

## Alpha's Nala Chapter 10 -

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Legaxy

Friday was nearly coming to an end, and I'm still struggling on finishing the rest of my paperwork which, by the way, was piled up — two stacks to be exact — on my table. I've already done so much of it for half of the day. But, whatever I do to lessen up the clump, it keeps on adding up.

I don't know if this is caused by some kind of magic tricks from my wicked 'friends', who submits late reports, or just colleagues taking advantage of my preoccupied state, THANKS TO SETH. But one thing's for sure, I am so behind already...

And being behind like that, which never happened to me before — if I may add, will earn me a tough session with Ms. Dawn since she, like every boss there is, loathes lethargic people. Most especially, those who procrastinate.

Luckily, I'm not one of those people. I'm just that typical employee who gets a bit 'distracted', but surely enough, knows how to bounce back once required.

Yet, today, I didn't 'bounce back' as expected...

My task, aside from being pending, is incomplete; incident reports are still for review, event contracts needed to be arranged and signed are nowhere near done, schedules for final interviews are not yet set, and the memos that I needed to spread around the hotel are not even prepared.

So yeah, it's a long list of to-do lists, and knowing I needed another day or two to clean up such clutter — without any interruption, if I may add, I let out a groan of frustration...

This is all Seth's fault!

If it weren't for his shady secret and delicate pinky promise four days ago, I would have a focused mind right now — to help me work steadily, and fast working hands — to get me through the paperwork without any pause.

But no! I took him seriously because promises, and family, for me are so damn important that I would protect them until the day I die...

Yes, I sound stupid but that's how I am. Seth better be happy about that.

However, out of the blue, the rational side of me instantly realizes that I just couldn't blame anyone here, specifically Seth, for the delays. I mean, I was the one managing the chore on hand, and the one exerting the effort to accomplish the goal. So, whatever issue arises while performing the assigned responsibility, I am the one to blame.

No one else...

Acknowledging this, I let out a heavy sigh.

Yup, it's all on me. And in all honesty, I'm just really — really anxious these past few days...

Why?

Well, I solely made myself believe that I could handle it fine, that I could continue living normally even with the knowledge that Seth was around — stalking me to the point where he knows how many seconds it will take for me to blink, or how many breathes I take in a minute...

Creepy, I know, but that's how he is and how he functions; You literally can't hide anything from him, that's for sure.

Anyway, as it turns out, I was just lying to myself. Let alone, deceiving my emotions to the point where I began to appreciate the quote, 'ignorance is bliss'. Effective to some extent, but not as helpful as I thought it to be; I don't like to play dumb, if that makes sense.

The point here is, Seth being around this much was not simply a bother anymore, but rather a tremendous distraction. That's mainly the reason why my work is so sluggish lately.

'And here I thought, I was such a strong, independent woman', I mock coldly to myself.

I may now assume that the following days will not be the same as usual. Good thing though, Seth is just on guard duty and the obligation ends when the Red Moon Ball ends. That means, everything will be back to normal after two long weeks...

Oh Goddess, please let everything be normal — FAST.

I groaned one more time, and this time, out of pure annoyance.

Suddenly,

"Yow Legx." Came a cheerful, sweet voice.

I looked up and was momentarily startled upon seeing our Hotel Nurse — Rain Gayle Isle, smiling down at me.

I had to blink a few times first before acknowledging her presence.

“Hey, going home?” I inquired finally, as I caught a glimpse of her, in her casual outfit already.

“Nope. Actually, some hotel friends and I are going out for a happy hour. Wanna come?” She invited, eyeing me with her dark brown eyes — almost black — in a way to say YES.

I could only giggle at her expression.

“As much as I would want to, but you know my answer Rain, ” I responded. Then, I flashed her my warm but thin smile while my hands started to operate on the bundle of documents again.

I caught her frowned as she struts closer to my space. Then, I noticed her carefully scanning my paper-filled porcelain table. Seeing the thick stack I was working on, Rain’s frown grew deeper.

“You’re really wasting half of your precious life here Dyme... working too damn hard.” She mumbled, “You workaholic bitch.” She added, clearly annoyed.

Knowing she was just teasing, and me already accustomed to her foul mouth and nasty nickname, I playfully darted my tongue out at her.

She chuckled.

“Such a baby... But come on Legaxy,” She pushed with a pout, “Time to have fun. I mean, when was the last time you ever got out with friends? Do you even socialize outside of work? Or do parties and drink?” She interrogated, raising a perfect brown eyebrow at me.

My first instinct was: I wanted to answer her queries honestly and defend myself after. But, knowing I certainly don’t do any of those things, except maybe for my gigs, I did the second-best thing I know: I keep my mouth shut.

Then, a little embarrassed, I bit my bottom lip.

Rain noticed that she flashed a sly smile at me.

“Exactly bitch.” She crossed her arms in front of her large chest, her sly smile widening — if that’s even possible, “Come on Legx, you’re missing out a lot in life... And you’re like what, 20 or something?”

“21, turning 22 this year,” I corrected, briefly glancing at her and back to my paperwork.

“See? At that age, you should be having fun.” Rain announced and when I shifted my gaze to stare at her, she was beaming. “Trust me, I’m already 27 and I know all the lines and curves of a fun life. You just gotta get drunk, be wild, or even be fucked up. You know, that kind of crap... That said, I could get you VIP tickets to big parties if you want. Let alone get you drunk by my favorite drinks. And oh! I know this one club that does BDSM, we could watch. Or if you feel like playing, I could set a ‘scene’ for you with one of my Dom friends... Wait a second, are you a virgin? Though, you’re already 21... So yeah, we could just skip everything I said and get it on tonight...”

She abruptly paused her rambling when she noticed my complete absence in the conversation and began frowning at me. Then, slowly, she narrowed her pretty brown eyes at me in question.

I had to blink my shock for a second before deciding to awkwardly look away from her...

She remained quiet then.