

Alpha's Nala Chapter 20 -

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Chapter 20. Blessy

Michael Angelo

On the Southern part of the Redwood Region, at the Redwood Pack Mansion.

Saturday,

5:35 PM.

I am already aware of the loud music, many chatters, and clicking of glasses down the hall.

However, after a long day of paperwork and dealing with pack issues, my mind and body needed serenity.

And where to acquire it than your very own room.

So here I am, taking my time on doing my necktie. Making sure it looks neat and presentable for tonight's mating ball when, all of a sudden, a small voice interrupted me.

I knew who it was, the minute the little wolf entered my chamber, for her scent — composing of lemon and mint — immediately filled the room.

Not to mention, her voice.

I recognize that voice anywhere, for there are no other seven-year-olds in the region that possesses an alpha tone, except her.

"Yes, Blessy?" I respond to my sister's little cry, eyes still focused on the nearly done knot.

There was no reply from her after that, making me assume that she already left. Though, instead of hearing a door closing, I surprisingly caught the sound of her soft footsteps walking towards me. Then, like a ray of sunshine, I felt the little she-wolf's warm presence behind me.

Almost, immediately, a smile found its way to my face.

"Oh, busy." She quickly muttered at my back, discovering that I was a bit occupied at the moment.

My smile widened.

Regardless of her warm existence, what really lightened up my dark mood was the aura my sister brought with her; the innocence of a child and the purity of a soul, which so happens to be the same as my late mate, Nala.

My Nalaese Marie Snow...

The reminder, rather of infuriating me like the last time, made me calm. And my once frustrated face was now beaming with pure peace.

"In a minute little one, I'm almost done," I stated, and was about to do the last loop when I caught a glimpse of her dirty reflection on the full-length mirror I was using.

Oh dear lord.

I quickly turned to face her, hoping my eyes were deceiving me. But once my gaze landed on the little girl, fully registering her appearance, I was utterly stunned to see how terrible-looking she really was.

Hell no, she did not...

Her supposed to be cute little princess gown — fuchsia in color and full of diamonds — was already brownish on the bottom part, while a couple of dirty handprints at the top. Her blonde hair which was supposed to be tied in a bun we're loosened, leaving her gold tiara hanging on the back of her head.

Though, what gave me the overall impression that she sneaked out of the castle and play unto the forest floor — AGAIN — was her hands and face, all covered with mud.

"Blessica Allison Joy Cane, what on earth got into you!" I roared, the shock was evident both in my face and voice.

Receiving no response from her, just a few blinks and fingers fidgeting, I swiftly grab her little arm and, as quick as the flash of light — werewolf speed, made her sit on a chair next to the dresser my Nala, once owned.

Catching a glimpse of that wardrobe, my anger instantly halted. Then, as obvious as it was now, I got momentarily distracted.

I know I should have thrown that out, or any stuff that belonged to my mate, but I can't. Not because I'm being too sentimental, but because it's one of those things that keeps me from going completely mad, or worse, seek solace again to BLOODLUST.

My ultimate cure, for three whole years...

As amazing as it would have been, to let myself be an animal — carefree and wild — for one day, though the danger that it would bring was much higher compared to the comfort that I aim to fulfill.

And I don't want that to happen again... I had caused enough damage to everybody already.

That's why, I still kept it — every belonging she owned — here, with me.

"Mikee," Blessy, in a softer tone now, spoke up again.

That snapped me out of my sudden stupor, making me shift my gaze from the dresser to her.

"You want a hug?" She innocently asked while opening her mud-covered arms at me.

Blessy knew about my predicament, and as caring as she was, she always tries to comfort me whenever she sees signs of my despair.

I guess that's what you get when you have a little sister as compassionate as her.

However, instead of giving in to her hug and sweet gesture, I only frowned at her. Especially, after seeing up close how messy her image was.

Mom will surely be upset with her for this.

"You know you can't just go outside and play in the mud as you wish, especially tonight. It's ball night for Goddess sake Blessica!" I finally scolded her.

Though, I was quick to note that, my voice sounded so bitter, so harsh, and dreadful that I almost forgot that I'm speaking to a kid who normally gets into trouble, not an adult who committed a crime of murder.

