and it was overwhelming her. "I'm not, Freya. You could never fail me. All you have to do is tell me when it becomes too much for you. I'll be there to hold you and keep you safe when you need a bit of extra strength. I'll always be there for you."

Freya believed him. The conviction in his voice was total, his arms a protective cage around her. Her wolf would never leave her floundering in a sea of emotions that was so alien to her they caused her pain and confusion. He would drop everything to help her if she asked him to.

She didn't deserve him but he appeared determined not to let her go, so she clung onto him, surrendering to him completely because he touched her soul and made her believe in happy ever afters. "Please, don't ever let me go." It was a plea from the very depth of her heart, her voice trembling.

"Never!" he vowed his arms tightening even more. "You're mine, Freya. No one will ever take you from me, not even you. We'll go slowly until you feel comfortable. There's no rush, honey. We have all the time in the world."

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Freya spent an hour playing with Liam in his room. She watched her nephew with a critical eye as he sat with a large jigsaw and painstakingly examined each shape before he tried to slot the pieces together. His little brow was furrowed in concentration, his eyes darting from piece to piece as he worked out the puzzle in his mind.

The emotions she felt for this tiny boy had often confused her. Today she could examine them without hiding from herself. She needed to because if what Dayton said was true then he wanted to have children and he was choosing her to be the mother of them.

She had never understood the need to procreate, had detested the very thought of it until Liam had come along. Nors' son had been an exception because he belonged to her brother. She had added him to her family because he was blood. It had been a cold, logical decision at first but somewhere along the way her feelings had changed.

"It won't fit," Liam groaned, frustration creeping into his voice as he looked up at his aunt.

"Then it obviously doesn't belong there," she answered though her lips tugged in a little smile as he frowned at her response. On impulse she sat down on the floor beside him. "Perhaps if you make piles of the same shapes it will be less confusing?"[wwŴ.⓪.εVELworm.ε⓪M](#)

She showed him what she meant and soon they had the similar shaped pieces stacked in four separate piles. "Now look at the puzzle. You can see that the next shape has to have two rounded sides to fit in. Which pile could that be?"

Excitement danced across his face. There was only one grouping that had that particular shape in it. He easily found the piece he needed and slotted it into place, grinning up at her when it fit perfectly. "Thanks, Aunt Freya. You're the best aunt in the whole wide world."

His pleasure was absolute and she found herself smiling back at him, reaching out to touch his head gently. Warmth spread through her at his open love and honesty. It was so easy to make him happy and when Liam smiled she couldn't help smiling back at him. "And you're the best nephew in the whole wide world," she breathed softly, her heart melting for this adorable little boy.