

## Chapter 245

He was astounded that she laughed off his attempt to kill her. A very male part of him was even a little put out that she laughed at his attempt. Not that he wanted her harmed in any way but a wolf's pride could still be dented at knowing his future mate was so much stronger than he was. Dayton wasn't used to many people being stronger than him.

"Why do you keep kissing me?" she suddenly asked curiously, completely throwing him with the sudden change of topic.

He barked out a short laugh. "Your mouth tastes good," he answered honestly. "And it's been a very long time since I've tasted a woman's lips. I'd forgotten how addictive they could be."

He wanted to tell her how much he loved kissing his mate, how it consumed him entirely but he didn't think she was ready for that yet.

"How long?" It was a demand plain and simple, intent eyes searching his face for the answer. It made him want to laugh again at the sheer possessive in her tone. She probably had no idea just what she was giving away in those two terse words.

"No one since Faith," he admitted, watching her just as carefully as she was watching him. He caught the flicker of surprise that crossed her face, waited for her to mask her emotions as she usually did. He was surprised when her expression stayed open.

"The cat?" This time her words held a trace of jealousy in them. His wolf preened even as the man groaned loudly and stood up.

"Fuck!" he cursed, remembering his last words with his friend. "I need to call Rayne. She'll be wondering where I am, worrying about me."

Freya froze inside at the tone of his voice. It was obvious he cared greatly about this other woman, the one he allowed to touch him when no one else was granted that privilege. She felt anger rear up inside her, followed closely by jealousy.

Dayton Alexander confused the hell out of her. One moment he hated her, the next he acted as if he cared in some way. He had broken through her barriers, reached inside and pulled her kicking and screaming back to life. He'd let her feed from him, held her and kissed her until she forgot everything but the feel of his mouth against hers. For a second she had believed that maybe he was her salvation, that when his healing was complete he would be able to heal her too.

One mention of the cat and she was forgotten completely. She hated the other woman with a vengeance. The urge to seek her out and rip her to pieces roared wildly inside her. *www.NoVèLw(ó)rm.c.M*

It was instinctive, what the old Freya would do with anyone who threatened her in any way. Hurting the cat would hurt him though and he'd been through so much pain already.

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"Freya? I asked if I could borrow your cell." Dayton's words broke her out of the cycle of misery and violence she was experiencing.

She rose gracefully, her expression closing off as she stepped around him. She caught a frown on his face but ignored it, heading back into the main room, silently castigating herself. She had been foolish to read something that wasn't there into his behaviour. If his choice was the other woman then she would find a way to accept it.

The pain of thinking of him with anyone else was excruciating. It was worse than anything she could remember feeling before. It reinforced her thoughts about what love really was.

She knew the emotion could be wonderful when two souls met that were meant to be together. She also knew that it was just a pipedream for herself. She wasn't meant to have that kind of love in her life. *www.nOvèlwoRm.com*

She was aware of Dayton following her silently, could feel he was tense and alert. Did he believe she was going to self-destruct again? She wasn't sure if she would or not herself. The wolf had asked her to fight. She had given him her word. She just prayed she had the strength not to let him down.

Because despite everything, despite him preferring the cat over herself, she knew he cared enough about her that it would pain him if she didn't try. And she never wanted to cause him another moment's pain if she could avoid it.

Freya waved at her cell, silently giving him permission as she headed into the kitchen to give him some privacy. They both knew she was being polite more than real privacy; she would be able to hear everything he said.

He didn't appear to mind though but she still created as much noise as she could while she made them both a coffee, as she listened intently to his every word.

Dayton picked up the phone and watched Freya retreat from him like a frightened cat. He knew he was going to have to try and get her to unbend where Rayne was concerned. His friend was important in his life and he wanted Freya to like her.

At the moment he could sense that she viewed her as a threat. He had to ensure that the two women didn't come to blows.

He dialled Rayne's number and waited for her to pick up as he mentally considered his options. He needed a plan of action with his future mate and he wasn't sure how to go about it. He was distracted when he heard Rayne's tentative greeting.

"Rayne, it's me. I misplaced my cell. I'm using a friend's." He knew she would be confused at the strange number on her display

"Dayton." It was a sigh of relief more than a spoken word. "Where are you? Are you okay?"

His lips twitched in a smile and he felt relief wash over him. He'd been angry with her when they'd last spoken. He wasn't sure if she would be glad to hear from him again. But she was the same old Rayne, his best friend who selflessly thought of others before herself.

"I had a bit of an accident but I'm mending now. Sorry it's taken me so long to get in touch."

He heard a sharp intake of breath and then it was slowly released. She didn't ask unnecessary questions, taking his word that he was okay. "You sound different, Day."

It was his turn to take a deep breath and slowly let it out. "I've let her go," he answered quietly.

He thought he heard a muffled sob on the other end of the phone but he must have misheard because Rayne didn't cry, ever.

"Oh, Day, I'm so pleased to hear that. It's been a long time coming and I'm glad I was still here when it finally happened. Welcome home, honey." *wVWV.N©(v)EIL(ó)R-M.(c)om*