

Chapter 27

Daisy

After hours of training, I'm exhausted. Sweat is pouring from every pore, my muscles ache with fatigue, and my eyelids are heavy as lead. Alpha Xavier gives me a nod of approval, and I can't help but feel a surge of pride.

"You did well today," he says. "You kept up with me, and that's not an easy feat."

I'm too tired to respond, so I just give him a weak smile. He doesn't smile back at me, but I'm happy with the faint hint of approval in his gaze.

"Thank you," I mumble. "I feel pretty darn proud of myself. I'm just...very tired..."

My eyelids flutter shut, my body teetering on the edge of consciousness. I can feel my knees buckle beneath me, but before I can hit the ground, strong arms encircle my waist, lifting me from the dirt.

Startled by the sudden contact, I open my eyes to find Alpha Xavier's face inches from mine. His eyes hint at irritation, yet he doesn't let me go. Instead, he shifts his grip on me to carry me more securely.

“You should rest,” he says, his voice a deep rumble that resonates in his chest. “You’ve been pushing yourself too hard.”

I want to argue, to tell him that I can handle it, but at that moment, a wave of weariness washes over me. I sag against him, too tired to do anything else but nod.

Alpha Xavier doesn’t say anything in response; instead, he lifts me higher into his arms and begins walking toward the car. My cheek is in direct contact with his broad chest and I get a whiff of his distinct scent, a blend of forest pine and musk. It’s a comforting smell, lulling me into a peaceful doze.

By the time we reach the car, I’m nearly unconscious. Somehow managing to open the passenger door without releasing his hold on me, Alpha Xavier gently places me on the seat and secures my seatbelt. He steps back for a moment and glances down at me with an unreadable look in his eyes before nodding and closing the door softly.

He walks around to the driver’s side and gets in, starting the car, am barely awake as he starts driving. The hum of the engine is soothing, lulling me into sleep.

When we arrive at the hotel, he carries me inside, taking special care not to wake me as he navigate through the house to my pet room. He lays me down gently onto my bed and pulls the covers up over me, tucking them securely around my body.

A small, tired smile spreads over my lips. "Who would have guessed the arrogant Alpha has a gentler side?" I murmur, my eyes still closed.

His low chuckle vibrates through the room and a rush of warmth blooms in my chest.

"Don't let it get to your head," he replies, his tone laced with amusement.

My lips curl into a wider smile and I drift off to sleep with his warm chuckle still echoing in my ears.

The next morning, I wake up refreshed but with aching muscles reminding me of the previous day's training. The smell of pine and musk still lingers on my sheets, a reminder of Alpha Xavier's unexpected tenderness.

Just as I am about to get out of bed, the pet room door swings open. Isabella storms in, her eyes blazing with fury.

"What were you doing with Xavier last night?" she spits, her voice echoing off the walls.

I blink at her. "I was training," I reply calmly. "Then I passed out and he carried me back here."

Without a second thought, she slaps my face. "Alpha Xavier is my future husband, you bitch!"

Even though my cheek throbs, I stare her dead in the eye. "I didn't ask him to be concerned about me. He did that all on his own."

Isabella's eyes widen. She clearly didn't expect me to stand up to her. She opens her mouth to speak but then closes it again. momentarily at a loss for words.

"Did he even tell you he was going to train me?" I ask, curious to see her reaction. "Or is this the first you're hearing of it?"

Her face pales, and I know I've hit a sore spot. She spits on her heel and storms out of my room without another word.

I sigh and rub my stinging cheek, a slow, satisfied smile spreading across my lips. Sure, standing up to Isabella will undoubtedly have consequences but for now for this moment victory tastes sweet.

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I have a big smile on my face as I head down to the cafeteria to eat breakfast.

There aren't many people there, but there is one table I can't miss looking at. My entire family is sitting around it, glaring at me, and I'm sure Isabella has already made herself the victim.

I roll my eyes and pick up a tray. I'm planning on eating alone, but two girls from yesterday's training-Lola and Sabrina- are giving me curious looks. When I questioningly tilt my head, Lola grins while Sabrina blushes.

"Hey," Lola says as she stands behind me in the food line. "We saw you keeping up with Alpha Xavier yesterday. You're the first rookie to have ever done that."

Sabrina bites her lower lip before shyly adding, "You're quite the talk of the pack because of it. Everyone thinks you might end up becoming his Gamma."

"Gamma?" I question with a snort. "My eyes are set on the position of Alpha."

Sabrina gapes at me while Lola laughs-she is the only one who seems to understand I'm joking. But when my poker face doesn't crack, she deadpans. "Wait, you're joking, right?"

I pick up some food and smile at her, enjoying the look of uncertainty on both their faces. "Guess you will have to wait and see," I reply nonchalantly.

"Hah, you're funny," Lola grins back at me. "Do you want to sit with us?"

I look at her, considering the invitation. As the pack's Omega, I've always been a loner, but Lola and Sabrina have been nothing but kind to me.

"Sure," I say, deciding it might be wise to make some new friends now that my entire family has turned against me. "I would love to."

"Great!" Lola's teeth peek out of her mouth as her wolfish grin widens. "I've been dying to add a third member to our little trio. We need a third wheel to balance out Sabrina's overly serious nature."

Sabrina swats Lola's arm lightly in response, her cheeks flushed red. "I am not overly serious. I'm introverted and shy-there is a difference...." she mutters, but there's a twinkle of amusement in her eyes that tells me she's used to Lola's teasing.

'I think I like these two,' Sera comments. "Try making friends with them, okay?"

I laugh inwardly at her request. "I will try, but I will make no promises. There aren't many people who can handle my sparkling personality."

'More like crazy.

'Hey!'

'You know it's true.'

I suppose I can't argue with that.