

Chapter 618

Composing himself, he tried to look less pleased with being in Reasa's company. He really did want to learn what she had to teach him and didn't want to risk having her decide to withdraw her offer to help. Relaxing his arms on his crossed legs, he waited for her to begin.*www.novelWorld.com*

"This time we're going to be entering my mind so I can show you how to locate someone's emotions. I am strong enough to make small enhancements to emotions without damaging the host mind, which is very easy to do. You MUST concentrate fully, Liam. You have the power to turn me into a drooling mess and I'm not so sure you wouldn't be able to do the same to Freya despite her having one of the strongest minds I've come across. I cannot stress just how dangerous this is. One slipup and you could wipe both of our minds."

Some of Liam's eagerness waned as he saw the seriousness of her expression. Reasa wasn't being overly-theatrical, she meant every word. If he deviated even the slightest from her commands, he could possibly harm two of the women he cared most for in the world. A tremor of fear gripped him and something must have shown in his eyes because Reasa's expression softened slightly.

"I believe your natural protective instincts will not allow you to do any harm," she said in a less acerbic tone. "I'm willing to take the risk so try not to be overly concerned about it. Be careful, yes, but have some faith in yourself."

"What about my aunt? Is she aware of how dangerous this is?"

Reasa nodded. "Of course. All vampires are aware of the risks of another entering their minds. The fact Freya suggested Elina for the task proves her faith in you, Liam. She would not risk her daughter if she thought for one moment you may harm her."

That settled him a little, and he loosened his shoulders to relax himself. "Okay, what do I do?"

"I'm lowering my mental shields a fraction to allow you to come in. Very gently reach out with your mind and try to find the way in. Most people imagine different things when it comes to their defences. They often don't even realise they're doing it. The first step is always to try to determine what they are. Try to work out what my defences are and then the path I'm allowing you to take to enter into my mind."

Closing his eyes because it was better not to have the distraction of looking at his mate, Liam carefully pushed out his mental awareness towards Reasa until he came across a lattice of thick strands of rubber. He tested the thickest part of it, giving a weak mental push and watching the rubber give a little but rebound back into place the instant he stopped pushing. It was fascinating so he did it again and smiled.

Reasa's shields were very strong and he couldn't stop the swelling of pride that rushed through him. When they joined together they would be so strong. Her experience and his strength as a booster would make them a formidable team.

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"Liam..."

There was exasperation in her tone so he moved on, following the rubber strands as they began to taper down in thickness until he was at the barest of openings. It was so minute if he hadn't been concentrating so hard he would have missed it. She was very skilled at this and he couldn't stop another smile crossing his face as he accepted her invitation and entered her mind slowly.

It was strange to be within someone else's most private place. It wasn't the same as the mental communication they'd shared. He was more fully inside Reasa's mind, sensing her emotions and being close to her thoughts too. If he really wanted to he could push just a little and he would be able to read her thoughts but he chose not to do that. Instead he concentrated on an area in her mind that closely resembled an overgrown well and sent his physic persona to that place.

"Your touch is very light," Reasa said out aloud, approval in her tone that widened his grin. "Continue with this level of touch and calmness and I may come out of this intact. You've found where my emotions are hidden. Can you determine the different ones?"

Liam didn't speak, he used his mind to conjure the image of a feather which he dipped into the well carefully. She had said to keep his touch light and a feather was the lightest item he could think of. He didn't want to inadvertently hurt her.*www.novelWorld.com*

Reasa giggled as he stroked the feather over a moss-hewn brick and he laughed at the sound. "This is where your sense of humour lies," he chuckled, dragging the feather over it again so he could hear the wonderful sound she emitted. He could have stayed there all day making her laugh but knew she would tell him off if he tried it.

Moving on, he brushed another brick and felt the first stirrings of irritation within his mate as her breath hissed out. Anger. He tried again and felt a hot blast of desire exude from the woman before him, and he quickly backed away before she could become angrier. "Sorry," he whispered.

"It is fine, just move on," Reasa answered, a breathless quality to her voice.

Liam didn't brush anymore bricks with the feather; he let it melt away and just viewed the bricks. He was quickly recognising each emotion and he didn't want to touch the ones that would cause her pain or induce her to cry. He spent a few more moments staring into the well before he backed away. "I feel confident I know what I'm looking for now, Reasa."

His mate let out a slow breath and he opened his eyes to see her watching him intently. "You learn so fast." There was an accusation to her tone.

He shot her a rueful smile. "The book has a section solely on this," he admitted.

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Her green eyes bore into him as her lips tighten a bit in disapproval, but she didn't call him on the fact he'd kept that to himself. "Fine. Let us see if you can narrow in on individual emotions now you know what you're looking for. Lower your defences until you can feel both Freya's emotions and mine. Don't open too wide to the entire pack or you may be overloaded. Start small."

He did as she asked, keeping a light presence in her mind in the region where her emotions were and then reached out psychically to the other room to sense his aunt. Freya was concentrating on her paperwork task, irritation wafting from her in spades. He stayed still, sensing the difference in wavelengths and noting that each had a distinctive pattern, an individual signature.

It was something akin to what he did with the Vârcolac. Before today, he had only been able to do this with the Vârcolac because they were more prone to speak telepathically. In hindsight, he could see that he'd automatically learned their signatures at an early age. This was the first time he'd ever noticed it with anyone else in the pack and it was a heady feeling.

It was enough to make Liam smile again and he couldn't resist testing his aunt's mental defences to see if he could easily enter her mind. He was immediately brought up short by a hedge so dense it was a solid wall. As if that wasn't bad enough, it appeared to be encased in a mesh of barbed wire. Stunned, he could only gape at it in stunned shock. Surely she had to have the most impressive defences of anyone he knew, and if she did, he could only imagine the depth of emotions she kept hidden from the world.