

Chapter 532

Demetri's words broke the fragile control he still possessed. Caleb spun around, picked up a chair and tossed it across the room to crash into the fireplace. He let out a loud roar, his fury finally erupting, as he picked up another and it joined the broken pieces in a pile. How could she do this to him? How could she defy him, and throw everything they had away? Rhianna was the other half of his soul. She made him who he was, tempered the monster within, soothed the beast on the rare moments he surfaced. Now she was gone and the monster ruled because the man couldn't face the fact that he may have just lost the most precious thing in his life. The rage within was everything, blinding hot fury flowing like molten lava in his veins.

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Caleb gave vent to his fury, his talons shredding fabric as he systematically took the room apart. He wasn't aware that he was crying as he carved chunks out of the wall with a broken lamp. He wasn't aware of the animal sounds issuing from his throat as he wreaked havoc. All he was aware of was that his Annie was gone and he didn't know where she was.

He had let her go, left her protection to another. He had let Gard just walk away with his mate and did nothing to stop it! If anything happened to Annie...he couldn't finish the thought. If he tried to, he was afraid of what may happen.

"Temper tantrum over?" Demetri's coldly amused words seeped into his brain and he came to his senses, surveying the carnage in the room. The living room was like a war zone. There wasn't one piece of furniture intact and half of the wall at the fireplace was full of holes. Mac was going to be pissed. Thankfully, none of the Praetorians had ventured in to see what was going on. He may have hurt them if they had.ŵŴŴ.N(e)vE(1)ŴŌRŲ.cŲ(m)

Turning, he saw his friend leaning casually against the doorway, well out of harm's way. His body language was nonchalant though he knew Demetri was alert underneath, ready to move if he were to lose it completely and attack him.

Taking a deep breath, Caleb reined in his feral side. It was difficult but he managed it eventually. It was as if allowing his vampiric side to work out some of the rage had permitted some reason to return.

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As he slowly calmed down, he felt the weight of sorrow he'd been hiding from. He ached inside, wanted Rhianna to be close, and missed her terribly. However, he knew they needed some space; that he needed to work through all the emotions he was suppressing before that could happen. He needed to find some balance and the best way to do that was to work on protecting his mate first from the Council, and to deal with the aftermath of events later when he was calmer. Taking control of situations always helped to balance him.wŵŵ.noV@IWŌRM.CO(m)

"We need to keep this quiet, Demetri."

His friend relaxed, standing up straight as relief flowed through him. The coldness was dispelling from Caleb's expression, a hint of normalcy returning. For a while, he'd been concerned that Caleb would cross over completely and he'd have to intervene. However, it appeared his friend had pulled himself back from the brink. "The Praetorians won't talk. I'm fairly certain of that. Mac and Karn will be able to contain any potential issues here. "

He crossed the room to stand before the other Ancient, stepping over the broken furniture. "Annie?"

Caleb sighed, running a hand wearily through his hair. "We'll work through this somehow. She's my world, Demetri. I can't be without her, but I just can't be with her right now. I know you don't understand that. Hell, I can't understand it myself. I long for her and yet when she's here I want to throttle her. Not Annie, but Anakatrine, if that makes any sense?"

His friend rolled his eyes, exasperation written across his face. "No it doesn't, because they're the same person in my eyes. You're the only one who seems intent on making the distinction, my friend. When you can see that...maybe, you'll come to your senses and end this foolishness. I only hope there will be something to salvage by the time you get there."

Content that disaster had been averted for now, Demetri spun on his heels and headed out to find Mara. He was concerned for Caleb but also angry with him. The heart of the vampire nation was missing, and only Caleb could return it to them. Now if he would only stop pissing about and get on with it.

Caleb scrubbed his face tiredly, following Demetri from the ruined room to get started on damage control. He knew his friend was frustrated with him. He could understand it but he couldn't bring himself to go looking for Rhianna yet. He wasn't sure he had enough control to react rationally at the moment, but soon. Being apart from his Annie was not going to be easy, for either of them. The sooner things could be fixed; the better it would be for everyone. He only hoped there was something left to fix when he did finally go looking for her.