

Chapter 58

Daisy

There is not a single ounce of hesitation in my body when I say, “I will make him accept my blood by force if I have to.”

Yato chuckles. “I think that’s why the moon goddess made you guys mates-you’re both too stubborn for your own good. But I like that about you.”

My heart flutters a little. It’s no secret that Yato likes me. Sadly, the feeling isn’t mutual. I’m in love with his brother and don’t know what to say. Yato, however, doesn’t look hurt when he says, “I will leave my brother in your hands, Daisy. Good night.” And with that, he turns and walks away.

I watch his retreating back for a moment before turning towards Xavier’s room, my anger making my heart pound faster. Why didn’t Xavier tell me he needed more blood? It’s no secret that he needs it. He is just too stubborn to accept my help! I march up to his door, pounding on it. “Open up!”

I’m met with silence before Xavier croaks my name in a weak voice. “Daisy” he coughs. “I’m too tired to talk... Can you come back tomorrow?”

“Seriously?” I growl. “Open the damn door, Xavier. I know you need me in there.”

“No, I don’t,” he says, but it’s obviously a lie since even talking seems to exhaust him. “I look terrible, and I feel terrible too...”

“That’s because you’re unable to accept that you’re a hybrid with a need for blood. Now stop being a baby and open the goddamn door before I knock it down by force.”

A long silence stretches between us, and for a moment, I worry that Xavier has passed out. But then, with a sigh, he says, “And what if I don’t want you to see me like this, Daisy? What if what if I don’t want you to think less of me?”

“Xavier.” A heavy sigh leaves my lips. “This won’t make me think less of you at all. Now, will you please let me help you? I’m worried about you.”

‘I’m worried about him too,’ Sera whispers. ‘He is fighting his vampiric side, and that isn’t healthy A shadow of resolve hardens my voice, “Xavier, you have to understand that this isn’t about vanity or pride. This is about your survival. You can’t keep denying what you are.”

“But I don’t want to be this...this monster,” he whispers, his voice trembling with undisguised fear. “My vampire isn’t normal, Daisy. It feels like...it feels like I’m being ripped apart.

Both mentally and physically. Like I'm two different people stuck in the same body."

Since Xavier is the only hybrid I know of, I can't tell whether his experience is common, or not. All I know is that I can't leave him alone. Not when he is suffering. "Open the door, Xavier," I say softly. "Let me in." I mean those words in more ways than just one.

"Daisy" Xavier trails off, his voice thick with emotion. He takes a moment, and then I hear a sigh followed by the click of the lock turning. The door creaks open slowly, revealing an extremely pale and haggard Xavier leaning against the door frame for support.

There aren't any clothes on his body, just that strange anklet tied around his ankle. Everything else is gone, making it impossible not to see the cold sweat covering his body.

"Xavier..." I gasp in shock at his appearance.

"I told you, Daisy," he rasps, unable to meet my gaze. "Monster."

"No," I say firmly, moving forward to support him. "Not a monster, Xavier. You're just...different."

Even though he is taller than me, I manage to help him back towards his bed, propping him up against the pillows. His skin is

cold and clammy under my touch, and he winces at every movement. I sit down beside him.

“You need blood, Xavier,” I say gently while stroking his dark hair away from his green eyes. He shakes his head weakly but doesn’t voice his refusal this time. Maybe he knows it’s futile, he’s too weak to resist my help now. Slowly, I roll up my sleeve and extend my wrist to him.

His eyes flicker down to it, and he looks away quickly, shame etched across his face. “I’m so sorry-he whispers, tears welling in his eyes.

“You have nothing to be sorry for,” I tell him firmly. “This is why I’m here. To help you.” He still won’t look at me, so I begin undressing in front of him. It’s not the first time I’ve been naked in front of him-we have fucked each other-yet his eyes widen.

“Wh-what are you doing?”

“Getting undressed,” I tell him as I lie down and make myself comfortable against his muscular body. “This is more romantic, and no, I’m not leaving you. I’m staying the night, and you, my sick little Alpha, will be drinking from my neck tonight.”

His eyes narrow. “Little?” tiny wrinkles appear on his nose. He isn’t one bit amused. “Excuse me, but you’re the little one, not me.”

“No, I’m very big and strong, and I will be taking care of you tonight,” I tease him before bopping his nose with my finger. He squints at me like I’m crazy because even if our heads are aligned, my feet are somewhere by his knees. I chuckle at his sullen expression and run my fingers through his messy hair, untangling the strands knotted from restlessness. “Always so grumpy.”

“And you will always remain delusional,” Xavier responds, a faint hint of his usual smirk playing on his lips as he bends back to look at me. His voice, however, is weak – it’s heartbreaking to see him in such a state.

“You’re right,” I reply honestly, shifting closer to him. “I’m not bigger than you, but I am stronger right now. And you... you need me.”

He tries to push me away, but he’s much too weak. Instead, he drops his hand and looks up at the ceiling in defeat. “I can’t keep taking from you, Daisy,” he murmurs. “I can’t keep being this...dependent. It’s not right.”

