

Chapter 55

Daisy

I blink up at him through my remaining tears, wiping them away hastily with the back of my hand. Xavier's eyes are exploring mine, the normally vibrant green now darkened with concern.

It's in that moment I realize how much I need him. Need his support. Need his love. But I don't want to admit it. "I...I don't know," I mumble. "You rejected me, Xavier, and that still burns. It doesn't matter that you did it out of fear because you're a hybrid. That just proves that you don't believe in the mate bond."

He sighs above me before cupping my face in his warm, gentle hands. "The reason I picked your sister is because only another monster deserves to be with a monster. I'm not normal, Daisy. I crave blood, and sometimes I get these urges to kill, and...then I saw you on that plane, so happy and innocent-I didn't want to take that away from you by forcing you to be mated to someone like me."

"But that's just it, Xavier!" I retort, my eyes burning into his. "You don't get to decide what's best for me. You don't get to choose my path!" I shake off his hands and step back in a

defensive gesture. But I'm not done speaking my mind. "I was willing to love you even after I found out about your secret," I continue, struggling to keep the tremor from my voice. "I was willing to accept you for who you are because...because..." I trail off, my heart pounding in my chest at the truth I'm having trouble saying out loud.

"Because why?" Xavier prompts gently, a look of longing in his eyes.

"Because I love you," I whisper, feeling the weight lift from my shoulders as those three words hang heavy in the air between us.

For a moment, Xavier doesn't respond. He looks at me with a mixture of surprise and something else... relief? Either way, I continue talking. "But all we do is argue and walk back and forth in circles. And while challenging you is something that turns me on, I'm tired. So damn tired of everything. My family isn't my own. My mate is getting married to my sister—"

"I'm calling off the wedding."

I snort, not believing it for a second. "Men say a lot of things that they don't mean when confronted."

"Do you really think I'd lie about this?" Xavier gives me a pained look that rips through me. He steps forward, reaching out to touch me, but I pull away. "I don't know what to believe

anymore. Just go, please.” I motion vaguely towards the door at the end of the corridor.

For a moment, he doesn’t move, and I’m afraid that he’s actually going to leave. And yes, told him to go, but that isn’t what I want. I’m a woman, okay? I want him to fight for me. Show me that he will be here in the long run.

But with a resigned sigh, he turns on his heel and trudges towards the door. Before exiting, he turns back to look at me one last time. “I love you, Daisy.” His voice is barely audible, but it echoes in my heart. “And I promise, I will prove it.”

And with that, he’s gone, leaving me alone in the corridor, his confession of love etched into my soul. I sink down against the wall and draw my knees up to my chest. I wanted him to leave, didn’t I? So why is it taking all of my strength not to run after him like a lovesick fool?

Tears stream down my face as I fold into myself, the haunting echo of his declaration of love still echoing in my head. Suddenly, everything feels so cold, the previously comforting stone walls now feeling harsh against my back.

The corridor that once felt so empty is now hung with the heavy weight of our conversation. My breath hitches as I force myself to breathe in and out, but each inhale feels tainted by Xavier’s absence.

The mate bond is burning behind my chest, reminding me of what it wants. And I want the same thing. Part of me desires to chase after Xavier, to bring him back and fall into his arms once more. But another part, a stubborn part, that reminds me why our situation is so complex. He hurt me. He rejected me, chose my freaking sister over me. Yet he also confessed his love for me.... And I confessed mine for him.

The world spins around me as my mind struggles to process everything that happened. A single sob escapes from my lips before it turns into a torrent of tears. I bury my face in my arms. Why does it feel like the world has come to an end?

I don't know how long I sit there until pack member after pack member rushes past me to get inside the cafeteria. I hear one of them ask, "What's the commotion?" Another one answers. "Alpha Xavier wants all of us gathered to announce something important."

