

Chapter 2

Daisy

This is the moment when Alpha Xavier will reject me. My eyes are shut, and I'm shaking in my seat while waiting for him to the words that will destroy the mate bond. What is taking him so long?

I tip up my chin and look at him. He frowns at me as his emotional-yes, emotional-emerald green eyes flash over my face, lingering on my black hair, taking in my cheap cardigan, and then landing on my dirty jeans. A storm brews on his face. Is he mad that I'm not as properly dressed as him?

"Daisy Andersson?"

I squint at him. "Huh?"

"Your name."

"Oh...yes...that's me."

I blush because who wouldn't be nervous under the intense stare of his eyes? I find Alpha Xavier scarier when he is calm:

"Are you certain? It took you some time to answer."

Wait, what?!

Did he just call me stupid without calling me stupid? Anger pulsates under my skin. I have a strong urge to give Alpha Asshole a taste of his own medicine, but by some miracle, I manage to stay calm.

A smile curls my lips. "My name is Daisy Andersson. You're not mistaken."

His lips twitch, and I get the feeling he knows he has managed to get under my skin-those eyes of his study mine in silence, but I can tell he is amused. And it doesn't take long before he opens his stupidly sexy mouth yet again.

"And are you quite well?" he intones as if he believes the opposite.

"Why wouldn't I be?"

"You're still sitting in my seat-I booked two of them for the extra legroom," he gestures at his long legs, and I gulp. His thighs are thick, which means his ass must be absolutely glorious-

I mentally slap myself. You hate this man, remember? Focus.

"Like I said, your father offered me this seat, and I'm quite comfortable. So, guess what? I'm not leaving."

His nostrils flare, but the plane is already lifting, so he keeps his mouth shut. How lovely. I lean back in my seat, cross one leg over the other, and smile brilliantly.

Alpha Xavier's face turns a shade darker when he sees me relaxing. "For fuck's sake. I'm stuck sitting beside a lunatic..."

“Trust me, sitting beside a grumpy Alpha isn’t much better.”

He flinches, and I realize my mistake: I spoke without a filter. But, eh, who cares? I’m in first class, and the drinks are free. As soon as we are in the air, I lift my hand when the first flight attendant passes us.

“Excuse me?”

Her kind eyes dart to mine. “Yes?”

“Could I please have a bottle of your finest wine and a bag of chips? No, scratch that. Give me three bags of chips and a glass of your finest wine, and then, for grumpy over here, I would like a scotch.”

“Right away, ma’am”

A satisfied grin spreads over my lips. Alpha Xavier is gawking at me like I’ve grown three heads. Good. I prefer it when he is quiet. He is very pretty to look at, and he smells like expensive cologne and fine wool. But his mouth? That we could do without.

“Are the Omegas usually this outgoing in your pack?” he finally asks, and I swear there is fear in his eyes when he speaks.

“Only the best ones,” I wag my eyebrows at him. Normally, I would never be this wild and crazy, but my sisters aren’t here, so I’m letting the true Daisy come out

“You have more than one Omega?”

“No, just me, but if there were more Omegas, I would still be the best one.”

“You’re crazier than I thought, he mutters as he leans back to scroll on his phone.

If he thinks I’m crazy, why hasn’t he rejected me yet? I don’t dare to ask him that, afraid he might do it. Instead, I decide to piss him off. It could make time fly up here in the sky. What’s the harm? It’s not like I will see Alpha Xavier ever again.

My mother booked me a ticket so I could clean our rooms and be a personal assistant if my sisters bought new clothes. But I’m not even invited to the wedding. I will enjoy the hotel until the trip ends and then return to my pack.

Messing with Xavier poses no real harm.

An evil smile curls my lips. “And you’re more gorgeous than I thought you would be. Brighter than the sun.”

His head jerks in my direction. “Excuse me?”

“Oh, don’t be shy,” I wink at him. “I bet women drop like flies by your feet-that’s how hot you are.”

By now, his lips are compressed so tightly that they turn white at the edges. This is a real tragedy. He should definitely loosen up a little!

I’m about to taunt him, but the flight attendant saves the day.

