

Alpha's Nala Chapter 7 -

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Chapter 7. Mating Season

Legaxy

The route going to the stage was a long one since the bar Harry owns was designed to resemble more of a fashion runway than that normal bar layout. So to keep the silence away, Harry and I conversed while walking the wooden pathway.

“So, I heard you have werewolf problems at the hotel nowadays. How is it?” He inquired, walking beside me, all serious now.

“It’s good,,, I guess. A lot of drama to entertain us...” I stated, trying to sound amused though, I ended up sounding disturbed.

Harry noticed.

“Oh, how many episodes this time?” His face looked truly interested now, which is quite new since Harry never involves himself with Hotel issues.

Not unless it affects Ms. Dawn...

As the thought popped inside my head, my eyes snapped at Harry and stared at him funny. Then, without warning, my thoughts went right into analyzing the two’s relationship.

I know, I may be assuming this, but I’ve seen them care for each other before.

They respect one another as well,

They even talk sincerely about anything and everything, and sometimes laugh like there’s no tomorrow,

Occasionally, I get to see them go out on the weekends — guessing dinner dates,

They also go out to the movies,

And once, I did notice how intimate their gestures are. Like how Harry kisses Ms. Dawn’s hand in greeting, or Ms. Dawn kissing Harry’s cheek a goodbye...

Oh, gosh! Legaxy, stop! You sounded like a creepy stalker!

I scolded myself as I felt my cheeks warm up.

However, it does make me question the obvious...

Could they actually be...?

“Ah hello? Legaxy to earth, earth to Legaxy...” Harry snapped his fingers in front of my face a couple of times, trying to get my full attention.

I blinked before changing my curious glare into a more friendly gaze at him — still thinking about the two’s relationship in the back of my mind.

“We have six, this week,” I quickly reply, blinking some more at a mad Harry.

As much as I’m fascinated by their strange closeness, I simply can’t upset Harry right now.

Like, really NOT upset him.

Why?

Because he’s a WEREWOLF...

Seriously, I need to be as careful and as attentive as possible in communicating with him, and particularly, these are his brothers we’re speaking about.

Yeah, his werewolf brothers which remind me...

Having to have observed the werewolf guests’ behavior towards my colleagues this past few weeks, and having no explanation to help our company to address their violent moods, kinda made me wonder if I should open up with Harry regarding this matter.

Should I really?

Well, he is the only werewolf I know. So, it’s safe to say that maybe telling him the truth would enlighten me about their intense ‘mood swings’ — ooooooor should I not?

A tempting idea, right?

But, I know deep down, it’s worth a shot...

The question is, how could I communicate this to him without actually offending him or his kind?

Wait! I zoned out again.

TSK, focus Legacy...

I snapped out from my reverie and glanced at Harry. Thankfully, he was in deep thought — he didn't notice my daze.

"Such pity. Must be depressing for your boss then?" Harry finally utter, sadness with a mix of disappointment was clear in his eyes.

I could only nod in agreement.

"Yeah, she is. Though, she's still in one piece... That's a good sign, right?" I countered playfully, trying to lighten up his dampened mood.

It actually works; Harry smiled warmly at me.

"That's why I'm grateful she has you." He declared suddenly, "That woman never rests, you know. All she cares about was work, organization, and calm talk. But with you around, she seemed to slow down a lot and that's good. She needs it."

I never knew that...

And with Harry blurting that out like that, it kind of caught me off guard — my cheeks heating up at the second.

"I don't know about that," I finally said, wrinkling my small nose as if to hide the blush I had, "I still can't make her stop stressing about paperwork."

He chuckled.

"She still looks for them, even if she clearly instructs you to hide it, doesn't she?" He asked.

I smirked.

"Always."

Harry, seeing he cannot contain his amusement anymore, laughed his hearty laugh once again.

I joined in for a while but then stop after quickly realizing how fond Harry is with Ms. Dawn...

"You seem to know Ms. Dawn so well Harry," I started all of a sudden — curiosity got the best of me, "Are you two..."

“No,” Harry responded, cutting me off instantly. “Susie and I are just friends, not mates — if that’s what you’re referring to.” He added, smirking at me now.

My eyes widened. BUSTED.

“No! It’s not like that! I — I was just wondering if... I didn’t mean to... I am not a... I just, I...” I stuttered, then completely trailing off for I know I was already caught red-handed.

Harry, amused by my embarrassment, shook his head while a small smile appeared on his face.

“If you really wanted to know, you should ask your boss kid. Yet, bear in mind, she doesn’t open up that easily, unless you matter deeply to her — which I know, you are.” He advised, “As for me, I already have a mate. My beautiful meadow, and my wife, Ainsley.”

Upon saying his mate’s name, Harry’s face softens and beamed with pure love, making me believe that he was telling the truth.

However, what he said earlier kind of surprised me; Ms. Susie Dawn has a mate?

Like a real werewolf mate? But she never told me anything about that or even gave me a hint.

I guess, I never knew Ms. Dawn as much as I thought I had...

I became interested then and wanted to ask more but Harry, seeing what I was thinking, changed the conversation and went back to our first topic.

I got saddened by that, but the werewolf crises at the hotel were enough reason for me to gladly accept the change of topic.

Still, I did a mental note to ask Ms. Dawn regarding her ‘mate’ stuff — or maybe not?

“Seems like my kind is giving both you and Susie a hard time, and I’m so sorry about that.” Harry apologizes, a frown found its way to his lips.

“It’s alright Harry, the situation is manageable anyways. No big deal.” I lied, flashing a smile at him.

He didn’t buy that, and for once, he raised a doubting eyebrow at me.

“Yeah, lie to yourself kid. You know that doesn’t work on me.”

