

Chapter 31

Daisy

When I open my eyes, feels like I've been asleep for a hundred years. I'm confused, lost and I have no idea where I am.

The room around me is unfamiliar. It has white walls and medical equipment beeping softly in the background. Alpha Xavier is sitting beside me his eyes closed, and his head the tilted back against the chair. His face is gaunt, and there are dark circles under his eyes that weren't there before.

I try to sit up, but sharp pain shoots through me keeping me pinned to the bed. It takes me a moment to register the IV bag hanging beside me and the bandage wrapped around my arm.

"Xavier..." It comes as a hoarse whisper, but it's enough to jerk him awake.

He looks at me, blinks twice, and for a horrifying moment, I think he might faint. But then his eyes narrow and he's suddenly all Alpha again.

"Daisy." He says it like he's resting the word on his tongue.
"You're awake"

"I am," I mutter dryly, trying to sit up again despite the protestations of my body.

He's next to me in an instant pressing me gently back into the bed "Don't move," he orders, though there's a strange gentleness in his tone we never heard before.

I eye him suspiciously. "What happened?"

"You healed Lola," Xavier begins looking everywhere but at me. "Then you passed out from exhaustion. The doctor said used to much of your own energy almost to the point where it could have been fatal. You've been unconscious for two days?"

The words strike me like a thunderbolt. Two days?

"I saved Lola?" I ask, my voice barely louder than a whisper.

He nods, his gaze finally meeting mine. "Yes, you did."

"And she's okay?"

"Yes, Daisy," he says breaking into a small smile "She's okay."

A sense of relief washes over me leaving me feeling lighter than air. I let my head fall back onto the pillow and close my eyes as a laugh bubbles out of me, the sound strange and foreign in the sterile hospital room Tears pickle at the corners of my eyes but I fight them back with fierce determination.

"I'm glad I breathe out "That vampire. I thought... I thought maybe he had gotten the last laugh."

"He didn't."

“I know that now.” I say turning to meet Alpha Xavier’s green, emerald eyes. I’m so glad I was able to defeat the vampire. All of them are monsters”

As a no-nonsense Alpha, I know Alpha Xavier will agree with me. He is known as the strongest Alpha alive, and since the vampires are our enemies. I can only imagine his inner bloodthirst. I fully expect him to be as eager as me to get rid of every single vampire standing in our way.

But his reaction shocks me.

He gives me a look I don’t understand and asks “All of them?”

I narrow my eyes at him. “Yes, all of them.” I grit out as though my tone will convince him “The only thing vampires do is destroy. The magical realm is gone because of them and my friend almost died. Vampires are evil.”

He looks out through the window and mumbles, “I guess...” which confuses me. Shouldn’t he be furious about those monsters having intruded on our territory?

Alpha Xavier doesn’t reply. He stares out the window. His look is strange and contemplative, as though he’s mulling over my words. His silence is beginning to unsettle me.

“What,” I begin carefully. “What do you mean ‘I guess?’”

He takes a deep breath and looks back at me, his green eyes now filled with an emotion that I can’t place. It’s not anger nor

resentment, but it holds a certain intensity that makes me hold my breath.

“Daisy,” he begins in a quiet voice. “the world isn’t black and white. Not all vampires are evil.”

I stare at him taken aback by his statement. Is he defending them? Defending those monsters?

“They are not monsters. Daisy.” he continues as if reading my thoughts. They are just...different.”

“But they killed our people! They almost killed Lola!” My voice echoes against the walls of the hospital room as I fight against the urge to sit upright, my heart pounding in my chest. “How can you say they aren’t monsters?”

“There are humans who kill, too” Alpha Xavier responds, the calmness of his voice a stark contrast to my own. “There are werewolves who kill. Does that make all of us monsters too?”

His words strike me like a physical blow pushing me back into the bed. I struggle to form words, but nothing comes out. My eyes dart back and forth between his soft green gaze and my hands folded in my lap.

“In every species, there are those who choose darkness” he continues gently. “But there are also those who seek light. Vampires might be our enemies, but there are exceptions. There is always an exception.”

