

Alpha's Nala Chapter 26 -

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Chapter 26: Corona

Michael Angelo

The party didn't end well.

For me, exactly...

I didn't know what got into me but by the time I could comprehend what I was doing, all of the guests inside the ballroom were already cowering from me.

Like I was somewhat the DEVIL who came for their souls...

The same goes with my family, and how I despised myself after. Especially, seeing my sweet baby sister, Blessy, cry out of horror; it was her first time seeing me like that.

As for my men — even if all were terrified of me at that moment, they still kept on dragging me out of the palace. All were pleading for me to cool off the rage I was feeling by running around the territory.

Even in my fury stage, I heeded their request and left the mansion.

I knew, the minute I shifted and Bear's paws thundered inside the forest floor, that I turned BLOODLUST again.

I know it was stupid of me to let myself do it, to let my animal instinct take over and ruin the ball.

But what could I have done better discovering that there was a shrine of 'her', displayed on the throne where she was supposed to sit on?

Yes, a memorial shrine... for my late mate.

My lovely Mother thought it was a great idea to do that, believing that it would give me the best of luck in finding the 'second chance mate'.

Sure, a memorial shrine serves that way — note the cold sarcasm.

Nonetheless, what made me see red was the notion that the shrine was also a way to give respect to Nala since I will be letting her go once I found a new mate.

Bullshit!

That purpose, aside from being ridiculous, almost sounded like an insult.

And that, instinctively, triggered me...

All I could think of then was the desire to KILL.

It didn't help when Bear heard the reasons from Mom and instead of approving her work, he went apeshit; almost slaughtered two of our guards that were standing beside the thrones.

Thankfully, the said incident ended.

Two hours ago, to be specific...

After running for an hour and the other hour, hunting — don't ask, Bear and I finally came to our senses.

Furthermore, calmed down.

Currently, I'm just leaning against the round pillars of the mansion's verandah, feet nonchalantly planted on the edge of the marble banister while my arms are crossed in front of my bare chest.

I already showered and was wearing only my sweatpants. I thought that doing so could help me feel refreshed, stable.

You know, get my head a bit clearer...

However, to my dismay, I felt the other way around.

I felt horrible.

Numb...

My mood was low and I was simply... lifeless.

The hollow that is inside of me, the one I was accustomed to sensing, still felt heavy and even with the earlier outburst, the empty feeling didn't go away like it used to be.

Instead, it grew; taking all the space of what's left of my chest.

I placed my hand on where I felt the void, which was on the area where my heart is. The heart's beating there, but too faint for me to even appreciate.

I sighed.

This was serious and maybe Lucky was right...

Maybe I was mentally ill and with that kind of episode that occurred hours ago, I couldn't help but believe that I was starting to lose it.

My composure,

My control,

My HUMANITY...

It feels like I'm hanging on a thin thread, walking on thin ice. And just one more snap from me, one more step, then I'll become a 'rogue'.

A cold, mindless demon that kept people inside their homes...

No!

Let's not go there... Not yet.

I know what I am capable of, I know that I can handle this... I'm still sane.

Besides, I still have a reason to live.

I have packs to protect,

A Kingdom to govern,

People to strengthen,

And lives to nourish...

All that and add my family to the mix, then I could say it is all worth it. That this miserable life still has its joys, and that I'm still blessed to see and enjoy it.

Yep, I still have work to do here...

I let out a quiet sigh of exhaustion while I kept my gaze in the distance.

Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye, I caught a movement.

Among the shadows of my bedroom walls, I could make out a figure which was slowly creeping beside me.

My senses, realizing I was active, became alert and my fight reflex turned on once again.

Certainly, one wrong move from this person, and I could break his neck without thinking twice about it...

However, as aware as I was, I patiently waited for the figure to come closer. When it emerges a few feet away from the darkness — giving me only a hint of its broad silhouette, I came to realize that I know who it was.

Not to mention, when a gust of wind entered through my door and out of the verandah, the familiar scent of musk and wood invaded my nose, confirming my assumption of whom the individual was.

Though after what happened earlier at the ball, and feeling upset because of the mess I made, my mood quickly dampened making me scowl.

I then choose to dismiss him and went back to my silent peering over the horizon.

It didn't take long before I felt the presence getting closer to me. When my eyes shifted back to look at him, he — at that exact time — steps out of the shadows and into the light, which the moon was providing at the moment; it's a full moon tonight.

And there, striding confidently towards me, was my brother.

Miguelito Amadeus Cane, the second born and at nineteen years old, looks like a fully matured man.

It was normal for Alpha males like us to developed fast, both mind and body. And at his age, it's already considered maturity time.

Still, I could not believe how fast time flies and that my once baby-faced brother looked so manly right now.

His body took the change a bit further though, looking too broad for his age. Too muscular that you'll believe he was working out religiously just to get that body.

Aside from that, did I also mention how handsome the lad was?

He looks a bit like me; with black hair, a square jaw, and a pointed nose. The only difference was the eyes since he was on the darker shade of brown — like our Dad's — compared to my lighter hazel ones.

Let's just hope that with those looks, he's not a heartbreaker like me or a player like our other brother, Benedict — the third born...

Shortly after, without any greeting, Miggy leaned himself against the marble pillars — the one facing mine. He then reached up to me, shoving me a bottled drink.

“Thought you might need one.” He murmured and took a sip of his beverage which he was holding on the other hand.

I didn't reply and just accepted the drink from him.

“You know I don't drink beer.” I finally stated when I saw the brand — Corona, earning a glare from him.