

Alpha's Nala Chapter 8 -

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Chapter 8. Michael Angelo Cane

Michael Angelo

“Do you hear that?” Bear, my wolf, asks. I could tell his ears were standing up out of attention.

Feeling the sense of urgency from his tone, I put down my pen and listened for a minute.

Nothing.

“What am I supposed to be listening to...” I started, annoyed.

“She’s singing again.” He cuts me off, fully alert now while I felt his tail wag in excitement.

Knowing what he meant, my eyes widened in realization. I quickly stood up from my seat and sprinted outside my office, heading towards the marble-tiled balcony — leaving pages of reports, from my pile of paperwork, flying to the floor.

I don’t know what to make sense of this reflex action, but I kept on doing this every time my wolf mentions anything related to ‘her’. I know it is unusual but through the length of time, it became a bit of a habit, and guilty as I was, I don’t know how to stop it now.

I’m still expecting for a miracle, I guess.

“Which direction?” I inquired, alert as well.

“Same place Mikee.” Bear stated. I felt him looking in the direction, quite awestruck at the second.

Knowing already what lies there, I still directed myself to the West.

At first glimpse, you don’t see much in that direction other than the vast trees and other wild vegetation. Also, large mountains where the sun sets in the evening and a wide lake... That’s about it.

Desperate though, I did ask some of my men to scout the area once; to try and see what truly exists in that place, and to my dismay, they found nothing but pure soil, more plants, and a few riverbanks.

It is pure nature out there...

I sighed heavily, thinking that he must be imagining stuff again.

He always does this whenever he feels like torturing me, or if he wants me to understand how devastated he was with the loss and how he deeply misses her.

I don't know if he's playing a dangerous game of delusion or just trying to ignite the false hope I have within me, but sometimes everything just gets out of hand; Bear getting reality and imagination all mixed up.

One thing's for sure though, both of us are all messed up...

"She's not there, isn't she?" He asked, much in wonder now.

I internally nod at him.

"You must be hearing things again," I responded to him, and he quickly dismissed it, like he always does whenever he was unsure of stuff.

As for me, like the old times, I stayed there for a little longer. Just listening to my surroundings once more, and silently hoping to hear maybe a glimpse of 'her' pleasant voice.

Oh, how I adore her voice.

I always love listening to her, particularly when she sings. I do remember how her soft, cool voice calms me whenever I'm in an irritable mood. Or how her sweet husky tunes, when singing nursery rhymes or plain ballads to the pups at the daycare, turns my frown into a smile. And let's not forget the soothing quality of her hums when she's doing lullabies for my sister, whereas it also lulls me to sleep.

Such peaceful, relaxing times, and now, I honestly long for it...

But unlike my wolf, I don't hear a thing; No singing mate for my ears to pick up.

The vibration in the wind to cause sound was definitely calm today. A little whistling of the wind could only be heard, and that's about it.

I sighed in disappointment.

This is just pointless because deep down, I know, our MATE was already gone... That she's somewhere far yet safe and out of pain...

Though, three long years, and here I am, still a broken man...

Who wouldn't be?

I, ashamed as I was, neglected my mate, and for what? For being a mere human and fat, which I thought at first was weak and disgusting?

But I have my reasons, and one of those was my pride. I was the Alpha King and I wanted someone strong and fit for danger to be my Luna Queen. However, after meeting her that day at some random event and realizing she was the complete opposite of what I wanted for a Luna Queen, I felt RAGE. She's nothing compared to what I have imagined, so I did what I knew was best; I neglected my commitments towards her.

I learned to push her away, that I ended up losing her for good...

My wolf hated me for that ever since, because he knows what I truly needed, and she was the only one I NEEDED. It was not just me though, but the whole Kingdom and pack needed her. Bear always reminded me that she was everybody's strength and oh how she proved that to everyone one day — most especially me... She was literally perfect, and I appreciate that a little too late now.

I honestly took 'her' for granted...

However, I'm still grateful and comforted in some way that my wolf can hear her, even after death. This just proves how deep we — werewolves, are connected to our mate, and how strong our love can be for them that it cannot be changed by any means.

It's not an obsession for some reason — it's just how mate bond works for us...

Some days, I was doing more praying and hoping that wherever she was right now, she's guiding me. Hopefully, directing me to the betterment of our Kingdom and pack, as well as the idea of comforting me — like she always does when she was alive.

Yet, a part of me still begs for a second chance with her. I know it was wrong to pray for that, but I needed her here, to be with me at all times — To help me be the better man she thought of me to be.

And then I remember her scent...

Three years and I couldn't find a scent that matches hers. I attended mating balls and other occasions related to mate searching, but I still search for her scent. Wishing it was around and that it was still existing.

But no, it doesn't exist anymore and no matter how hard I tried to forget about it, I just can't.

She was my everything. If only I treated her right...

Now, I have to live with the guilt and the agony every single day. My wolf agrees with the punishment I was in, and just thinking about it now, I felt Bear huff his nose at me with that idea.

I couldn't blame him for the way he treats me now anyway, so I learned to accept it.

Suddenly, I heard footsteps entering my room. When I turn around, I saw Lucky — my Beta, Rocky — my Gamma, and Jay — my best pack warrior, walking towards me.

