

Chapter 33

Daisy

“Are you certain?” Margaret asks my fiancée, Isabella, in an upset tone. “Did Daisy shape-shift?”

“She did,” Isabella says.

I spin around in my chair and study their faces in silence. Even though Margaret is loyal to the pack, I’ve never liked her. She treats Daisy like a nuisance despite Daisy being her own daughter.

It pisses me off.

If I didn’t need Isabella, I would banish both Margaret and Isabella for being so intolerably arrogant. I also think they have something to do with Daisy’s late awakening.

Finally, I can’t take it anymore and ask. “Why do you act so surprised that your daughter is finally awakening?”

Both women turn around. They are standing inside the part of my hotel room that acts as my office, yet they both seem surprised I’ve spoken. Did they forget I was here?

“Well, it’s not that simple, Alpha Xavier,” Margaret tries to maintain her composure, shifting uncomfortably under my gaze. “Daisy is well, she is rather unique.”

“How so?” I inquire. My patience wearing thin with their ambiguity.

Isabella and Margaret exchange a glance. A moment later, Isabella sighs in defeat, “She is adopted.”

“Adopted!” I ask in a shocked voice.

I didn’t expect this, then again, Daisy is rather special. She is the light wolf-the werewolf queen reborn and the strongest werewolf of them all. The only person in this world who could top her strength is the vampire prince....

“Henrik, my dead husband, cheated on me,” Margaret suddenly says in a bitter tone. “One day, he came home with this child and claimed she was a gift from the moon goddess,” she snorts in disbelief. “I knew it was just an excuse for his infidelity, but I didn’t have the heart to turn Daisy away. She was just an innocent child, and so I took her in under my wings.

Isabella taps her mother’s shoulder. “You’re such a nice person.”

“Thank you, dear.”

Isabella and Margaret exchange smiles, and I laugh darkly in my chair, finally putting two-and-two together. “So that’s why you treated her like a slave, and let me guess: you also poisoned her to prevent her from becoming stronger than the daughter you birthed?”

The air seems to thicken around us, and their smiles fade quickly into shocked silence. I find a cruel pleasure in watching the color drain from their faces.

“Alpha Xavier, we would never-” Margaret begins, but I cut her off.

“Enough,” I stand up from my chair, and even though my voice is calm, a fire blazes within me. “I don’t tolerate liars in my pack, so you better give me one good reason why I shouldn’t banish you both.”

Margaret’s eyes widen further in terror. “Alpha Xavier, please,” she pleads, her voice trembling. “We...we didn’t want to lose our status in the pack. If Daisy had become stronger, we...”

“We would have been nothing more than ordinary members,” I finish bitterly for her, even though I know it isn’t the truth.

In my heart and soul. I know that even if Daisy had her wolf when I met her. I still couldn’t have accepted her as my mate
She is too good for someone like me.

“You can’t banish me,” Isabella said. “You need me.”

I drew a hand through my hair, sighing “True.”

“See it from the bright side,” Isabella beams at me. “Now you have me and I accept you for what you are, Xavier.”

I narrow my eyes. “Alpha Xavier.”

She flinches at my reprimand, her smile crumbling. “Yes... yes Alpha Xavier,” she stammers

And just for the record” I add icily. “I don’t like you one bit, Isabella. The only reason I’m marrying you is for my own reason.”

I can see the hurt in her eyes before she hides it with a forced smile. “You might come to change your mind, you know. I’m not all that bad”

“No, you’re worse.” I retort, a pang of bitter satisfaction echoing through me at her hurt expression “You’re a treacherous snake that would sell then own kin for power.”

She stiffens, her attempts to remain calm, crumbling as she stares at me, floundering for words with tears running down her face. Margaret is silent, too shocked at my scathing words to come to her daughter’s defense

“Get out of my sight,” I order them sharply, unable to bear their presence any longer. “I can’t banish Isabella, but you. Margaret, might not be welcomed in my pack anymore. I will decide your fate by dawn.”

“B-but you can’t do that? You need me.” Margaret cries,

“Need you!?” I release a dark laugh. “Don’t make me laugh. You’re as useful as the dust on the floor.”

Isabella inhales sharply, biting her lip to withhold tears as she initially breaks eye contact with me. Margaret throws a pleading look my way before pulling her daughter along with her as they make their way out of my room.

As soon as the door shuts behind them, I let out a deep sigh of relief, the walls of my hotel room seemingly closing in on me. The truth about Daisy's parentage doesn't make things any easier, but it does explain some things. It explains why she always seemed like an outsider within her own family and why she is so different from them.

While Isabella and Margaret are cowards, Daisy is brave. I don't know a whole lot about the third sister, Lina, but something about her feels shifty-shady, too...

Daisy is the only normal one. It sucks that her family treats her like shit, though.

I lean back in my chair and close my eyes, trying to shake off the anger seething within me. But even in the silence of solitude, there's unrest in my mind.

I can't stop thinking about Daisy, the defiant and rebellious mate I rejected. If things were different, maybe we could be together, perhaps we could have a future.

But we can't.

A sad smile tugs at my lips as I realize just how perfectly imperfect my fate is: An Alpha set to marry for survival, hopelessly in love with his true mate.

The bitter irony is not lost on me.

I sigh heavily and pull up my pant leg. my eyes landing on the old anklet that I never take off "What do you suggest I do,

Chelsea? Pretend as if nothing's wrong, that I'm not betraying my own heart every time I stand beside Isabella?"

There is no response, but I didn't expect one. Chelsea is no longer here, and I'm all alone with my secrets...if you don't count Isabella, who is using me to secure her own standing. She will make a terrible Luna, but what other option is there?

Fenrir, my inner wolf, chooses that moment to make his entrance. "You could always make Daisy the Alpha of the Bloodmoon pack. That's an option."

My heart clenches at that option. I like being the Alpha of my pack, but I know giving Daisy the reins is a great future option if she grows strong enough to lead.

Maybe. I walk over to my desk, where a bottle of whiskey is waiting for me, pouring myself a large glass. "But she has to grow stronger first."

"She will." Fenrir's voice is calm. "And if your condition keeps progressing, she will soon be stronger than you."

"I know."

Silence falls, and I can tell I've upset my inner wolf. I can hear him sucking in a deep breath, but not even that can calm him.

"I don't understand why you're not doing anything about it. You're dying, for fuck's sake!"

"And?!" I raise my voice, feeling my blood boil. "I'm dying, and it is what it is-just fucking accept that!"

This is why I rarely talk with you. Fenrir grits out. “You’re too stubborn to ask for help!”

“Isabella is helping me!”

“She isn’t helping enough!”

“She is the only person I have!!”

“What about Daisy?”

The thought of admitting to Daisy that I’m dying freaks me out, and I inwardly yell at my wolf. “Leave her out of this!”

“As you fucking wish!”

With that, I feel his presence recede, leaving me alone with my glass of whiskey and the oppressive silence.

The room feels even more empty than before, and I down the whiskey in one long gulp. letting the burning liquid sooth my raw nerves.

“Stubborn.” I mutter into the silence. “Yes, I suppose I am.” I pour another glass, not caring about the amount of alcohol flooding my system.

In this world of mine where everything is a lie, and everyone has secrets, being stubborn is all I have left. It’s my last stand against my fate: death.