

## Chapter 64

### Daisy

The last few weeks have been exhausting. Yato and I have buried a lot of pack members, spoken to their families, and then decided to leave the island behind. We are on the mainland now and making ourselves at home in this huge mansion that Xavier owns. But it isn't just us living here. Lola and Caleb have their own bedroom, as do Kit and Isabella. Although my sister and I may not see eye to eye at all times, Kit is an important part of our pack. Ever since Yato's Beta passed away on the night of the vampire queen's attack. Kit has filled that role for him. He is Yato's loyal Beta now.

My mother lives in a small cottage in the woods that is part of the mansion's property. However, she refuses to live under the same roof as me. As for Lina, we have no idea what to do with her, so she remains locked up in the pack dungeons for the time being. And Sabrina? No one has heard of her. My guess is that she is staying with Christian Reeves.

"Why the hell are we attending college?" Lola asks me from my bed after a long day of pretending to be interested in our seminars. I brush my hair while talking. "I thought it would be

easier to make friends with the water werewolf if we pretended to be students, Christian texted me and said the water wolf was a young student at Cherry Hillian University. It's a guy and he isn't eighteen yet, but about to awaken." Lola places one leg over the other so it's hanging over her knee; she then skips it in agitation. "Going to frat parties and pretending to have fun just to get closer to this water werewolf is driving me insane. Why can't we just approach him directly and explain the situation? There is eternal darkness out there: everyone knows supernatural creatures exist now!"

"That's a good point," I don't turn away from the mirror but watch our reflections before continuing. "I just thought it would be fun to pretend to be students..."

"Well, I guess it isn't that bad," Lolas sighs, dragging her hand through her disheveled hair. "Fine. We will do this your way. Pretend to be college freshmen and attend annoying frat parties all while keeping an eye on this water werewolf kid. But make no mistake-it's going to be exhausting."

I chuckle at her dramatics, and I give my hair one last brush before setting the brush down on the vanity table. "I'm actually having fun," I say, turning to face her fully with a smile. "We are stuck with eternal nighttime, and I don't know. These few parties we have been to have taken my mind off everything. It's nice."

“I suppose that’s true...” Lola mutters. “But we still don’t know which guy is our special wolf.”

“We just have to wait until he turns eighteen. Christian said that’s when he will awaken to his powers. The guy doesn’t even know he is a werewolf yet. He has human parents, and apparently, he has been pushing down his instincts.” -Poor guy-

Our conversation is interrupted by a sharp knock at the door before Yato shouts, “Dinner is ready!” I glance at Lola, who has thrown herself back onto my bed, her arms spread out wide in an exaggerated display of exhaustion. “Finally. I’m fucking starving.” I giggle. “Yet you’re still lying there like the lazy piece of shit that you are.”

She laughs. “Yeah...” there is a pause. “I honestly don’t understand how you’re handling all of this so well. If I were you, I would be in tears.”

My heart clenches. “And why is that?”.

“Because your mate is no longer around, but he isn’t dead either Xavier is out there without any memories of you, and you can do nothing about it,” she says quietly, her eyes full of sympathy.

I stare at her for a moment, swallowing the lump in my throat. I’ve been avoiding thinking about Xavier, burying myself in the pack business, and the pursuit of this water werewolf, But the

mere mention of his name brings all the suppressed emotions rushing back.

“I’m just living day by day, Lola,” I say, forcing a small smile onto my face. “If I dwell on Xavier’s memory loss...” I let my voice trail off, not sure what to say. Lola doesn’t push further. She simply nods understandingly before getting up from the bed.

“Well then,” she says, changing the subject. “Let’s not keep everyone waiting for dinner.”

The next day, I head to the cemetery before my early seminar. It’s dark and creepy outside, but I don’t turn on my heel. An owl is keeping me company in the trees, and coming here is important. The pack members who died in the battle against the werewolf queen weigh heavy on my mind. Their graves aren’t here, but I always leave a candle on the central stone pillar in their memory—a tribute to their bravery and sacrifice. Olivia, Martin, Sean...their names echo in my mind as my fingers trace over the cold stone.

‘I admire you for learning their names.’ Sera says. ‘As their Alpha, it was the least I could do.’ A sudden wind catches my hair, whipping it across my face. Looking up, I see the tops of the oak trees at the edge of the cemetery, tossing violently. I shiver at the weather and hear Sera say, ‘This isn’t a natural storm. It was clear and purely dark only seconds ago. Someone did this.’

