

Alpha's Nala Chapter 6 -

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Chapter 6. Harry

Legaxy

Aside from the fact that I'm a human, who's been living on Mallow Key island full of supernatural and mythical beasts, I'm also the breadwinner of the Dyme family.

Not to brag, but I have two jobs to keep me busy...

One is by day — you all know this, wherein I work as a humble Personal Secretary at the Mallow hotel. And the second one is done by night — this is the first time you guys know about this, wherein I perform as your typical solo singer.

Yes, a SINGER...

Though, I'm not the professional type of vocalist you guys know that has concerts and does international tours, or the popular one that the media kept on talking about. Rather, I'm a local artist, and surprising as it can be, I wanted to keep it that way.

Not that I don't want to be popular or be recognized outside the island, but I just want this side of me to stay humble and free. That means, NO contracts, NO albums, NO music labels — just pure me singing my soul out for the local people.

Besides, this 'singing profession' of mine is just a little addition to my independence — nothing special about it.

Still, to be honest, I never have imagined myself doing this in the long run, especially when this side of me just started out as a hobby.

You got it right, ladies and gentlemen, the singing me was all but a pastime...

In my early years — or as far as my memories go, I was basically a shy and introverted girl. I never leave home or socialize as much as my family wants me to.

I would just stay at home, read a book or two about anything and everything; to keep me occupied for the day. Then, write a couple of entries to my journal, or draw which by the way, I discovered that I'm not good at.

Apart from that, there's the delicate side of things where I started opening myself up to my new mixed-race family and most especially to the Hue Kingdom, and there, began

establishing a relationship with them, and after that, the boring list of learning and development goes on and on.

Surprisingly, from that record, I never included the joy of watching television. So to entertain my weary self, I started leaning my attention to music and at one point, started using my voice to produce a symphony.

It was fun at first, and I was truly enjoying myself with the newly discovered hobby — well, not until our neighbors started listening to me.

It began with one person, then from one came two. And from two emerged four, until that six bystanders became a big crowd of fifty viewers.

Yep, that big...

After a while, half of the town's locals got involved and started asking me to sing for them in certain areas, until a few requested for my presence on a stage.

Because I was so new to the environment, and I don't know who to trust yet — aside from my family and a few friends, I got to reject the live performances until a year later.

Two years after, here I am, performing certain genres of music to my heart's content...

Since I'm more of a contractual solo event singer, I can be found performing wherever there are parties or celebrations around the community and bars, and if permitted, I can perform at the Mallow hotel as well.

But most of the time, chill solo live shows are my thing — making these little jams for two hours every night.

It's good money all throughout, aside from being a secretary in a hotel, so why not venture into it, right?

Furthermore, music and being able to sing helps me unwind from the stress the hotel work brings, wherein I got to relax my body and refresh both my soul and mind through beats, melodies, and lyrics.

It's like my meditation session...

"Hey Legaxy, dude!" Mr. Harry, a bearded middle-aged man, and hippie in style greeted me with the biggest bear hug.

"Hey Harry, too... tight," I uttered, practically breathless.

When he let go of me, I was already gasping for air. So, I took the time to breathe deeply to regain my oxygen supply, while the devil itself was laughing his ass off.

I wanted to annoy him back but paused when I notice something new about him...

“Woah, you look good today.” I complimented, pointing out the new hairstyle he has on him with a smile.

Harry had the clean-cut now...

Unlike before, he looked more like an old hillbilly with messy red hair, who happens to not shower for the last 30 years of his life — no offense to others, by the way — than a professional bar owner.

“Thanks, little dude. I do feel light right now and honestly, it’s good change. I love it.” He declared, touching his short hair head.

“You sure?” I raised an eyebrow at him, playfully questioning the gesture he made.

He laughed his hearty, deep laugh at me.

“Of course dude. Houston loves it too. Well, since I did save the beard.” He laughed again, touching the long, curly red beard he had on.

Hearing this, I couldn’t help but laugh with him. I do recall how Houston — his wolf, would growl in disagreement every time he mentions shaving the long beard.

“You ready?” Harry ended his laughing and asked me, pure excitement on his face.

He stood up from the barstool he was sitting on and walked to my side. Then, he started leading me to the small stage where I always perform.

I nodded with a smile while following him.