“Xavier...” My voice is gentle as I cradle his cheek, forcing him to look back at me. “Who else would you depend on? Now drink from my neck.”

He stares at the exposed skin of my neck, his pupils dilating and filled with a hunger he is desperately trying to restrain. “I...” He falters, his gaze dropping again. “I don’t want to hurt you.”

“You won’t,” I reassure him. “Xavier, you need this to survive.” He is silent for a moment, then finally nods. His hand comes up to down my spine since I no longer have any clothes. “Ready?” he whispers. “Ready,” I confirm.

His hand rests on my waist, the chill of his skin sending shivers. With a deep breath, he leans in, pressing his lips against my neck in a soft kiss before nuzzling into the crook of it. It’s a tender moment, intimate before the pain comes.

His teeth are sharp as they break through my skin, and then his vampiric instincts take over. Despite the initial shock of it, I don’t flinch or pull away. The pain is bearable and fleeting. Soon, I’m drugged by whatever is in his teeth and smiling while the warm flow of life from my body enters his. His hand tightens around my waist as he drinks slowly and carefully like he is trying to savor every drop. Strangely enough, he seems more at peace than ever.

After what feels like an eternity, he pulls away, his tongue gently swiping over the punctures to clean them. When he is done, he looks at me with such deep gratitude that it makes my heart swell. “Thank you, Daisy,” he whispers, his voice less raspy now. He pulls me closer until we are hugging.

“Always...” I murmur back, the exhaustion creeping into my bones. “That was a lot of blood...” Closing my eyes, I nestle into his embrace, safe in the knowledge that he is feeling better. The night passes peacefully.

Every now and then, Xavier would awaken and glance down at me, concern etched on his face as he brushes a stray strand of hair from my face. But I sleep through it all, too drained to be conscious of anything else. Waking up the next morning, I find myself alone in bed. Panic fares briefly before I hear the sound of water running from somewhere inside the suite. He's showering. I realize and let out a breath I hadn't known I was holding.

Dragging myself up from the bed, I make my way to the bathroom and knock softly on the door. "Xavier?" I call out, my voice weak. My head swims, and I lean against the door for support. "Are you okay?"

The sound of water stops abruptly, replaced by Xavier's soft, concerned voice. "Daisy? You shouldn't be awake yet."

"I'm alright," I counter weakly. "Just wanted to make sure you were." My words are cut off by a fit of dizziness. I can barely register Xavier opening the door before everything goes black.

When I come to, I am lying back in bed, with Xavier's worried face hovering above me. His eyes have returned to their vibrant green, his skin no longer as pale as it was when we started our night. "Daisy," he breathes, relief washing over him. "You scared me."

"I just got a little... light-headed," I admit, blinking up at him. "Don't worry about it."

“Light-headed?” he repeats incredulously. He shakes his head adamantly. “No, Daisy. You lost too much blood last night.”

“I’m okay,” I insist softly, reaching out to touch his cheek reassuringly. “But you’re not,” he argues, still looking anxious.

“You needed it more than me,” I remind him gently. He doesn’t respond right away; he just stares down at me, his green eyes heavy with conflicting emotions. “If you’re going to keep feeding me, I need to learn how much is too much to take,” he finally says, his voice gossiping about his guilt. “I can’t...I won’t risk hurting you.”

“I’ve told you, you won’t hurt me,” I assure him, my hand stroking his cheek soothingly. He needs to shave. “We’ll figure this out together, won’t we?”

His eyes soften as he looks at me, and then he kisses me on the lips. My heart flutters, and when he pulls away, I’m already longing for our next kiss. “You’re too selfless, Daisy,” he murmurs, his thumb brushing against my lower lip. “It scares me how much I’ve come to rely on you.” The words hang heavy in the air between us.

We still haven’t talked about us since admitting our feelings to one another. I know he loves me; he knows I love him back. But am I ready to forgive him yet? “Xavier.” I run my hands over his handsome face. It should be illegal to be so pretty. “I...can you...” Fuck it. “Can you kiss me again?”

A ghost of a smile flits across his face. “Kiss you, huh?” I blush in response to his teasing tone. “Well, if you’re going to be an asshole about it, then I don’t need —”

He leans in before I can continue, capturing my mouth with his. The kiss is slow-meant to be comforting-and I melt into it, forgetting for a moment the fatigue coursing through my veins. “Mmm...” I hum appreciatively, pulling away for air after what seems like an eternity.

The corners of his lips tug upwards in response, and he strokes my hair back from my face gently. “You should rest now, Daisy,” he urges softly.

“With you?” I ask hopefully, wanting nothing more than to fall asleep in his arms. “If you insist,” he replies with a gentle tease in his voice. His arms wrap around me snugly as he helps me lay back and positions himself next to me, guarding me from the world outside our safe haven.

As sleep begins to claim me, I hear him whispering into my ear words of affection that melt my heart. “I love you...” His voice is as soft as velvet in the quiet room. Even though it’s obviously clear that I love him, I don’t say it back before giving in to sleep’s sweet embrace.