

Chapter 11

Daisy

When I return to my pet room, I get the feeling that someone else has been there, and something tells me it wasn't the cleaning lady. Everything is in place, but there is a stench of rogue.

'Look at the bed, a voice helpfully says inside my head.

My eyes immediately drop to the pet bed. A white envelope is waiting for me there, and it even has my name on it.

It can't be from Yato, the voice says. He isn't a rogue. This isn't his scent or anyone from the pack

I freeze as I process her words and ask, "Who are you?"

"Your wolf-who else would I be? Santa?

Her sassiness surprises me, and I laugh. "I didn't think a person's inner wolf spoke to them more than once."

It's true. People from my pack have told tales about hearing their inner wolf once before it merged with their soul.

'Special werewolves are different, the voice informs me matter-of-factly.

It makes me snort. You must be mistaken because I'm not special. I'm the pack's Omega."

‘But you won’t be for very long, she says. ‘Once we have fully awakened, we will be stronger than most.’

I don’t believe her, yet I ask, ‘Is that so?’

Yup, she sounds confident. And my name is Sera. It’s a pleasure to meet you, Daisy...but I’m getting tired. Talk to you later.... Just going to get a quick nap...give me five minutes.’

“Wait!’

I try to reach Sera again, but there is no response, and I can no longer feel her presence inside my mind. Instead, I focus my attention on the letter still waiting for me.

With a deep breath, I move forward and pick up the envelope. The paper is crisp and cool under my fingers, unblemished. except for my name written in an elegant hand on the front.

I cut it open.

Hello Daisy,

Are you content with your stay at the hotel? Or does the pain of your mate’s rejection weigh heavily on your mind? No matter, we are always watching and observing your every move. You are never truly alone here.

You may not know our faces, but we are the shadows that stalk your every move. Our eyes see what you truly are, and our ears hear the whispers of your true nature. And when the time

comes, we will consume you without mercy to steal your powers. You have been warned.

The chilling words on the paper hit me like a punch to the gut, wrapping me in icy dread. I read and reread the message, each time more slowly, each word seeping into my mind. The audacity of the sender to so openly threaten me stuns me for a moment.

A primal growl rumbles inside, and I realize it's Sera 'Cowards, she spits out, her contempt clear as day.

"Who are these people?" I whisper to myself, my fingers running across the letter again but finding no answers there.

Sera is silent for a long moment before whispering, Enemies.

I laugh at that. That much is clear... But who are these enemies? And why do they say that I'm special?

"Because you are."

I'm not.

You are-you just don't know it yet.

I shake my head, trying to ignore the unnerving conversation. 'You're just saying that to make me happy because, trust me, I'm not special. I'm eighteen, and I don't even know how to shape-shift!"

"You really think your wolf would lie to you?"

‘No, I can’t be sure if you’re even my wolf. My sisters have played so many pranks on me that it’s possible you could be a witch they have hired.’

Sera releases a sad sigh. “You poor thing... I’m so sorry you had to withstand their bullying for so many years. I would have helped you if I could, but your mother, she-

There is a knocking on my door. “Daisy?” it’s my mother, and she sounds stressed. “Are you there? I have your medication with me. You forgot it at home.”

I’ve always needed medication for my condition. Since I can’t shape-shift, I’m physically weaker than the other werewolves. The medication my mother cooks up is a traditional concoction meant to help me keep up with the pack.

I hastily stuff the letter under my pillow and call out, “Coming, Mom!”

As I open the door, my mother stands there with an expression I can’t read. She has never cared much for me, but right now, she looks worried.

“Is something the matter?” I ask.

“No,” she hands me a small vial with a strange look on her face.

I take it from her. Thank you.”

‘Don’t swallow it, Sera warns me. That’s a drug that makes me weaker.

“Weaker?”

‘It contains silver.’

“But that’s deadly to werewolves!

“To normal werewolves, yes... Sera sighs. ‘Don’t trust her. I need to rest, but we will talk more later.

“Daisy?” My mother’s eyes study me closely as if she were searching for something. “Are you feeling alright?”

A shiver of discomfort travels down my spine, yet I manage to keep my smile in place. “I’m good, Mom,” I assure her. “I’m just tired from all the traveling.”

“I understand,” her face is back to looking indifferent. “Well, rest up because we are going shopping tomorrow, and I expect you to carry all of Isabella’s bags. She shouldn’t strain herself before the wedding.”

Her words prick at the bubble of bitterness inside me, but I nod and plaster on another smile. “Of course, Mom.” After all, in her eyes, I am nothing more than Isabella’s handmaiden.

And why wouldn’t I be? Isabella is everything that I’m not: beautiful, popular, loved by our mother. And above all else, she is a true werewolf.

Once my mother leaves, I throw the vial into the trash and return to my bed, retrieving the letter from beneath my pillow.

There are so many questions simmering within me. Questions about those who wrote this letter, about my wolf Sera and what

about Yato and Xavier? Why do the Alpha brothers hate each other and how the hell can they use elemental magic?

I sigh, running my fingers over the words laid out in ink on the parchment. "Enemies, Sera had said: Is there a hidden war among werewolves that I'm unaware of? More importantly, do I really play a pivotal role in all this chaos?"

"Take your time. Daisy, Sera's voice whispers in my mind. These are complex matters, and you must tread lightly. Just focus on one day at a time."

"Fine." I reply, getting into my bed...if it can be called that. It's certainly not made for human bodies. "We will talk more tomorrow."

"I will be waiting."