

Chapter 378

The fatigue of being in Pietro's mind was so strong she was holding onto herself by a hairsbreadth. Any more stress and she was liable to lose all her mental shields and then they'd know all about it. [WwW.n\(0\)1v8\(1\)w0RM.com](#)

Convincing Pietro she was almost an Ancient, playing with his meagre emotions to try and tempt him, as well as listening into his thoughts as she'd distracted him had been far too much given his own mental strength. If her shields sheltered under her weariness, all her fury and pain would blast out and everyone would be shrieking under the weight of her agony.

Taking a deep breath Reese stood up trying to calm her breathing. "I'm going to call Louis. Give Pietro at least three bottles of chilled blood if he'll take it. If he wants more give it to him. And see if you can convince him to take from source. You can each donate one of your little herem members if he's willing. Just keep him alive until we get clear instructions on how to proceed."

She hurried to her room collapsing to the floor against the door. It took a good fifteen minutes to repair her mental shields enough to call her coven leader. Taking deep breaths, Reese worked through the mental exercises she had learned over the years until she felt her inner balance slip back into place. Then she pulled out her cell phone and hit the first speed dial number.

"Louis, there's a problem. Those imbeciles gave me too much poison and he's dying. His shields are still strong though and I wasn't able to glean too much. Just something about a group protecting the hybrids and that Pietro's waiting for someone called Mec to arrive." Louis didn't do much talk so it was pointless to begin with niceties. [ww\(0\).novE1w0rm.coM](#)

"You're sure about Mec?" Terse words to suit the type of meagre her coven leader was. [wWw.novE1W0rM.com](#)

"Yes, he thought it a few times. His friend's name is definitely Mec."

Louis cursed gutturally, his displeasure seeping down their connection. "This is not good, me chérie," he sighed, his French accent at odds with his volatile personality. He sounded so cultured, so civilised but he could be a monster to rival most monsters when called for.

"I've had dealings with Meckenzie; he's done me a few favours over the years. I wasn't aware he was involved in this otherwise I wouldn't have agreed to this information gathering exercise. You're sure the vampire is dying?"

The fatigue of being in Pietro's mind was so strong she was holding onto herself by a hairsbreadth. Any more stress and she was liable to lose all her mental shields and then they'd know all about it.

A mental image of Pietro came to mind and Reese shuddered, her expression sad. "Nothing will stop that, Louis. I've told them to give him as much blood as he'll accept but the damage has been done. Parts of his skin are already turning black. The Amort is eating him alive. Maybe a complete bleeding would help but the amount of blood required to replenish him would be too great."

"Merde!" Louis spat, his fury escalating and making her shiver.

He closed her as one of his favourites but if her handling of the mission had disappointed him enough he wouldn't be lax at punishing her for her failure. She waited for him to speak again.

"Which one of them was it?" he finally asked.

"Bruce. He hates Pietro. I think he was scared of him. If I'd been here sooner maybe I could have stopped it. But I needed to feed and I was distracted thinking we had more time. I'm sorry, Louis."

"Ce n'est pas important," he said soothingly and she breathed a sigh of relief that he was forgiving her so easily. She'd only once been punished by Louis and a century on could still remember every single detail of it. She never wanted to go through that again.

"Leave the vampire alive and ensure Mec has enough clues to discover his whereabouts quickly. If there is any chance of him being saved Meckenzie will find a way. Have Michael clean up the Bruce problem and then come back to the coven. We're sitting this one out. I don't owe anyone a big enough favour to betray a man who's never done me wrong."

He hung up and Reese bent forward resting her head on her knees. She felt so relieved she thought she would throw up; only vampires didn't have the need to regurgitate. Louis had handed her a lifeline...more than one.

She didn't need to pronounce a death sentence on Pietro and there was a fragile hope he may still be saved. Louis also didn't view her leadership as being a failure so she had escaped punishment because of this fiasco. And he had pronounced judgement on Bruce.

A mental image of Pietro came to mind and Reese shuddered, her expression sad. "Nothing will stop that, Louis. I've told them to give him as much blood as he'll accept but the damage has been done. Parts of his skin are already turning black. The Amort is eating him alive. Maybe a complete bleeding would help but the amount of blood required to replenish him would be too great."

"Merde!" Louis spat, his fury escalating and making her shiver.