I wanted to deny his skepticism about my statement, but realizing werewolves can easily sense a lie, I dropped the act and cave in to Harry.

I let out a sigh of defeat.

“Fine. To be honest, there’s something weird about your brothers lately…” I confessed, my brain recalling the observations I had regarding the werewolves’ bizarre attitudes.

Harry looked surprised by my unexpected admission that he stopped walking. I did the same and watched him blink a couple of times before speaking again.

“Weird? In what way now?”

“The reports… all are piling up quickly Harry.” I eyed him seriously, “I know we already have experienced this before, but unlike those days, these cases on hand grew by ten folds. And for each case to transpire for only a week? I mean, there must be something wrong, or am I just assuming this?” I explained honestly.

Harry furrowed his eyebrows in confusion.

“Depends on what is wrong for YOU dude.” He then stares at me, eyes narrowing, “So tell me, what did you REALLY notice nowadays?” He inquired, somewhat intrigued by my thoughts.

I avoided his poker face and creased my forehead in concentration.

“Well, cases like this occur only once or twice a month at the hotel — as far as I’m aware.” I started, “Now this month came. The incident reports rapidly piles up, and it’s been happening day by day. Non-stop, to be exact.” I added, chewing my lip at the end.

Harry paused for a moment as if absorbing what I said.

“What month is it now again?” He, all of a sudden, questioned.

“September,” I replied, puzzled.

Hearing that, Harry’s eyes widened in realization. Then, his hearty laughter boomed inside the now busy pub.

I glared at him, even more, baffled.

He noticed and flash a devilish grin at me.

“It’s mating season dude. The time when all werewolves find their soul mates.” He announced, resolving my unasked question.

I could only snort, which earned me a frown from him.

“I know that already Harry,” I informed him, “What I meant by what I said earlier was that, their behavior seems so destructive this month. They are very aggressive and they easily snap. They are out of control.” I explained, staring at him with pure curiosity.

He quickly got what I meant that his glare turned into a thoughtful expression. He then became dead serious again.

“Huh, must be a bad start for them.” He muttered while touching his beard absentmindedly — he must be thinking about something related to the incident.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Well little dude, with werewolf mating, it’s a one-shot process every year.” He started, “The mating bond, the sparks, the connection — all of that will click instantly in one piece, like a puzzle, once you find all the pieces that you need — or in our case, have smelled what you’re searching for. And then BOOM! Happy werewolf.” He made some gestures showing an explosion while smiling.

I nodded to him to continue; clearly not in the mood for teasing.

He noticed and went on.

“However, if you left empty-handed today, you are obliged to wait for another whole year and that right there is torture dude.” Harry made a depressing face, “The impatience, the pain, anxiety, and let’s not forget the DESIRE, are all hard to contain. The wolves inside us become feral and deadly, making them a threat to society. They don’t go rogues, thank Goddess for that, but they can go RAMPAGE Legaxy. They can hurt or kill somebody without them thinking twice about it. And for what it was again? For failing to find a mate... So yeah, that’s how bad it is.” He explained, his eyes were focused on me.

For once, something click inside my brain, and all the dots that I can’t seem to understand before, now connected.

My eyes widened in realization...

“It’s the same with the RED searching,” I mumbled, “though, less chaos,” I added.

Harry could only nod.

“Exactly... The way my brothers act now is like a tip in the iceberg dude. Yet, do take note that it’s still the first step to RAMPAGE. That’s why if I were you, I’d be careful around my kind.” He narrowed his eyes again at me as if saying that I should heed his warning — which I did.

I swallowed, hard.

Harry took that as a yes and we started walking again.

“Desperation can easily overtake a werewolf’s mind sweetheart, and knowing how short-tempered our kind is — you’re most likely handling a tick toking time bomb if you know what I mean.” He warned, giving me the chills now.

Well, even if it was that frightening, it still explains a lot...

And now I know why we also have these repeated werewolf guests every year — all coming back to stay for another whole week or month.

They’ve been, and still, mate hunting...

Surely enough, after today, I need to be more patient with the werewolf guests since I finally have a better understanding of what was happening to them.

Hopefully, I could help them go through this because as far as my knowledge goes, a werewolf without a mate can be a danger to all.

I have to mention this to Ms. Dawn, SOON...

“Okay, hurry up,” Harry said, snapping me out of my thoughts.

When we reached the platform, he turned to face me with that same old warm smile.

“Should I say good luck to you first?” He joked.

I rolled my eyes at him and heard another one of his deep laughter.

Suddenly, I was called to perform.

As I stood on the little stage, I finally caught a glimpse of Seth on the corner of the Tikki bar as I was adjusting my mic.

He was just standing tall there — kind of out of place as both of his eyes and body were rigid and alert. His face was hard, lips were pressed into a thin line and I could tell, he was giving off his dark aura because a lot of customers — both human and supernatural — were avoiding his way.

Yep, he was on guard and ready for duty alright...

Still, he looks dangerously elegant; I almost envied him.

Though I’m not gonna lie, I’m still anxious about the fact that Seth was here, watching and guarding me against danger I’m still not aware of.

But as much as I wanted to dismiss his existence, I was still thankful that he was here.

He was always been my comfort and knowing his my haven, I pushed every negative thought about him and his presence, and tried to focus more on the task on hand which happens to be adjusting the height of the mic stand.

Then, on my cue, my music plays and as the music intro end, I started to sing.

At that moment, everything went silent in the space. I felt everyone's eyes on me and seeing how they were reacting, almost as if they were captivated, made my heart smile.

I don't know if it's just because of my music choice or my voice — I wish, that mesmerized them, but who cares anyway?

I made everyone happy tonight — and that's all I care about.

Well, except for my brother...

I know he already heard me sing. Yet, upon hearing my voice tonight, I noticed he went totally still.

Strange...