

Chapter 68

Daisy

I'm exhausted. Lola and I have finally found the water werewolf or that's what we think. We suspect the water werewolf is a guy named Logan. He is on the swim team-fitting for the water wolf. There have also been strange incidents with him lately.

Yesterday, he was chased by a rain cloud, and the entire swim team is convinced he can breathe underwater. Lola and I are planning on going to a frat party this weekend to talk with him. With the eternal night outside, he shouldn't freak out too much when we tell him he is a werewolf, just like us. But tonight, I have a date with Matt. It feels wrong and exciting at the same time. Wrong because I'm still madly in love with Xavier, but right because Matt is my second-chance mate. Although I have no idea how that is possible since I haven't rejected Xavier yet...

At seven, I open the front door and jump back when I find a pair of brown eyes meeting mine. It's Matt. My mouth drops. open in shock. 'It's as if your thoughts summoned him,' Sera comments, sounding just as frightened as me.' 'Y-yeah.'

The corners of Matt's lips curl up at my surprise. "Good evening, Daisy," he says calmly, his voice slow and seductive. In

one hand, he casually holds a bouquet of pink roses. “These match your eyes.” He falls silent for a while and then asks, “Wait, don’t tell me that frightened expression is because of me? A mere human?” his smile is mocking

“N-not at all, and thank you, I say, taking the flowers from his hands and smelling them. They’re beautiful.” I somehow manage to say the words, my heart pounding in my chest, although not from fear.

“Shall we go?” Matt’s charming smile continues to hold a gentle mockery.

“Yes, yes, let’s,” I nod quickly and step out of the house, looking back briefly to see Lola giving me two thumbs up in the window. At first, I smile, but then she starts making a humping motion, and I quickly turn away, the color draining from my face. Matt seems to take this as a sign of nerves and places a comforting hand on my shoulder.

“Are you sure you’re okay?”

“Yes, yes,” I assure him, my mind racing at Lola’s implications. Is that what she thinks this is? A one- night stand? Or is it just her weird way of cheering me on? I shake off the thoughts, focusing on the man next to me. Matt, despite being a human, has a certain aura about him that demands respect, even submission.

“You can leave the flowers in the limousine,” he offers me his hand. “Just don’t speak to the driver. He is mute.”

I nod and take his hand, which is surprisingly cold and strong. His grip is firm, steadying my shaky legs as he guides me to the sleek black limousine parked at the curb. The inside of the car is enveloped in an intimacy of dim lights, soft leather seats, and quiet. Carefully tucking my green dress beneath me, I take a seat opposite him in the spacious vehicle. He lets go of my hand, a sense of loss briefly crossing over me before he picks up a glass of champagne from the small table between us. He speaks while pouring it. “You are uncomfortable,” his words aren’t a question but a statement. “I apologize if I have overstepped in any way,” he continues.

“N-no, you haven’t,” I stutter out, taken aback by his unexpected courtesy. I accept the glass he hands to me with shaking fingers. “I’m just... It’s been a long time since I dated anyone,” I confess, feeling the heat rise in my cheeks. “And honestly, I never thought I’d be going out with someone like you.”

He raises an eyebrow, a hint of amusement dancing in the brown of his eyes. “Someone like me? And what is that supposed to mean?”

I cringe internally at my words, “Sorry, that came out wrong...”

His lips twitch. "If it's any comfort, it's been a couple of hundred years since I last dated someone, too."

My eyes widen. "A couple of hundred years?!"

"Err.....I mean...days...yes! A couple of hundred days," he quickly corrects himself. His eyes waver for a moment, clearly surprised by his own slip of the tongue.

I giggle at his awkwardness. "You're a weirdo."

"Perhaps," he admits, shifting in his seat. He takes a swig from his glass, the amber liquid swirling within it. "I'm just glad I made you laugh."

I blush at his words, and that's highly unlike me. Since when am I shy instead of sassy and bold? But as I notice him watching me through half-lidded eyes, the corners of his mouth curling up in a soft smile, I understand. This is different. This feels...different. "Where are you taking me?" I ask.

His smile doesn't falter. "To a nice restaurant."

