

## Chapter 569

She was clearly embarrassed by the affection on display, so Dayton didn't try to halt her bid for freedom. It was evident it would take time for Reasa to feel relaxed in their family environment. "Everything went okay?" he asked Freya when the other woman disappeared into the back of the house.

"It was challenging but I was able to contain the bulk of my irritation," Freya sighed, leaning against his hard body, basking in the soothing comfort that only her mate could give to her. "I felt myself reverting back to form, Day." It was hard to admit that to him, she didn't want him to be disappointed in her. His hand ran lightly down her back, tickling her spine and sending heat flooding through her body.

"You didn't revert, honey, you used the tools required to deal with the situation." Dayton tilted her chin up so he could see her expression, his lips tugging in a smile. "Your problem is you think the old Freya has no redeeming qualities, love. You view her as someone to fear, someone to loathe and distrust. She's part of you, Freya, a very important part of you. She's as necessary to you as my wolf is to me."*WW(w).n0v6Lw0rm.c0M*

His fingers trailed over her cheek, his thumb brushing her bottom lip with tenderness. "Don't be afraid of her, honey. Don't cut off a part of yourself that is as necessary to you as the air you breathe. She is a part of you and I love her with all my heart. So much so, that as soon as we have this problem with Reasa and Liam taken care of, I think we should take a little vacation up to the cabin." He gave her a saucy wink. "Maybe the old Freya would like to come out and play for a little while?"

She threw her head back laughing loudly. "You are incorrigible, Dayton Alexander. First you cry foul when I take what I want from you and now you invite it. Be careful what you wish for, mate of mine. I may hold you to that one day soon."*wŴⓈ.n0v6Lw0rM.M.C0m*

It was fun to tease with him like this, and her soul felt more settled as it always did when her beautiful man loved her so unconditionally. Freya hugged him tightly, her eyes sparkling with amusement as she glanced absent-mindedly at the dining table. Her body stiffened instantly, a loud growl issuing from her lips.

"The Bitch!"

She was vaguely aware of Dayton's concerned expression as she was spinning around and flying towards the back of the house.

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Reasa knew she didn't have much time. The wolf and vampire were wrapped up in themselves, but it surely wouldn't last. Quickly punching the coven's number into Freya's stolen cell phone, her heart raced as she waited for Louis to answer. It felt as if it was an eternity before someone picked up at the other end.

"Who is this?"

"Michael?" Reasa whispered the word as loud as she could. "I need to speak to Louis and I don't have much time. Get him for me."

"Louis has declared you banished from the coven, Thereasa. I don't have to do anything you ask of me anymore."

Cursing under her breath, she fought back tears at the thought of being excommunicated. If she could talk to Louis, maybe she could convince him otherwise, maybe he would help her. "I need to speak to him, Michael. It's urgent."

Silence greeted her words and her frustration and fear grew. How long would it take Freya to notice her phone was missing? "Michael, please. I don't have time. They can come in any moment now."

"They, who? What did you do, Reasa? Louis isn't here right now. Tell me and I'll pass your message on."*wWw.n0VeLw0rm.c0(n)*

Fighting back a sob, she took a deep breath. She would have to trust that Michael would do as he said. He had behaved okay when they'd been in Scotland, he had even taken care of the Bruce problem. "I followed Pietro home, and tried to take out one of the hybrids. I've been caught and am now held captive by one of the wolf packs the local vampires affiliate themselves with. You can get the GPS coordinates from this call. I need an extraction. Tell Louis to come get me. I'll accept whatever punishment he deems fit, just don't leave me here."

For some reason, she found herself hesitate to explain her diminished status. If Louis knew she was now human, he may decide she wasn't worth the effort. Also, she could use the witch's power as an enticement. "Tell him I've learned something that is so terrible it places all of our kind at threat, and it has nothing to do with the poison. His coven is in danger if he doesn't rescue me, and he won't see it coming."

She had Michael's attention now, she could tell from his increased breathing. "Tell me and I'll pass it on."

"No! The coven has to come and get me. Louis will have to come himself, if need be, to breach this pack's defences. I will tell no one other than him, Michael, and he'd better get here quickly."

The bedroom door crashed open and Reasa was thrown from the bed landing in a crumpled heap on the floor. She screamed in pain as her now fragile body connected with the hardwood flooring, her shoulder dislocating, sending red-hot agony pulsing through her body.

"I gave you my trust." Venom dripped from Freya's lips as she picked the discarded cell phone off the floor, pulverising it into dust with her hand. Fury suffused her, her feral side dominating. She loomed over the fallen woman, talons out, fangs bared, black pitiless eyes boring into her curled up body.

*wWŴ.0oveLw0rm.C0m*

"As Liam gave you his." Dayton's quiet words held more than a hint of command in them, his emotions backing them up as he pressed hard down his mate bond with Freya, working to rein in the fury holding her tightly in its grasp. "She's hurt, Freya. Back away from her... now."

She was hurt? The words seeped into the vampire's enraged mind and she took two steps backwards, trying to loosen the hold of her vampiric side by shaking her head. Dayton was in her mind, his cold ruthless determination assaulting her senses and making her want to weep. He was never like that with her. He always supported her.

Freya's eyes turned back to their normal shade as his disappointment continued to wash over her. She stared down at Reasa, seeing the mask of pain on her face, the tears soaking her cheeks as whimpers came from her lips. She'd hurt the human. She'd given Liam her word and she'd hurt his mate. Her stricken gaze met Dayton's. "I didn't mean to. She took my phone. I was just trying to stop her."

Dayton held in his sigh of relief when he saw his mate revert to normal. He hadn't liked being so hard on her, but he'd had to get through to her as quickly as possible to ensure she didn't do any further damage to Reasa. Placing a human in the midst of the mixed pack had been a recipe for disaster from the beginning. It had only been a matter of time before some injury occurred to Reasa, be it deliberate or an accident.

He moved past Freya, wanting to reassure her but also needing to check that the other woman wasn't hurt too badly. He automatically slipped into Beta mode, adopting the role he had held for most of his life. He could see her shoulder was dislocated but at a cursory glance, the rest of her looked okay. "We need Mallen. Her shoulder injury needs to be attended to immediately. We need Rafe too. He needs to know what's happened and that Reasa managed to get a call out. I'll stay with her. Let's try to make sure Liam doesn't get wind of this. He'll overreact."

"Dayton..."

"Go, Freya. We'll talk later. Right now we need to prioritise Reasa's needs." His words sounded harsh and he sent a wave of love through their mate bond to reassure her.

"Everything will be okay, honey, I promise. Just hurry now and do what's required so we can relieve the girl's pain." He had to soothe his mate with his mental caress. He could feel the self-doubt filling her soul and knew she would hold onto it and it would fester until she could verbalise her feelings of failure. He would have to nip that in the bud as quickly as possible.

He sensed her leave the room, his gaze watching the human avidly for any signs of further distress that may indicate an internal injury he couldn't see. He had thought this would be easy, taking Reasa into their home at their Alpha's request. Maybe he should have put his foot down and refused. Freya's actions had been unintentional, but the fallout from them would haunt her more than anyone else would ever know. He couldn't allow his precious vampire to be hurt. If having his nephew's mate in their home was going to do that then Rafe would have to come up with another solution.