

Alpha's Nala Chapter 23 -

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Chapter 23. Raised by Fangs and Magic

Legacy

I guess it was already an obvious factor from the start — also mentioned it a few times — since I do have a mixed-race of Vampire and Witch for a family.

And positively, you'll find it hard to believe that a human actually exists in that mix, or even born from supernatural beings without actually being one.

So rare...

But unlike other adopted kids out there that were acquired because one family was childless or cannot bear a kid of their own, I was adopted because I was a NOBODY.

'You're a nobody's child, hija.' a voice, in my memory, reminded me.

Without any warning, my harmless phasing out turned into a more serious condition; another one of my 'episodes' transpired.

I felt myself go stiff as my brain started to spark up and began replaying — recollecting — the days I first came to this place. It was like an intense movie, playing from slow to fast-forward on a big screen in my head...

I just watched breathlessly.

FLASHBACK

'I don't remember why I was walking. All I know was I need to get out from there, I need to leave that place...

Oh, oh civilization!

I was already worn out and my feet were hurting. My dress was stained and I smell like shit...

Now, I was walking inside this weird barricaded place.

I'm in the forest but why was this place all fenced up, like it was a horse stable?

Then, I heard snarls and grunts.

I turned, I wish I didn't, and saw a group of vampires and witches, all young-looking. However, what made me stilled on my spot was their faces, they were all hungry.

Among them was Seth; he was hungry as well...

Instantly, he pounced —

— Fast forward.

I was being dragged to a cell.

The cell looked pretty clean and accommodating. I could live here if they let me.

But the 'King' and 'Queen' disliked my presence so I guess, I need to work on —

'Is she a spy? Or an ally?' I heard a male asked, interrupting my daydreaming.

'She's neither.' a female answered.

'How can you say that?' the same male questioned.

'Well, if she's a spy she should be fighting us to save her ass. And if she's one of us, she should have a tattoo or markings... she's clean and very innocent.' the female explained.

'Useless too. She has no memories... we checked. She's basically a NOBODY, poor child.' another male announced, making me wince.

I have no memories... so that's why they freed me after a week of confinement.

However, they didn't let me go.

I heard them again, the guards I believe. They talked about me. They said the Kingdom decided to keep me, FOR GOOD...

The sun was blinding when I got out of that cell. I was expecting to be left alone but they pushed me to this room.

It was white, tiled, and clean; It looked more like an interrogation room with no tinted glass...

Oh, voices. I heard voices —

Two people caught my attention then. Both standing closed to each other; of course, a husband and a wife.

I know because I saw love and admiration in their eyes whenever they made eye contact...

The one I didn't receive from 'him', I winced.

The two then talked to me... they are called the Dyme Family.

The most honorable family in the kingdom in terms of Security — since the man works as the head of the Security department — and Health — the lady's the head doctor of their hospital, the 'King' and 'Queen' explained.

Yeah, them royals arrived a minute ago, asking how was I doing...

Then, them royals — together with the 'Mixed Council', declared I was officially adopted.

No, the Dyme couple said ACCEPTED...

They wanted a NOBODY for a child... weird couple.

As we got out of that place, the two mentioned that I should call them 'Mum' and 'Dad' starting that day.

And they already had three boys... soon to be my brothers.

Brothers...

A mom and a dad...

I have a new life, they declared after —— '

"Lily, are you alright baby?" I heard Mum asked, completely snapping me out of my memory.

Hurriedly, I breathe and blinked a few tears away — coming from the headache, which was an aftermath of the recalls — before flashing a lovely smile at her.

"Yes Mama, I'm fine."

Unconvinced, and knowing about the painful headache after my recollections, Mum shot me a worried look.

"Does it still hurt, when you remember?" She inquired cautiously while brushing my hair with her fingers.

"A little bit, but it's not like before." I lied, trying to sound convincing.

I heard her sighed in relief. Then, she took her hand off of me and went back on the pan in front of her.

Great! Another lie.

Still, I don't want her to dwell on it... I can handle this.

"Thank goodness for that. However, your brain should really stop doing that Lily." She asserted with a frown, "It's giving me a heart attack every time you get into one of your 'episodes'." She added.

"Sorry Mama," I offered another sheepish smile. Well, mostly to myself as the headache subsided, "But I can't help it, you know. It always wants to remind me how lucky I am, and that I should always be thankful to the people who adopt —"

"Lily, please," she warned, cutting me off, "You know the restrictions when using that word." She added sternly.

"But Mama," I argued which earned me a hard glare from her.

I immediately bit my lip.

Mum, catching the action, let out another sigh. Then, her deeper shade of green eyes lovingly stared at me.

"You're such a good girl Lily, and we all feel like it's not fair if we acknowledge you like that." Mum started, flashing me a small smile, "I know you don't believe me when I say that you are worth it. But do trust me when I tell you that you belonged in this family, that you are a Dyme, Legacy. You are PERFECT just the way you are so please," she paused and touched my cheek again, "don't be too hard on yourself. You've proven yourself enough to us, child. That's why, with all my heart, I am so proud to call you my human daughter." She declared, engulfing me into a tight hug.

Hearing that, I immediately felt emotional — and you should know by now I hate being sensitive in front of my family.

Nevertheless, I never knew Mum was actually observing me so closely.

And definitely, she hit all my delicate spots...

As an adopted child, I always thought that I should do better at everything. That I should be formal and behave as an angel would.

