

Chapter 638

Hope flared brighter within the Vârcolac, his beautiful mate's idea brilliant in its simplicity. He had to dampen it down, had to try to put things in perspective. They were only surmising that they had found a piece of Brandon's psyche. It could be just what it appeared to be, a lone glass bead. However, Liam was sure they were on the right track despite his caution to himself. There had been that briefest flicker of consciousness. He was certain of that.
wWw.NovelsWorld.Com

"I'll take the left and you take the right," he announced, standing up. He imagined a red ribbon tied into a bow against the steel mesh. "If you see this sign, I've been there already."

Reasa quickly imitated him, using a blue bow to mark her passage. They left the glass urn where they'd found the first bead so they would have a clear point of reference to project to if they found others. "Good luck," she said, turning and moving off into Brandon's mind.

"What the fuck?" Karn hissed out the words, drawing Mac's eyes to him.

"What?"

"There's blood on Liam's T-shirt!"

Elina flowed gracefully from her spot before the others could move, reaching to pull up the back of her cousin's t-shirt as gently as she could. Her alert gaze travelled the unbroken skin, a smear of blood being the only indicator that there had been an injury there. As they watched, Liam's skin tore open for a brief moment, and then instantly healed.

Karn's gaze was on Reasa, another hiss escaping as a long jagged cut appear down her left arm. Unlike Liam, she didn't heal instantly. She no longer had vampiric healing abilities.

wWw.NovelsWorld.Com

"Get them out!" Mac ordered, his voice terse as another cut appeared on Reasa's face, scoring down her right cheek.

"No!" Elina blocked him as he moved to shake Reasa, her steely gaze daring him to try to go through her. "Whatever is happening in there isn't life threatening. These cuts are shallow. Liam can heal himself. I will take care of Reasa. If there is any hope of them bringing Brandon back then they must be allowed to continue."

"How?" Mac demanded, fury dancing in his eyes as another shallow cut appeared on the former vampire's forehead.

Elina was unsure if she would be able to help Reasa but she was going to try. They had no idea what Anakatrine has done to her on a D.N.A. level when she stripped Reasa of her immortality. The pack had used traditional healing methods when Reasa had been injured earlier. Elina wanted to try something else.

Leaning forward, she pressed her lips against Reasa's forehead, feeling the other woman stiffen at her touch before she relaxed once more, an absent-minded acknowledgement brushing Elina's inner thoughts. Reasa was focused on what she was doing within Brandon's mind, but she was conscious of what Elina was attempting. Allowing her lips to part, the Vârcolac ran her tongue over the scratch, sealing it in one pass.

"Fuck!" The word ground out of Karn, as if he couldn't contain it.

Elina ignored him, moving to the wound on Reasa's cheek and pressing her lips against it as she had before. She tried to ignore how good the blood tasted... tried to ensure that she was in full control as she healed the other woman's injuries.

Mac moved around them, leaning down to Reasa's left side. He reached for her arm but Elina moved so fast, he was knocked flat on his ass before he could touch her. "Fool!" The Vârcolac hissed, cold eyes flashing with an emotion so feral, Karn took a step back.

"How do you think Liam will react to your scent on his unclaimed mate? How do you think he will react knowing you have tasted her blood?"
wWw.NovelsWorld.Com

Neither of the two males had even remotely considered what a major fuck up that would be. They were both dominant, territorial males, who wouldn't think twice about overreacting should another male touch what belonged to them. Mac had reacted as the protector he was, so intent on helping Reasa he hadn't considered the fallout of his actions.

wWw.NovelsWorld.Com

"Do not touch Thereasa while he is unaware," Elina continued in a more even tone, her feral expression easing as she moved to tend to the arm wound. She ignored Mac as he relocated back to his previous spot, intent on her task. When the wound was healed, she licked her lips with closed eyes, willing her inner demon to retreat to the cage she kept it in.

Seeing no further wounds on Reasa, she returned to her position at the window, aware that both Mac and Karn were staring at her as if she'd just grown horns. An exasperated sigh escaped her lips as she shook her head in cool exasperation. "Liam trusts me and therefore my scent on Reasa will not aggravate him, and neither will my taking of her blood. He knows there is nothing sexual in the act, that it is merely a healing gesture."

She shook her head once more, fighting the urge to roll her eyes at the disbelief on their faces. Stupid males! "Why is everything about sex with vampires? I mean, really, do you ever think above your waistline?"

"Perhaps because the taking of blood is always performed during some kind of sexual activity," Karn snorted, mockery lacing his tone.

"Idiot." Was the only answer he received, before Elina turned her attention back to the couple by the bed. When it became apparent things had settled down with them, the vampires returned to their watching brief, allowing the Vârcolac to call the shots... for now.

Liam turned to his route, scouring everywhere as he walked at a snail's pace. He didn't want to miss anything and the beads were small and easily masked by the steel mesh. Despite his vigilance, he almost missed the next bead; some inner sense halting his footsteps as he walked past the area it was hidden. Turning back, his searched the area to his right more closely until the glass bead appeared within the mesh. It was as dull and lifeless as the first one, but he didn't allow that to dampen his hope.

"Go join the other part of yourself, Brandon." Liam called up his memory of the urn, emitting a small sound of surprise when he saw it already contained an additional two beads. It appeared Reasa had had more success than he'd had so far. With a proud smile, his bead joined the other three in the urn, and Liam turned once more to continue on his journey.

He had no idea that the work would have been so painstaking, so exhausting. Liam felt as if he'd been walking for hours on end when he finally started treading ground Reasa had already been over. Her pretty blue bows showed up sporadically for a while and then it appeared every passage he walked into contained her mark.

"Liam? I think we've completed the maze," he heard in his mind. His hand being squeezed in the real world accompanied the words. "I'm tracking routes you've already travelled." Reasa's mental voice sounded weary and he wondered if his did too as he answered.

"Same here. Let's head back to the urn."