

Chapter 80

Daisy

After throwing the water werewolf, Logan, into the trunk of Xavier's black SUV, we start driving back home. I make sure to play creepy music to frighten Logan further, laughing when I hear him crying. "You're a bit of a sadist, aren't you?" Xavier asks from behind the wheel.

"A bit," I say with a twisted smile. I change the song on Spotify to something even more gruesome. Xavier watches me, so I curiously peer up at him. "Is that a problem?"

"N-no, not at all," he gulps. "Just remind me to never get on your bad side. I don't even want to know what else you're capable of throwing the poor dude in the trunk," he chuckles nervously while I grin like the Cheshire Cat.

"Technically, you're the one who threw him in there."

"Because my future wife asked me to, and I know better than to go against her wishes." My lips curl in amusement as I watch

Xavier's profile from the passenger seat. He looks nervous. Maybe even a bit afraid of my twisted mind. "Is that so?"

"Mmm," he glances at me. "I ain't sleeping in the bathtub."

I doubt I could make Xavier sleep in the bathtub even if I tried. The dude weighs a ton, but I'm glad he fears me despite my teeny-tiny body that is growing bigger every day. My eyes land on my pouch. Right now, I don't look pregnant, but like a girl who enjoys eating too many doughnuts.

"I was going to suggest something," Xavier suddenly says while making a left turn. His eyes are sad, which guts me. I hate seeing him look miserable and place my hand over his that is resting on the middle consoler.

"What is it?" I hope to come off as caring. It's new for me since I'm not used to Xavier being so insecure. But I guess that's normal? We just found each other again, and this-us together-s new.

"I've never cared what other people think of me," Xavier starts. "Your opinion is the first that I care about and..." He sucks in a deep breath, obviously in pain. "If you think my demon form is ugly, you don't have to put up with it. I can change my appearance and look like anyone you want: a celebrity, a movie star-only your imagination is the limit."

I swear my jaw slacks to the floor. Is Xavier serious right now? His downcast eyes tell me he is, yet I'm having trouble believing the thing that just left his mouth. "Do you mean that?" I ask.

"Huh?" he asks me, confused. Then, somehow, he also looks insulted, as if he doesn't think I'm taking him seriously. "Why would I tell you something if I didn't mean it?"

"No...sorry... I'm just...that came out wrong," I squeeze his hand and take a deep breath. "Xavier, you're the most beautiful man that I've ever set my eyes on. And I'm sure I'm speaking for the whole female population when I tell you you're hot."

He frowns. "Maybe in my human form, but my tribrid form... it scary with wings, a tail, and veins running down my face."

"I think it's sexy. You're this big, dangerous beast that I've somehow managed to tame in bed. It's hot."

A spark of surprise lights in Xavier's mismatched eyes, then slowly transforms into a warm, almost bashful smile. "If I didn't know any better," he chuckles, "I'd believe the great sassy Daisy Andersson was trying to flatter me."

"I'm just stating the facts," I retort, raising an eyebrow as a playful challenge.

Xavier's vampiric smile widens, the corners crinkling in amusement. "That so?"

“Mmm, and I must say you’re looking quite edible right now. It should be illegal for you to drive shirtless.” I notice his grip on the wheel relaxes, any lingering tension seeping away from his shoulders.

“You like?” he asks.

“A lot.”

“Well, that is quite comforting to know....” He is smiling now, and I’m happy to see some of his old arrogance reflected in his eyes. “I will drive shirtless more often.”

“Well...” I playfully drawl. “That would be hot and all, but I can’t guarantee your safety.”

He lifts an eyebrow. “What do you mean?”

“That I’m pregnant, and my hormones will soon start driving me insane. And if you start walking around shirtless, s, I can’t promise that I won’t just rip off the rest of your clothes in a fit of hormonal rage.”

Xavier’s rich and deep laughter fills the car, causing a flush of satisfaction to sweep over me. “Well then, Miss Andersson, it seems I have quite a lot of excitement to look forward to.” His eyes dart to my midsection, then back up to my face. He reaches over, his large hand settling on my stomach, fingers splayed in a gentle caress. “How’s our little demon doing?”

