

Chapter 225

She sensed him stiffen slightly and smiled. Most probably not the response he had expected. Neil had been talented in the bedroom, enough to make her gentle her ways a bit, to steal a few years of respite from the monster within. He hadn't touched her heart but he earned her respect enough that she had made the effort to at least simulate some caring.

It hadn't lasted. It couldn't really, not when he realised she was incapable of loving him. But it had been pleasant while it had lasted and she did feel some fondness for the man who had tried to win her heart but had ultimately failed.

"I don't know whether to pity the poor bastard or pin a medal on him," Dayton answered before he went back to eating.

She laughed softly, raising her head to meet his gaze. It was a cold laugh, completely without warmth. "Most definitely pity him," she drawled softly. "I broke his heart and left him ruined for any other woman that came along in his life; as I've done with all my other lovers."

Cold chips of blue ice bored into her, his expression so hard she was surprised his jaw didn't shatter under all that tension. "I think I'd rather pin the medal on him," he answered slowly. "At least he was brave enough to try even if he was foolish to do so. Any man who tries to win the heart of a cold hearted bitch like you most definitely deserves a medal."**WWw.NoVeLWorm.CoM**

Freya smiled again, dropping her eyes back to her papers. "As you wish," she drawled smoothly, her tone once again bored.

Dayton ate because his body needed it. He ignored how tasty the food was viewing it as simply fuel. He would take no pleasure out of something she'd done for him. His jibe about her old lover didn't appear to faze her at all, not judging from the smile on her face. She really didn't care that she'd ruined a man's life, just as she didn't care that she'd ripped his apart either. He retreated back inside himself, trying to block out her presence and the sweet scent of cherry blossom which wafted over him.

He had almost finished eating when a cell phone rang and he listened intently as she picked up the device close to her hand. He expected her to leave the room but she took the call in front of him.

"Did you get the last set of documents?" she asked without any unnecessary small talk. She listened for a moment and then spoke again. "I'm still reading through the last transfer papers. I was sidetracked a little. I should have them signed and back to you by the end of the week. That will conclude our business."

Another short pause to assimilate the answer and then she ended the call and went back to her reading. His curiosity was piqued and he couldn't stop himself from asking the question that was suddenly burning for an answer.

"You're leaving?"

Did she stiffen slightly? Was that a slight chink in the cold vampire's armour? He must have imagined it because when her eyes met hers she even rivalled his coldness when looking at her.**wwW.noVeL@órM.c(ó)m**

"Yes, I suppose you could say I am," she answered with a slight smile.

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There was something ominous about the way she said it, something hidden within the very words which he couldn't work out. His wolf stirred again and he almost growled in irritation at the animal's presence where it wasn't wanted.

He expected Freya to look away and return to her reading but her gaze remained fixed to his and he was once more struck by just how stunningly beautiful she was. Beautiful as only a cold, marble statue could be.

"Your mate must have been a pretty despicable creature," she suddenly said throwing him so off balance that for a moment he could only stare at her stunned before rage reared up inside him and his temper exploded.**Ŵ@W.nóVeLw@rrm.com**

"Don't you ever speak about her," he growled hoarsely. "Not one fucking word! She was worth a million of you, Freya. Ten million! And you will not degrade her by speaking about her. Ever!"

"Oh dear, did I pick at a scab there?" she laughed softly, her eyes glittering wildly, the deep green suddenly ringed by a fire of red that was disconcerting to look at. "And here was me thinking you were made of ice, Dayton. It would appear I was wrong."

Her laughter pushed him over the edge and his hand tightened around the knife in his hand until his knuckles were white with the effort of holding back from throwing it at her.

"Shut your fucking mouth!" he roared, his wolf howling wildly, his body quaking with rage.

"Don't you like hearing the truth?" she asked tilting her head to the side with a mocking smile on her exquisite face. "I only asked because it strikes me that any woman who would expect her mate to bleed as you bleed for her must have been truly despicable while alive. I wonder if there's a Heaven up there, Dayton. Do you think your Faith is up there right now, riding the cock of some gorgeous angel while laughing at you down here, wallowing in your self pity, crying over a woman who turned to dust decades ago?"

Agony, hot blinding agony raced through his veins. Reason left him, mindless, savage rage and hatred all that was left of him. The knife sailed through the air, deadly, lethal, intent on the throat of the woman who desecrated his last remaining memory of his mate, his beautiful, loving Faith.

His aim was weak, his injuries still hampering him. She didn't move out of the way, waited for the knife to nick her skin, for her blood to flow. He'd hit her on the side of her neck, the knife burying deep though missing any major arteries. Not that it would have mattered because she was vampire. Only total decapitation would have ended her life.

Still she let him do it and they both knew it. She could have easily moved out of the way but she let him hurt her, let him do what he'd been craving to do from the first moment she had touched him in his gallery.

Calmly, Freya reached up and removed the knife from her neck. She kept her gaze fixed on his, watched the emotions running unchecked across his face before he closed down again behind his hard mask. There was horror there, guilt laced with satisfaction, disbelief warring with pleasure. Part of him was glad he'd hurt her but another part of him, the real part of him loathed what he'd just done.

He was a protector not an assassin. The very core of him as a man was to shield, to protect; to die for those under his care. It had been a calculated gamble to reach that part of him, to bring it to the surface in the cruellest way imaginable. Only by targeting the one thing he held dearest could she rip down his barriers, lay him totally bare to the emotions within him.

He would hate her for eternity or however long he lived but he needed it, his soul cried out for it. And it appeared fate had placed her in the role to help him find it. It was almost ironic that her last act would be to save the soul of a damaged wolf, to drag him kicking and screaming to find the inner peace he so denied himself. It was fitting too that she would learn humility at the end of it all, that she would learn to care about something other than herself.

Because Freya Eriksson did care. She'd cared from the very first moment that she'd tasted his blood against her lips, when she placed her lips against his and tasted the one man that had the power to steal her heart and hold it forever.

It was almost liberating to finally admit it to herself. She had been denying it for days now but there was no hiding from it anymore. Dayton Alexander had done the impossible, he had stolen the one thing she had never dreamed could be stolen from her.

It was too late for her now but it was comforting to know that at the end she'd learned what it was like to love, to truly love someone so much that she would do anything, be anything he needed her to be so he could heal.

Dayton Alexander wasn't meant to be hers but there was someone out there, someone who could reap the benefits of her last acts, who could know the love that he had to give when he finally let Faith rest in peace and walked back into living as he was meant to.

"I'll get you a fresh knife," she said coolly, rising from the table to head into the kitchen.

To be continued...