

Chapter 14

Daisy

love this dress!” Isabella spins around in front of a mirror while my mother and Lina watch her from the couch. They all have two or three bags with clothes while I’m acting like their personal mule.

But I’m not bothered by their usual slave treatment today. My mind is elsewhere, and my body is still burning from Alpha Xavier’s touch. There is still a faint wetness between my thighs. I can’t get rid of it, damn it.

“It looks lovely on your beautiful, slender body! My mother sighs, her starry gaze fixated on Isabella who’s obviously enjoying the attention she’s getting

“Alpha Xavier might just have a heart attack when he sees you in that,” Lina teases, her voice bubbling with laughter as Isabella blushes at her words.

“You really think so?” she asks.

“I know so.” Lina winks at her, crossing her legs and leaning back into the plush couch.

The sales assistant, a petite woman with a friendly smile, looks at me expectantly, her thick glasses perched precariously on her nose.

“What do you think?” she asks me.

I force a smile onto my face and nod, “Yes, it’s gorgeous.”

Bella beams and turns around to look at herself again. “I can’t wait to get married to Alpha Xavier. Do you think I made a good first impression on him yesterday?”

I try not to laugh as I remember how she basically threw herself at Alpha Xavier. He looked horrified, probably because Isabella was awfully drunk.

“Yes,” I lie, dwelling on Alpha Xavier’s green eyes and hungry gaze when he ignored my sister and instead looked at me. It sends a shiver down my spine. “He was certainly taken by surprise.”

“Really?” Isabella seems delighted, spinning again to watch how the dress flows around her.

“Absolutely,” Lina adds. “There is no female werewolf better suited for Alpha Xavier than you.”

Isabella beams and turns to the sales assistant. “I will take this one too, please,” she says, her voice tinged with a hint of arrogance that is typical of her:

As the girls go on a shopping spree, I can’t help but seethe quietly. I never get to buy new clothes. Everything I own is second-hand, worn by Isabella first to impress those around her and then passed down to me out of pity.

My family doesn’t value me at all....

The rest of the day passes in a blur. I become an obedient worker for my family members, carrying bags of clothes that are not mine and faking smiles as they coo over each other's purchases. All the while, my thoughts keep circling back to Alpha Xavier. His touch. His lips trailing along my body. His eyes burning into mine.

Eventually, we enter the last shop where Isabella is going to try on her wedding dress. The first thing she does is smile at her options. As much as I hate to admit it, I feel envious of the happiness she exudes.

'It doesn't surprise me,' Sera says. 'She is about to marry the man who was supposed to be your fated mate.'

No Alpha Xavier wasn't intended for me.

What makes you say that?

Alpha Xavier and I truly belonged together, he wouldn't have rejected me in the first place. He is a terrible man, and honestly, I shouldn't want him. Yet I'm still I bite my lower lip in frustration. I don't want to say it, but Sera knows, and she sighs heavily.

I don't blame you. Alpha Xavier is hot, and you still haven't accepted his rejection-resisting him is hard."

"More like impossible..."

"Isn't it thrilling, shopping for a wedding gown?" my mother suddenly gushes, wringing her hands in anticipation:

“Yes, it is,” Lina agrees, her eyes shining bright. “It feels like just yesterday Isabella and I were little girls playing with dolls. And now she’s choosing a wedding dress.”

And I was never allowed to play with them. I was thrown aside and laughed at for even daring to ask if I could play with them. Bitterness churns within me. Why should I be happy for my sister when she has always taken joy in robbing me of my own happiness?

Suddenly, Sera’s voice echoes in my mind, pulling me back to the present. ‘It’s not about them anymore. It’s about you. You should start living for yourself.’

‘How? If I don’t behave around them, I will be thrown out of the pack. They are the only reason why I’m not a rogue already. They begged Alpha Jack not to shun me. Even if they are assholes, I owe them my life.’

“You don’t owe them anything, Sera hisses. ‘Don’t let guilt and fear trap you in a life of servitude. You deserve more than this, Daisy.

‘If I confront them, they will abandon me. And then...I will have no one.’

