

Chapter 77

Daisy

Instead of laughing at his humor, I grab his face and stare into his shocked, blinking eyes.

“Daisy?” he asks, beyond confused when tears form in my eyes.

“So, you remember everything?” I ask. “What about the other Xavier? Do you have your past life’s memories too?”

“Yes, and yes,” his smile is devilish. “I remember Serena and the magical realm, but I also remember you and the hell you’ve put me through.”

“H-hell?” I sob, which causes Xavier’s face to soften.

“Oh shit, you’ve been through a lot. I won’t tease you,” he hugs my face to his chest with his wings and arms still wrapped around me to form a cocoon.

I sniff experimentally. “I was afraid merging would make you forget everything for a third time...”

“Never,” his growl is gentle, rumbling through his chest and causing vibrations to resonate through me. “It was exhausting not to remember you...well, a part of me did, but my vampire self wasn’t listening...I was an idiot...gosh... it’s so confusing when we are the same person now.”

A soft laugh leaves my lips. “You’re not going to have an identity crisis, are you?”

“Shut up and let me love you...” He cuts me off with a sudden, gentle kiss that wipes away my worries. I can feel his hand tracing the length of my back as if memorizing every crevice and dip of my skin. His lips move down from mine to my neck, nuzzling the crook of it, causing a jolt of desire to rush through me.

“Yes,” I murmur against his skin as his sharp fangs graze my neck, triggering another wave of pleasure that makes me arch against him. His quiet chuckle sends shivers down my spine.

“I thought you might like that,” he says, his voice deep and rumbling as he continues to explore my neck with his mouth. But then he pauses to ask, “Can I mark you?”

“Yes,” I don’t have to think twice about it. “But only if I can mark you, too.” His laughter rumbles against my skin. “That’s a deal,” he agrees, his breath hitting my neck and causing goosebumps to dance over my skin. It makes me relax. I’m not even bothered by his demonic appearance and lean back to

grant him access to my neck. With a low growl, Xavier gently bites into my skin. The sharp sting is quickly followed by warmth flooding my veins. I gasp out in pleasure as the mark forms, gripping him for support. His body atop mine feels heavy and comforting, his rhythmic breathing grounding me to the here and now. After what feels like an eternity, he pulls back, wiping drops of blood from his lower lip with the back of his hand. He looks at me with an expression of intense satisfaction and traces the mark he made on my neck.

“My Turn?” I ask, looking up at him. He grins before rolling onto his back, his wings retracting into his back while his face remains the same. There are still veins underneath his eyes, but I’m not afraid. I straddle him and bend down to bite his neck. He stiffens beneath me, a low growl reverberating in his chest as he grips my hips. The growl is more of pleasure than discomfort, and it sends a spark of eagerness through me. I can taste the metallic tang of his blood on my lips, and it fills me with an inexplicable warmth. Our bond will soon no longer be broken.

I pull back, licking my lips. He watches me with darkened eyes and a satisfied smirk playing on his lips. “That felt.” He trails off, not able to find the words as the mate bond hits him. I’ve always been able to feel mine since I never rejected him, but this is the first time since the flight he is able to feel it again. His odd-colored eyes dilate, and he takes a deep, shuddering breath. “Incredible?” I suggest with a mischievous glint in my eyes.

“Yes,” he whispers, clearly awed. “I...I can feel you. In here. He places a hand over his heart, and I mirror the action. The connection between us feels so strong that it’s almost as if I can reach out and touch it.

“We’re bound, Xavier,” I say, not able to contain the joy in my voice. “Truly bound. Nothing can break the bond now. You’re finally my Alpha.”

He growls and pulls me in for a hug, muttering, “I was always your Alpha,”

“But now it’s complete, right?” I ask, nestling further into his embrace. His chest rumbles with a chuckle as he tightens his arms around me.

“I suppose it is,” he concedes, but there’s a note of happiness in his voice. He tilts my chin up to look at him, his mismatched eyes sparkling with joy. “I’m sorry for everything that happened before.”

I shake my head and press a finger against his lips to silence him. “We don’t need to dwell on the past anymore, Xavier. We can just...live.”

He exhales a deep breath, his eyes softening even more as he cuddles with me. “I know we need to figure out a way to get rid of my father, but for now, I just want to enjoy holding you,” he

murmurs. “Tomorrow, we can find this water werewolf Together.”

Together. My heart swells hearing that word. Finally, I’m no longer alone. It’s such a relief because even if Yato, Caleb, and Lola are capable thinkers, Xavier is just...different. He feels smarter and more responsible. With his help. I’m sure we can find a solution to our Lucian problem.

I snuggle closer to my tribrid lover, and once Xavier notices me shuddering, he wraps his leather-clad wings around me once more while his tail reaches for the blanket. With only a flick of his tail, the blanket rises and soon covers us, creating a cocoon of warmth.