My heart skips a beat at the mention of his name. Struggling to my feet, I consider going inside to hear what Xavier has to say. Is he going to break off the wedding to my sister? It's no secret she is screwing around with his Beta, Kit, and since Isabella is a terrible person, I wouldn't mind seeing her entire world shatter into a billion pieces. But I doubt Alpha Xavier would break things off with her. Isabella always gets what she wants.

'Not always,' Sera says. 'You should go and hear him out.'

‘It’s probably war talk... ‘Could be, but isn’t that also important?’ With a sigh, I push myself off of the floor, wiping at my streaked cheeks with the back of my hand.

I can’t deny the burning curiosity in my heart. I enter the cafeteria and see Xavier standing on an elevated platform, usually reserved for parties or celebrations. The dim light filtering from the windows behind him highlights his tall figure. A camera is filming him, which means this is broadcast to the entire pack, even those who aren’t staying at the hotel.

“As you all may know, my brother and I have decided to combine our packs. This means that more werewolves might come to stay at the hotel. Some of them,” he gestures at Caleb. “Are here already.”

Caleb smiles, and I laugh at the females checking him out. If they knew he was a vampire and not a werewolf, they probably wouldn’t be giving Lola the stink-eye for having scored such a handsome mate.

“I will keep being the Alpha of the Bloodmoon pack, but I won’t lead alone. My brother, Yato, the wind werewolf, will become the second Alpha of our pack. In contrast, Daisy, the light werewolf, will become the third Alpha of our pack.”

Everyone goes silent, including myself. “Wh-what is he doing?” I ask Sera. Sera chuckles. ‘I don’t know, but I’m liking it. You were meant to be an Alpha, not an Omega.’

My heart flutters and I look at Xavier again, intently listening to the rest of his speech, “Daisy’s commands will be just as important as mine and Yato’s. We will no longer have any Gammas, but instead a council with leaders of each element that our pack members can approach for advice or problems. So far, it’s only us three. But our next mission is to find the water werewolf, the earth werewolf, and the psychic werewolf to create a pack strong enough to take on the vampires. The Beta position, however, will remain. Each Alpha is allowed to have their own Beta and will be given their own territory to govern.”

When Xavier takes a break. Yato steps forward. “My brother and I have come to an understanding that the old ways of rival packs and fighting with them will only serve to weaken us. The vampires are growing stronger with each passing day, and we can’t afford to fight with other packs. Instead, we will attempt to recruit them. But be warned, not all werewolves are on our side. Some are considering joining the vampires.”

A stunned silence fills the room, and I can feel the fear circulating inside. We can no longer trust our own kind. Mothers hug their children closer to their sides, the elders glance at one another with worried faces, and the younger ones look as if reality has slapped them awake from a deep sleep.

The magnitude of Xavier’s words settles into each heart present in the room. Xavier steps back, surveying the crowd with a stony face before looking back at me. His gaze holds so many unspoken emotions that I can’t interpret them.

“You may not trust us now,” Xavier speaks again, his voice cutting through the tense silence like a knife. “You may fear what we’re suggesting. But this is our only chance of survival, our only chance to preserve the legacy of our kind. We are wolves, not lambs for the slaughter.

His emerald eyes are grim with determination, and I feel a strange sense of pride swell inside me. Yes, he hurt me. Yes, he chose my sister over me, but right now, he is portraying everything an Alpha should be: strong, decisive, and ready to make sacrifices for his pack. Xavier continues talking. “I had intended to marry Isabella, who is a strong warrior wolf so that she could birth me a strong heir,” he admits, every word a hammer blow against my fragile heart. “However, in the past few weeks have taught me that there is more to leadership than political alliances and forced partnerships.”

My breath hitches. He can’t be...is he actually doing this? “As such,” Xavier continues, his voice steady, “I am calling off the engagement.” Gasps echo around the room. It feels like time has stopped, my heartbeat loud in my ears as I stare up at Xavier. “I will not force myself into a loveless marriage for the sake of power. Isabella is hereby free to be with her fated mate, my Beta, Kit.”