

Chapter 44

Daisy

“You’re still not forgiven.”

My words hang heavily in the air after I’ve spoken. Xavier looks confused, and I sit up in his bed in order not to be lulled into a false sense of security.

This hot Alpha might have taken my virginity and given me the best sex of my life; erotic and hot in a way I know no man ever will. But that doesn’t mean I will immediately fall into his arms and forgive him for everything he has put me through.

I’m too stubborn for that.

Xavier sighs and sits up himself. He still isn’t dressed, and I gulp when my eyes land on his abs. V-lines and that fantastic cock that pounded into me just seconds ago.

“I understand if you’re still mad at me, and I won’t demand you to forgive me for rejecting you.”

I lift my nose into the air. “Good.”

A ghost of a smile fleets over his lips at my stubbornness. He leans in closer, his grey eyes piercing into mine, making my heart pound against in my chest. His scent engulfs me, and I have to fight to stay control.

“Do you want to know why?” he asks, the deep timbre of his voice sending shivers down my spine.

I swallow thickly and try to damn hardest to sound strict.
“Why?”

“Because you deserve someone better than me.”

His words made me angry. I want him to fight for me, god damn it! Why isn't he trying his hardest to win me over? Sure, I still don't know how I feel about him being a hybrid, but that doesn't mean I don't want him to express his feelings for me. To prove he wants me as much as I want Him.

“I don't need you making decisions for me, Xavier.” My voice comes out far more composed than I feel, my anger helping me maintain a façade of control.

He breathes a laugh. “So, it's Xavier now? Not Alpha Xavier?”

“That's right,” I retort, crossing my arms over my chest. “No Titles are needed for the idiot who can't admit he wants me. And you know what? I don't want you either.”

He winces slightly, and for a moment, a pang of guilt hits me. But then I remember all the times he has rejected me, times he's made me feel like I was less than nothing. So, I harden my heart and push the guilt aside.

"You're also not as exciting anymore," I add. "I've seen you naked now, so the excitement is gone."

Those words are a total lie, and I know I've dug my own grave when Xavier widens his eyes. "You little!"

I laugh in pure panic when he grabs me and pulls me back into his strong arms. I try to fight him, but he is stronger than me.

I'm down on my back within seconds with my Alpha locking my arms above my head.

"Time to teach you a lesson," he mutters before effortlessly keeping me in place, kissing my neck with such possessive intensity that I gasp.

It's ridiculous and humiliating, but I'm already wet again.

His lips trace a hot, demanding path from my neck to my shoulder, his mouth eliciting a shiver of pleasure that brings forth involuntary whimpers from deep within me. I squirm beneath him, but it only seems to inspire him further.

“Wet already?” he murmurs, his voice low and gruff against my ear. “I thought I wasn’t exciting anymore?” He laughs a deep chuckle that is so sexy that it makes my heart hurt in the most beautiful way.

“Shut up,” I mutter.

“With pleasure.”

I’m not given time to figure out why he agrees so willingly to shit his mouth before he dips down and starts cleaning my pussy with his tongue. Its still wet and sticky from the sex we had, but Xavier seems to relish the taste.

His tongue dips and swirls, causing me to arch my back and moan his name. He smiles against me, all wicked and pleased with himself.

A growl that turns into a whimper leaves my lips. “You’re such a fucking bastard...” Yes, fuck him for making me feel hot and bothered within seconds. I hate him!

But somewhere deep down, I know I don’t. My body is a traitor; it doesn’t seem to care about my anger towards him. It wants him, responds to his slightest touch.

“A bastard, huh?” he hums in amusement, the vibration tingling against my sensitive skin. “I guess that I am,” he confirms, his tone both apologetic and triumphant.

His tongue teases me further, sliding with such tantalizing slowness that I dig my nails into his black hair, eliciting a low growl from him.

His hands slide up my sides, his fingertips dancing over my skin and making me shiver. He knows exactly where to touch me, how to make my body surrender to him. It's infuriating and marvelous at the same time.

"Let yourself feel it," he murmurs against my wet folds. "Don't fight it and come all over my mouth, Daisy."

His command is husky and filled with desire. I bite my lip, torn between my stubborn will to resist and the throbbing need all resolve that pulses through every inch of me. But as he buries his face deeper, his mouth working eagerly against me.

"Xavier," I moan softly, my voice breaking under the hot rush of pleasure.

His tongue brushes against my clit repeatedly, causing me to buck against him. His hands pin my hips down, not allowing me any escape from the relentless onslaught of sensations. I can feel my body spiraling out of control, bearing a peak that promises to shatter.

"Let go," he encourages, his voice muffled against me, sending vibrations to ripple through me. The command strikes deeply

within me, and I let out a sharp gasp as a wave of pleasure washes over me.

I come undone under his ministrations, my body shaking and trembling under the intensity of the climax that tears through me. He continues lapping at me until every last quiver has subsided; only does he lift his head to meet my gaze.

His eyes are dark with desire, and there's satisfaction written all over in his studpidly handsome face. It makes me want to slap and kiss him at the same time. His lips are wet and swollen, still glistening from my release.

I glare at him, both satisfied and mortified by how quickly he's managed to break down my walls. He raises an eyebrow at my silence, seemingly proud of his achievement.

"That doesn't mean anything." I say finally, trying to regain some semblance of dignity. "I just..." I trail off, not sure what exactly I can say to justify my reactions.

"You just what?" He asks, propping himself up on his elbow as he looks down at me.

"I just..." I start again, but the words die in my throat when I see the raw vulnerability in his gaze. I recognize it because it mirrors my own – an unspoken admission of feelings that neither of us is ready to confront.

“You just feel something for me,” he finishes for me, a soft smile tugging at the corners of his lips.

“I...” My protest is cut short when he leans down and captures my lips in a gentle kiss. One that speaks volumes about the depth of his emotions for me.

But no matter how fast my heart is pounding, no matter how badly I want this, I can’t give in.

I push at his chest and break from his lips, panting. “Xavier, stop we can’t do this.”

“No?” His beautiful green eyes search mine, and try to ignore the butterflies swarming my chest. It should be illegal to be so damn irresistible.

With every ounce of self-control I can possibly muster, I repeat myself, “No. we can’t do this. You’re about to marry my sister and this...this isn’t right.”

“Am I?” he questions. “Pretty sure I threatened to banish your mother. I could get rid of Isabella too. It’s not like I don’t know about her fucking my Beta.”

“Wait, hold on just a minute,” I say slowly, “You threatened to banish my mother from the pack? Why??”

He frowns. "What? The woman is pure evil. I refuse to believe that you are unaware of her actions and how she has been poisoning you for years in order to suppress your inner wolf. Not only that, but she also revealed that you're adopted," there is a pause when he notices I'm staring at him right now. "Wait, is this news to you?"

"Not the poisoning," I mumble, feeling a wave of nausea wash over me. "But the adoption...that's new."

Xavier falls silent, and I'm grateful for that.

My head is such a mess right now. Xavier still hasn't told me why he rejected me in the first place. He is also some sort of werewolf and vampire hybrid. Not to mention dying. And sure, Isabella is a bitch, that I always knew. But the adoption part?

Who the fuck am I?!