

## Alpha's Nala Chapter 27 -

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Chapter 27. Indecisiveness

Michael Angelo

I don't drink.

But once I do, I wanted my beverage to be heavy or strong.

Sometimes fancy...

"There's no wine, nor Scotch, brother." He took another drink from his bottle, "Jack Daniels all gone too, and don't ask what happened to the champagnes... messy story for you. You'll get bored." he added with a shook of his head as if discarding the memory from his mind.

And there goes my hope... I guess today, I won't have any.

I only shrug my shoulders at him and drank my liquor.

Immediately, the cold brew hit me like cold water on a hot summer day, relaxing every tense muscle I didn't know I still have at the moment.

Finally relaxed, I let out another sigh.

Miggy smirked.

"You're welcome." He announced.

I rolled my eyes.

He didn't remark any further and there was silence then.

I was about to ask him what he was doing here when he beats me to it, saying, "Mum asked for you."

Hearing that, my once relaxed expression promptly darkened.

"You should know by now, brother that I'm in no mood to talk to our Mother." I took another sip and my jaw clenched at the memory of the shrine, "Tell her I'm busy," I added coldly.

Miggy only snorted.

“Busy with what? Scanning the forest floor in the DARK, while standing in the railing like a gloomy phantom? Sure, I’ll do that.” He mocked.

I raised a challenging eyebrow at him.

“Says who, who just stepped out from the shadows of my room.” I simply retort.

He stopped midway on drinking his liquor and narrowed his eyes at me.

“I guess that makes the two of us,” he told.

I rolled my eyes again at him.

“Seriously speaking though, Mom wanted to speak with you. And sensing you’re gonna be like this,” pointing me and the banister — referring to me on wanting to be alone, “she made me deliver the message to you. She says, and I know you know by now, how sorry she was with building that shrine” — I growled — “but it was meant for good reasons, Mikee. She didn’t mean to disrespect you or hurt your feelings.”

“It’s not me, Miggy she disrespected. It’s Nala!” I snapped.

My brother sigh out of exasperation and was about to say something when I shot him a death glare, interrupting him.

“Get out.” I coldly ordered.

He looked up at me, surprised and after just a blink, it turned into a more curious gaze.

“But you didn’t know what I was gonna say,” He argued.

“I know you too well, Miguelito Amadues.” I paused and took a drink, “You’re like Mom... Always have excuses, explanations. You both will do anything to rationalize, to make me believe that everything will be okay when it’s not.”

He didn’t say a word, so I continued.

“You know this is hard for me, Miggy. I didn’t just lose a big part of my life, but also half of my soul.” I ran a hand over my hair, annoyed by the raw emotion building inside my chest, “She was my future, brother. She was my everything and I just let that slipped through my fingertips. For what reasons? I don’t know anymore.”

Another moment of silence came between us until I heard him sigh again — and this time, it was out of pure sadness.

“It isn’t just your wolf then.” He finally declared, eyes staring from a distance.

I glanced down at him, dumbfounded.

He noticed and positioned himself in the banister, body leaning forward while his arms resting on the marble structure.

“The guys told me about Bear’s hallucinations. I thought it was just him, being affected and all since I saw how you treated Nala before for being fat and human...”

I winced upon hearing that but didn’t say anything — too hurt to defend myself.

Miggy saw and shot me an apologetic smile.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to sound arrogant...” he cautiously eyed me, and seeing I’m in control, he proceeded, “Believing you were okay, I just thought that you were just being indecisive, too confused to determine your second chance mate at the balls.” He paused and sips the last drop of his beer.

He then placed the empty bottle beside him and from there, he shot me a serious look.

“Now, after listening to you, I realize that you’re too broken to fix, brother, and the fancy balls were just a waste of time.” He sighed and ran his fingers through his hair, “Look, you need time to heal. A very long time, so I suggest that you give yourself a break.” he ends his sentence and turned to leave.

I furrowed my eyebrows at him.

“Break?” I asked, perplexed.

He paused and turned back to gaze at me.

“Yeah, a break... like a vacation,” he explained.

Oh.

That would be nice...

However, thinking about the duties I need to fulfill this month, I shook my head in a NO.

Miggy rolled his eyes.

“Don’t worry about the obligations, the boys and I finished it ahead of time. You’ll be free for a month.”

“What? But...how?” I inquired, stunned.

He shrugs his shoulders.

“I guess, I just know you too well, Michael Angelo.” he mimics my tone from before, earning a laugh from me.

I step down from the banister and gave him a bro hug.

“Thanks, brother.”

“Don’t mention it. You deserve it, you know.”

I nodded on his shoulder and freed myself from the hug.

I was about to dash out from the room to ask the Elders for my holiday when Miggy called my name again.

I turn around and was just in time for him to hand me out an envelope. I took it from him, confused.

He motioned for me to open it, which I did and was further uncertain when I saw a bunch of vouchers clipped in one place.

“What’s this?” I asked him.

“Vouchers.” he replied in a ‘duh’ tone.

I rolled my eyes once again.

“I know that, but for what?” I clarified.

“For your vacation... I, uh, bought too much.” He said, scratching the back of his neck.

I raised an eyebrow at him.

“What?” He frowned, “The promo was only half-priced, I couldn’t help myself.” he added, sounding defensive.

I could only shake my head out of amusement as my brother turned red from embarrassment. I then took my leave to get to the meeting room, where I had asked the Elders to assemble.

Miggy followed, still explaining his reason for how and why he got the coupons.

I ignored him, trying to stifle my laughter.

Then, while we were walking, I took quick notice of the name of the hotel where we will be dwelling.

I'm not really familiar with the place, since I never really visited the western side of our region — the beachside it is.

All I know is that a 5-star hotel resides there. It was said to be the greatest, coming from my pack members who stay there once or twice a year for their mate hunting.

Not to mention, the only hotel existing too...

"Mallow Hotel..." I couldn't help but whisper.□□