

Chapter 83

Daisy

When I wake up, Xavier is no longer holding me. It sends my mind spiraling straight back into the horrible time I had to spend without him. Back when he didn't have any memories of me. Panic swells up in my chest, and I frantically look around with a pounding heart.

"Xavier?" I ask.

"In the bathroom," he replies, much to my shock-I thought he was gone forever.

I'm so messed up from our time spent apart that the panic came back like a letter in the mail. A second ago, I was in such a blind panic that I didn't even use my senses to smell my mate. Now, it's painfully obvious that he is in the bathroom.

I sit up in our bed. "What are you doing in there?"

“Well... I’m not trying to guilt-trip you or anything, but your light powers did a number on me. My muscles are aching, and I thought soaking in the tub might help me, but...”

“But what?”

A pained, embarrassed laugh leaves his lips. “I think I need your help getting in, Love. I’m in such terrible pain that simply walking is a huge task. I feel like an old man...”

“Okay,” I say softly as I get up to help him. “Have you taken anything for the pain?”

“Caleb gave me some meds while you were sleeping,” he mutters, his voice slightly sullen as if he doesn’t want to admit he needed pain medication. “I’ve taken all I can. Trust me, taking more wouldn’t be safe.”

Without saying anything else, I walk into the bathroom. Xavier is standing there with a blush on his face and a sharp look in his eyes. It’s clear that he isn’t happy about having to ask my help for something as simple as getting in the bathtub. His whole face speaks of his discomfort.

Yet, despite this, he chose to let me in. He turns his head to peer down at me, and even though he is 6’5 to my 5’0, he looks adorable. My heart swells as I carefully place my hand on his back to help him.

“I will help you get in the tub,” I tell him.

“Are you sure you can handle it?” he asks.

“Yes. I needed a rest after getting rid of the eternal night, but I’m fine now. And don’t you dare underestimate me just because I’m pregnant and short! I’m still a werewolf and an Alpha-this is nothing.”

He gives me a forced smile. “Alright. I’m in your hands, Alpha Daisy.”

I blush slightly at his words but don’t let them distract me from my vision. We get closer to the bathtub that is already filled with water, and then the tough job starts: getting him in without harming him or deciding to carry him back to our bed to fuck the hell out of his cock.

A low chuckle rumbles above me. “I like that idea.”

My face burns. “Don’t read my mind.”

“Sorry it happens sometimes without me even trying. I can’t really control my powers.”

“It’s no problem. I’m not mad at you, just a bit flustered that you know everything that’s going through my head right now.”

“Ah,” he chuckles again. “But it’s nothing to be embarrassed about. You’re my mate, and I also don’t mind if you touch me.”

“That’s good to know,” I mutter. I’m not mad, but Xavier’s words are making it hard to focus.

It’s a challenge to get him in the bathtub, too. His warm, hard side presses against mine as I help him lift one leg into the steaming, hot water. It also doesn’t help that when I stumble to grip his waist, I get a handful of what must be the best bubble man-butt I’ve ever touched. My heart races, and I swear my cunt tingles at the contact. And this man calls my body a temple...

With a flaming hot face, I withdraw my hand as soon as he is sitting in the bathtub. But he knows exactly what I was doing a second before and grins up at me.

“Cupping feels of your mate, are we?”

“Shut up, Xavier.”

He seems to enjoy watching the red color coating my face and smiles up at me before suddenly grimacing. Panic flares within me.

“What is it? Why did you pull that face?”

“It’s just painful,” he releases a sigh. “Nothing you can do for my pain, I’m afraid, but...there is something that would make it more manageable.”

“And what is that?”

He glances at the box of bath bombs placed on a chair further away with an almost wistful look. “Those...”

I lift an eyebrow. He wants bubbles? Gosh, that’s so adorable. He might be a grown man, but I don’t care. I fetch the bath bombs and let him pick one. His finger points at a lavender one, and I drop it in.

“Is that it? Or is there anything else I can do for you?” I’m not teasing him; I’m genuinely wondering.

Xavier, however, has this evil look in his eye, and I just know the next thing that comes out of his mouth won’t be innocent. “It would feel even better if you joined me,” his red and green eyes gaze into mine. “You could...sit between my legs and let me massage your shoulders. Wouldn’t big mama werewolf want that?”

I laugh before a grin curls my lips. “Is it weird that I like that new nickname?”

“Not at all,” he says, eyeing me from head to toe. His gaze then goes back up to rest on my stomach, which has gotten much larger in just a day, and I blush, a bit self-conscious about it.

“Being pregnant is beautiful and all, but it’s becoming more clear that I’m carrying a tribrid baby. I’m gaining weight faster than ever.”

“You are bigger. I think you’re going to be pregnant for six months or so, but don’t worry. You’re absolutely gorgeous, Daisy. Stunning.”

