

Alchemy of Hearts chapter 12

Chapter 12: Sparring mate

Naoki teleported from his castle and appeared in an empty corner tucked away at the end of a quiet street.

He chose to appear in a secluded place to not attract the mages' attention and also not to frighten the peasants going about their nocturnal activities.

The humans were aware of the superior beings like the Daimyos and the Shogun, so another superior being wouldn't surprise them, but appearing out of nowhere without warning could be shocking as it was prohibited.

There was a rule in the last edict by the previous emperor that stated that only the people in the top three tiers of the government could use their powers openly and the rest were prohibited.

But there was a clause added to it.

Stepping into the busy streets, Naoki's gaze remained straight as his sandals silently marked the dusty earth.

Though he could still see everything that was happening from the corner of his eyes.

Everywhere he passed, heads would turn because of his attractive looks and the powerful aura he had a time trying to conceal.

Naoki was indeed good-looking and if not the most beautiful man to exist in their eyes.

His thick long black-inked hair that was securely coiffed in a hairpin was groomed into a rippling quality, a sign of his rude health.

His S-shaped brows were currently knitted in a tight frown which was the only visible flaw.

The aquiline nose he sported complemented his prominent cheekbones and oval-shaped face.

His best feature was his entrancing deep-set-shaped eyes that housed his beautiful purple eyes that shined brightly like the crescent moon surrounded by millions of stars in the dark night.

Unfortunately, he wouldn't let anyone come close enough to take a good look at them.

A simple black obi (sash/belt) knotted itself right below his hips, which also held his ankle-length simple patterned kimono in place.

The kimono was styled in such a way that the V neck revealed some part of his chiseled chest but above all, his frail looks made him seem to lack physical physique.

The thing that worried Naoki was his powerful aura which was something he would have to take care of soon if he didn't want to draw unnecessary attention.

With the route to the Ito family's home engraved in the back of his head, he made his way over, ignoring the great attention he garnered.

As he drew closer, he could hear the worried voices coming from inside the house. He only halted in his steps a few steps away from their building.

INSIDE THE ITO FAMILY'S HOUSE...

"What! Why didn't you tell me about it sooner?" Mr. Ito's face twisted in a frown as he inquired.

He had just learned of his beloved daughter's disappearance after having his meal.

"You had just come home after a long day. I didn't want you to abandon your food in worry, as I had sent out the servants to search for her. I had thought that she would be found quicker with more helping hands out there looking for her."

Hana explained as she fiddled with her fingers below her belly.

Her face was streaked with tears as her heart ached for her daughter.

She had high hopes that she would be found with more helping hands, but when the 3 servants returned with no signs of her, her heart leaped in her chest as worry clouded her reasoning.

This was the reason she was forced to table the matter before her husband.

After learning of the motive behind why he got the message late, coupled with the search party that came back unsuccessful, anger and worry surged through Mr. Ito's heart.

He could feel his stomach churn, and the need to throw up enveloped him.

She didn't want him to abandon his food in worry, but now, what was the use for her actions?

"At what time did you notice her absence?" Mr. Ito inquired as his brows furrowed.

“In the middle of preparing dinner.” Ito Hana replied with tingling nervousness as her fingers trembled by her sides. “The last time I saw her, she was napping in her room.” She added.

She could feel her heart threatening to jump out of her chest as worry consumed her.

Now, she blamed herself for not keeping an eye on her despite being aware of her mischievous nature.

Hana’s response didn’t seem to calm her husband.

The corner of his lips tugged downwards as his gaze narrowed on her.

Kenji on the other hand looked very much displeased. A deep frown sat on his handsome tanned face as he listened with his eyes on his parents.

He was unhappy with his sister’s cunning acts that could put the entire family in trouble.

Sometimes, he wondered if any man would ever agree to wed her when they hear of her stories.

As a man. He knew for sure that he wouldn’t want someone like his sister for a wife. Although she was a peerless beauty, her good looks could not cover for the women’s virtue missing.

Which man would want to marry a woman who was stubborn and not in the least bit submissive?

Sometimes he wondered whom to blame for how his sister turned out, but having a deep urgent thought, he discovered that they were all at fault.

Everyone in his family including him spoilt her to the core by letting her have her way most time, but now she was grown, it was difficult to take away that lifestyle from her.

Mr. Ito’s eyes bulged out of their sockets as he immediately rose to his feet. “Bring my sword.” He commanded.

Quickly, the manservant that has been awaiting orders from them, bowed before withdrawing.

“My Lord, where are you going?” Hana asked with tensed brows, immediately rising to her feet.

Mr. Ito swept his gaze over her and tried to calm her nerves on seeing her penitent state.

He didn't have the heart to stay mad at her for long. He allowed love to rule over his mind.

"I'm going to search for our daughter myself," he said letting out a deep breath.

"Please don't go alone, take the servants with you," Hana said as she swept her index fingers under her eyes to wipe away the hot salty liquid that blurred her vision.

Mr. Ito let out a soft sigh and at the same moment, he heard his son add, "Father, I will come with you."

OUTSIDE...

Naoki who has been listening to all the conversation released a deep sigh.

Now he could understand why Daisuke gave him a vague response when he asked that question about Haruka.

His destined bride was a handful to deal with. She was quite the daring type and he could tell he had his work cut out for him if he wanted a wife and not a sparring mate.

Suddenly, he retracted his gaze from the front door and shifted it to the distance he had walked over from.

He could hear the sound of a faint heartbeat in his head and the presence of two familiar people coming over.

"They are here," he stated. "They sure took their time," he added almost inaudibly.