He closed her as one of his favourites but if her handling of the mission had disappointed him enough he wouldn't be lax at punishing her for her failure. She waited for him to speak again.

"Which one of them was it?" he finally asked.

"Bruce. He hates Pietro. I think he was scared of him. If I'd been here sooner maybe I could have stopped it. But I needed to feed and I was distracted thinking we had more time. I'm sorry, Louis."

"Ce n'est pas important," he said soothingly and she breathed a sigh of relief that he was forgiving her so easily. She'd only once been punished by Louis and a century on could still remember every single detail of it. She never wanted to go through that again. [www.Nv1v0\(1\)W0rm.com](#)

"Leave the vampire alive and ensure Mac has enough clues to discover his whereabouts quickly. If there is any chance of him being saved Meckenzie will find a way. Have Michael clean up the Bruce problem and then come back to the coven. We're sitting this one out. I don't owe anyone a big enough favour to betray a man who's never done me wrong."

He hung up and Reese bent forward resting her head on her knees. She felt so relieved she thought she would throw up; only vampires didn't have the need to regurgitate. Louis had handed her a lifeline...more than one.

She didn't need to pronounce a death sentence on Pietro and there was a fragile hope he may still be saved. Louis also didn't view her leadership as being a failure so she had escaped punishment because of this fiasco. And he had pronounced judgement on Bruce.

In this situation it was a decision Reese would have made herself. Taking a life should never be an easy decision but when it was the right thing to do, it should be carried out.

Which brought her back to the ebominations. Louis had ordered them home, had made it plain they would take no further part in any actions taken against the monsters that had been birthed. In her eyes that decision was wrong.

They couldn't be allowed to live. She had meant what she'd said to Pietro. They went against everything which was natural. They weren't meant to exist and she wasn't sure if she could walk away and ignore her conscience on their fate.

If she went against Louis' command he would either order her killed or if he was fond enough of her maybe just throw her out of the coven. If she could reach her targets without harming this Mec person then there was a good chance it would be the latter decision he reached.

Reese was still trying to work out what she could live with when there was a knock on her bedroom door and she opened it to silently usher the blond vampire into the room. She began tapping out a text message on her phone which she had no intention of sending.

"He drank the bottled blood once both Bruce and I had sipped from each one," Michael informed her. "He managed four before he was too glutted for more. There's some slight improvement, he's a little stronger and the blackness has slowed across his skin. I'm not sure how much time we've bought him though."

"Louis will be pleased with the news," she answered still tapping out her message. "He wants sufficient clues left for Mec to find Pietro while he's still alive. We're to return to the coven, the mission is over."

She handed him the cell phone and let him read what she'd written. Coven life was hard so all members learnt to be devious, learnt to listen into conversations they weren't supposed to be privy to.

Louis says to take care of Bruce. You're to return to the coven after it's done. I've been assigned to another mission and will leave directly. Don't fail him!

In this situation it was a decision Reese would have made herself. Taking a life should never be an easy decision but when it was the right thing to do, it should be carried out.

Which brought her back to the abominations. Louis had ordered them home, had made it plain they would take no further part in any actions taken against the monsters that had been birthed. In her eyes that decision was wrong.

They couldn't be allowed to live. She had meant what she'd said to Pietro. They went against everything which was natural. They weren't meant to exist and she wasn't sure if she could walk away and ignore her conscience on their fate.

If she went against Louis' command he would either order her killed or if he was fond enough of her maybe just throw her out of the coven. If she could reach her targets without harming this Mec person then there was a good chance it would be the latter decision he reached.

Reese was still trying to work out what she could live with when there was a knock on her bedroom door and she opened it to silently usher the blond vampire into the room. She began tapping out a text message on her phone which she had no intention of sending.

"He drank the bottled blood once both Bruce and I had sipped from each one," Michael informed her. "He managed four before he was too glutted for more. There's some slight improvement, he's a little stronger and the blackness has slowed across his skin. I'm not sure how much time we've bought him though."

"Louis will be pleased with the news," she answered still tapping out her message. "He wants sufficient clues left for Mec to find Pietro while he's still alive. We're to return to the coven, the mission is over."

She handed him the cell phone and let him read what she'd written. Coven life was hard so all members learnt to be devious, learnt to listen into conversations they weren't supposed to be privy to.

Louis says to take care of Bruce. You're to return to the coven after it's done. I've been assigned to another mission and will leave directly. Don't fail him!