“Daisy?” my mother suddenly hisses. “Are you even listening to me? I told you to pour us some wine! Gosh, how scatter brained are you?”

I wince at her sharp voice but compose my face, nodding politely. “Of course, mom.”

I move to the small side table where a bottle of exquisite rosé wine has been left for potential brides-to-be and their guests. Pouring out four glasses with a steady hand, I'm careful not to spill a single drop.

"Daisy! Hurry up with that!" Isabella snaps, snatching the glass I give her.

Lina walks over to grab her own glass, stopping when she notices there are four of them. She lifts her chin to meet me with a smirk. "You really thought you would be allowed to drink this? It's for brides only, sweetheart."

I tighten my grip around the stem of the glass as an acidic bitterness coils within me. "Oh, I see..." I mutter under my breath, placing the untouched wine back onto the tray.

Isabella giggles merrily, "Mistakes are easily made, but don't worry, Daisy. Even though you're an idiot, I have a place in mind for you after I've married Alpha Xavier."

"Oh really?" I feign interest, even though the last thing I want is to be part of her grand plan.

"Absolutely," she says, gloating. "I thought we could use another maid at the Alpha's residence. You would be perfect for that, Daisy."

The room fills with laughter as my cheek flushes red. A maid! How fitting for someone like me who has always been pushed aside and treated like a servant by her own family

“That does sound fitting, Lina adds, smirking as she lifts her glass and takes a long sip of the expensive wine. “Can you imagine Daisy dusting and sweeping while you run the Bloodmoon pack with Xavier?”

The laughter grows louder, filling the room with their shrill voices. That’s when I see it a mirror-capturing their reflections and mine. They are all glowing, dressed in expensive clothes, and holding glasses filled with expensive wine. And. then there’s me standing in my worn-out clothes, empty-handed, a symbol of the empty life I’m leading-a life devoid of respect, love, or even basic decency

“And what a lovely maid she would make,” my mother chimes in, her eyes twinkling with an unholy delight at the thought of my further humiliation. “Don’t forget to polish the silverware, Daisy.”

I want to scream and lash out at them for their cruelty, but I bite my tongue and force myself to smile in false enthusiasm.

As they all laugh at my expense, I look back into the mirror once more. This time, though, I don’t see a discarded sister or a disrespected pack member. Instead, I see a wolf-a fierce wolf trapped within the guise of a meek girl.

Sera’s voice rings in my mind once again, louder and clearer this time. ‘I told you, Daisy, you don’t have to live like this. Isn’t it about time you fought back?’

Her words echo in my head, setting my blood ablaze. I'm tired of being the butt of my family's jokes and being the runt of the pack. My blood boils as a new feeling, something that feels a lot like the beginning of the revolution, begins to spark deep within me.

"Oh, enough of this, Isabella finally dismisses me with a wave of her hand. "Go wait in the car."

Clutching my hands into fists at my side, I turn toward the door with as much dignity as I can muster. My exit is met with another round of giggles and whispers.

Once alone in the car, I lean back against the headrest and close my eyes. Sera's words still resonate within me, stirring a storm in my mind.

Isn't it about time you fought back?"

The thought seems absurd – me standing up to my family? But why not? Why should I allow them to belittle me any longer? I clench my fists tighter, my nails digging into my own palm.

A burst of determination surges through my veins. My bones practically vibrate with the need to rise like a phoenix and change my stupid life.

To hell with playing nice, to hell with my feigned politeness. If they see me as the runt, then it's time to show them what this runt can do.

Sera laughs inside my head. 'So, what's the plan?"

I lift my eyes to the steering wheel, and my lips curl into a cruel smile. 'How about we start by letting those assholes walk back to the hotel in high heels?'

'Wouldn't they just call a cab?'

'No, I can't stop myself from laughing when my plan comes together. 'Not if we walk inside and steal their phones and wallets. No one would assist them then.'

"You're getting bold, Daisy, Sera laughs in my head. 'I like it.'

"You know what? I like the new Daisy too.

'She isn't new,' Sera says. "You just didn't let her come out and play with your family until now."