“Hungry,” I reply with a chuckle. “Just like his or her mother.”

“Hmm, we can take care of that,” Xavier says. His fingers graze the fabric of my shirt gently before he retracts his hand and – turns back to the road. “We can order food once we get back. How about that?”

“Sounds lovely.” We drive in silence, and I must have dozed off because the next time I open my eyes. I’m in Xavier’s arms. He is holding me like a princess, and we are inside the mansion.

“Hello there, sleepyhead,” he says. “Did you have a good nap?”

“Y-yeah... What happened to Logan?” I ask tiredly. “Tied to a chair,” he turns us around. I giggle when I see Logan and some other dude tied to chairs in the middle of the room. They look equally terrified.

“Do you have any idea what they are going to do to us?” the earth werewolf asks Logan.

“Haven’t they told you?” Logan’s face is pale, while the rest of his body is drenched in a cold sweat. “The people who have kidnapped us are cannibals!”

“Wh-what?!” The earth werewolf looks close to passing out, and Xavier has to carry me outside of the room so that I won’t die from a laughter attack. Once outside, I notice Caleb and Lola sitting on the floor. They seem to have been laughing, and Caleb

grins when he sees me. “I can’t believe you guys told the water werewolf that we are cannibals. Brilliant idea!” he cheers.

Lola giggles beside him. “I can’t walk in there. I’m having too much fun at their expense. I mean, listen to them!” She points a finger toward the room we just left, her laughter echoing through the grand hallway. I do as she suggested, holding my breath to hear their conversation through the wall.

“We need an escape plan!”

“Escape plan? Dude, don’t make me laugh. Do you really think we can escape? Didn’t you see the guy that carried me inside? I’m pretty sure he is a fucking demon!”

I lift my eyes to the ones belonging to Xavier. “They are talking about you, honey.”

He frowns. “I can tell, and I think I’ll leave them there for a bit longer. Serves them right for calling me a demon.”

I snort. “But you are a demon!”

Xavier just pouts. “They still deserve what is coming to them...”

“Can’t argue with that,” Caleb chirps, rising to his feet. Lola follows, dusting off her clothes.

“Hungry?” Xavier turns to me. His eyes soften as he tucks a stray hair behind my ear.

“Starving. I chirp.

“For what?” Lola asks. My lips spread to reveal a sinister smile.

“For Xavier’s shirtless driving.” Lola and Caleb burst into laughter while Xavier stares down at me with a reddening face.

“Daisy,” he growls, I grin up at him. “Yes, honey?”

“Remember when I said I had ruined your self-confidence?”

“Yeah!”

“I take it back. Please promise never to embarrass me like this in front of our friends again.”

I laugh at him. “Never. I will always embarrass you simply because it’s so much fun to see that blush creeping up on your face. It’s...endearing.”

Xavier’s glare does nothing to dampen my spirits. In fact, it adds more fuel to the fire. “Is that a challenge, Daisy Andersson?” he asks in an amused tone, looking every bit like the demon he is.

“I believe it is,” I reply with a grin, gazing up at him.

“Good,” he murmurs, “Because I know exactly how to make you squirm and blush in front of our friends.”

With that, he lifts me higher up his chest before leaning down to kiss me with his tongue. It’s intense. My pulse hammers against my neck as the heat of his lips seized mine. I couldn’t even kiss him back if I wanted to; he is the one in control. The one making me melt in his arms while exploring my mouth.

Fuck, did he have to do this in front of everyone? I blush when a shameless moan leaves my lips, and I can tell from the way he holds me, from the way he kisses me, that he’s holding back a laugh, his victory over my sudden shyness not lost on him. When we finally break apart, it’s his turn to wear a triumphant grin “Well? Have I proved my point?” he whispers into my ear, tickling my senses with his melodic voice and eliciting a shiver down my spine. I draw back and look into his laughing eyes.

“You just wait.” I warn him playfully, pouting up at him.
“Revenge is sweet.”

“I’m sure it is,” he murmurs “And I can’t wait for you to punish me. Make it hurt.”

Is that a challenge? And wait, why am I suddenly horny? This fucking man is going to be the death of me.