

Chapter 8

Daisy

I dig my eyes into the ones belonging to Yato. “You shouldn’t be here. The guards will kill you!

He laughs and glances down the stairs, where the guards are gazing back up at him. Instead of fear, I see determination in his expression. “They can try, but they will never catch me.”

The guards immediately gasp and start moving, but Yato is faster. Within seconds, he appears behind me, causing me to stumble forward.

I snarl, “What do you think you’re doing?”

He raises an eyebrow and replies calmly, “I believe it’s called assisting someone.”

“I don’t need your help,” I stubbornly growl at the enemy Alpha, tightening my grip on the corner of the bag. “I can handle this myself.

He chuckles, crossing his arms over his chest. “A feisty little thing, aren’t you?”

Ignoring his taunt. I muster all my strength and manage to hoist the bag up another step. My muscles scream in protest, but I

refuse to let Yato see my struggle. His smirk only deepens, feeding off my determination.

“I admire your resolution,” he drawls as he saunters toward me. His movements are fluid, like a predator stalking its prey. I inch backward on the stairs, my heart pounding against my ribs as if trying to escape from my chest.

“Just stay away!” I hiss through gritted teeth. But the wind that is Yato seems to pay no attention to my words.

He picks me up princess-style, the bag still clutched in my hands. My heart lurches as I find myself suspended in mid-air, supported by Yato’s strong arms. His smirk has been replaced by an expression I can’t quite read, one that’s both intense and curious.

“Yato! What-put me down!” I stammer, my cheeks growing hot.”

His eyes gleam with amusement. “And let you wear yourself out carrying that beast of a bag? I think not.”

I gape at him, too stunned to protest further. Yato chuckles, and then he ascends the rest of the stairs with ease despite his load, his muscles barely straining even though he is carrying me like a baby.

“The enemy Alpha is kidnapping our Omega!”

“Get him!”

Alpha Xavier’s guards scramble after us, their heavy breathing echoing off the walls. They aren’t fit enough to keep up Yato’s

swift pace, and sweat drips down their faces as they struggle to run up the stairs. Their shouts and commands echo off the stone walls.

“Catch him!”

“Don’t let him escape!”

I look up at Yato with narrowed eyes. “Are you satisfied now? You helped me up the stairs.”

“Yeah, I’m very satisfied with this,” Yato looks over his shoulder before letting me slide down from his strong arms. The guards aren’t far away, and he playfully rustles my hair with one of his hands. “Until we meet again, Feisty.”

With that, he disappears into thin air, leaving me standing there with a racing heart and the bag dropping to the floor. That was my first time being carried by a man and the more I think about it, the faster my heart pounds. Damn it, why are both brothers so good-looking?

The guards stumble into the hallway, out of breath. Their eyes dart around, searching for Yato. “Where...where did he go?”

“He is gone.” I say without looking at them, feeling a strange sense of disappointment. “He just vanished.”

The guards exchange glances before one of them turns towards me, a scowl darkening his features. “Why did you let him go? I get that you’re the Omega and that you’re weak, but you should have fought him!”

Is he serious?!

Anger pulsates under my skin. I'm tired of being disrespected and forced to take and listen to all the crap I'm given by my pack members.

And now, the cup has boiled over.

"You really think I'm gonna fight an Alpha?" I sneer, my voice dripping with sarcasm. The guards gape at me in disbelief, but I couldn't care less. "I may be the pack's Omega, but I'm not dumb enough to take on an Alpha. You clearly didn't think this through, or maybe you're just as stupid as you look."

Their jaws drop as the words hit them, a cloud of disbelief settling in their eyes. They aren't used to being spoken down to, especially not by the Omega

I laugh and turn my heels. "Anyway, I have a family dinner to attend. You guys take care."

Struggling under the weight of my bag. I make my way towards the entrance of the rooftop bar. My progress is halted when Alpha Xavier suddenly appears in front of me, blocking my path

He is holding a glass of whiskey and is wearing a look of utter shock on his handsome face, undoubtedly from overhearing my confrontation with his guards.

"You have no filter," he points out.

I'm about to respond, but I'm interrupted by Isabella, who happily shouts, "ALPHA XAVIER!"

Alpha Xavier's face contorts in horror, and he barely has time to take a step back before my sister launches herself at him. arms flailing wildly. He frantically tries to dodge her embrace, clearly disturbed by the smell of alcohol oozing from her pores. But my sister is determined and nuzzles her drunk face against his perfectly sculpted chest, much to his dismay. It's like watching a horrified cat being smothered by an over-affectionate puppy.

"I can't believe how pretty you are!" she squeals. And you're all mine-just mine-my future husband."

I fight the urge to laugh when Alpha Xavier tries to take a step back from my sister, but her drunk embrace is surprisingly strong, and she continues to make out with his chest.