I can’t help but giggle as he wraps his wings around me further, forming a protective barrier against the world. His chest vibrates with mirth against my cheek, and my heart flutters at the intimate gesture. “I like the new purring sound you make,” I mumble.

His voice is a low rumble when he speaks. “You like that?” he asks, sounding genuinely amused.

I nod silently, pressing myself deeper into his embrace. “I think it’s sweet,” I confess, closing my eyes to enjoy my nest. The gentle rhythm of his breathing lulls me into a comforting and peaceful slumber.

In the morning, the room is still dark thanks to the eternal darkness, but I notice...changes. Xavier is still holding me, but there are pillows around the bed, and a blanket is hanging from the ceiling to form a tent. I blink in surprise. "Umm...Xavier?"

"Mmm."

"What is all of this?" He is silent for a while, and I almost think he won't answer before he grumpily replies,

"Demons and werewolves have nesting habits, okay?"

I laugh softly at his grumbled confession, my heart aching with affection. "I think it's adorable," I assure him. His rumble of disapproval sends vibrations through me but he doesn't loosen his hold. If anything, he draws me closer into his warm chest, his wings shifting a little.

"You're enjoying this too much." he complains lightly. I giggle, nestling deeper into him and the makeshift nest around us.

"Maybe I am, but can you blame me? You're so..." I trail off, not finding the right word.

"Alpha-like?" He suggests in a hopeful tone.

"No," I respond with a chuckle, "But this is all very sweet! The baby and I feel safe." Xavier purrs in response to that, and seconds later, I feel his hand over the pregnant swell of my

belly. This sweet, sweet man. His touch is as gentle as a whisper, full of awe and love. Before I can say anything, he's murmuring in a low voice that is soothing. "That's my pup in there. Our pup."

I stay quiet, watching him talk to our baby with such affection that tears prickle at the corners of my eyes. He looks up at me then, his mismatched eyes soft and vulnerable.

"Is it too early to start thinking about names?"

I shake my head, reaching out to stroke his cheek. "It's never too early."

He flashes me a grin that's designed to make any woman fall head-over-heels in love with him before he leans in to press gentle kiss on my forehead. "Good, because I've got a few choices already..."

Bemused, I tilt my head and look at him. "Already? You've had like five minutes to think about it."

"And that's all the time I need," he says.

His confidence makes me laugh, the sound bubbling up from my chest and filling the cozy tent he has built. He grins, too, at my response, fingers tracing gentle patterns on my belly as he continues to shower our unborn child with affection.

“Well then, oh wise one, do share these names you’ve thought of.” I tease him, tugging lightly at his black hair, which is disheveled due to our snuggling.

His tail reaches for the bedside table, picking up a small, crumpled piece of paper. Handing it to me, he says with an air of mock seriousness, “I present to you the list of potential names for our offspring. Treat it with the respect it deserves.”

Taking the crumpled paper from him, I carefully unfold it. The paper is old and worn from being folded and unfolded numerous times, a testament to how long he has carried it. I feel a pang of warmth in my heart as I realize that he has been thinking about this for longer than just five minutes. But...once I see the list, I understand that isn’t true. Clearing my throat, I begin to read out loud, “Xavier Jr... Xavier ...” My eyebrows raise at the names and when I look at him, he’s watching me with an amused grin. “You want to name our child after you?”

“Yes, and don’t forget Xavier IV for the second one.” He retorts, his eyes mischievously twinkling.

“I see you’ve got it all planned out.” I say, rolling my eyes playfully. “I think we should also consider some other names. Real names.”

Xavier feigns a look of shock. “What! You mean you aren’t completely won over by the charm and grandeur of “Xavier Jr? Unbelievable!”

I giggle at his melodramatic response and hug him. “How about we think about a name together?” I ask while stroking him underneath his chin. His wings flutter slightly at my touch.

“Together, hmm?” he murmurs. His eyes are closed, his smile soft and tender. “I suppose I could stand to share that honor with you.”

I chuckle softly, about to kiss his chest, when there is a loud knock on our door. My breathing stops and Xavier glares at the door with fiery eyes. “You better have a good reason to disturb us,” he growls, his wings wrapping tighter around me as if to keep me safe from whoever interrupted us. There’s a pause, followed by a timid voice from outside our room and nest.

“Xavier?” It’s Christian. “I... I didn’t think you would wake up after the merge...”

“Well, maybe you don’t know everything.” Xavier mutters before a sigh leaves his lips. He doesn’t look one bit interested in leaving the room, but I know we have to.

“Give us five minutes, and we will meet you in the kitchen,” I call out, smoothing my hand over Xavier’s chest in a soothing manner.

His growl subsides, and he pulls back from me slightly, looking into my eyes with an oddly vulnerable expression.

“Do we have to go?” he asks, his wings drooping slightly at the prospect

“Sadly, yes.” Even if I don’t want to....