

Chapter 537

Liam's low, deep voice sent a shiver through her and she started with surprise at the sensation. She wouldn't fall under his spell. She wouldn't accept his claim no matter what he tried. If she was lucky and what he thought was true, then maybe her resistance would send his wolf rogue and she would ultimately be responsible for his insanity and the pack would have to put him down. Maybe there was more than one way to achieve her goal.

"It's Reasa," she finally answered, moving around the bed carefully, keeping him in her line of sight. "My father called me Thereasa. I killed him when I became a vampire." Her cold detachment appeared to concern him and it brought a small smile to her face as she sniffed at the sandwiches and bit into one experimentally. It felt strange to eat and yet her body clearly wanted the nourishment. She viewed him objectively as she chewed.

He was one of the hugest males she had ever seen and she'd seen a fair few over the centuries. His auburn hair was thick and wavy with a scruffy, unkempt look commonly attributed to Weres as opposed to vampires. His wolf must be the dominant part of his personality. She wondered if that applied to all of the hybrids or if the vampiric nature ruled some of the others. Possibly, she would find an answer to that question before she escaped.

His shoulders were wide and she remembered being cradled against his muscled chest. He'd held her as if she'd weighed nothing which was a good indicator of his strength. Reasa had to concede that he was an attractive male specimen with all those muscles. He had a light growth on his face and chocolate brown eyes that didn't seem to quite fit with his hair colouring but were compelling none-the-less as he quietly watched her.

If he had been anything other than what he was, if circumstances had been different, she would have considered spending some time with him. That was a moot point now though. It was clear that he was besotted with her so maybe she could use that to her advantage. If she convinced him she was coming around to him, and he came to trust her, then the opportunity to escape could present itself sooner. Maybe she could get away before Louis came looking for her.

The food hit her stomach and Reasa felt the need to gag. What the hell was she thinking? She wouldn't get ten feet without someone being on to her. If she had still been a vampire then maybe there was a chance but she wasn't. Her vision was diminished, her strength and her speed gone. She didn't stand a chance of getting away from the pack, let alone Louis. Her heart sank and she felt tears start to fall, hating the sign of weakness.

Liam didn't ask her why she killed her father. He didn't approach her as misery engulfed her and the sandwich fell to the carpet and she curled up on the bed weeping. His quiet, solid presence remained in the doorway as terror filled her soul and her sobs became louder. Everything that she had been didn't exist anymore. She was alone and helpless, at the mercy of everyone and everything. Hatred for the woman who had stripped her immortality from her rushed out in a loud, agonised scream. She screamed again and again, loud anguished-filled sounds until something stung her arm and she half turned to see a brown haired Were at her side. Her last vision as the sedative took hold was of the redhead in the doorway, his cheeks wet with unashamed tears.

As Reasa's eyes closed, Liam finally approached, crawling onto the bed to gather her into his protective embrace. His tears fell in her hair as he rocked her back and forth to try to soothe his wolf who was howling mournfully at their mate's distress.

"She'll sleep now, Liam," Mallen said, his tone quiet as he packed away the syringe he'd used to knock the human woman out. He'd worried about how much sedative to use on her, being more used to dealing with Weres who required a much larger dose. "Let me listen to her heart just to make sure I didn't give her too much."

Worried brown eyes met his and he smiled reassuringly at the Vârcolac. "I'm pretty sure I gave her the correct amount, I'm just being overly cautious." Testing the woman's heartbeat and finding it strong and healthy, he packed away his stethoscope and rose from the side of the bed.

"Coming to terms with what's happened is going to be very difficult for her, Liam. Do not mistake the masks she will show over time. Use your empathy to get beneath them or I fear for her mental health."**wŴŴ.Nvtr/WorM.cOm**

The Vârcolac nodded without looking at him, continuing to rock the woman in his arms as the doctor left the room. "I will keep you safe, my heart," he whispered into her hair, running trembling fingers gently against her cheek. "No one will ever hurt you as long as I live."

The woman began screaming and every muscle in Pietro's body tightened, the need for flight kicking in as his heart pounded loudly in his chest. He flew from his bed at supernatural speed, reaching the window in less than a second, yanking it open and springing into the tree beside it. A blur of movement beneath him was all that registered before strong arms engulfed him, pinning him to the tree bark.

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He tried to struggle, but whoever held him was a hundred times stronger than he was. His fear was cloying, adding to his strength but even that couldn't break him free. His chaotic thoughts began to calm even as a cold voice whispered in his ear. "Be at ease, Pietro de la Rios, you are safe here."

It had to be one of the Vârcolac. If it had been Caleb or Demetri, Andrei or Alexei, there would have been some give in their hold despite them being stronger than he was. But there was no give in the male arms pinning him and he didn't recognise the voice. Despite having gone to Europe a quarter of a century ago to protect the Vârcolac and suffering as he had, Pietro had never once encountered any of the hybrid children -- until now.

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"Release me!" The words hissed out of his mouth and he expected to have to say it again, but the arms immediately retracted and his captor moved away, swinging agilely onto a branch in front of him and a little above. He had to raise his head to look up at the male.

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