

Chapter 383

Demetri laughed, first silently in his mind and then a soft sound into the room. "I was admiring your ass," he answered as he drifted back to that night, closing his eyes to savour the memory. "You were wiggling it in time to your music and I was thinking of what it would feel like in my hands. I've always loved your ass, wife."

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He opened his eyes slowly as she laughed and called him a rude name. The room came into focus and he looked down at the human bleeding out into Pietro's mouth.

"Thanks, beautiful," he whispered and then pressed his hand against the man's neck. He felt Joshua step away as he bent his head and quickly sealed the wound on the human's throat. The man was weak and could barely stand but he was alive.

Demetri led him over to the wall and helped him sit down. "Sleep now, my friend. We are thankful for your generosity."

The humans hadn't come willingly to the party but they deserved some respect for what they were unwittingly doing to save Pietro's life. He nodded his thanks to Joshua and selected the next healthy male.

Again he planted a scene of beauty into the man's mind before he made the incision to begin pumping fresh blood into his friend's mouth. This time Demetri was able to retain enough of himself to watch the transfer, his keen gaze raking over Pietro's body.

The wound in his neck, being the most recent one, was closing. A small amount of blood was leaking out but most was being retained. He thought he detected some of the shallower cuts beginning to heal too but it was hard to tell at this stage with so much damage still visible.

By the time the third male had donated his blood Demetri was relatively confident he could hold onto his control. Pietro was stronger, healing slowly as the untainted blood bolstered his system. His working eye was open and the pain didn't appear as severe as before.

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"Can you feed?" he asked his friend.

Pietro tested his fangs and they elongated painfully but they worked which was more than he could manage earlier. "Think so..." he managed to wheeze out.

"Joshua, bring one of the females. Help him feed. If it's too difficult for him call me. I need a moment."

Demetri took the phone and headed out of the room. He stepped outside into the night, leaning against the side of the cottage. "God, I love you, Mara," he sighed wearily. "I wish you were here right now. I need to bury myself in your scent, to feel your softness against my body, to remind me that I'm not a monster."

"The humans are alive, Demetri. You haven't hurt them. So they'll be a little tired for a while and need some extra iron. The situation isn't ideal but it was necessary. That you care about what you've had to do is a sure sign that you're not a monster."

Mara paused to let her words sink in, soothing her mate as her heart broke for the anguish she could hear in his voice. Most people would miss it, but she was so attuned to his emotions she could hear it clearly.

"Is it working? Is Pietro going to be all right?"

Demetri rubbed a hand over his face, taking a deep breath before answering. "He's stronger; there is some evidence of healing, the most recent cut and the shallower ones. I don't know about the deeper wounds though. I guess we'll find out when I feed him my Ancient blood. I think there will be some scarring and I don't know about his eye. There's also his mental state to consider. He's been in a world of agony for days, Mara. It could make him cross over."

That was his major concern at the moment, that they could heal most of the physical damage only to lose Pietro to insanity.

"He's strong, baby, mentally strong as well as physically. He won't give up easily. He loves life too much and he's always been that little bit more human than most of you. If anyone can get through this Pietro can. Have a little faith."

He groaned and smiled, staring into the darkness. "Have I told you lately that I love you?"

Mara laughed loudly. "About five minutes ago but please feel free to tell me as often as you want. I love you too, Demetri. Now how about you get off this phone and get Pietro well enough to come home? Our bed is lonely without you in it. I want my husband back as soon as possible."

The sultry drop in her tone was enough to have him groaning again but not for the same reason as the last one. "Keep our bed warm, beautiful. I'll be home soon and then I'm going to keep you captive there for at least a week. So if you have any Council meetings planned...cancel them!"

"Yes, dear!" she laughed, pouring false meekness into her tone to have him laughing too.

Demetri ended the call and headed back inside, feeling so much better after talking to his wife. She always knew the right tone, the correct line to take to ease his worries and bolster his resolve. If she thought he was joking about cancelling her meetings she was in for a rude shock and he was looking forward to getting home and showing her just how serious he was.

When he walked back into the bedroom Joshua was just resting the last woman beside her friends and urging her to sleep. The signs of healing on Pietro's body were most noticeable, his breathing a lot stronger. Demetri breathed a sigh of relief when he saw the right eye beginning to regenerate.

"How's the pain?"

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"Manageable," Pietro answered his voice still very weak. "I don't want to try moving in case I misalign any broken bones. My shoulder?"

"I set it for you before the last feeding," Joshua answered coming to stand beside Demetri. "The untainted blood appears to be working but it's limited. You need vampire blood now to really kick start the regeneration process. I have to warn you the healing process is long and you will be susceptible to slow healing from new wounds for a while. The previous case of this, the vampire took a month to fully recover and he was in no way as bad as you."Ww.W.novℓworm.©om