

Chapter 577

"Dayton..."www.n0vELw0rm.c0m

Freya laced her tone with a mild warning, but could see instantly that her mate wasn't going to listen to her. The steely edge in his dark blue eyes told her his wolf was close to the surface and neither of them was pleased with her. Rolling her eyes, she let out a long sigh, preparing for the impending lecture her mate was about to give her. Sometimes, it was best to let him have his own way.

"How many times have we had this conversation about you putting yourself in harm's way?"

Dayton's tone was deceptively mild as he stalked her around their bedroom until her back was up against the far wall, and she had nowhere else to go.

His overt dominance sent a shiver of desire through her body, liquid heat instantly pooling between her thighs. Her mate was so sexy when he got pissed at her. He was just as sexy when he was loving and sweet too, but his unbridled aggression ignited her vampiric side and they usually ended up with some delightfully tempestuous love-making at the end of it. Thank goodness Mallen had returned to keep an eye on Reasa, making sure she didn't have a reaction against the painkiller. They would have to be very quiet, which would be difficult, but she was sure she could manage it.

Her mate's eyes narrowed and his nostrils flared as he scented her arousal. With an irritated snort, he swung away from her, crossing to the other end of the room and causing her to issue a little moan of disappointed. "Dayton..." She was aware that she was repeating herself, but his name slipped out unbidden.

"You think you should be rewarded for your behaviour?" Cool eyes regarded her with intent, and she could see the rage he was battling to suppress. He truly was furious with her and in no mood to indulge in sex. It wasn't often that he allowed himself to get that angry, so his unforgiving stance sobered her mood a bit. "I wasn't in any danger, Day. You heard what was said, Liam was exhibiting control even in his feral state."

"You didn't know that at the time," he roared, surprising her with the ferocity of his tone. He never yelled at her, not even when he was mad. Furious eyes glared at her. "And I certainly didn't know it either. You're so intent on thinking you're indestructible, Freya. You have no concept of what it does to me to see you in danger, or what it must have done to Elina, too. You are not on your own anymore, where your actions don't have consequences. You're part of this family and everything you do impacts us."

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She hadn't considered it from that angle and began to understand why he was so upset. She didn't want to cause him or Elina any pain, but he had to understand too, just who she was and what she was capable of. For so long all had been peaceful in the pack, with no real threats from the outside. In those years she had adapted to pack life, mellowed even to a certain point. However, she was still an Ancient vampire, still one of the most powerful beings to walk the planet. It was who she was and who Dayton had fallen in love with.

"I understand it was upsetting for both of you..."

"Upsetting? My fucking heart almost stopped, Freya. I thought I was going to lose you like I lost..."

"I am not Faith!" Freya exploded, fury and sorrow warring for dominance. She knew the consequences of his losing his first mate, of how he had barely survived that loss. Its aftermath had almost been their undoing; it had almost cost her life. Stalking across the room, Freya met his condemning glare with one of her own. "I am not Faith," she reiterated in a calmer tone, her heart aching as she confronted the fear in his eyes.

"I am me, Dayton. I am Freya, an Ancient vampire who's lived over two thousand years. I've walked this world for millennia, leaving a trail of defeated enemies in my wake. I have fought immeasurable odds and have always been the last one standing at the end. When we were attacked all those years ago, they tried to kill me with their bullets and I took them out because they were threatening what was mine to protect. They were trying to take you from me, and they paid with their lives. I am more than capable of judging a threat and dealing with it accordingly. You appear to have forgotten that, my mate. You appear to have cast me in a role of requiring protection and lacking the wisdom to preserve my own life."www.novè⓪wóŘM.c(0)m

She didn't like being so direct with him but he had to be made to see her, to see Freya and not Faith. If he continued to question her judgement and view her as a fragile female requiring protection, then they would have issues they may struggle to work through.

"See me, Dayton. Remember who I am. You fell in love with me, not a carbon copy of Faith."@wW.n0v0rLw0rm.c0M

Freya watched his face, saw denial cross it and then he blinked and lowered his head. "I do see you, Freya. I see how much you mean to me. I know that should anything ever happen to you, Elina would lose both parents because I would never survive losing you. I know you're not Faith. She is a pale memory now, a happy one I will always cherish but what I feel for you far surpasses what I felt for her." He raised his eyes to meet hers once more, his lingering fear replacing some of the rage. "It doesn't make it any easier knowing how strong you are, how deadly you are. My wolf retains the emotions of having lost a mate in the past. Seeing you in danger will always make it react with aggression. Can't you understand that?"

"Yes." Freya reached up to frame his face in her hands, feeling a slight tremble run through him at her touch. His eyes still contained too much of his wolf so she soothed it with her touch, knowing the animal needed to feel the comfort of its mate to know she was safe. "I do understand, Dayton, and I don't ever want to minimize what you've suffered, but your wolf has to remember who I am too. It has been so long since its had to acknowledge me, the vampire, that's it's settled me into the role of a Were mate. You have to see how dangerous that is. What happens if your wolf stops seeing Freya? I know the man still does but what if the wolf doesn't?"

Freya's words stunned him. When the others had left, Dayton couldn't wait to get his mate alone to have their little talk about her foolhardiness. He had been so certain he was in the right and she would have to concede to his points. Now he could only stare at her in stunned silence, her words sending a shiver of fear through him.

There was an element of truth in her words, something he couldn't deny. His wolf was viewing her as being weaker than it, of requiring complete protection. He hadn't even noticed it happening because things had been so quiet for such a long time. There was nothing weak about his beautiful mate, and it was dangerous for his wolf to fall into that way of thinking. There had never been an instance of a mated couple having issues with a wolf's respect in the partnership; at least none that he was aware of, anyway. Something like that could only spell trouble and he did not intend to allow anything to come between him and Freya, not even his wolf.

Leaning forward, Dayton wrapped his arms around his mate, sighing with relief when she came instantly into his embrace without hesitation. He kissed her; a long, slow drugging kiss full of the love he felt for her. "We need to remedy this," he whispered into the side of her neck, his lips brushing the gentle slope of her shoulder where he'd claimed her with his bite a quarter of a century ago.

"How?"