“Your drinks and chips, ma’am”

“Thank you.”

Suddenly, my arms are full. I don't know what to do with it all, but hey, Alpha Xavier doesn't look busy! I dump a few of the bags in his lap. He blinks at me repeatedly, and I give him a phony smile.

"Thank you for holding those for me. You're a real angel."

This time, his mouth opens as if he wants to laugh, but instead, he chooses to go with silence. He stills, and I feel a moment of fear because he has obviously realized I'm messing with him while not giving a fuck about his position. And now I wonder if that was a good idea. I hadn't noticed how well-built he was until now.

Unlike me, who is short and scrawny, Alpha Xavier is over six feet tall, and his legs are long and strong. I gulp in seeing him take off his suit to reveal his broad shoulders, Damn. He better not decide to beat my ass after this flight is over. I wouldn't win in a fight.

"Do you usually piss off Alphas for fun, or is this your first time?" Alpha Xavier asks in a warm voice that's butter over toast, but what frightens me is that it's most definitely fake.

We are officially playing the same game-not giving a fuck with the goal of making the other person uncomfortable,

I shiver in my seat. "This is my first time."

"I see. He opens a bag of chips and pops one into his mouth, crunching it while keeping eye contact. What makes it even

worse is that he is chewing with his mouth wide open-disgusting!

I squirm in my seat. "Will you please stop that?"

"Eating?" he looks amused. "Why? Is it making you uncomfortable?"

Before I can answer, he grabs a few more chips with his hand and throws them into his mouth, chewing loudly. My anger flares hot and bright, but it isn't game over yet.

I never surrender.

"I'm not bothered at all." I say, unwinding in my seat as I sip my wine. "In fact, I quite like it when you chew with your mouth open. It allows me to see your dazzling, white teeth."

Alpha Xavier pauses mid-chew and shakes his head. "Oh, you're good. Very good at this game..

"Game?" I question. "This isn't a game. I believe you're the hottest thing to have hit earth before hot chocolate milk."

Alpha Xavier almost d a m n near chokes on his scotch and looks up at me like I'm absolutely mad. "Okay, that settles it. You're the craziest woman I've ever met."

"Thank you."

"It wasn't a compliment."

"I don't care."

I expect Alpha Xavier to return to being grumpy in silence, but he cracks his shoulders instead. It draws my attention back to his chest, and gosh. He is a big boy all over. It's getting hard to keep up the facade of someone who doesn't give a flipping fuck, especially when he looks at me, and the mate bond hits me in full force.

"I can't decide whether I want you to shut up or hear your voice."

I swallow at that. "That's the mate bond for you."

He flashes a wide-albeit fake-smile, revealing a dimple on one cheek, and I'm breathless. He is dangerous, damn it!

"You need to be taught a lesson in respect. And I have just the punishment in mind to drive that lesson home."

What is he talking about? Is he going to beat me?!

Without waiting for my response, Alpha Xavier rises from his seat, pulling me along with him. Then, we walk up to a flight attendant.

"I would like to upgrade our seats," he says, his voice smooth as silk. "We would like something more...private."

The flight attendant looks at us, a knowing smirk curving her lips. "Right this way."

What is that supposed to mean? Wait. A murderer would need privacy to kill someone-is that what he is thinking?!

Suddenly, my heart is pounding in my chest as Alpha Xavier leads me through the plane like I'm some sort of beast on a leash. My mind races with thoughts about what this punishment could possibly be.

We enter a private cabin, its lush interior probably more expensive than my family's entire house. The room has a bed twice the size of the one I have at home.

"Have a pleasant flight," the attendant says, closing the door behind her with a mischievous wink.

Alpha Xavier finally lets go of my hand, but I don't feel any calmer. Being alone with him wasn't part of my plan, but here we are...

I lift my eyes to his and freeze when I find him unbuttoning his white shirt. "Strip," is all he says.

"E-excuse me?"

"You heard me." he responds, a hint of amusement tingeing his voice as he shrugs off his shirt. Seeing his muscular chest is enough to leave me breathless once more, "You said you liked seeing my teeth when I ate. Well, let's see how much you like seeing the rest of me."