

Alpha's Nala Chapter 15 -

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Chapter 15. Someone's at the Door

Legaxy

I panic and returned my gaze at his face.

Thankfully, he looked pleased with the answer for he was smiling and his crystal blue eyes were just sparkling out of pure admiration at me.

Mum, on the other hand, glowed from joy and adoration at me as a smile appeared on her beautiful face as well.

Okay, it worked.

But damn, lying hurts — it's like being punched in the chest...

Seth better tell the truth tonight, or I swear I will do it myself. Brother or not, but this is our parents and siblings — this is family, and they deserve to know as soon as possible.

"Oh, our sweet baby." Mum finally gushed out softly, giving me a side hug. "But seriously child, you shouldn't have done this... I mean it."

Her voice turned serious and her expression, as she freed herself from the embrace, was uneasy, "What if you burned your skin or get a cut from a knife or worst, get injured from slipping in this tiled floor?" She hysterically numerate.

I could only groan.

"Mama, it's fine," I swore — hating the overprotective tone. "I could handle myself with the simple task of cooking. It's far safer than the driving lessons anyway —"

Mum gasped, much in a dramatic manner.

"Legaxy Hailey Dyme, are you trying to say that you rather choose to be injured by a kitchen accident than a car wreck?" She interrupted.

"No, no no it's not like that Mama." I whined with eyes wide open, "All I'm trying to say here is that I'm already old and independent... I definitely know what I am doing. Sure it's not easy, and maybe I will need your assistance" — I hold her hand which was resting on her lap — "on some other things but this, this is a small task Ma... You can trust me on this." I affirmed, encouraging a smile at her.

She stared at my eyes for a moment before letting out a defeated sigh.

“I know, I know. But it’s just... I can’t, Lily. You are” — she moved her hand so it is on top of mine and squeezed it — “our only daughter. It’s normal for us, for me especially, to be protective of you. Call me an aggressive Mama Bear or an overreacting Mother, but I will do whatever I know what’s best for you. Either way, you’ll have to accept that. Know that I’m not changing and so as your Dad or your brothers... You’re our priority, Legaxy.” Mum declared, now withdrawing her hand from me and placed it on the table.

Listening to that, I wanted to groan once again and protest my defiance when Dad interjected.

“You do realize that Legaxy has a point too, Margaret.” Dad carefully took one of Mum’s hands and placed it on his large chest — a habit, “My love, do remember she is her very own person. She can make her own decisions without the need for our help. If she ever did fail or made a mistake, then it will be our time to assist her. We can’t just always hold her hands and yank her back to her feet every time she falls. We need to learn to let her go too, for her to learn to walk freely...” He explained while lovingly stroking Mum’s hands.

Mum eyed Dad for a moment and knowing Dad was right, she only nodded her response.

I, on the other hand, was beginning to believe that Dad was defending me from Mum’s lecture a while ago but turns out, he was more of neutralizing the situation as he switches his attention from Mum to me.

“Nonetheless, Princess,” — He shot me a pointed look — “your Mom is right. We will not change our ways in terms of keeping you safe. You are our number one priority. That’s why, all I’m asking — on behalf of everybody in this family, is for you to stay away from danger. May it be the kitchen work, or a car ride, or even the simplest of walking around this home... I wanted you to be always cautious. And like what your Mum had said, you’re our only daughter. We can’t afford to lose you, may it be to a serious tragedy or the clumsiest of all misfortunes... We want you healthy and whole. Do you understand, little Lily?” He asked, almost sounding like a plea.

Oh boy, not this kind of drama again — they always win with this one...

I was about to respond when our thunder of a doorbell rang.

I, being close to the hallway leading to our front door, excused myself and quickly ran to answer it.

When our arc-style black door was in sight and a couple of meters away from me, I slowed myself down and then tip-toed the rest.

As I reached it, I didn't open it immediately.

Not to be rude, but to be careful actually — like Dad had mentioned a while ago.

Why?

News broke out yesterday about rogue vampires and black witches roaming around town again, hunting and killing innocent civilians either for food or sacrifices.

So, instead of my usual move of carelessly opening the door and greet the person on the other side, I cautiously peeked through the door's peephole.

Black clothing and pale skin...□□□□□