

Chapter 22

Daisy

After I've had enough alcohol for one night, I head to my room, only to stop in the corridor when I hear Isabella arguing with her soon-to-be-husband. Both of them sound frustrated.

"I saw you looking at my sister again while we were dancing. What is your deal with her? Why are you so fucking invested in a simple Omega when the woman of your dreams is right under your nose?"

Alpha Xavier sighs heavily. "For the last time, I wasn't checking out your sister."

"You looked as though you were a dog chasing a bone."

"I was only looking in her direction, Isabella"

"Lies!" Isabella cries in her drunken voice, but she sounds more angry than unhappy. "I know that you're into her, but guess what? She would never accept you for what you truly are, Xavier You're a monster, and I'm the only one that can keep you alive."

Geez. I know Alpha Xavier is cold, but to call him a monster? What is the matter with my sister?

Alpha Xavier, however, doesn't sound surprised and sighs. "Did anyone ever tell you that you're a manipulative bitch?"

Isabella laughs. "I am, but you need me, so you can't complain. If you want, I could lean against the wall and-"

"Not here," Alpha Xavier orders, immediately silencing my sister who obviously took a step too far.

Their argument stops and I dare to peek from around the corner. Isabella is stroking her hand over Alpha Xavier's chest and loving it. He, on the other hand, looks miserable.

'He sure does,' Sera comments. 'It makes me wonder if he is nice to her simply because she knows his secret, whatever it might be.'

"Maybe..."

I wonder why he needs her?'

'I would like to know the answer to that as well, I mutter and hide when Alpha Xavier turns around as if feeling my presence.

Did he see me? My heart hammers against my chest, and Sera chuckles in amusement inside my head.

"You're lucky they are both drunk, or they would have smelled your ass already."

Sera is right. Alcohol doesn't make a werewolf drunk for very long, but I suppose it's different from person to person. Isabella gets drunk extremely quickly despite being a werewolf, and Alpha Xavier? Well, I saw him pouring down an entire flask of

whiskey down his throat. It's no wonder his senses are somewhat dull.

The image of Alpha Xavier drinking and then dancing with Isabella flashes in my mind, and I immediately feel a pang longing Jealousy bubbles up within me, too, and the worst part is that I can't fight it.

I want my sister's man.

The pain keeps eating me alive. I try to escape from it by forcing sleep, but when I close my eyes, I wake up in a place where the hunger remains in my blood. It's screaming out for what I want, only interrupted by the sound of ravens screeching in the skies.

I look up at the sky in confusion. Are those ravens real? Is this a dream? It feels too real to be something my mind came up with. I've never seen this place before, yet I can't deny the familiarity in my heart. It's like a part of my soul recognizes this sad place.

Regardless of which, I walk forward. The grass is soft underneath my naked feet, but the trees are naked, and the skies are gray. A feeling of melancholy lingers over this place, making me wary.

I keep my eyes held up high, shocked when I see what appears to be a decayed castle in the distance. There's a mountain behind it and what seems to be a dead waterfall. You can see the dry marks of a river, and my heart pounds restlessly inside. my chest.

“This is what happens when you underestimate the vampires,’ a voice says behind me. When I turn around, I’m faced with the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen.

Her long hair is purely white, contrasting against her sun-kissed skin. Her eyes are a strange pink, and her smile feels like home. I can immediately tell that she is a good person.

“Wh-who are you?” I ask.

She continues to smile. “I am the werewolf queen, her gaze travels to the sad castle, and her smile disappears. “Keep training with the wind Alpha. You will awaken soon, and maybe you can stop the vampires from destroying your world.”

My eyes widen. “Is this...the magical realm?”

“It used to be.” the woman’s face grows even sadder. Sadly, there isn’t much life here. After the werewolf kingdoms fell, so did this world. In an attempt to save your world. I threw a last spell to imprison the vampires in the magical realm, but centuries later, some of them have escaped to your realm. I’m sorry, Daisy,”

“For what?”

She places a kind hand on my shoulder and smiles with tears glittering in her pretty pink eyes. “For not finishing this in my first life and burdening you with a battle I couldn’t win.”

I gasp. “Y-you’re me?”

“In another life, she winks at me. “Don’t stress about becoming powerful. It will happen.”

With that, my vision blurs, and I fear I’m about to wake up. Something I don’t want to happen. I still have so many questions! What power does the vampire queen have? What role did I play in my past life?

My mind is spinning, but I don’t get a chance to ask them. I’m being dragged away by an invisible force, and I can’t fight it.

I wake up crying in my bed. The magical realm is still fresh in my memory, and fear churns in the pit of my stomach. I can’t let this world turn into what that world became. I have to save-

“Were your eyes always pink, or are you finally fully awakening?” he asks while leaning his cheek against the palm of his hand. And nice underwear, by the way. Red suits you?

My gaze lands on Yato. He is lying beside me in my bed, and I scream at the top of my lungs, “WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING INSIDE MY ROOM, YOU PERVERTED ALPHA?!”

A grin appears on his lips. “Good morning to you, too, Feisty. Are you crying because you missed me so much? Or did you have a spooky nightmare? Want me to kiss the fear away?”

“Get out of my room!” I push him off my bed, and before he hit the ground, I notice his eyebrows shooting up in surprise...then he lands on the floor with a thud.

“Ouch,” he grumbles. “I guess I deserved that?”

“Yes!” I clutch my blanket to my chest. “You don’t just lie down in people’s beds, Yato!”

“Noted, he rubs his back, but he doesn’t look angry when he faces me. If anything, he seems impressed. “You’re stronger now.”

“Stronger?” I’m confused.

“Yes, and your eyes are pink-I think you’re ready to be trained in combat, Feisty. Your inner wolf seems fully healed.”

To confirm Yato’s words. Sera says. “He is right. I don’t know what happened in your dreams, but I feel powerful. Maybe we can attempt to shape-shift?”

“Hold on.” I’m speaking out loudly, but my words are meant for both of them. “What do you mean my eyes are pink?”

Yato grins. “Why don’t you look in the mirror?”

Barely daring to move, I stand up and make my way to the mirror placed against the far wall. Yato watches me with a calculated gaze, amusement dancing in his eyes. As my reflection comes into view, I gasp.

My normally dull eyes are now a brilliant, almost glowing shade of pink, identical to the hue of the werewolf queen’s eyes in my dream.

“...I don’t understand.” I stammer, walking back towards Yato. What has happened to me?”

“It seems like you’ve finally awakened, Yato says, a look of satisfaction flashing across his face. And this, my dear friend, is when the fun starts.