

Chapter 6

Daisy

I wake up to the phone ringing. It's not late; I just fell asleep on my dog bed and reached for my vibrating phone. "Hello?"

"Where the hell are you?!" my mother yells on the other end. "Since I heard you got here early, I thought you would at least have the audacity to help your sister carry her luggage up to her room!"

My jaw bunches. "Isabella is a werewolf. I'm sure she can-"

"No, she can't!" my mother interrupts in an upset tone.

"She can't?" I ask in disbelief.

"No," she repeats. "Isabella is really stressed out over the wedding, and what are you doing? Sleeping? You really are a lazy, good-for-nothing daughter, you know that, right? I expected you to be more helpful! Do you even realize how big this wedding is? Isabella is about to marry the most powerful and richest Alpha to have ever existed!"

My stomach churns hearing those words. Alpha Xavier might be the most powerful Alpha in history, but according to the moon goddess, he was supposed to be mine, not my sister's

“Either way, you should come to the bar on the roof. We are going to hold a toast for your sister, and you’re welcome to join us for dinner. Hopefully, you can at least do that much.”

My mother hangs up the phone before I can respond, and I stare at the empty wall. I guess I better get freshened up, huh?

With a sigh, I push myself off the dog bed and shuffle towards the bathroom. The reflection staring back at me is disheveled.

-rumpled clothes, tangled hair, and tired eyes that speak of the pain of having lost my mate.

Still, I don’t let that bother me and run a brush through my dark long hair before leaving the room. Every single elevator is occupied, so I run up the stairs. It’s a luxurious marble staircase with a red carpet that flows like a river of velvet down its center.

As I ascend, I spot Alpha Xavier talking on his phone with his back towards me. My heart immediately starts pounding. He towers over everyone else, his broad shoulders draped in some ridiculously expensive fabric that is probably woven from moon silk and dyed with dragon’s blood for all I know. His black hair is slicked back, revealing his sharp, aristocratic features that make him look sickly hot.

I freaking hate how good-looking he is.

With my nose raised in the air, I try to ignore him and focus on making it up the stairs. The crowd doesn’t part for me, but I make my way through.

Harris!

Some random stranger bumps into me as they greet their friend, his arm knocking me off balance. My heart seizes in my throat, and then I'm falling. I anticipate a hard impact on the floor. Instead, strong arms encircle me from behind just as I'm about to kiss the ground.

My breath hitches as I glance up and lock eyes with Alpha Xavier. His green eyes reveal a flicker of surprise before he pulls me up to my feet. The awkward silence hangs heavy between us, and a bitter taste fills my mouth.

Why did he have to be the one to save me?

Eventually, Alpha Xavier breaks the silence. "You ought to be more careful"

Even though I haven't recovered from the humiliation of having him make me orgasm from just his hand and then rejecting me for my sister, I lift my chin.

"Or maybe I planned to fall?" I challenge him with a pout and shrug, "I mean, you're a pretty hot guy-maybe I planned to be caught by your capable arms."

He doesn't laugh; I didn't expect him to. This guy is dry and humorless. Therefore, I smile, which causes him to look at me like I'm infected with the plague, and promptly drop his arms from around me.

“I’m not interested in your games,” he says, his voice cool and detached. “I suggest you find another way to amuse yourself.”

That stings more than I want it to. But I refuse to let Alpha Xavier know that. So I laugh, the sound hollow even to my own ears. “Who said I was playing a game?”

His green eyes narrow at me as if he’s trying to figure me out.

“Listen,” he says, his voice as cold and hard as the marble under our feet, “I have no time for your quips or flirtations. I am about to marry your sister. I would advise you to show some respect.”

“Respect?” I echo, feeling a fresh wave of anger bubble up within me. “Alpha Xavier, you rejected me as your mate. You told me I wasn’t worthy of you, and then you tossed me aside to marry my sister instead. And now you want me to respect you? That’s rich,”

He flinches at my words but quickly masks it with a neutral expression. “How dare you-

“No.” I cut him off, jabbing him in the chest with my finger. He doesn’t react, which irks me even more. “I won’t let you belittle me twice in the same day. So here’s what we are going to do: we will walk to the roof and enjoy dinner in silence. I assume you’re heading there, too.”

“I wasn’t, but it sounds like fun,” a cruel smirk spreads over his lips. “I still need to meet your sister.”

Despite the hurt within me, I manage to roll my eyes. “Of course you do...”

“What? I need to see if she is as beautiful as I’ve heard”

“Oh, she is,” I cross my arms over my chest. “She is gorgeous, perfect, and a strong warrior werewolf-the complete opposite of me. Your shallow ass is going to love her.”

“Shallow?”

“Yes, that’s what you are for not caring about a person’s soul.”

He snorts in amusement. “Are you telling me you’re an angel with a better personality than your sister?”

And now I’m cringing. “Well....I... I’m....” I struggle to find words. For all my sass, I hate bragging about myself, and I see Alpha Xavier realizing that. His eyes light up, and I just know he won’t let me live this down.

“You’re what?”

I cast my eyes on the nearest object, hoping he won’t see the color coating my cheeks. “Can we just go upstairs?”

He chuckles, and suddenly, he is near me, tipping up my chin with one of his long fingers. “When I’ve finally learned what makes Daisy Andersson tick? I don’t think so...”

“Ass.”

He allows a ghost of a smile before it fades. "I can't tell if you're stupid or brave for daring to speak that way to the most important werewolf on the planet."

I snort. "You think too highly of yourself."

"Am I?" he arches an unimpressed eyebrow. "Last time I checked, I was both the strongest and the richest Alpha on the planet. That makes me important."

"No, it has made you arrogant! And you know what? I think you're the most cowardly Alpha on the planet!" The words leave my mouth before I can stop them, but once Alpha Xavier gapes at me like a fish out of water, I know I've made a terrible mistake.

Telling an Alpha they are a coward is like telling a woman she is fat-I've basically dug my own grave. Even Alpha Xavier tilts his head and gives me this look that tells me he doesn't believe his ears. "Wait... Did you...did you just insult me to my face?"

At first, I consider the option of lying, but what is there to lose? He rejected me already so game on!

"I dill," I growl at him. "And guess what? I meant every word. You're a coward, and I've seen braver kittens than you. Oh, and your slicked-back hair? It makes you look like Jimmy Neutron."

Alpha Xavier studies me in silence, and I shiver. There are too many things going on behind those green eyes.

"Who is Jimmy Neutron?"

Instead of retreating. I snort. “You don’t know?”

He shakes his head, and I grin. “Well, it doesn’t matter. The point is that it looks like you have a big head.”

A group of werewolves walking up the stairs snorts at my words and I feel rather proud of my insult myself. Alpha Xavier is slack-jawed and shocked. His expression is priceless...until his disbelief changes to ice-cold, controlled anger that burns through his eyes.

And then, while looking scary as hell, he grits out. “Looks like you need to be taught another lesson.”