Not because I have to, but because I need to in order for my relationship with my 'adopters' to be smooth.

So, for three years, I did my best on improving myself. I strived to look and act properly; ensuring that I speak the words correctly, dress elegantly, and even made the effort to fix my walk — making sure I do that with a straight back.

Just be a well-mannered kid; sensitive, careful, obedient...

I know it's too much, but at that time, I truly believe that it's the only way of giving back to the family who accepted me; seeing that being decent avoids problems and spares the old folks from headaches.

Well, just a little bit...

I'm first to admit that I've been involved with some 'minor' fights. Mostly about my adoption or existence in the community, these past few years. Too bad for them bullies though, I'm a bit of a fighter myself and when needed, I'm fierce — I guess, that was already apparent a while back.

So, I fought them back and eventually, won.

Anyway, upon acknowledging everything, it does sound like a lot of work for just filling in the daughter role.

But I never was the person who takes things for granted.

No, I always work for it...

Especially, earning a spot in their life, earning that RIGHT to be called as a DYME, is considered a big HONOR already.

Primarily because the Dyme family is next in line to the royal throne. And to be shoved into that mix like I somewhat deserve it...

It's just too good to be true.

That's why I challenge myself. I made myself work to the point of exhaustion so I could reach their level, made myself function the right way to be the right person for the part.

Like they did for me...

Abruptly, in that second, Mum's words recalled inside my head, halting me to fuss further.

'You are PERFECT just the way you are so please, don't be too hard on yourself. You've proven yourself enough to us, child.'

I guess Mum is right.

I was working hard — TOO damn HARD that I let myself be blindsided by the idea that I must be ready for the 'daughter position' as if it was work that I needed to do my utmost best so I can be qualified for it.

But it should not be like that...

Being a daughter to the Dyme family, it was no work, no role, no position... it was simply a 'gift'.

A gift that I needed to accept because this was not an opportunity, to begin with, but a second chance at life... Which is why Mum said I was perfect, that I was enough.

'That's why, with all my heart, I am so proud to call you my human daughter.' Her voice reminds me again.

Yes, I should claim that...

I already fit in as their Daughter,

I already fit in as a Dyme...

"Thank you, Mama," I mumbled, my voice wavering as I tried to hold back the gratitude tears from falling. "I'm so blessed to have you guys in my life."

"Oh Lily, you're always, always welcome." She mumbled on my hair.

I freed a little from the hug, enough space to see her looking at me in wonder since her long pause caused me to feel nervous.

"What is it, Mama?" I asked, curious about what she was thinking of then.

Mum's smile widened.

"I'm just wondering," She started, brushing my black hair with her fingertips, "how lovely you turned out to be, knowing you are mostly flesh and bone. And to think that you have been raised by fangs and magic... Well, we must have done something right to get you here." She mumbled with a chuckle while tucking away my hair on my left ear.

I smiled my soft smile, thinking what she meant; A well-behaved human girl, raised by mischievous Vampires and Witches.

My smile widened at the irony.

"Sure you all did Mama. You guys save me and I will be forever grateful for that." I stated cheerfully, feeling myself blushing and almost crying.

Mum hugged me one more time, her warmth swallowing me up.

All of a sudden, I felt her aura changed as I heard her sniff.

“Oh dear, you should definitely stop inserting drama into every family bonding we held Lily, or you’ll make me cry like the last time. I hate that.” Mum said sternly, freeing herself from the hug, and glared at me for a sec.

I chuckled lightly.

“Sorry, Mama.”

She sighed and look at me one more time. Remembering something, her wrinkled forehead grew smooth and her eyes become blurry from unshed tears again.

“But you should always remember that the day you became part of this family, was the best day of our life.” Mum started, a soft smile once again formed on her face, “You know, I always wanted a daughter. I miscarriage four times after having Howard, that I had to stop conceiving to save my life. So seeing you that day, at the office chamber, gave me unending joy and I’m just very thankful then.” She paused and kissed my forehead, “You are the love of our lives, our beautiful Legaxy Hailey Dyme.” she finished as she softly poked the tip of my nose.

Now it’s my turn to sniff, feeling myself crying the gratitude tears now. But I managed to hold it as I direct my attention back to mixing.

“Okay, drama’s over,” I muttered, hastily wiping the tears that successfully run down my cheeks.

Mum nodded, giggling as she might have already noticed the stream of tears escaping my eyes.

“As you wish.” She said, getting back into stirring the gravy.

“Don’t you think this is too much, Ma?” I finally asked after a long pause. My eyes started scanning the cramped table.

Four whole roast chicken were resting on the right side of the dinner table, while two bowls of mashed potatoes on the left. And there’s the big bowl of vegetable salad sitting in the middle.

Not to mention, I still have these two bowls of chicken salad and Mum’s apple pie, three pans to be exact, that was baking away in the oven.

Yup, this is TOO MUCH.

Mum, seeing me disturbed, only laughed.

“You do know your brothers’ appetite, Lily. Men as old as them have a higher metabolism, making them digest their food easily. That’s why they need plenty of food to satisfy them.” She explained.

“Oh,” I paused and wrinkled my nose, “I just hope they don’t ask for seconds. We don’t have any reserves for each dish, you know.”

Mum laughed at that and was about to respond when we both heard car engines stopping in front of our house, followed by our front door swiftly opening. Then, big footsteps ran through the hallway and when I turn around to look at the entrance, I saw them...

My brothers.