

Alpha's Nala Chapter 14 -

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Chapter 14. Breakfast with a bit of Lie

Legaxy

Saturday.

I know I should have listened to my subconscious mind when she told me to stay in bed...

Get ourselves to rest a little longer, letting the cold weather engulfed us in a comforting hug, and allowing our skin to appreciate the soft sheets — both coming from the Queen size mattress and green plush pillows — a little better.

Not to mention, I am off today. So it should be enough reason to pin me down to bed and go back to that peaceful slumber some more.

Yet, I didn't.

Instead, and for some anonymous energy, I slowly got up from the comfort and tranquility of my bed — just around 6:30 am, and began stretching my stiff limbs. Then, just like a shot of lightning bolt, the overwhelming feeling of anxiety kicked in.

And that's when I remembered Seth's promise, which happens to be due today...

Obviously, my initial emotion for that sudden recollection was relief. Like hooray! I will finally get to hear the answers that I have been PATIENTLY waiting for —

Wait, hold up... Did I say PATIENTLY?

Well, about that — it's not entirely true...

Actually, I've been dying to know the reason behind the guarding job — the why me and why Seth typical questions bombarding my brain — that it honestly got me to a point where I became paranoid about my safety.

There were days when I cautiously eat my meals at work, thinking that maybe the food was poisoned. Then, there were times when I constantly turn my head to check my surroundings if there were any signs of threat. Let's not forget how I became fully attentive to whom I talk to, thinking that maybe it was an imposter and not the real person I knew.

And to think that, that was only four days ago...

So yeah, you can imagine how glad I am that the time had come for Seth to actually spill the beans — if this took longer than it should have, I don't think my sanity could take it anymore.

May have gone crazy if the waiting game continues...

Aside from that, I was also hoping — by spilling out the truth tonight — to resolve the communication barrier issue that came upon our family, which I may say, was starting to bother and annoy me to the core.

You see, we are an open family. Our bond revolves mostly around communication; We don't hide things from each other, rather, we share and express freely — especially, our problems and secrets.

So when Seth took that part out of my daily existence for the sake of his loyalty — bringing me to change topic after topic whenever our parents asked us about our weird behavior, or me having to avoid simple discussions that included 'him' and his new 'role' in the security forces — made me feel not just terrible about myself, but also completely guilty.

I know, I should never question Seth's ways and reasons — let's remember the 'Royal Promise', shall we — for not informing everybody, but the way he tackled this case and made me lie to our parents for four straight days brought doubt to my mind. His fairness on judgment when it comes to family matters, particularly with me — whom I should remind him was always the victim here, were not really that fair anymore.

He was becoming selfish... or genuinely, afraid — I don't know which emotion was stronger at the moment.

Nonetheless, the overall point here is, I don't like being kept in the dark for far too long. And this situation with Seth and his secret was keeping me there, FOR FAR TOO LONG.

I need to get out...

So, to distract myself from the undeniable tension and guilt I was feeling right now, I went down to the kitchen and prepared breakfast for the family — well, for Mum, Dad, and me to be exact.

As mentioned before, my brothers lived at the palace. Seth, because of the guarding obligation, came back to live with us. However, he doesn't really stay here that long and keeps on returning to the castle since his other duty calls — mostly juvenile training sessions and filing of security reports.

Anyway, back to the original intention; prepping food for the gang...

Mum loves bacon and Dad loves eggs, so I concluded on cooking scrambled eggs and honey-flavored bacon for the two of them. As for me, I only added toast since I love some warm bread in the morning. Also, a good excuse for using that imported butter and cheese Mum kept on hiding in the pantry chiller.

Regardless of the reasons, I readied everything I needed and started cooking.

It didn't take me that long to complete the menu and when I finally heard Mum and Dad descending from their room upstairs — guessing all dressed up and ready to go, there was already food on the table.

Of course, at first, they didn't notice me or the meal I have prepared since they were on the other side of the house. However, their senses were more heightened than me so I know they will eventually smell the food.

I was about done washing the pan I had used in cooking the eggs and bacon when they finally smell it. I heard them literally ending their lively conversation and within that second — while I placed the utensil on a drying rack, both were hastily shuffling towards the dining room like there was fire or an emergency.

Since our home was a closed floor plan and Mum wanting to have some kind of change in the house, my parents decided to have the kitchen and the dining room intricately designed to function as a one-room — no walls to divide each space. That's why, when Mum and Dad entered the big room from the living space, they easily locate where I was.

And boy they look shocked upon seeing me there — most especially, standing in the kitchen station...

You see, aside from not letting me drive, they don't let me cook — unless Mum was there to direct me. They do let me clean the house, wash the dishes and do some laundry without supervision, but that's about it.

The rest of the household chores were either tricky, difficult, or dangerous for me — as per my family...

"Good morning." I finally greeted, ignoring their alarmed gapes as I took a carton of milk from the refrigerator.

"Good morning too baby." Mum greeted back and I caught sight of her scrutinizing the cooked food on the dining table. Then, her green eyes widened in horror upon realizing what I just did, "You know, you should have called me..." She uttered as she walked slowly inside the dining space.

I just smiled softly at her.

“Mama, it’s no biggie... Come and eat, before you go.” I announced as I placed the milk on the center of the glass table, “You too, Papa.” I added, stopping Dad from his attempt at sneaking out the door.

Dad laughed nervously after being caught. Then, with a little tug from me, both of them sat down around the table — kinda awkward at the moment.

Can’t blame them for that behavior though, since they served both the mixed Clan and the Hue Kingdom their whole life. So, being cared for like this — especially by their daughter is truly an unusual but blissful feeling.

I can tell because I saw both of them beaming with happiness and gratitude at me...

Then, with the uneasy atmosphere slowly fading, Mum and Dad got comfortable and both started eating the food peacefully.

Out of the blue, Dad spoke — breaking the hushed atmosphere of the calm room.

“Should I be concerned now, Princess?” He asked, taking a bite of his toast then.

I shot him a perplexed look.

“Concern about what, Papa?”

“Well, it’s Saturday. It’s your usual day off from work and” — finally swallowed his chewed-up toast — “I know your gigs occur only at night. It’s past 7 am and your fully awake already, Princess... Mind telling me why?” Dad asked, taking a mouthful of eggs now.

I paused and slowly bit my lip, hesitant at the idea of telling them anything. Especially, the truth regarding what was bothering me — Seth and the promise — for it could lead to secret after secret to unfold... and I can’t risk that.

Should I lie again, then?

But, I don’t want to. It hurts to see my parents believing such pathetic excuses coming from me.

‘Though, this will be the last... Seth will talk tonight.’ I reminded myself.

So with an internal sigh of defeat, and as hard as it can be, I decided to lie once more. Still, just to sound authentic, I mixed a few bits of truth in it...

“I just... wanna make sure... you two don't skip breakfast this time.” I replied, my teeth gritted a little, “You both tend to leave for work with an empty stomach, and that's not good for beings with busy schedules. I just — I had to do something about it, alright... took the time to cook for the both of you.” I mumbled and hurriedly hide my discomfort from lying by taking a huge bite of my buttered toast.

Dad became silent then.