

Chapter 85

Xavier

When I came home, I try to sneak into the room I share with Daisy undetected. But the second the door opens, I hear her little footsteps storming toward the door.

“WHY DIDN’T YOU TELL ME YOU WERE HEADING OUT?” she yells at me, her voice an emotional whirlwind of anger, sadness, and frustration. I’m taken aback by her reaction, unsure how to respond to this unexpected confrontation.

“Ummm... I’m sorry.” I can tell that she has been crying I can feel it through the mate bond.

She snorts at my excuse, and when I look down at my sweet mate, her sadness, concern, and ultimately, her relief that I came home unscathed after my battle with Lucian. “You’re hurt...” She mutters, grabbing the hem of my tattered t-shirt. When she shoots me a glare, I lift my arms since it’s a clear sign she wants me to undress so she can inspect my body. It hurts to peel it off, yet I try to put on a brave face.

“This is nothing,” I mutter back, though my voice lacks conviction. When I grimace, Daisy stands on her tiptoes to grip my bruised face.

“This isn’t nothing,” she growls at me. “But I can fix it,” Her tone is determined as she leads me to the bed. I sit down on it, our heights finally matching now that I’m no longer standing. Daisy shoots me another glare before approaching me. But even though she appears to be mad at me, her fingers are careful as they brush against the cuts and bruises mapped across my torso. I wince at her touch, but there a tenderness there that eases the pain.

“Idiot,” she mumbles under her breath before pulling away and returning with a first aid kit. “You don’t have to do everything by yourself, you know...”

“You’re pregnant,” I remind her. “There’s no way I was going to let you join the fight against Lucian.”

Her eyes narrow, but nothing comes out of her lips. It surprises me since I can tell there is venom gathered in her mind. But instead, she swallows her pride and tends to my injuries with a methodical precision. I watch her in silence as she cleans the cuts on my abs before applying an ointment to my wounds. But it isn’t really needed. Her hand on my skin is enough to stop the bleeding, and I give her a tiny smile.

“The power of the mate bond.”

Her eyes soften at those words, but I can tell she is still hurt about me leaving her at home. It makes me swallow thickly before saying.

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have kept the light a secret from you.”

Her gaze flickers up to meet mine for a moment, hard and disapproving, before softening ever so slightly. “No,” she agrees quietly. “You shouldn’t have.”

Silence falls and lingers for a moment that stretches thin between us before Daisy speaks again. “But you’re back now,” she murmurs gently, her hands stilling on my chest, which has already healed. “Tribrids sure are amazing...you’re healing incredibly fast.”

“All thanks to you.” I’m not lying. Her presence is helping me heal, and my lips curl when she looks up at me through her dark lashes.

This time, she doesn’t hold back her emotions. “I didn’t think you would come back...”

“But I did,” I say, lifting her chin with my finger before smiling gently at her while studying her face. “I’m here.”

“But you left me even though you promised you never would do it again!”

“Only to protect you.”

“That doesn’t matter!” she exclaims. “I want you to promise me that you will always include me in whatever is happening inside that brain of yours, Xavier. We are mates, and I can’t...I can’t stand not knowing what you’re going to do next.”

Her confession hangs in the air between us, a testament to her sadness. It breaks me to see her this sad, and guilt pierces me like a knife. “I promise this is the last time I keep secrets from you.”

Suddenly, she lunges forward, wrapping her arms around my neck in an uncharacteristically fierce hug that takes me by surprise. But I recover quickly and return the favor, holding her tightly as fear and relief wash over me. The warmth of her body against mine is a comfort that I can’t describe.

“Promise me, Xavier,” she whispers softly into my ear, “Promise me you won’t go on another secret mission with the others without telling me.”

“I promise.” I reply, my voice choked with emotion. I can feel her tears against my skin, and it breaks my heart.

“I know it’s morning, but...I don’t want to leave our bed. Can we stay in our room? I want you to wrap your wings and tail around me while stroking my belly.”

I snicker. "Someone wants to be pampered, huh?" Although my words are teasing, they hold no malice. Instead, they are laced with warmth and affection. She pouts, poking my chest with a slender finger.

"Is that a problem?"

"Of course not." I reply, my voice low and sincere. I gently pull her onto the bed, wrapping her securely in my arms as I position my wings around us like a protective shield. My tail finds its way around her waist, holding her close while she nestles deeper into me. "Better?" I ask, pressing a soft kiss to her forehead.

She sighs contentedly in response, her fingers lightly tracing patterns on my face. The sensation is oddly soothing, and it brings a genuine smile to my face. "Yes," she murmurs sleepily. "Much better. The baby and I are both content."

I chuckle, my chest rumbling under her. "Well, me and the baby will be spoilt rotten if you keep this up." She grins against my chest, her soft laughter a sound that I will never tire of hearing.

Nestling further in the cradle of our cocoon, she places a protective hand over her round belly. "We're okay with being spoilt."

"Is that so?" I rumble softly, tracing lazy circles on her stomach with my thumb.

“Very much so,” she confirms, her voice thick with unshed tears. “I love you, Xavier.”

“I love you too, Daisy,” I tell her honestly, pressing my lips into her hair. The scent of her strawberry shampoo fills my nostrils, and although it’s an everyday smell, it’s the best one in the world. Daisy, however, growls in disdain.

“You’re supposed to be kissing my lips, you idiot!”

I chuckle, pulling back to meet her gaze. The playful glint in her eyes is a stark contrast to her serious tone. “Bossy,” I tease, brushing a loose hair from her face with the gentlest of touches.

She narrows her eyes at me, but the hint of a smile tugs at the corner of her lips, betraying her pretend annoyance. “Just kiss me already,” she commands, reaching up to clasp my face between her hands.

I can’t help but grin at her eagerness. “As you wish, my lady,” I whisper before leaning in to capture her lips with mine. It’s at sweet, slow kiss that is filled with all the love and adoration I have for this woman. And while I know our past is rocky with rejections, betrayal, memory loss, and drama, our future looks bright.

Soon, our child will be born, and I couldn’t be any happier. Daisy is my past, my future, and the love of my life—I can’t wait to spend the rest of my life by her side. Together, we will lead the

Bloodmoon pack as two Alphas until our child is strong enough to take over.

(End of book one.)