

Chapter 48

Caleb

“I don’t understand why my future husband spends so much time tending to you. He should just kill you and get it over with. You’re such a waste of space.”

I look up from the floor but don’t respond. What did I do to deserve this? This crazy chick. Isabella, is standing outside my prison cell again. She thinks I’m the reason Alpha Xavier doesn’t spend time with her, but I have nothing to do with it. The truth is that Alpha Xavier is in love with Isabella’s sister, Daisy, and has spent a lot of his time training with her lately. Isabella, however, seems to think her Alpha is spending time with me here in the dungeons. Conclusion? She is crazy.

There is no point for Alpha Xavier to spend time with a male vampire prisoner, but I won’t correct Isabella. The more time she spends with me, the less time she spends figuring out the truth: that her future husband is about to leave Isabella for her sister.

“You’re always so f*cking quiet...” Isabella hisses and fishes inside her pocket for the key to my prison cell. “But I’m going to change that by opening the blinds.”

My eyes widen. Even though I'm in the pack dungeons, there is a window inside my prison cell that leads to the outside world. It's covered by a pair of heavy iron blinds that keep the sunlight from flooding in. I'm grateful for that since sunlight is lethal to my kind unless you're a pure-blood. And I'm not. I need a daylight ring to survive the sun, but I dropped it when I was taken prisoner.

"No," I whisper, a note of fear creeping into my voice, but Isabell ignores it, instead drawing out the key with a malicious grin.

"I don't want you to die immediately," she says. "I want you to burn to a crisp slowly, so I will let a tiny stream of light hit you. Sounds like fun, right?"

I feel a chill ripple down my spine at her words, and the evil werewolf laughs at that. She seems to find satisfaction in my terror and steps towards the window. No-no-no! I press myself against the wall, desperation clawing at my insides. I cannot die here, not like this. I've just found my mate, and I don't want to die before seeing her pretty face again. This can't be the end!

"Please don't do it," I beg. It feels pathetic to ask this werewolf for mercy, but I don't want my life to end. Not before seeing Lola one last time. "Alpha Xavier won't be happy if you kill his source of information."

Isabella laughs. "I doubt he cares much about you." And with that, she moves the iron blinds with a sadistic smirk. My heart feels like it's about to pound out of my chest as I wait for the sun to hit my skin. Once it does, it feels like I'm being burned alive.

I squeeze my eyes shut and grit my teeth as I desperately try to pull myself away from the sun. But it's useless. My pale skin is already turning red, and I hiss as the first wave of pain sears through me. The scent of my burning flesh wafts through the cell, and Isabella cackles with glee, her eyes sparkling with sadistic pleasure.

"How does that feel?" Isabella asks, mocking joy dancing in her eyes. "Does it feel good to finally see the daylight?"

I don't respond; my mind is focused on enduring the pain radiating from my skin. The smell of searing flesh is unbearable, the pain worse. But I can't let her see my agony. I won't give her the satisfaction. Suddenly, a howl pierces the morning air, reverberating through the stone walls of the cell and seeping into my soul. It's Lola. Even though I've never heard or seen her wolf form, I just know it's her.

I glance up, and relief washes over me when I see Lola and Daisy in their respective wolf forms. Daisy is white with angelic wings, but although she is the one I should be admiring, it's Lola I can't take my eyes off. Her wolf is a normal gray wolf, yet I'm one hundred percent captivated by her. I don't even notice that

Daisy has switched forms before I hear her voice. “Isabella, what the hell are you doing?!”

“Umm, torturing the prisoner?” I can hear the eye-roll in her irritated voice. “What does it look like I’m doing?”