I blush at his words and decide to get in the bathtub. My t-shirt is lost on the floor, and so are my panties. Xavier seems to approve; he watches me like a predator.

I giggle when I notice him shifting in his seat, “Is someone excited to see me naked?”

A growl leaves his lips. “Stop teasing me, woman, and get in the bathtub before I fetch you myself.”

Another giggle escapes my lips, though I won’t tease him for much longer. I move to climb in, but before I can do that, his long, demonic tail curls around my waist. Then, he carefully lifts me over the edge. The strength of his tail surprises me, but I’m not complaining once I’m sitting in front of him, soaked by the water and the bubbles.

“You can lean against me.” he says from behind.

“But aren’t you hurt?”

“Not hurt enough not to hold the woman I love,” he mutters.

His grumpiness amuses me, and I let out a gentle sigh, leaning back into his firm yet comforting embrace. His arms wrap around me as if they were specifically designed for that purpose. It feels wonderful, especially when Xavier’s large hands stroke down my stomach. At first, it’s all innocent, but then he starts teasing my clit, and I bite back a moan. My pregnancy hormones are already acting up, making me super horny from just his simple freaking touch.

I trail my fingers along the rim of the bathtub, my mind spinning in circles as Xavier’s caresses send waves of pleasure coursing through me. His touch is like a spark to dry tinder; it takes everything within me not to succumb.

“I can feel your heart pounding.” he murmurs against my neck, his breath hot against my skin.

“Well...someone is making it hard to sit still.”

“That’s because you’re fighting the pleasure. Just relax and let me take care of you.” He nuzzles into the crook of my neck. and I feel his teeth graze lightly against the sensitive flesh. A gasp leaves my lips.

“You’re enjoying this too much.” I accuse him, squirming under his touch. The bubbles froth all around us, tickling my skin as I try to escape from his big hand.

“And why shouldn’t I?” he retorts playfully, his fingers continuing their delicate ministrations. “I get to make love to the most beautiful woman in the world.”

Despite the intensity of our situation, I can’t help but snort at his choice of words. “Make love? Really?”

“Would you prefer if we took this to our bed so you could....” he lets his voice trail off suggestively as he grazes a thumb over my nipple beneath the bubbly surface of the water.

“I’d prefer if you stopped teasing me,” I admit, feeling a blush creep up from my chest to paint my face a heated red when his thick finger enters me. Oh fuck, it feels good!

My body tenses with anticipation under his touch. His chuckle vibrates against my back, a low rumble that sends shivers down my spine.

“Are you sure you don’t like this? Because you’re fucking my hand right now, Daisy.”

My voice is strained when I answer him. “F-fuck you!” His laughter ripples through me in warm waves, the sound of it blending with the rhythmic splashing of the water.

“Such language,” he teases, his voice low and husky. “I don’t think I deserve that.”

His tail tightens around my waist, pulling me closer to him. I can feel the heat radiating from his body, enveloping me in a cocoon of warmth and pleasure. I can hardly breathe, let alone form coherent sentences.

“D-don’t you dare s-stop.” I manage to groan out, my hands gripping the edge of the bathtub until my knuckles turn white.

“Don’t worry, I don’t intend to,” he promises, his breath tickling my ear as he whispers the words. His long fingers continue working their magic between my legs, stroking and teasing. Then he does something unexpected. His hand leaves my center and pulls my hair back gently from my neck. He places soft kisses from the base of my neck to the tip of my shoulder.

“Xavier...” I say breathlessly, feeling myself reach the edge. The sensation is almost too much to handle.

His fingers return to my pulsating cunt, and he increases his pace, his fingers moving expertly within me. My heart beats rapidly in sync with our shared rhythm. It’s an intoxicating dance of pleasure and anticipation.

Suddenly, a wave of ecstasy crashes over me, and a moan escapes from deep within me. My body arches against Xavier as if pulled by invisible strings.

“Xavier I’m going to...I’m going to...” I can’t finish my sentence. My eyes roll into the back of my head, and then I let my moans fill the room. I’m so loud that it’s embarrassing, but I can’t stop it. I’m shaking, and Xavier groans before tightening his hold on me and kissing my neck.

His tongue licks the mark that he left on my body when he made me his, and I swear it increases the pleasure. Xavier needs to hold me tightly as wave after wave of pleasure washes over me until every nerve in my body feels like it’s been set alight with pleasure.

After a few moments of silence, he is back to nuzzling his nose into my neck. There is even a purring sound coming from him before he says, “You’re the hottest woman alive.”

I’m not sure if I believe him. But then he touches my stomach and pulls me closer until I can feel his flattening cock. My eyes widen.

“Did...did you cum?”

He snorts as if the question isn’t needed. “It would be impossible not to when you were making those erotic sounds. But we might want to change the water. I came a lot.”

I smile. Maybe I am a sex goddess after all.