‘A vampire?’ I ask. I’ve never met one that can change the weather, but I’m not surprised by their powers anymore.

‘We should leave,’ Sera’s voice is concerned, mirroring the fear in my chest. ‘You’re strong. Daisy. But you’ve been overworking yourself with paperwork. We are rusty when it comes to combat.’

She isn’t wrong. If this is a vampire, it will be a struggle to bring myself to victory. I’m not in a good state of mind right now, and I remember how hard I had to push myself to put up a battle against Julian. He had been so strong.

‘Run,’ Sera urges. ‘We need to go now!’ I hear her loud and clear, yet I don’t make a move. I can feel the presence of someone so strong that running won’t make a difference; this vampire could easily catch up with me.

“I’m not afraid of you,” I call out in a stubborn voice as I look around in the dark. “Whatever you want, I’m ready for you.”

The winds stop blowing. Everything grows still, the leaves are entirely motionless in the trees. It’s unnerving. I can’t hear the cars or the owl from earlier, and the mist is so thick I can barely see my own shoes.

As I strain to see through the mist, a figure emerges. My eyes narrow as I focus on their approach. I summon a ball of light my palm, illuminating their beautiful face and dark hair. They are

wearing sneakers, jeans, a t-shirt, and a weathered leather jacket. There's an air of cockiness in the way he holds his chin as if he has seen it all, and it doesn't impress him much. It's Xavier. I haven't seen him in so long that my jaw drops.

"Afraid?" Xavier is smiling faintly, his red eyes amused as he takes me in.

My heart skips a bit. He is beautiful, maybe even more, now that his vampiric genes have airbrushed over his skin and removed every single imperfection. Sculpted cheekbones and clean, fine features. But there is something unfamiliar in his smile. There isn't a trace of affection; it's as if he is looking at a stranger and not at an old lover. Xavier walks closer, his red eyes fixed on my face.

"A woman shouldn't be out walking by herself, especially not as the important light Alpha," he says, his voice low and intimate as if he is flirting. "It's not safe."

Even though he is trying to scare me, it doesn't work. I feel my own smile rising to meet his challenging one. "I'm not afraid of the vampires attacking me."

"No?" He doesn't sound surprised.

"There isn't much that frightens me."

Instead of answering, he lifts a hand to brush my dark hair away from my face, idly tracing his thumb over my skin as if searching for something. It makes the warning bells inside my head ring in alarm. He is far too close, and I know I wouldn't win in a fight.

No. I can't think that way. This is Xavier. Even if he doesn't remember who I am, I'm his mate. Only he doesn't remember me. Not yet. This Xavier is dangerous and looking at me as if his next prey.

Despite everything. I take a step back and let his hand fall. Xavier's eyes narrow, and his smile grows. The satisfaction on his face makes me pull out my chest and lock my feet in place. I won't flinch away from him-not when it's obvious that scaring me is exactly what he wants.

"The vampire queen wants you dead," Xavier continues, closing the distance between us. "So, it isn't very wise not to have your Beta by your side at all times." He takes yet another step closer, looking down at me from such a close vantage point that I can feel his hot breath on my skin. My chest aches. If I reached out, we would be touching, but Xavier doesn't remember me. This isn't him. So why is my heart begging me to touch him? To kiss him and bring him home with me despite the cruel set to his mouth and the ill-natured gleam in his eyes. He is dangerous, even to me. Why do I keep forgetting that? But...he hasn't hurt me. He has had every opportunity to end my life, yet he hasn't made his move. Is he toying with me like a cat would with a mouse? I let my shoulders drop.

“The vampire queen doesn’t scare me. Xavier.”

A chuckle leaves his lips. “She could end you in a single blow.”

“I know, but you wouldn’t let her.” He frowns and takes a step back, stupefaction written all over his handsome face. Then his mouth opens as if to speak, but we are interrupted by Caleb’s voice.

“Daisy?!” Startled, I turn around and see Caleb walking through the mist with Lola by his side.

“Are you okay?” she asks before squinting at the disappearing mist. “Strange weather...” Why aren’t they mentioning Xavier? I turn around, but he is gone. The mist is disappearing, and there aren’t even any footprints. It’s as if he was never here in the first place.