We arrive at a restaurant so posh it seems to shimmer under the city lights. The food is excellent, but I notice that Matt seems to be struggling to eat. I don't mention it, though, and instead ask him questions about surfing. To my surprise, he would rather hear about me so I tell him about my troublesome youth, about how I was my family's slave and the pack's Omega.

He listens intently to every word I say and even reaches out to squeeze my hand when I tell him that it feels like I no longer have a family. That they don't love me.

"You're wrong," he murmurs. "Isabella might be a terrible person, but she will come around and apologize."

"Do you really think so?" I ask.

A telltale smirk spreads over his lips. "If not, I can beat her up for you until she does."

I laugh at that, knowing a human could never take on my sister, but I'm still amused. Matt is a very passionate and bold person. I like it. After dinner, I'm sleepy but already looking forward to seeing Matt again. To be honest, I really don't want to part ways with him. Sex is out of the question, but cuddling and watching a movie sounds nice. When the car stops, I hesitantly look up at him.

"Matt," I begin, biting my lower lip nervously. "Would you like to come in? To watch a movie, I mean."

He looks startled for a moment, then his features soften. "I'd love to, but it's getting late."

"Oh..." I must sound incredibly crestfallen, for he quickly says, "But if you have a shower I can borrow, I could stay and watch something with you." His suggestion catches me off guard, and

for a moment, I'm speechless. But then a genuine smile creases my face. "I think that can be arranged."

We walk out of the limousine, but Matt pauses by the door. I arch an eyebrow at him. "Umm...you can come in."

"You sure?"

"Yes, you're more than welcomed inside."

"Thank you." He steps inside the mansion, and I lead him to my large room upstairs. There is a bathroom he can borrow, and he immediately disappears into it, leaving me alone in my bedroom. While he's gone, I tidy up the room and find a fluffy bath towel for him. It's then I realize there are no towels inside the bathroom.

Sera snickers. 'Did you plan that, or did you actually forget? Because this is the perfect opportunity to see him shirtless.' I roll my eyes at her antics, but I can't help the small flutter of excitement that dances in my stomach. 'Behave, Sera.' I murmured inwardly to my inner wolf, grabbing the towel and heading towards the bathroom.

As I approach, I can hear the water running. Taking a deep breath, I knock on the door. "Matt," I call out. "I've got a towel for you." When I don't hear an answer, I slowly turn the doorknob and push open the door a crack, peeking inside. "Matt?" The bathroom is filled with steam and through the

haze, I see something that knocks my winds out. It isn't Matt with his tanned skin and blonde hair standing under the jets-it's Xavier. Wide-eyed, I watch him from a distance, my gaze drawn to the cascading water that flows down his muscular form. His hair, dark as midnight, clings wetly to his chiseled face. I really shouldn't be looking. I should seek help, but I can't make myself move. His eyes are closed as he tilts his head back, allowing the water to wash over him. The rivulets trace their way down, following the curves of his muscular shoulders and broad chest. Each droplet seems to know its course, mapping out his eight-pack. Holy shit.... I'm spellbound by his beauty until I realize this bastard manipulated me into believing he was a fucking human surfer dude!

"Y-you!" I'm seething, clenching my fists with fire burning in my soul. Xavier turns around, a smug grin playing on his lips when he sees me glaring daggers at him.

"Hello, Love." He steps out from under the shower, droplets of water glistening on his perfectly chiseled body, making him look more like a Greek god than a man. "Surprised to see me?"

Seeing him towering over me so nonchalantly sparks something inside me. An anger so deep it makes my body tremble. I throw the towel at him with such force that it whips across the room and lands with a thud against the bathroom wall.

"You lied to me!" I accuse, my voice trembling with fury. "You pretended to be someone else!"

“Yeah, well, would you have invited me inside your mansion if you knew who I was?”

My eyes widen. Was this all part of Xavier’s plan? Get under my skin to get inside the mansion? It all makes sense now. If the vampire queen is strong enough to defeat my entire pack, then how powerful isn’t Xavier? He must be a beast! Sudden fear, not for me but for my pack, grips me as I study the beautiful vampire.

“Wh-what do you want from me?”

“A lot, actually,” he says calmly, stepping forward until I’m halfway through the door. His lips curl by the corners when he notices I’m trembling. “Afraid?”