

Chapter 19

Daisy

“It wasn’t-“

“Save it.” Yato interrupts me with a wave of his hand. “You can spare me the denial. I know you’re into him... Anyway, cozy little room you got.”

My cheeks immediately flame in embarrassment. “This is a room meant for pets...”

“I’m aware,” his smirk doesn’t go away. “But I got to say this bed is very cozy.”

I roll my eyes when he makes himself comfortable against one giant pillow. “Why are you here?”

“To make friends with my favorite Omega.”

“Cut the bullshit!”

He laughs “Fine. I need to learn what makes you happy and what irks you in order to find the best way to train you.”

“But this is weird!” I whine. “It’s still early, and I was hoping to sleep some more.”

“You can sleep on my back as I whisk you away.”

“Wait let me get this straight...you want me to climb up on your back when you’re in your wolf form?”

“Yes.”

“And you think I will just willingly do that? You’re the enemy, Yago. A completely unknown Alpha.”

“My brother isn’t your Alpha, yet you trusted him.”

I open my mouth but close it again. He is right about that, and even Sera giggles inside my head. ‘I know we shouldn’t trust him, but he is clever.

“I know; that’s what worries me.”

Yato folds his muscular arms underneath his head. I never noticed how well-built he is until now. He is only wearing jeans and a black t-shirt today. I try not to stare at his chest, but he seems oblivious to it either way.

“Just think of me as your new best friend,” he says and puts on a girl voice. “I’m harmless.”

I stare at him, bewilderment creeping up on me. “Alright, Fine,” say finally, trying to add some humor to the situation. “Best friends?”

His lazy smile grows wider. “Best friends,”

My lips twitch, and I can’t help but smile. “Okay, bestie how do we do this? Isn’t your wolf too small to carry me?”

I've grown since then," Yato says. I had just realized I was one of the seven guardians, and it takes the body a while to adjust after you've awakened."

I furrow my eyebrows. "One of the seven guardians?"

"Yes," he doesn't bother to give me a further explanation, but when he sees my confusion, he sighs. "Back in the old days, before werewolves and vampires roamed the human realm, there were seven powerful kingdoms in the magical realm. Each kingdom had its own ruler and up to this day, those rulers are still reborn. I was apparently the wind Alpha in a former life."

"The wind Alpha?"

"Yeah, I remember nothing, but hey, I'm not complaining about my magical powers."

"I see and there are six other special wolves?"

"Five others," Yato grimaces. "According to the legend, the seventh ruler was a vampire. Or at least, that's what my mother used to say before she passed away. It took all six werewolf Alphas to defeat him and reclaim control of the night. That's how the story goes, anyway."

Even though I hardly know Yato, I feel his pain like it's my own. Losing a parent isn't easy, especially when the lost one was the one that loved you.

"I'm sorry for your loss..."

For the first time ever. Yato cracks a smile that seems more real and less mischievous. “Thank you, Feisty. It was a long time ago, but I’ve never heard anyone give me their condolences. My father remarried.”

“To Alpha Xavier’s mother?”.

“Hell no. Xavier is older than me, but we don’t share the same mother.”

“Really?”

“Mhm. Xavier’s mother basically had a one-night stand with our father and left Xavier on our father’s porch a year later. No one knows who his mother is.”

“Sounds complicated,” I remark, attempting to make sense of his tangled family tree.

“You have no idea,” he chuckles softly, but his eyes look glum. He remains quiet for a moment, lost in thought. “Anyway, enough about me. Now that we got the best friend’ part down, it’s time to leave.

“Leave?” I echo, puzzled.

“Yes,” Yato replies simply. “I can’t train you on my brother’s territory.”

I hesitate. Leaving the hotel with Yato seems daunting and overwhelming, yet oddly exciting.

“You’re scared,” he says, not as an accusation but as an observation. His tone is devoid of mockery or amusement; instead, it is laced with an uncharacteristic gentleness...

“I’m not,” I lie blatantly, crossing my arms defensively over my chest.

His lips twitch upwards into a small smirk. “Okay then,” he draws out, rising from my bed with an almost feline agility. “Is there anything you need to bring with you?”

“Um. “I glance around the room, unsure what I might need for well, whatever he had planned. “Maybe some clothes? And food?”

He chuckles softly, his eyes twinkling with amusement. “Sure. Pack a bag. We won’t be gone long, but it doesn’t hurt to be prepared”

“When will we be back?”

“I will make sure you’re back before dinner. I’m sure you’re dying to spend that time with your beloved family,” his voice drips with sarcasm.

“Very funny,” I retort as I rummage through my closet for something suitable to train in. After a moment of indecision, I settle on a pair of leggings and a long-sleeved shirt. As an afterthought, I sling a backpack over my shoulder and stuff it with some spare clothes and snacks.

“Ready?”

I glance at him, half hopeful that he will call off the entire plan. But he merely grins at me, the mischievousness back in his eyes. "Ready as I will ever be."

And so, we leave.

Despite his seemingly constant state of lighthearted mockery, Yato does nothing to frighten me after shape-shifting into his brown, fluffy wolf. He isn't as big as Alpha Xavier, but he is large enough to rival a pony.

He makes a soft huffing sound and lowers his body onto the floor, a clear invitation for me to climb on. I hesitantly approach, still not entirely sure this is real. I reach out a tentative hand to touch his fur, half expecting him to snap or move away. Instead, he remains perfectly still, only the twitch of one ear betraying any awareness.

His fur is thick and warm beneath my fingers, surprisingly soft for someone so hard and intimidating in human form. I take a deep breath and hoist myself onto his back, positioning my legs on either side of his broad chest. His muscles ripple under my weight as he adjusts to carry me.

Sera's voice whispers in my mind, 'Hold on tightly to him.'

"I am."

Yato lifts his head and looks over his shoulder at me. There's an unspoken question in his eyes that seems to read, "Do you trust me?" and I respond by tightening my grip.

With a sudden surge of energy, Yato leaps forward, shooting off like a bullet. My heart lurches in my chest as the ground beneath us blurs into an indistinguishable mix of green and brown. He better not rip me to shreds as soon as we are out of Alpha Xavier's territory...