'You're stress, Angelo. Don't give in, or you're going to hurt our sister. Mika (Blessy's wolf) will not like that.' Bear stated, trying to ease my impending anger.

I immediately mind his warning and began steadying my breathing...

"I'm sorry." Blessy softly whispered. Her gentle — sweet voice echoed delicately inside my ears, which was also helping on calming the fury I felt.

But as sincere as her voice goes, I caught a glimpse of her face. Peculiarly, it lacks FEAR, and as much as I don't appreciate what I sound like earlier, she should be shaking from fright by now.

However, she's not.

Instead, she looked pretty relaxed for a seven-year-old child being lectured at by an angry parent — or brother.

Though what really caught my attention, which bothered me instantly, was her tiger brown eyes. They look very much dead and cold — too cold, for a child her age.

And when she was looking at me, at that split second, it was like she's looking THROUGH me — as if her eyes were staring right at the soul, rather than the eyes themselves.

From there, I froze.

I was not terrified by my youngest sibling if that's what you're guessing. I was just overwhelmed because I saw a hint of pure sadness in that gaze of her. A longing that I seem to understand, for I have it too — not just in my eyes but also in my heart.

So it's not just me who's still in grief... it's her as well.

I looked away, trying to focus more on what I was supposed to be doing when I felt my wolf's temper rising.

'She's lying, you know that.' Bear growled, taking my full attention now. 'She should stop that, stop apologizing when she doesn't even mean it, or no one's gonna believe her in the end, Angelo.' He added.

I, getting his point of aggression — Bear is not fond of lying, internally nodded at him.

I then promptly recalled her apology, and the fact that Bear was right; that it was not as genuine as it should be, made me glance back at her.

"I know what you are doing, Blessica," I stated sternly, eyeing her. "Your pleas... It's not even true. You should stop that or no one's gonna believe you in the end, sweetie. Especially, once you get to a point where you apologize for real for your mistakes, and people already knew what you are capable of. Lying is not a game Blessy, so quit it while you can."

She gazed at me for a second after hearing my short speech and then, realizing that I caught her act, she — instead of feeling ashamed — look almost... pleased?

She even flashes her little smile at me — her dimples showing on both sides of her cheek.

Woah.

The boldness of this child is even greater compared to the warriors I have trained in the field. Others would have bowed their head at me by now, to submit to their mistakes but her?

She just simply flash a smile at me. Looking like she didn't even commit any mischief whatsoever.

I felt my lips parted out of pure marvel.

'Our sister's brave... too brave for my liking.' Bear pointed out, sounding almost irritated now.

'She is. Though, I'm just astounded that she could even smile at me like that at this point. She doesn't do that unless she wanted to cheer me up, you know.' I replied.

I felt Bear rolled his eyes in the back of my mind, saying, 'Or distract you from her troubles. She knows she's charming and you easily fall for that. You're pathetic, Angelo.'

I shook my shock after hearing that and internally lifted a challenging eyebrow at Bear.

'Says who, who falls for Mika's whining whenever she needs someone to protect her from Mother's wrath.' I retorted.

Bear stilled, his ears down and body hunched.

'Touche', Michael Angelo. Touche'...' Bear said, slowly retrieving to the back of my mind.

I could only smirk.

Then, after blocking the communication with him, my attention went back to the little being in front of me. She's still smiling her dimpled smile at me and her focus never wavered from me.

She must be waiting for my violent reaction... too bad, I'm too amused to be even mad at her.

I just shake my head at her, in both entertainment and disbelief.

"Feisty little she-wolf," I finally declared in a husky tone.

Her smile widened after hearing that as if I just compliment her. Though, I didn't miss the fact that the smile didn't fully reach her dull eyes.

Now, that's strange.

Was she always this... lifeless?

I wanted to discuss that matter with her, seeing it held secrets. But not really knowing what proper questions to ask or what simple words to say to a seven-year-old, especially when the subject involves serious themes, I could only let out a tired sigh.

