

Chapter 17

Daisy

“You’re lucky that Alpha Xavier has forbidden me from punishing you myself,” Isabella sneers at me when I enter the cafeteria to grab some breakfast.

It has been three days since the drama between us, and she has made it her mission to make my life a living hell every single day since then. Whenever she sees me, she will shoot mean remarks that are carefully hidden behind innocent smiles and polite words. Everyone else is fooled, but not me.

“Such a shame you didn’t get to enjoy the feast the other day,” Isabella says while stirring her coffee, her smoky eyes glinting with something akin to triumph. “The roast venison was to die for

My cheeks burn. Much to Isabella’s satisfaction, Alpha Xaver has given me a house arrest for how I treated her. I’m expected to show my sister, the future Luna, respect, but Isabella still isn’t giving me any in return.

Just yesterday, she caught me alone washing my clothes and poured at me with fake tears in her eyes.

“Poor Daisy,” she had cooed sympathetically, her voice dripping with fake pity. “Stuck doing laundry duties while we enjoy the hunt.”

Anger flares up within me, but Sera immediately calms me with her soothing voice. Take it easy. We aren’t strong enough to fight her yet, she says.

‘Will we ever be strong enough?’ I quip back.

I can feel my inner wolf wincing at my words. ‘Patience, Daisy.’

“Patience?” I angrily put an empty cup underneath the coffee machine and press a button. “You told me I was special, but whenever I ask you why, you disappear.

‘That’s because I don’t know what makes us special yet.’

“What?!”

Sera awkwardly laughs inside my head. “Y-yeah...I mean, you wouldn’t be able to communicate with me if you weren’t special, but I have yet to figure out our powers,”

‘I knew it! You just lied to me and called me special when, in reality, I’m just mentally insane and hearing voices!’

“Wait...are you hearing more voices than mine?”

“No... that’s not what I... never mind!” I blink away a few frustrated tears, wanting to come out. I’m just unhappy that we still haven’t even been able to shape-shift...

Sera sighs heavily. “You haven’t even tried...”

Memories of the video Alpha Xavier showed me spins in my mind, and my heart clenches. 'Because I couldn't stand it if I failed once again...'

Isabella's laughter echoes through the cafeteria, and I feel her eyes on me. "Oh, Daisy. Are you crying over there by yourself? Geez! Always so dramatic." She takes a sip from her paper coffee cup, and I can almost taste the smugness in her smile. She knows exactly how to get under my skin.

Sera's voice is soft in my mind. 'Daisy, you can't let her get to you. That's what she wants.'

'I know' I snap silently. 'But it's hard when she's always there, acting like she owns everything and everyone.'

"She may be Alpha Xavier's future Luna, but that role isn't hers yet, Sera reminds me. You can't let her win and let her words get to you.'

I take a shuddering breath, ignoring the sting of Isabella's words and the laughter in the cafeteria. 'You're right, Sera,' I say, steeling myself. 'I have to be stronger.'

“Are you okay there, Daisy? Do you need a tissue?” Isabella asks, her pitying look as she offers a crumpled napkin.

“No,” I say firmly, meeting her gaze without flinching. “I don’t need anything from you, Isabella.”

She looks taken aback for a moment, and then her face settles into her usual smirk. “Suit yourself,” she says casually before strutting away, her laugh trailing behind her.

My hands are shaking slightly as I pour my coffee. The smoky scent fills my nostrils, and I can feel Sera’s pride washing over me. ‘Good job,’ she murmurs.

I take a seat by one of the empty tables in the corner of the cafeteria, far away from the eyes of Alpha Xavier’s pack members. There are no human guests at the hotel. I’ve learned that now. Werewolves surround me, all of them much stronger than me.

As I bring my coffee cup to my lips, something moves. When I look up, I’m met with Alpha Yato’s smirking face. He is sitting beside me, his chin resting in the palm of his hand.

Blue eyes, brown hair, perfect face—he looks like a daydream or maybe a beautiful nightmare.

