

## Chapter 379

There was no indication if Michael was pleased or displeased with his orders but she took a flavour of his emotions and sensed acceptance. He may have screwed up on this mission but he was redeemable as she'd suspected. He wouldn't hesitate to take Bruce's head and ensure the other details were taken care of.

Her decision made, Reasa moved instantly. It would take Michael a few hours to set everything in place and maybe half a day to get back to the coven. She had that long to vanish off the radar. She wasn't stupid enough to go straight for her target. Louis would most probably expect that of her once he realised what she was up to.

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No, she had to lay low for a while, gather as much intelligence as possible so she was fully informed before she made her move. She had a starting point now too. Mackenzie. She had no intention of hurting the vampire but something told her he would be in the thick of things when it came to protecting the abominations. If she could track him back to his lair then she just knew she would find what she was seeking.

Packing her travel bag swiftly she headed out towards the front door, her grey eyes settling on the pool of blood dripping along the kitchen floor and down the stone basement steps.

Michael obviously didn't waste time and was exercising his brain too. An infusion of vampiric blood, even blood as young as Bruce's, may halt the damage to Pietro's body long enough for Mac to arrive and save him somehow. She genuinely hoped something could be done for the vampire. Under different circumstances she could have liked him a lot.

She left the cottage and vanished into the surrounding trees. It was time to become a ghost as she set about working out how to track her prey.

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Demetri Bozic appeared to be like any other tourist as he strode down the busy street. He'd been in Edinburgh for hours and hadn't managed to track down Pietro as yet and was starting to feel concerned. He paused to do the tourist thing, raising his camera high and pointing it towards Edinburgh Castle as if taking a photograph. He did actually snap a couple of photos but he was working at scenting the surrounding area at the same time.

Dressed in jeans and T-shirt, his long black hair hidden beneath a black Fedora, he didn't look the least out of place among the throng of people on Princes Street. There was such a mix of cultures and visitors to the capital city of Scotland he blended in easily.

It was a help but also a hindrance. Picking out individual scents with so many people around was a nightmare even for an Ancient vampire. He was starting to feel irritated at his lack of progress and had to fight to contain the emotion. He'd never track the vampires he was seeking if he didn't remain calm.

Letting the camera hang from his neck he pulled out his cell phone and dialled the number Pietro had given Mac. He didn't expect it to be answered; it hadn't the last ten times he'd called. When it was he froze for a second, his body tensing.

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"Is this Mac?"

The male on the other end wasn't Pietro and Demetri decided not to contradict his assumption. Someone knew Mac was supposed to be arriving to meet with Pietro and that someone obviously wanted to talk.

"Yes," he answered tersely. "Where's Pietro?"

"He's incapacitated at the moment." A derisive snort sounded. "You people are supposed to be good. At the rate you're deciphering the clues left the vampire will be dead."

Demetri felt a chill of unease ripple through him, his hand tightening on the phone. "Maybe your skills leave a lot to be desired. I've yet to see any sign of a clue and believe me I've been looking most diligently," he responded coldly. "So let's stop dicking around and you just tell me what I need to know because if Pietro is dead when I find him, you'll be joining him. And any of your friends I can lay my hands on."

It was a risk to be so blunt but he had a feeling time was running out fast. He had to consider this call was a trap too. The enemy could be trying to lure him in but it was a chance he was going to have to take.

"You're lucky my leader wants him found alive," the male answered after a pause. "If it was up to me he'd already be dead. But I don't argue with my leader so I'll text his location to your number. Whether or not he'll still be alive is another matter."

"I don't make threats, vampire." Demetri's voice was pure ice. "I make promises and I keep my word. If Pietro dies I'll rip this continent apart looking for you and your leader. Be sure to let them know that. Now text the fucking location and stop wasting any more time."

He hung up, knowing it was a risk. The male he was talking to was young and obviously able to follow a chain-of-command. He was gambling the other male respected power and would obey.

Digging out the map he had, he was already opening it up as the text message came through. He cursed under his breath when he located the area Pietro was being held at. It was miles away according to the map and he was bang in the heart of civilisation. He wouldn't be able to use his vampiric speed until he was out of the city centre at least.

Continuing to curse mentally, Demetri took off in the direction he needed to be going in, walking as fast as he could towards the train station. He'd seen a symbol for a station on the map fairly close to where he needed to be. It would be the quickest way to get there.

Waverley Station was busy but thankfully the staff were very helpful. They were obviously used to tourists and their inane questions. He was quickly shown to the correct counter to purchase a ticket and then to the platform the train would be departing from.

The notice board told him the train was due in ten minutes and would take another ten to reach its destination. He used that time to call Caleb. "Do we have anyone we can trust in the Edinburgh area?" he asked when his friend answered.

"Give me a minute to think," Caleb answered. "Is there a problem?"

Demetri quickly related the previous conversation. "I've got a bad feeling about this, Caleb. I don't think it's a trap as such but I do think something is seriously wrong with Pietro and it may not have anything to do with the usual injuries we have to contend with. I didn't get the impression Pietro's problem lay at the hands of a third party."

It was hard to have the conversation with so many other people around. He was keeping his voice low knowing Caleb could hear him easily but if he kept it too low the humans would notice something was out of the ordinary and start paying attention.

"I'll see if Joshua's still in the area," Caleb said pensively. He trusted Demetri's ability to size up a situation accurately. "He was there when I visited with Annie a few years ago but he mentioned he was thinking of moving on. He can be trusted. I'll give him a codeword only you'll know. Be careful Demetri. I'll arrange a private plane to be ready for you. Joshua should be able to skirt around any potential issues at the airport."

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