

Chapter 29

Daisy

After getting dressed, I hurry outside to follow the rest of the pack into the forest, but that's when I hear Alpha Xavier mind-link with me for the very first time. It's possible now that he is my Alpha.

"Stay inside. Daisy," he orders me. "You can't shape-shift and shouldn't come outside. I'm calling for everyone that can fight to hunt down the vampire on our grounds."

Anger courses through my veins even though he is right. I wouldn't be of help, I know that. Still, it sucks to be left out of the action.

'I know,' Sera soothes me. 'But putting ourselves in the pack's way will only make it worse.'

'I just hate feeling so useless!'

Sera doesn't respond, but I can feel her agreeing with me as I walk back inside the hotel. Once the door closes behind me, a strange scent hits my nose. It's faint, but I remember what Yato taught me: concentrate and relax your senses to let your inner wolf through.

My chest expands as I pull in a deep breath. The scent sharpens, and my heart races, Vampire. I can taste the darkness, the absence of life in their alien smell.

‘Seems like the vampire that left the note inside your room didn’t leave,’ Sera growls.

A silent gasp leaves my mouth. ‘You think it was a vampire that left the note?’

‘It’s the same smell, no?’

‘Yes, it is,’ I agree and feel my heart pound against my ribcage. What does this mean? A vampire was in my room. A vampire left me those threatening letters,

They most likely know that you’re special and see you as a threat

“Why not just end my life directly?” I ask. I can’t shape-shift-I’m practically defenseless!”

‘Maybe they don’t want you dead?’

I shiver at that but pause when I hear a woman scream. It comes from one of the rooms, which confuses me. Didn’t everyone left with Alpha Xavier?

“Not the ones unable to fight, and that scream sounded a lot like Lola. She might be in danger.”

Fear for Lola propels me forward, disregarding the vampire’s scent. I might be defenseless but if my friend is in danger, I cannot stand idle. Sera growls in agreement as we sprint

through the deserted hallways. The hotel feels like a ghost town, the ominous silence only interrupted by my shoes hitting the carpet and my blood rushing in my ears.

I come to a stop outside Lola's room, my heart hammering in my chest. A low whimper escapes from within, too soft to be human. Hesitation courses through me but I can't hold back. With a deep breath, I push the door open.

The sight that greets me is something out of a nightmare. Bloods splattered all over the walls, with Lola slumped in the corner of the room, her body shaking with sobs.

"Lola!" I rush towards her but stop short when a vampire steps front of me to block my path.

His lips curl into a cruel smile, revealing two sharp fangs. "Oh, aren't we brave," he mocks, his voice a cold hiss that sends a shudder down my spine. "Coming to your friend's rescue despite your obvious vulnerability."

Ignoring the vampire, I keep my eyes locked on Lola. Her brown eyes are wide, filled with terror but also determination.

"Stay away from her." I demand, my voice surprisingly steady even as fear coils in my belly.

The vampire chuckles darkly, stepping closer to Lola. "How will you stop me, little wolf?"

Before I can respond, the vampire shoots forward to attack me. I close my eyes, bracing for the pain, but it never comes. Opening

my eyes slowly, I see that I'm holding out my arms and that my nails have turned into claws

The vampire hisses at me. "You really think I'm afraid of your claws, little wolf!"

"I don't know." I muse, feeling my confidence return. "You look pretty darn scared to me." I flex my fingers, watching as the sharp points of the claws glint in the light.

The vampire laughs aloud, but there's a tremor in his voice that gives away his fear. He takes a step back, never breaking eye contact.

Sera growls in my mind. 'We can take him'

Her words are shocking. 'How?'

'By shape-shifting for the very first time. We are ready, and if we don't do it, Lola will bleed out. The vampire bit her. Now the poison is in her veins.'

Shape-shift... The mere thought of it makes me breathe hard and fast, my body trembling with fear. 'But the last time I did that, I failed.'

'Let go of the past, Daisy. Trust in yourself. The mousy girl needs to step back and allow the wolf to be born.'

'I'm not a mousy girl.' I argue.

'Then prove it.'

My heart hammers in my chest, an echo of the clock ticking away Lola's life "Fine," I grit out, letting my determination override my fear.

The memory of my past failure still lingers in my mind How could it now? Isabella posted the video online - the trauma memory—but I can't let that stop me now. Not when Lola's life hangs on the line.

I square my shoulders, staring at the vampire "You're going to regret this." I warn him, feeling a warmth spread from the pit of my stomach throughout my body.

Fur replaces my skin, my bones crack and shift as they rearrange themselves, and my eyes sharpen exponentially. The transformation is swift and painless-nothing like the horror stories other shape-shifters have shared. The room seems brighter every scent enhanced, and each sound amplified.

In the reflection of a shattered mirror, I see a fierce white wolf with gleaming pink eyes and thick fur.

But what shocks me isn't my wolf's color, it's the angel wings on its back. The tips are pink while the rest of the wings are as white as fresh snow fluttering softly to the ground as I extend them, A sensation that's both strange and natural.

The vampire takes a step back his eyes widening with shock "This this not possible," he stammers

"Monster!" The vampire shrieks his voice echoing through the deathly slim room "Freak!"

I growl, my voice deep and resonating with power as I step forward it seems I've gained telepathic powers, and I use them to say. "I'm a protector"

The words hang heavy in the air I flap my wings, feeling their strength. They are larger than I am, feathers shimmering in the dim room, casting an ethereal glow. The vampire looks at me, his eyes wide with fear and disbelief. He backs away, but I advance, my every step met by his retreat.

"Stay back!" he growls, extending his hands as if to shield himself from me. But there is sheer terror in his voice, a terror that he tries hard to mask.

But I don't stop my advance until the vampire is pressed against the blood-stained wall. His breath hitched as I bring my muzzle inches from his face, my hot breath wafting over him. There is no place for vampires in this world,' I tell him in a cold voice. "Your kind has brought nothing but trouble, and it's time for you to die."

The vampire's eyes widen, but I don't let him speak. I open my mouth and bite off his head in one swift movement. His body slumps to the ground, lifeless. The room is silent except for my own heavy breathing and Lola's soft sobs.

I turn towards Lola, stepping over the vampire's corpse. She is barely breathing.

'A vampire's bite is poisonous to werewolves that haven't been exposed to it,' Sera points out in a concerned voice. 'Normally, a

werewolf would heal from it within a few minutes, but her body is too weak. It's working overtime trying to heal her injuries.'

'So what am I supposed to do?!'

'Place your hands on her chest.'

"Wh-what?"

'Just trust me on this one,' Sera says.

With a sigh, I shape-shift back into a human and squat down in front of Lola. I place my hands on her chest and try not to cry when I see the pain in her eyes.

"Da...daisy," she gasps, reaching out to grasp my hand before a weak smile curls her lips. "You... you did it."

"I know," I whisper, blinking back the tears that threaten to spill.

"And we will get through this too, okay?"

"No," her smile widens. "Too late..."

"No!" I cry frantically, feeling my heart shatter into a thousand pieces. "You're going to be alright, Lola. Just hang on."

But her eyes are growing dimmer, and her body is getting colder. As tears begin to slip down my cheeks, her head lolls towards me one last time.

"You fought for me..." she whispers, reaching out with a trembling hand to brush my tears. Then, with one last sigh, her hand goes limp in mine.