

Chapter 221 Empty again

Almost as soon as she got a taste, Cordelia pulled it back in. Doris fell hard against the earth as all of her energy drained from her at once. That electricity left her blood and left her feeling empty inside. The world faded away from her and all the sounds and smells went with it until she was back to how she was.

She felt powerless. How was it possible to feel so weak when she had only just gotten a small taste? What would happen when she got something bigger?

"What... why would you take it back?" Doris whimpered, feeling pathetic and sad all at once. "I was just getting used to the feeling!"

"This feeling will pass. Do not let it consume you as if it's some sort of addiction. You've lived without that power your whole life, remember that." Cordelia said almost gently—as if she knew it was hard for Doris to come down from her high. She could probably feel everything Doris was.

Doris trembled a little as she forced herself back

up. She didn't expect to feel a strange hole inside her that she didn't have before she had gotten the power. Her body wanted her to fill it with... something. With more power or something else—anything else.

She walked back slowly towards where she left her cloak. It felt like miles and miles away when it usually felt like a few feet in her wolf form.

"Why do I feel this way? I feel as if you tore out a part of me that I only had for a short time." Doris asked her wolf.

"The power is apart of you so it will feel like I took a part of you away. Eventually you will have all of your power and live as one, but you're not ready for that much." Cordelia explained. A light, cool wind ruffled through her fur and relieved her of the heat.

"When will I be able to have all that power?" Doris asked. "I feel as if there is a side of me that I haven't met yet."

"I'm going to give it to you gradually. When you learn how to handle it well, I will give more and more until eventually you can stand all of it at once." She explained. Doris sat next to her things but

didn't quite shift yet. "It's not safe to give you more than you can handle. You might lose yourself if I do that."

Her body still felt tired in a way she couldn't understand. A part of her longed for the feeling to be free and run faster than the wind could take her.

"I think you should take a trip to the library." Cordelia said almost causally.

Doris flinched at the word. She hadn't been back much since Martin had died. It was filled with his ghost and memories that still were hard to process. Doris imagined the room sat empty and dusty as if it had been abandoned.

"Why would I go back there?"

"You need to look up some of the white wolves before you. It will better help you understand what you're in for." Cordelia said. "A lot of the tales are of myths and some are just silly takes on a white wolf, but a lot of them are real. A lot of the stories of how great they are can be found there."

Doris finally shifted back into her human form and wrapped her cloak around her body. "I feel so tired." Doris whispered.

"You'll feel that way until you rest. Go and lay down."

Cordelia said.

Doris took a small step towards the palace and stopped when everything came back to her. William's glare, his mistrust of her with their own baby. She curled her hands into fists. He didn't carry that baby for 9 months—she did. And she would do anything to make sure he was safe.

Her anger replaced that empty feeling that made her feel as if she was drowning in it.

"How—"

"Hello there." A deep voice said from behind her. Doris clenched her cloak and turned to see a tall man she had never seen before standing across the clearing with his hands shoved deep in his pockets.

He gave her a lopsided grin. Tall, lanky with the hint of muscle somewhere underneath it all. His light eyes were almost golden when he looked down at her. Doris took a step back away from the handsome man.

"Who are you? What are you doing out here?" Doris demanded. Her voice was taller than she was and stronger than she felt. Cordelia hummed

inside her as if to remind her that she was there if she needed her.

"I'm Daemon." He said with a brightness that was disarming. She wasn't sure if he was trying to make her trust him or not but she wasn't about to befriend a stranger in the woods when all she had was a cloak on. "Don't worry, I was passing through to the palace but got a little lost."

"What is your business with the palace?" Doris asked and lifted her chin a little.

The boy took an envelope from his pocket and held it up. "I have to deliver this before sundown or I'm sure they'll have my head." He grinned. Doris furrowed her brow.

"Who is it from?"

"The kingdom of Eldon has extended their hand in greeting for the new king." Daemon said. "I come as their messenger."

"The kingdom of Eldon?" Doris frowned. She hadn't heard William mention them once, she thought their kingdoms pretty much ignored the other as if they didn't exist. Their kingdom was filled with Alphas and always had their own strict ruling that could never be touched or questioned

by anyone else. Perhaps they wanted to pave their rocky roads into something smoother—but Doris couldn't be sure until she met them for herself.

"I can deliver it to the king." Doris held out her hand, careful to make sure her cloak remained closed.

Daemon's mouth lifted at the side again as he looked down at her. She didn't like the way he stared at her as if he thought she was beautiful. His eyes traced out her face as if he wanted to remember it.


"I was told I had to hand it to the king myself."

"I assure you—" Doris bit her lip. She didn't know this man. He could be a wolf in sheep's clothing, he could try to hurt her if she revealed who she was to the king. Doris took a deep breath and nodded. "Of course. If you follow this path here," Doris pointed to the ground. "It will take you straight back to the palace. It's the quickest path there and all you have to do is go straight."

When Doris turned back to him, he was closer than he was before. She took a small step back.

"What's your name?" He asked. "I think I saw you when I was walking up the back path over there—"


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"Oh, you must be mistaken—"

"You were the white wolf, weren't you?"



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