

Chapter 384

"A month!" Pietro ground out, shocked at the thought he'd be weak for so long. A month was an eternity for a vampire to be injured.*www.m0velw0(r)m.(c)o0*

"What's a month compared to death?" Demetri snorted, rolling his eyes. He couldn't fully hide his relief that they'd pulled his friend back from the brink of death. He wasn't usually so lax in front of strangers but Joshua had proved himself today.*w0Ŵ.No-ve(l)w0(r)m.c0m*

*w(w)Ŵ.0ovel@0rmm.(c)o0M*

"I said a month for our vamp. It's likely to be longer for you, Pietro," the blond was saying with a frown on his face. In all honesty he was guessing at how long it would take the vampire to recover, if he ever fully recovered from his injuries.

"Why didn't we know about this first instance?" Demetri couldn't help slipping into his Ancient role. If vampire poisoning had happened before, the Council should have been advised at the time.

Joshua picked up instantly on what he meant. It was hard not to smile at the arrogance of the Ancient. "You forget we don't follow your Council over here, Demetri. They may think we do but we're not responsible for their misapprehension. When was the last time any of your Council crossed the ocean? I don't think I can recall an instance in my living memory."

Demetri couldn't recall one either. Maybe Joshua actually had a point. How could you lead people when you couldn't even be bothered to visit them once in a while? It would be something to discuss with the other Ancients when he returned home.

"Anyway," Joshua continued. "We had no idea what was wrong with our vamp. He was newly Sired. Our coven leader assumed it was a reaction to the Siring and we had no reason to think otherwise. If I'd known I would have called Caleb."

*Ŵw0.No-ve(l)w0(r)m.c0m*

Pietro was still unhappy, barely listening to the conversation going on over his head. His mind was clearer now. He was able to compartmentalise the pain and push it back until it wasn't all he could think about. He couldn't be out of action for a month, possibly longer. The woman was out there somewhere. She was hunting the children he had no doubt about that. He had to be back on his feet so he could track her down and neutralise the threat.

"Stop fidgeting or your bones won't heal properly," Demetri growled, irritation dancing across his face. "I know what you're thinking and you can just stop it now. I'll need to check with Rafe but probably the best place for you to recuperate will be with the pack."

He motioned Joshua to begin feeding Pietro. At least with his fangs sunk in the other man's wrist his friend wouldn't be able to argue with him.

"The pack has its various protections in place and the children are there so you'll be protecting them while you heal. That should soothe your wounded pride. You know the twins are going to insist on it once they find out what's happened."

Pietro wanted to argue but the rich blood flowing through his body was too intoxicating. Joshua was old enough to have quite potent blood and he could feel his healing beginning to pick up a pace. Strength was flowing into his body and he thought he could detect a little bit of light from his right eye.

Too soon the vampire was moving away from him and he fought to contain his disappointment. He listened as Demetri and Joshua discussed plans for the humans and then he closed his eyes as they picked them up and took them outside.

A few minutes later Demetri returned and sat down on the side of the bed. "Joshua is taking care of the humans. It will take him a while so it's just you and me. Are you strong enough to take more blood? I was thinking afterwards we could get you cleaned up and moved to one of the other rooms. Joshua will bring clothes back for you."

Pietro opened his eyes to look up at him a soft smile curving his lips. "I think this is going to be the one and only time I thank you for being a stubborn bastard, Demetri." He made it sound like a joke but underneath the teasing his true emotions bled through.

In answer, his friend brushed his hair away from his shoulder and raised Pietro's head up enough to reach his neck. "Shut the fuck up and feed," he growled.

Stunned, Pietro could only stare at the thick vein pulsing with what had to be some of the richest, most powerful blood in the world. That Demetri offered the vein in his neck was an honour unparalleled. A vampire would only offer such trust to a family member or their lover. Demetri was baring his neck to him, trusting him implicitly.

"I can never repay you," Pietro whispered, tears gathering in his eyes as he sank his fangs into the rich vein and felt the power of an Ancient overwhelm him.

Demetri cradled Pietro's head gently, blinking the moisture out of his eyes as he gave his essence to help his friend heal. He stroked his fingers through the matted hair as he felt the warmth of Pietro's tears against his skin, soothing him with a gentleness he normally reserved for the two women in his life, Mara and Annie.

"You already have, Pietro. You fought and you survived. You stopped me from having to learn if I'm more monster than man. You laid your life on the line to protect those I love. This little thing I do now is small in comparison. You owe me no debt."

He kept stroking his hair, kept soothing him as Pietro wept through his feeding reliving the horror he'd just been through, a horror which would probably haunt him for the rest of his life. Demetri couldn't take the horror away but he could offer basic comfort until maybe Annie or one of the pack healers could work to help repair the mental damage to his friend's soul.