“Mind if I join you?” he asks innocently, but I know better than to trust the enemy Alpha. If he is here, then he wants something from me.

My eyes narrow and I lower my tone into a deadly whisper that showcases my annoyance. "If Alpha Xavier or his men see you, then you're a dead wolf"

He chuckles. "You really think they could take me? Don't get me wrong-my brother is stronger than me, but his men? Pfft, I think not."

His confidence is infectious, and I find myself cracking a small smile despite not knowing his intentions. "You're pretty sure of yourself, aren't you?"

Alpha Yato shrugs, his smirk never leaving his face. "When you've been through what I have, you learn to be," he replies cryptically before adding, "Otherwise, you don't survive."

He leans back in his chair, surveying the room with a casual air. His gaze lingers on Isabella's retreating form for a moment before he turns his attention back to me. "I suppose your sister is giving you a hard time?"

Sera growls softly in my mind, making me twitch. Her distrust of him matches my own. 'Careful...' she warns. 'He knows too much about you for someone who has only met you once.'

"Always," I admit reluctantly, wrapping my hands around my warm cup of coffee.

Yato sighs, drumming his fingers on the table. "I would offer to help, but..."

"But?" I prompt after a moment of silence.

“But you’re my brother’s girl,” he grins. “Offering my help could get me in real trouble.”

His words make me pause. He knows his brother rejected me, so why is he looking at me with those challenging eyes? Is he trying to figure out where my loyalties lie?

‘That must be it,’ Sera says. ‘Alpha Yato isn’t part of Alpha Xavier pack, and since we don’t know him, he could potentially be more dangerous than his brother.’

‘Better play along then...’

“I’m not anyone’s girl,” I retort, meeting his gaze firmly. “I make my own choices.”

Alpha Yato chuckles, a deep and rich sound that’s oddly comforting. “That’s what I like to hear, Daisy.” He looks at me for a moment longer before standing and pushing his chair back. “For what it’s worth, my offer stands. If you ever need help, don’t hesitate to ask.”

“What kind of help?”

“I’m offering to train you in combat,” he states, as if it’s the most obvious thing in the world.

My brows furrow in disbelief. “Why would you do that?”

“Consider it... a favor,” he says, shrugging nonchalantly. “And besides, I can’t stand seeing your pretty face ruined by tears.”

“Do you think I’m weak?”

“Aren’t you?” His voice holds no malice, but his frankness stings nevertheless.

Sera snarls audibly in my head. ‘I will rip him apart,’ she threatens, ‘He has no right-‘

‘Sera...’ I urge her to calm down, reminding her of our agreement to play along.

Alpha Yato seems to notice the change in my demeanor, and the corners of his mouth lift into a knowing smile. “You’re a lot stronger than you think.” His tone is sincere. “You just need someone to show you how,” think,” he says,

I hesitate for a moment, then wet my lips. “What exactly makes you think I’m stronger than I think?”

“Haven’t my brother told you?

Huh? Oh wait, I forgot it’s my brother we are talking about here. He has too many secrets for his own good” Alpha Yato’s lips curl into a mischievous grin. “But if you take up on my offer, you might find out what exactly it is that makes you special.”

“Why should I trust you?”

He laughs. “I doubt opportunities like this come your way often, Feisty. So, are you brave enough to take a chance?”

When I hesitate, he adds, “If I were you, I would take my offer. There is a war brewing.”

“A war?” I whisper and think back to that threatening note I received the other day. Yato couldn’t have been the one who sent it, right?

“Mhm, the vampire clans have grown in numbers, and so have the rogues. All werewolf packs are concerned about the rising tension and already looking to expand their hunting grounds to allow for more members in their packs.”

I stare at him. “But that means..” I don’t finish my sentence, but Alpha Yato understands that I’ve caught on.

“That’s right, Daisy,” he smirks. “This isn’t a war against one pack, it’s a war against all packs, a war against our very existence, and you, my dear, are in the middle of it all.”