Then, realizing I have to do something, decided to scramble towards the bathroom to get a wet towel to wipe her. Lastly, kneeling in front of her, I started cleaning her up; face first and then her little hands.

She became dead silent after, leaving me to wonder what was on her mind at the second.

I know that Blessy always loves the great outdoors wherein she could explore, learn, and be down and dirty. But having her keep on doing it every now and then, for the majority of her life, sounds so bizarre — kinda like OCD (obsessive-compulsive disorder) already, if I may say.

Nonetheless, the real question here is, was it really that fun?

So fun that she happened to have forgotten Mother's wrath?

"Are you really not afraid of the uproar Mother will bestow upon you? Or just the idea of being grounded for another week in your room? Werewolves your age don't exactly like confinement Blessy, yet here you are, kept on going back to that said isolation. Do you really want that, sweetheart?" I paused and waited for an answer, or maybe a change of expression, from her.

To my astonishment, the little wolf only showed that same dimpled smile at me. As if saying she does.

Is this bravery I'm seeing?

Or just her hardheaded nature getting the best of her?

"Are you even afraid of Mother at all?" I inquired once more, still hoping for a different yet relatable response from her.

Hearing the worry and frustration from my voice now, she —instead of being concerned or bothered — only offered me a silly pout. Then, observing that it was enough response coming from me — since I was speechless again by her action — she smiled her dimpled smile at me, and now, she accompanied it with an innocent giggle.

Okay, one; she's ridiculous but so adorable, and two; maybe this is just naiveness.

'Too naive, Angelo.' Bear confirmed and after blurting that out, went back to the depths of my mind.

I didn't respond and was just consumed by my own thoughts...

Blessy is already seven, and still a baby in our eyes. So maybe the troubles she causes were her ways of saying that she's bored and needed attention.

A plausible reason for such a doll but deep down, I know, it seems not believable enough — especially with the fact that Blessy is a well-loved child.

Well-love in the sense that she's the only girl out of the four siblings and the only princess this palace has. That means, she gets all of the attention she could ever ask for; All the people she could talk to or play with, and all the time in the world to be entertained by all of us.

Yet, why act this way?

Why cause trouble just to get our attention?

Are we not enough attention to her?

Or the attention we give is not enough?

Defeated, I shook my head again — not in disbelief or joy anymore, but out of pure turmoil.

"Are you?" Blessy finally voices out, cutting my train of thought. She tilts her head on the side — looking all too cute and harmless.

But I knew better than to believe that, which made me go serious on her once again.

"Sweetheart, I'm already old," I replied, as I resumed wiping her little fingers.

"Which means?" Her little head tilted to the other side, while her forehead wrinkled in question at me.

"Which means, I get to understand Mother's rules and obey them like a good kid... Avoiding both trouble and punishment." I explained, gently wiping her palms now.

Her little pink lips frowned at me.

"I'm not that bad."

I snorted at that, saying, "Really?"

She hit me on the arm as her frowned deepened.

I let out another exhausted sigh and paused what I was doing just to stare at her.

“Seriously little lady, what do you think of your behavior then? Pleasant? Acceptable? Good?” I reprimanded her.

Surprisingly, she didn’t look mad. Rather, she looked more taken back as she narrowed her eyes at me; somewhat asking me if all that I have uttered are a series of tricky questions that she needs to find an actual response to.

Then, realizing something, she flashed her dimpled smile at me once more.

“I know! It’s called memories.” She declared while beaming, a full-blown smile on her face now, and for the first time, it reached her eyes.

Oh, what changes now?

“Memories?” I asked, still completely lost in her sudden change of demeanor.

“Yes,” Her smile widened, “memories that we keep in our head.” She simply explained, making me understand a little.

I didn’t pay much attention to that and noticing she’s cheerful now, I decided to tease her.

“Oh, so you mean you are making memories out of Mother’s outbursts and angry lectures... Nice.” I lightly joked, recalling all the scolding Mom had done to the little she-wolf in the past few months.

Bad idea though because, instead of hearing a little laughter from her or a sassy comment to counter the mock, I heard her growl at me — her low yet menacing growl.

“It’s Nala’s memories, Michael Angelo. Not Mother’s!” She yells.