

Chapter 301

They all laughed at the irritated glare on Connor's face, Brody smiling reassuringly at Freya. "I'm the nice brother, just so you know," he grinned. His expression turned serious as his gaze swept over Dayton for a long moment and then turned back to her.

"I was late because I was making a present for you," he said quietly. "It's for both of you, kind of like a mating present but I want to give it to you, Freya. When we learned Dayton was coming back to us we all got together and tried to think of something to gift to you, for bringing him home. We came up with this and I didn't have a lot of time but I worked day and night on it so it would be ready for when you came to visit. I hope you like it." He held out the gift wrapped box to her.

Freya stared at the box in complete shock, her heart starting to thump hard in her chest and a lump suddenly lodging deep in her throat. They were giving her a gift? She couldn't remember the last time anyone had gone out of their way to buy something for her, let alone to make something with their own hands.

She didn't know what to do, what to say. She was suddenly terrified that she was going to disgrace herself and shame Dayton somehow by not acting appropriately for the situation.

"Take it, honey," Dayton smiled gently, his hand touching her back with soothing little strokes. He didn't know what was in the box but he knew it was a sculpture of some kind because that was where Brody's talents lay. He had a lump in his throat and he could feel his vampire struggling to contain her own emotions.

Tentatively Freya reached for the box, slowly unwrapping the dark blue shiny paper. She lifted the lid and peered inside, a startled gasp escaping her involuntarily. Her hand almost trembled as she reached in and pulled out the pure silver figurine.

It wasn't large, it could fit in the palm of her hand, but it was the most exquisite thing she had ever seen. The attention to detail was meticulous, the ethereal woman seated on a small platform, a large wolf curled around her with its head resting in her lap. It immediately made her think of her run with Dayton, sitting on the rock as he protected her in wolf form.

"It's beautiful," she finally breathed, emotion making her voice husky as she fought to contain it. Her gaze rose to Brody to see him beaming with pleasure and then she became aware of the utter silence around her as she turned to look at the rest of the Alexander family who were smiling their welcome too.

"Thank you."

Dayton's arms wrapped around her giving her strength as she struggled with everything. He was as touched as she was, working on his own feelings even as his protective instincts kicked in. "Da, give us a moment. This is all still so new to her."

His father nodded and began hustling the family into the house. Willow was chattering away, teasing Connor about the roasting he was going to get from their mother while Iain was beaming down at his mate, joy exuding from them both. Brody was the last to enter after laying a hand on Dayton's shoulder and giving it a squeeze.

"I know it's overwhelming, honey. I'm so proud of you," Dayton whispered in Freya's ear as he held back slightly and dropped a kiss on the side of her neck. She moaned softly and leaned into his touch, luxuriating in the one pair of arms she didn't object to having around her.

She swallowed hard, found her composure and shot him a mock irritated glare. "If I have to call your parents Ma and Da I swear I will beat you senseless," she laughed softly.

He knew she wasn't serious by the way she melted against him and the way she cradled the figurine so carefully between their bodies.

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"Only if you want to, my love," he breathed capturing her lips and kissing her soundly, not caring who may be watching and there were a fair few wolves still hanging around to ogle the miracle of a wolf finding a second mate.

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Freya surrendered herself to his kiss. Dayton's love made her feel free, his kisses set her on fire, and his family were probably going to drive her insane. But she wouldn't change anything for the world. She had finally found where she belonged and it was with an outrageously sexy wolf and his exuberant, loving family.*www.novelworm.com*

One year later...*www.NovèL@orm.com*

Dayton woke up reaching out for his mate and finding the bed empty. It was the dead of night, total darkness surrounding him but his wolf vision enabled him to easily discern the room and the basinet beside the bed. He knew it was empty and his heart automatically turned over with fear as he rose quickly and grabbed his black silk robe.

He knew it was silly to be frightened but he'd never dreamt someone could become so precious to him in so short a space of time. He silently padded from the room on bare feet, seeking out his woman and his child. Freya would never allow any harm to come to their daughter. His fear was unnecessary but it wouldn't leave him until he found them and satisfied himself they were safe.

He could hear the quiet murmur of Freya's voice from outside and he frowned slightly as he headed to the open door. She'd taken the baby outside? They were at their retreat not in the heart of the pack. So what if there were probably about six Praetorians less than a mile away and discreet camera surveillance blanketing the area. It didn't mean they could be complacent, take unnecessary risks.

He would be having words with his vampire about this. He would make it abundantly clear that their daughter was not to be placed in jeopardy in any way. He could feel a low growl starting to reverberate in his chest and he pushed it down as he tried to contain his anxiety.

The harsh words on his lips melted away as he stopped in the doorway and stared at his mate. She was sitting on the porch in her deep green robe, their child balanced safely along her outstretched arms which rested on her bent knees. Her hands supported the baby's head gently, her voice soft as it whispered over the babe.