

Chapter 36

Caleb

The vampire queen, Taria, gave me an important mission: finish the job Tobias couldn't finish. I'm supposed to murder the werewolf he failed to kill, a normal werewolf girl who happens to be the best friend of Daisy Andersson.

To be honest, I don't see the point. Do we really have to go this far to scare Daisy? I mean, Daisy is a threat-she is the light wolf, the werewolf queen reborn, and our biggest enemy.

But to kill her friend?

That's cold, yet I can't complain. I'm the vampire queen's left hand, and refusing to obey her orders means instant death. I've seen what she does to those who defy her. It's not pretty.

I didn't bother to argue with her. So, here I am, sitting on a tree branch and waiting for night to fall. The werewolf girl I will be murdering tonight is named Lola. I hope she dies easily without a fight...

While waiting for darkness to fall, I put on my earbuds. My playlist is filled with songs that have good, deep lyrics. I love music. Before Taria turned me into a vampire a hundred years ago, I used to be a singer. I had my own band, and it was fun.

Singing was my life...until Taria decided I was better suited to become her hitman.

Suddenly, I catch movement behind the hospital curtain. A young woman-most likely Lola-pulls them back to look up at the moon. Her eyes are chocolate brown, and her hair is black and cut short.

My blood immediately spikes, but I don't know why. I keep staring at the werewolf, freezing when my heart starts beating at a do-dunk, do-dunk, do-funk pace.

Shit, this can't be fucking happening!

Am I hallucinating?!

Vampires aren't supposed to have fated mates-we choose our mates by marking them! What in the ever-loving-fuck is going on here? How is my mate a werewolf chick?!

Lola is my mate. The girl I am supposed to kill, who is the best friend of our mortal enemy.

My mind races, trying to comprehend the surge of emotions rushing through me. Tania's harsh orders echo in my head, a stark reminder of my duty. But how can I kill my mate?

I ponder on this, running my hand through my blonde hair before I come up with a brilliant idea: if I talk to Lola and it turns out she is an idiot, it will be easier to kill her.

A smile spreads over my lips before I jump down from the tree branch to land perfectly on the ground. Now, I just need to

conceal my scent and brainwash every single person working at the hospital. Easy as pie, right?

Not to brag or anything, but compulsion is one of my strengths. That and taking the appearance of someone else, which is my special magic ability. It's not needed today, though. Simply brainwashing the werewolf staff into thinking I always worked here is enough.

Tonight, I will become sexy Nurse Caleb, a new addition to the hospital.

As I enter the building and make my way through the halls, I spot something that looks like a locker room.

Once inside, I find an empty locker and a spare set of scrubs – the perfect size. The cool fabric slithers over my skin as I get dressed. I stand before the mirror, smirking at my reflection. Oh yes, Nurse Caleb is definitely sexy.

My magic takes over the second I'm out of the locker room, reshaping the thoughts of the first werewolf staff to see me. To them, I have always been here. I am just another nighttime nurse doing his rounds.

As I approach Lola's room, my heartbeat quickens once again, filling me with trepidation. What if she won't like me? Wait. Why do I even care? She is the enemy! I'm such an idiot and push the door open.

Lola sits in her bed, reading a book under the soft glow of her bedside lamp. She looks up at my entrance, her eyes holding at hint of surprise that quickly morphs into curiosity.

“Hi,” she greets tentatively. “Are you my new nurse?”

“That’s right,” I respond with a cool smile. “I’m Nurse Caleb.”

Her eyes widen slightly. “I’ve never seen you around here before

“I just transferred from another hospital,” I lie smoothly.

Her suspicion doesn’t go away, and I think I even notice her shaking slightly. Could it be some sort of trauma for being attacked by Tobias?

She keeps looking at me, definitely feeling the mate bond just as strongly as I do. The fact that she hasn’t called me her mate is a bit concerning, though. Can she sense that I’m a vampire? No. That’s impossible. I’ve concealed my scent and made my eyes appear brown instead of red.

“I see,” she replies, tilting her head as she studies me. “Well, welcome to the hospital, Nurse Caleb.”

The way she says my name sends a shiver down my spine. She’s dangerous, this werewolf girl. Not because she could - potentially kill me no, I have more than enough capability to defend myself against that – but because she has the power to unravel me completely.

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“Well, thank you,” I say, trying to imbue my voice with sincerity. Lola is watching me closely, her eyes discerning and curious. “Let’s get on with your check-up, shall we?”

As I go about taking her vitals and asking questions about how she feels – which, of course, is just part of my cover – I find myself honestly caring about her responses. Every wince of pain when I touch the bandages on her wounds has my muscles coiling in anger toward Tobias for hurting her. Every smile that graces her lips has my heart tightening.

Why does this feel so right?

During the check-up, I do everything in my power not to touch her soft skin too much. Every time our skin connects, a jolt of electricity runs up my arm, and my body reacts strongly to it. Damn it! This should be easier.

As we continue our conversation, Lola seems to relax a little. But there’s still an undercurrent of suspicion that I can’t ignore. It worries me; could she sense something amiss? Our bond is powerful, but is it giving her some sort of insight?

“You know,” she suddenly muses. “I’m surprised my mate is a nice guy and a nurse,” a relieved, genuine smile breaks over her lips. “Ever since the attack, I’ve had nightmares about my mate being a vampire. Silly, right?”

I almost choke but immediately fake a laugh. “Y-yeah, very silly. I manage a lopsided grin, trying to mask the panic that has seized me. “Vampires and werewolves never mix.”

“Yes, and thank the moon goddess for that.”

“Right, thank the moon goddess.” I echo, my voice coming out strained. Her innocent words are like a punch to the gut. If she only knew the truth, would she still smile so lightly?

“I’m so relieved that you’re a werewolf.”

“Indeed,” I respond, my voice feels like it’s caught in my throat. I’m not a fucking werewolf-far from it. My heart pounds so loud I fear Lola can hear it.

She relaxes into her pillows and sighs, contented. “I feel safe with you, Caleb.” Her eyes meet mine, a genuine smile gracing her beautiful face, and it leaves me breathless.

A sudden surge of protectiveness overwhelms me. What is happening? This is not like anything I’ve experienced before. It’s as if every fiber of my being is straining towards her, ready to shield her from any harm.

“That’s good to hear, Lola,” I say quietly. “I promise you’re safe with me,” I add, the words slipping out of my mouth before I can stop them. A promise to a werewolf mate? What am I doing? Digging my own grave?

“I’m looking forward to meeting you again,” she smiles at me again, her dark cheeks turning a bit pink. “Maybe I won’t be in bandages next time.”

“I’d like that,” I reply. The words surprise me with their honesty, and I hurriedly tidy up her room to hide my shame at the acknowledgment.

What the hell do I do now?!