

Chapter 283

Freya wasn't entirely surprised to see Nors waiting for her when she left the meeting with Rafe. The house was quiet for once and he was sitting on the stairs with his arms resting on his knees. He looked up when she came out, his expression concerned.

She bit back the disappointment that welled up inside her. Her brother had been through countless centuries of her fuckups. It was only to be expected that he would have anticipated that she'd screw this up too. It was all he'd ever known from her.

"I didn't hurt him." The words came out defensively.

Surprise crossed his face, his brows drawing down in a tight frown. "I didn't think you would, Freya. That's not the reason I was waiting for you."

It was her turn to be surprised. She watched him intently for a moment and then crossed to sit down beside him. "Then why are you here?"

Nors swallowed hard reaching out to take her hand in his. He stared down at their joined hands as he swallowed again. "I wanted to make sure you were okay, that Rafe wasn't too hard on you." There was an edge to his voice as his eyes rose to meet hers. "Was he?"

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She sucked in a deep breath, seeing the hard glint in his eyes. Wonder rose up inside her as she realised the reason for her brother's concern wasn't because of her but was for her. He was sitting here waiting to see if his Alpha had hurt her. What he would have done if that had been the case was anyone's guess.

"We have come to an agreement," she said, squeezing his hand gently. "He is quite impressive...for a wolf. I can respect that in him. This being part of a pack may not be as difficult as I first thought."

Nors' breath whistled out harshly and he relaxed. "So I don't need to speak with him. I'm glad about that. I like Rafe immensely and would have hated to be at odds with him."

He took another deep breath and met her gaze again. "But you are my blood and you will always come first. The last time you needed help I chose the pack over you," he said quietly. "I was wrong, Freya, and it almost cost me your life. I will never make that mistake again. I ask your forgiveness."Ŵ@*w.N@VelWôrmm.com*

Tears welled up in her eyes as she reached out and touched his cheek gently. She'd never deserved his forgiveness, knew what drove him to try and save her over and over again. He was a good man, one of the best she'd ever known, and he had to stop punishing himself for what couldn't be changed. Dayton had taught her that. She'd just never realised she would have to teach her brother the same thing.

"Nors, forgive yourself," she whispered softly, stroking his cheek. "As I forgave you so very long ago. What you did was done out of love and no desire to cause me pain. You know that. You've paid the price in regret and suffering for too long now. It's time to let it go."

She watched the denial cross his face, saw anguish enter his beautiful green eyes.

"If I hadn't been so selfish, too afraid to be alone without you...Freya, none of this would have happened. All your pain and loneliness, all the hurt you've been through for so long..." His voice trailed off as he looked down to hide the moisture in his eyes. A tear slipped free, falling on their joined hands.

Freya felt her own tears fall and she didn't hide them from him. Her voice cracked as she spoke, opening herself completely. "When I look back, the happiest times in my life have been when you were with me. You have loved me endlessly, picked me up when I've fallen down and kept me going even when I didn't want to. All your life you've given to me, Nors, and never have you taken from me. Let me give this to you now, my brother. Let me grant you this absolution so you no longer have to look back at the past in sorrow. For once in your life let me be there for you, to be your strength, your support."

His huge shoulders shook, his head bent as he wept silently. Freya wrapped her arms around him and held him tight. "I love you, Nors. I have always loved you and I always will. Nothing will ever change that."

She held him as his tears dried slowly and then he embraced her tightly, his hand stroking slowly through her hair. "Thank you," he whispered into her hair as he buried his face in the side of her neck. The words were simple but the wealth of emotion in them was clear.

They sat together for a while longer and then Nors finally straightened up and gently brushed his sister's hair back from her face. He searched her expression intently and finally fully relaxed. "You look the same and yet you look so different as well. The shadows are gone from your eyes."

Freya smiled softly, her eyes lighting up in the same way Nors was used to seeing Ashleigh's do when she looked at him.

"I love him, Nors," she breathed softly knowing she didn't need to elaborate on who they were now talking about. "I can't breathe without him, can't imagine a world where he isn't at my side. He is home to me, everything I've ever wanted and never dreamed was meant for me. He completes me."

Nors smiled back at her, finally letting go of the past now he knew she was safe and happy. Dayton Alexander was perfect for her in every way. He reached in and drew out his sister's goodness in a way no one else could ever do. He would have to find some time to get to know his new brother better, to thank him for all he had given to Freya.*ŴW(w).nOvèlŴorm.c(o)m*

"He is a welcome addition to our family, sister mine," he smiled. "I am honoured to call him brother."

It was as if he'd suddenly given her the moon and stars the way her face lit up with such happiness. For a moment Nors was stunned by just how radiantly beautiful his sister was when she genuinely smiled, and then he was hugging her close. Everything was going to be all right now. He could feel it in his heart. Finally they could both be happy and look forward to the future.

Freya left her brother and headed over to the community centre. Her emotional moment with Nors had been tough but also liberating. But she was still in need of her mate, just to make sure he was okay. Not that any harm would come to him in the middle of the compound.

He was helping with the young ones, making sure they weren't traumatised by the length of time they'd spent in the tunnels. Not that they were. There had been sufficient adults with them taking care of them. To the children it was all such a big adventure.

Dayton looked up when she entered and handed off the child in his arms to a female beside him. He strode across the room to her, his expression curious but not worried.

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