While the sisters fight each other, Lola enters my prison cell with swift, quiet steps. Her eyes meet mine, and a sense of urgency fills them as she closes the blinds, casting the cell back into merciful shadows. The sun no longer burns my skin, and I gasp in relief, welcoming the soothing darkness. But Lola still doesn’t approach me, which I can sort of understand. After having my skin burnt for so long. I’m probably unrecognizable and disgusting to look at. With some effort, I lift my hand to wave at her, but I have no strength left in me. I sag against the wall, and Lola’s eyes widen -not with disgust, but with fury. Then she turns her attention back to the battling sisters, a growl humbling within her chest. “I’m going to f*cking murder you!”

My jaw slacks to the ground when Lola launches herself at Isabella, her claws extended, and teeth bared in a savage snarl, Isabella shrieks, throwing up her hands in defense, but Lola is on her, tearing through the heavy fabric of her expensive-looking dress. Daisy can do nothing but watch in stunned silence as Lola continues her relentless attack on Isabella, her growls echoing off the stone walls of the prison. Isabella’s screams turn into sobs as she recoils at the mercy of Lola, her once pristine dress shredded and splattered with blood.

“Lola! Stop!” Daisy finally manages to regain her voice, rushing forward to pull Lola off Isabella. “I know she deserves it, but killing her will only get us in trouble.”

Lola snarls, but she doesn’t attack Isabella again. Instead, she stands there, glaring down at Isabella as her chest heaves with rage, her chocolate eyes burning with a savage fire. Blood glistens on her claws, and the sight of it causes Isabella to whimper in fear.

“T-take her away...” Isabella sobs. “She is scaring me-” Daisy kicks her sister in the face to shut her up before patting Lola’s shoulder. “Go to your man. I think he is in need of your blood and love right now.”

With a final murderous glance at Isabella, Lola abandons her prey and rushes to my side. I feel ashamed of my appearance and try not to meet her eyes. “Hi, Lola...” I drawl, feeling all kinds of awkwardness. “I must look like a burnt avocado, am I right?” A forced laugh leaves my lips, but Lola doesn’t laugh with me. Instead, she kneels down beside me, her hand gently reaching out to trace the burnt edges of my skin. Her touch is like a cooling balm, a soothing contrast to the hot sting of my burns.

“Shh... it’s okay, you’re going to be alright,” she whispers, her voice choked with emotion. “I’m here... I won’t let anything happen to you.”

I stare at her in disbelief before chuckling. “uck, I feel so lame. I’m a man, yet I’m the one being saved. Guess I will just have to make it up to you later, huh?”

Relief flashes through her eyes when she hears the humor in my voice, but she doesn’t smile at my poor attempt at making her laugh. Her features remain drawn as she begins to tend to my wounds meticulously. It kind of hurts when she touches my cheek. “Ouch. You don’t have to-“

“Hush,” she cuts me off, her voice surprisingly stern. “Stop being a baby and just let me help.”

“Help” I scoff. “The only thing that will help me right now is something I can’t ask-” My voice trails off when Lola bites into her arm and offers it to me. I blink at her, momentarily stunned. My mouth goes dry as I stare at the rivulets of blood trickling down her arm. It smells so sweet, my nostrils flare unconsciously in response and I know dark veins must have appeared on my face because a silent gasp leaves Lola’s lips. She looks terrified of me and it’s the only thing that prevents me from lunging forward to take what she’s offering me. I’m a vampire, not an animal. “Lola...are you sure about this?” The last thing I want to do is hurt her, or worse, scare her to the point she never me again, but the truth is, I need her blood. r wants to see

“Don’t be an idiot,” Lola replies, her voice shaky but determined. “You’re in pain. You need it...and I want to help.”

“I-I might hurt you,” I stammer, my throat closing up at the thought of causing her any harm.

“I trust you,” she whispers, offering her arm once again. This time, the urgency is palpable in her voice. “Now drink.”

My body quickens at the sight of the life-saving nectar she offers every instinct screaming at me to take what I need. But instead, I gently cup her face with my hand, my thumb tracing the curve of her cheek. “Thank you,” I barely manage to whisper before my fangs sink into her arm.