"So you're Isabella.." Alpha Xavier mutters, and I bite my lower lip. I can see him mentally calculating how long it will take him to scrub himself clean after this unwanted hug.

Since I can't help myself, I smirk at him. "This is the woman you will be marrying. Better get used to the smell."

Alpha Xavier shoots me a deadly glare while Isabella pouts at me like a little child. "That's mean, Daisy! I'm not." She hiccups and laughs. "I'm not drunk!"

Immediately, she lurches forward, almost knocking Alpha Xavier's wind out, I step forward instinctively as if I could actually brace them both from falling.

“Isabella, go sit down. You’re embarrassing yourself. My tone is harsh, but the alcohol has made my sister thick-skinned. She simply giggles and clings tighter to Alpha Xavier.

“But he is so pretty.” She giggles again. “Are you a princess? Your eyelashes are so long”

Isabella leans against Alpha Xavier, and he grunts under the unexpected weight but manages to steady himself without spilling his whiskey.

“Are you always this forward?” he asks.

Isabella ignores him and asks, “Aren’t you going to call me pretty?”

He narrows his eyes, and I swallow a laugh. Alpha Xavier doesn’t seem like the lovey-dovey type to trade compliments, but I won’t tell my sister that.

She keeps smiling at Alpha Xavier until a grimace crosses her perfect face, “I need to pee...”

Alpha Xavier looks relieved when Isabella finally lets go of him in a fit of giggles and staggers toward the nearest restroom. When she is out of sight, he turns to me, his face flushed with embarrassment.

I prepare myself for a snappy comeback or maybe even a scolding for not warning him about my sister. But instead, he just sighs and runs a hand through his dark hair.

“You’re nothing like your sister,” he states, looking at me intently. There’s something different in his gaze-something that makes my heart flutter anxiously in my chest.

“And you’re nothing like Yato.” The words escape my lips before I can stop them. Instantly, regret floods over me. Comparing him to his brother is the last thing I should be doing.

His expression turns stony at my retort, a flicker of annoyance flashing through his intense gaze. “I’m aware,” he replies before heading over to join my other sister and mother, who are keeping a close eye on our interaction.

A shiver runs down my back. I really don’t want to join my family, but I know I don’t have a choice.

I drag the bag over to the table. My mother gives me a look as I approach, and I can’t help but shift uncomfortably under her gaze. She has always had this ability to make me feel like a child who has just broken a priceless vase.

“Daisy,” she murmurs, shooting a pointed glance at Alpha Xavier.

I reluctantly turn towards him. His eyes are focused on his glass of whiskey, seemingly lost in thought. Perhaps he’s thinking about Isabella, wondering how he would cope with her cheeky personality once they are married.

“Do you have something to say to Alpha Xavier?” My mother prompts, her voice dangerously low. The kind of low that means trouble if I don’t play ball.

I swallow hard and force my lips into a tight smile before turning towards him. "Alpha Xavier," I begin respectfully. "I apologize for my sister's behavior."

He raises an eyebrow at me as he swirls the amber liquid in his glass, not even bothering to look up. A silence stretches out: between us until it's almost unbearable. Finally, he lifts his gaze from the glass and meets my eyes. His lips curl into a humorless smile.

"No need to apologize for your sister," he says dismissively. "She's...a handful." His gaze shifts back to his whiskey, but not before I catch a hint of something resembling amusement in his eyes.

What is he smiling about?!

My mother shoots me a stern look, reminding me of the second part of my duty. Reluctantly, I raise my voice again to address Xavier. "I also wish you happiness in your upcoming marriage with Isabella."

This time, he looks up, and I can clearly see the wicked amusement in his eyes. "Do you mean that, or would you rather marry me yourself?"

My mother and sister gasp at his bold insinuation. I feel a rush of heat climb up my cheeks, and I swallow hard. I can hear my heart pounding in my ears, a loud drum that's impossible to ignore.

“...”I stutter, words clouding me. Alpha Xavier’s lips pucker with a scandalous smile as he revels in my embarrassment.

“Daisy,” My mother chides sharply, attempting to salvage the situation. “You barely know Alpha Xavier. That’s no way to speak to an-“

But Alpha Xavier interrupts her, waving away her concerns with a nonchalant lift of his hand. His gaze is firm on mine, a challenge dancing in his eyes.

“No need to scold her,” he says smoothly, standing up from his chair. He steps toward me until we are only an arm’s length apart. The entire room seems to hold its breath as he gazes down at me, amusement turning into something much more intense.

“I would like to hear her answer,” he tilts his head, and I immediately know what the bastard is doing.

This is a direct challenge to me-Alpha Xaxier wishes to see how brave I am in front of my family.