"Alpha King, Queen Nile wants to see..." Lucky announces but pauses when he stepped on the scattered paperwork.

"What the hell happened here?" Rocky anxiously asks, looking around the messy floor.

Realizing something, the three of them automatically shot me a suspicious look, like they always do whenever they suspected that I had a furious fit, privately RAMPAGED on things, or worst, go BLOODLUST again...

I don't do any of those now, hopefully never again.

I'm good, I know... Though, not better — I wish.

"Bear heard her," I confessed before they could even utter a word.

"The singing?" Rocky asks, his forehead wrinkled.

I nodded, walking inside the room.

"He must be hearing things again, Sire." Lucky stated while picking up the sheets from the floor.

"I already told him that, and please don't be too formal around me. It's just the four of us." I retorted, walking back to my desk.

Lucky snorted.

Jay frowned.

Rocky raised an eyebrow.

"We rather want our heads on, than be headless for disrespecting you Alpha King," Rocky couldn't help but mock.

I rolled my eyes at him, and they all laughed.

“But seriously, how come Bear keeps on hearing her? Are you sure he’s not hallucinating, or something Mikee?” Lucky asks, worried now.

Rocky snorted at him.

“His only depressed Luck, not ‘drug high’. He’ll be okay.” Rocky stated, rolling his eyes at a now annoyed Beta.

“Well, fun fact Gamma, depression is one of the triggers for hallucination...” Lucky pointed out, crossing his arms in front of his chest.

“So?” Rocky raises another nonchalant eyebrow at Lucky.

“So it means Bear is dangerously depressed, and it’s unhealthy for the both of them. Also, with the fact that Bear has been hallucinating about Nala for over a year now, kinda alarms me.” Lucky raised his eyebrow at Rocky, “Especially, this is the Alpha’s mind. It could destroy them mentally, don’t you think?”

Rocky didn’t answer back, but he did glare at Lucky.

Lucky, knowing he was right, could only smirk.

Nonetheless, the topic about Bear’s mental health picked up again, and their bickering continued. I almost wanted to kick them out of my office chamber but then paused when I thought about the subject thoroughly...

Bear and I, are we really not that stable like Lucky mentioned?

I know we are depressed after losing our mate... but Bear, depressed to the point of hallucinating for over a year?

Is it really that harmful?

And that reminds me, what about me? Was I handling this well?

I do admit, I tend to lose my cool easily, and my perspective in life is lost somewhere deep in the gutter.

Not to mention, the uncontrollable BLOODLUST I gained to fix my broken heart and soul...

Was I, both human and werewolf, really not that tough as I thought I was?

I shrugged my shoulders at the overwhelming emotions and impressions I was having, which I may say, were hitting me hard all at once.

I wanted to seek some answers regarding this, but not knowing what questions to ask made me irritated as hell.

Yeah, I'm clueless for sure, and I freaking don't like it!

"I don't think it's mental guys," Jay commented out of the blue, he sounded dead serious.

Hearing this, the three of us instantly shifted our gaze at him.

"Pardon?" I asked, a bit shocked.

He slowly lifted his eyes from picking sheets of paper on the floor to look at us, his face innocent but very serious.

"I don't think there's something wrong with Bear and Alpha's mind," Jay cleared, "I think the things they both have been experiencing this past few years are normal for our kind..." He added.

"Hallucination is not normal Jay." Lucky furrowed his brows at him.

"And so as depression, thank you very much," Rocky added, crossing his arms now.

Jay rolled his eyes at them.

"I know that. What I meant is, if this is hell serious like you two put it, then Alpha should have been wild and crazy, or have gone rogue, a long time ago. Don't you agree?" Jay shifted his gaze at me, "For some unknown reason, the connection between you and Nala is still there. It's present and it's keeping you sane." He concluded.

The three of us became silent after that, and I know, all we're thinking of the probability Jay had spoken of.

He's actually right...

Werewolves who had lost their mate tend to lose their mind entirely, and that's one of the reasons how rogues are born. So when Jay pinpointed that out, made me slightly hoped that maybe, with a miracle or two, Nala was alive,

That maybe she's somewhere out there, living life and breathing...

Though that didn't make sense to me to some extent, and as much as I'm happy with the notion, I clearly know what I saw; I basically witness what happened to her...

How could she be alive out of that deadly circumstance?

“So you are saying Luna Queen is alive, Jayden?” Lucky asked, all of a sudden, narrowing his eyes at Jay.

Jay only shrugged his shoulders.

“But she’s dead, we all saw her fall...” Rocky pointed out absentmindedly.

I, hating the memory, glared at him, a deadly growl escaped my lips.

Rocky, realizing his mistake, quickly raised both his hands in the air, as if surrendering, while his eyes widened in horror.

“All I’m saying is, Mikee is lucky.” Jay immediately declared, distracting me from the thought of killing my stupid Gamma, “A werewolf with a higher position, let alone an Alpha, is considered dead once they lost their mate... So yeah, your very fortunate Alpha to have survived this.” He added, placing the papers he had collected on my table and shot me a warm smile.

I could only nod at him, thankful for the reminder he had acknowledged.

“Okay, let’s stop here. Will talk about this later.” Lucky interrupted and faced me, “For now, the Luna Queen wants to have a word with you Mikee.”

Calmed and in control now, I followed Lucky to my Mother’s room.