“But-“

“Don’t listen to him. Daisy.” Yato’s voice interrupts before he strides inside the room. There is a mischievous grin on his face as he looks up at Alpha Xavier. “My brother is just sentimental because our childhood friend, Chelsea, was a vampire.”

Alpha Xavier clenches his fist. “Don’t make me regret allowing you to come and see Daisy,” he growls, but Yato doesn’t flinch at his tone.

“Or what? You will beat me in front of Daisy?” Yato shakes his head in disbelief. “You need a freaking chill pill, and please stop feeding nonsense into Daisy’s brain Vampires are evil, and that’s it.”

“Chelsea wasn’t evil”

“She tried to attack you when she was hungry” Yato replies, crossing his arms over his chest. “You wouldn’t even fight back since you thought she could be reasoned with, and the only reason you survived is because I ended up plunging a stake into her heart. That doesn’t sound ‘not evil’ to me, Xavier.”

“You didn’t have to kill her!”

“And that’s the thanks I get for saving your life...”

“I did right in banishing you after our duel! With that mindset, you would have made a terrible Beta!”

“Or I could have been the best Beta you’ve ever had!” Yato retorts, his eyes blazing with defiance. “At least I can tell the difference between friend and foe!”

“Enough!” I shout, surprising both of them. Their heads turn towards me as silence fills the room. “You two fighting isn’t helping anyone.”

“Daisy is right.” Alpha Xavier murmurs. “I will leave the two of you alone to catch up.”

With a flicker of remorse in his eyes, he turns and strides out of the room, the door closing behind him. I let out a sigh, running a shaky hand through my hair. Yato watches him go, his brows furrowed in thought.

“Sorry about that. I shouldn’t have fought my brother in front of you. It’s just that our history with vampires is...complicated.”

I shake my head, “No apology necessary.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah...”

“Then why do you still look so upset?”

I sigh heavily, “I’ve lost so much to vampires. It’s hard for me to hear that there might be some good ones out there.”

Yato’s eyes soften as he pulls up a chair next to my bed. “I get it, he says quietly. “I really do. What they did to Lola was unforgivable.”

A moment of silence stretches between us before Yato finally breaks it. “But my brother is right too, Daisy.” He says reluctantly. “Not all vampires are bad... Chelsea wasn’t evil.

“But she attacked your brother,” I say, confused

“That’s where things get complicated, Yato replies. “She had been starving for days. You see, Chelsea was trying to fight what she had become, but even though she tried to resist eating from someone, her hunger got the best of her.”

“So you killed her?” I ask.

He nods, looking down at his hands, knotted together in his lap. “It was a mercy killing more than anything.” he admits, “I didn’t want our dear childhood friend to become a monster.”

“But she did, right?” I press, challenging his reasoning. His gaze meets mine, filled with a feeling of sorrow I have never before seen on his usually mischievous face.

“She did what?” he asks

“She did become a monster. She attacked Alpha Xavier!”

He hesitates before letting out a sigh, seeming older than his years. “Yes, Chelsea attacked him,” he admits, “But only because circumstances forced her into it. She was backed into a corner, starving and terrified. You see, when a vampire goes for too long without feeding, they lose themselves, and in most cases, they can’t come back.”

“It doesn’t excuse what she did,” I argue, and Yato shakes his head in agreement.

“No, it doesn’t” His voice is soft, almost regretful. “But it does make it understandable,”

“Understandable?” I echo incredulously.

Yato nods, his eyes dark with some unspoken sentiment. “Look at us, Daisy,” he says quietly. “We are werewolves. We are creatures of instinct, too, and when we are pushed to the edge... we also do things we later regret.”

His words dangle in the air between us like a lit fuse, ready to ignite an explosion of realization in my mind. But no matter his reasoning. I’m still convinced vampires are bad

“I still hate them,” I growl. “And if my past life taught me anything by showing me the vision of her old world, it’s that vampires can never be trusted.”

Yato gives me a weak smile. “Well, whatever you decide, I’m on your side.”

I stare at him. “On my side?”

“Mhm,” he reaches out a finger and pokes my nose. A blush spreads over my face, and Yato grins. “You’re the reincarceration of the werewolf queen, and I’m loyal to you. Always and forever.”