

Chapter 15

Daisy

I shake my head, chuckling softly. That's right. I'm not the new Daisy. I'm the real Daisy that my family and pack members have been underestimating and dismissing all these years.

The doors to the boutique open, and Lina comes strutting out with an impish gleam in her eye. "Daisy," she calls out in that sickeningly sweet voice. "Isabella is trying out her last dress so you can start packing our things into the car."

"Of course, Lina," I say with a polite smile, stepping out of the car to help her. She hands me a stack of shopping bags, careful not to spill her wine on her designer dress.

"I hope you've learned your place," she says smoothly before taking another sip of her wine. "Alpha Xavier's house is quite big. You will have lots of cleaning to do, and if you keep pissing off Isabella, there will be more chores."

I nod obediently, my eyes glinting with unshed fury. "I can't wait," I lie through gritted teeth.

"The rest of our stuff is inside."

She beckons towards the boutique door with her wine glass, wine sloshing dangerously close to the rim. "Make sure to get everything, sweetie."

I watch her walk back inside, her heels clicking against the cobblestone path.

Once she disappears, I spring into action. I slip into the boutique quietly and make my way towards their dressing room. Their luxurious bags and expensive coats lay scattered around alongside their phones and wallets. Smirking. I gather everything quickly and put it into one of the shopping bags.

As I turn towards the exit, something catches my eye-the wedding dress Isabella had planned on wearing for her big day. It's a stunning piece-pure white with billowing silk organza and intricate lace beading. Like everything else in their lives, it reeks of wealth and privilege.

An idea begins to form in my mind as I look at the dress. An idea that makes me chuckle with wicked amusement.

It would be a shame if my sister couldn't wear that dress...

Casually, I reach for the bottle of red wine Lina had been sipping on, still half-full and forgotten on the table next to her empty glass. A small smirk tugs at my lips as I pour the wine slowly onto the white dress. The rich red liquid seeps into the fabric, staining it beyond recognition.

"Oops," I whisper into the silence, dropping the now empty bottle onto the floor, where it clatters loudly against the tiles. "It will suck to pay for this shit, especially when you're missing our wallet, sister."

My eyes land on Isabella's regular clothes, and I snort. "I guess it's my lucky day."

I drench her clothes in red wine before gathering everything to head back to the car. My heart is pounding loudly in my chest, but I manage to keep my composure as I load their things into the trunk.

Just as I'm about to close it, Lina strolls out of the boutique. "Daisy?" she calls, her voice oozing with false concern. "What's taking so long?"

"Oh, there were just so many bags," I reply, forcing my lips into a sweet smile. "But don't worry. I've got it all packed up now."

Her eyes narrow suspiciously at me, but she shakes off her suspicions soon enough. "Good," she purrs, her sickly sweet voice making me nauseous. "Now hurry up and start the car. We're almost late for the party."

Party? I question.

"Of course, Daisy," she drawls, rolling her eyes in exasperation. "Alpha Xavier's engagement party. Did you forget why we were shopping today?"

With a dismissive wave of her hand, she walks back inside without waiting for my response.

I watch her retreating figure, biting back the laughter that bubbles up in my throat. "No, I didn't forget."

The thought of Isabella showing up at the hotel soaked in red wine, without a dime or a phone to her name, is hilarious to me. For once in her life, she won't look perfect.

Smirking, I slam shut the trunk and slip behind the wheel. The engine purrs to life, but I'm the only person who won't have to walk back to the hotel today.

I lock the doors.

"Daisy!" Isabella storms out of the boutique. "Where is my wallet and my phone? And were you the one who drenched my clothes in red wine, you little slut?! Just wait until I get my hands on you!"

I roll my eyes and mutter to myself, "How about no?" before I drive off, leaving a fuming Isabella behind.

"Come back here!"

I cast my gaze on the rearview mirror, watching Isabella desperately trying to catch up with the car. She stumbles forward and cusses me out.

Sera laughs inside my head. 'As fun as this is, don't you think she will beat you up later?'

'Fuck...I didn't think of that.'

Sera nervously whines inside my head. "You better think of a way out of this mess, Daisy"

'Me?!' I shriek. "You're the one who told me to fight back!"

‘Ah, yes about that...hehe...I didn’t think you would actually do it today?’

‘Well, thanks a lot for your brilliant advice, I grumble internally.

Sera lets out a sigh in my head. ‘You should probably start thinking about damage control. She’s going to be livid.

‘Oh, so I will just apologize, and everything will be fine?’ I shoot back sarcastically, drumming my fingers on the wheel.

“No, idiot, Sera retorts. ‘But you need to get ahead of this thing before Isabella spins it all around and makes you loo the bad guy.

I take a deep breath, my heart pounding against my ribcage. My gaze settles on the endless road in front of me as I consider Sera’s words. She is right, as much as I hate to admit it.

Isabella has a knack for twisting the truth until it is barely recognizable, turning herself into the victim and painting anyone who stands up to her as the villain. I have seen her do it countless times before.

“You are right,” I admit grudgingly, ‘But what do we do?’

‘I have an idea. You may not like it, Sera warns me preemptively, but it’s the best chance we got.”

‘Does it involve groveling?’ I ask with a grimace.

Worse, she responds ominously. Despite my trepidation, I urge her to continue.

We go to Yato,' she says, and I can't stop the gasp that escapes my lips.

Yato? Alpha Xavier's brother? What the hell? Are you out of your mind? We don't even know him!' I argue back.

"I know, Sera says. "But if your sister manages to convince Alpha Xavier that you're the bad egg, then your safest option might be to run to the only other powerful Alpha we know.

Goosebumps prick my skin as I process Sera's idea. Yato is the lone wolf who broke ties with his own family to become the Alpha of another pack I've never heard about. A shudder runs through me at the thought of seeking refuge with such an unpredictable character.

"Yato is dangerous, Sera, I reply, gritting my teeth.

"I know that, she retorts, "But it's not like we have many options.

She isn't wrong about that.