

Chapter 35

Daisy

The next day, I head to practice with Sabrina. Lola still isn't well enough to leave the hospital. Yato, however, promised me he would keep a close eye on her. Lola hasn't met him, but I'm certain the sneaky wind Alpha can watch her without letting himself get seen.

"So, are things still rocky between you and Alpha Xavier?" Sabrina hesitantly asks as she parks her rental car right by the where we will be training.

"Well, we haven't talked since last night," I mutter.

"You mean when he kissed you and said you could never be together?"

My heart clenches at that. I'm still confused about that. It's obvious that Alpha Xavier wants me, yet he is holding himself back. I don't get it.

"Yeah," I stare down at my tennis shoes. It would be weird if Alpha Xavier were my sparring partner today."

"I don't think you have to worry about that," Sabrina wets her lips, and I follow her gaze. Isabella is glaring at me from outside the car, her arms crossed over her chest. "It looks like your sister is here to challenge you."

I grimace. "Do I have to?"

She is probably mad that her future husband is into you, but according to rumor, Beta Kit is her true mate."

This is news to me. "Really?"

Sabrina shrugs. "At least I saw them kissing each other the other day. Pretty sure his hands were down in his pants as well. I think they are screwing each other since Alpha Xavier won't touch your sister. I heard her complaining about it since she really wants Alpha Xavier."

"Even though he isn't her mate."

"She said Alpha Xavier is hotter and richer than Beta Kit."

I giggle. "You sure know your gossip."

She blushes. "I try..."

We step out of the car, Isabella's glare immediately burning into my skin. She looks as if she's ready for a fight. I take a deep breath, steeling myself. A fight is exactly what she will get. I've waited twenty-one years for this.

"Sister dearest, finally you've shown up," she sneers, giving me a once-over. Her gaze hovers over my clothes, which used to be hers: worn tennis shoes, shorts, and a white T-shirt

Sera growls inside my head. "We can take her."

‘I know,’ I agree with her. ‘She used to beat me up when I didn’t have a wolf, and I learned all of her moves. I was good at dodging her then-imagine the difference now.’

A smirk spreads over my lips. “Were you waiting for me?”

“Of course,” Isabella replies, a malicious grin stretching across her face. “I couldn’t wait to show everyone who that it’s only me who is worthy of the Luna title.”

I snort. “Are some pack members not agreeing with that?”

Her eyes narrow. “I’ve heard your wolf is special: white with angelic wings, but don’t let it get to your head. You won’t win against me just because you suddenly have pink eyes,”

“No?” I tease. “I think it boosts my chances.”

“We will see about that!”

As she speaks, I can’t help but notice how her followers flock to Her side, eager to witness the spectacle. Their sneering faces only fuel my determination.

“Then let’s not keep them waiting.” I propose, pointing towards the center of the field.

Isabella’s grin heightens, her eyes filled with an eagerness that is equal parts exhilarating and terrifying. “I couldn’t agree more,” she purrs before charging at me with a speed that would have caught me off-guard if I wasn’t prepared.

But I am.

I dodge easily, using the momentum to spin and knock her off balance. The crowd gasps in surprise as Isabella stumbles, and I can't help but feel a surge of satisfaction at their reactions.

"Is that all you got?" I taunt, hoping to get under her skin.

"Not even close," she retorts, launching herself at me again with an unnerving ferocity.

The fight continues for what feels like hours but could only be minutes. Each of our moves is perfectly matched by the other's countermove. But there's something that sets us apart: while Isabella is fighting for dominance and the cheer of the crowd, I am fighting for myself, and that makes all the difference.

As we circle each other once more, our breaths coming out in harsh pants, I see an opening. A brief moment when Isabella lets her guard down just enough to give me a chance.

Without hesitation, I seize it.

With all the strength I can muster, I throw myself at her one last time. Isabella lets out a surprised yelp as I bring her down onto the ground with me. Before she can recover, I have her pinned underneath me, my hand at her throat.

I hear the crowd break out into stunned silence before erupting into cheers, but I'm not listening. All that matters is the defeated look in Isabella's eyes as she realizes she's lost.

"You underestimated me," I say, my voice ringing clear over the crowd's chant. It isn't a question or request for validation. It's a

statement of fact and a fair warning for future confrontations: Don't challenge me again."

Slowly, I get up from her. Leaving her lying on the ground as I walk away, victorious.

But it isn't over yet.

"Daisy, watch out!" Sabrina yells, and I gasp when I glance over my shoulder to see Isabella coming for me in her wolf form.

With a fierce snarl and bared teeth, she lunges forward. I raise my arms to defend myself, but it's not needed. Alpha Xavier's massive, black wolf tackles Isabella to the ground, one gigantic paw resting on her chest. It's all it takes to pin her down and prevent her from moving.

Still, Isabella doesn't surrender. She shape-shifts into her human self and cries in frustration, "Let me go! She humiliated me, and I need to take her down!" Isabella continues to trash around, but Alpha Xavier doesn't move.

Sabrina approaches me and whispers, "Wow, he must really like you. You should have seen how fast he rushed in to defend you. It was scarily fast, even for a werewolf."

Even if her words make my heart flutter, I ignore them and turnaround in bitterness. "Alpha Xavier can like me all he wants. It doesn't matter when he isn't man enough to follow his heart."

“And what does that mean?” Sabrina asks her tone a mixture of curiosity and concern.

I sigh heavily. “It means I’ve given up on him.”

As I stomp away from the circle, I catch a glimpse of Xavier’s eyes staring at me. But I won’t meet his gaze. I’m done playing cat and mouse with that coward of an Alpha.

“Come.” tell Sabrina “Let’s spar against each other.”

“O... okay,” she hurries after me, and I make sure never to leave her side so Alpha Xavier doesn’t get a chance to approach me. I don’t want to hear his excuses for not leaving Isabella... if there are any.