

Alpha's Nala Chapter 1 -

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Chapter 1. Legaxy Dyme

Legaxy

“Dyme!” Our General Manager, Ms. Susie Marina Dawn, calls out from her office.

Hearing that familiar urgency from her tone, I automatically dropped every bit of work I had on hand and quickly walk towards her office’s glass door — caring less for the loud click-clacking my silver-gray heels are making, as it hits the marble-tiled floor.

When I got inside the well-lighted, white room, I calmly replied with a genuine smile, a “Yes Boss?”

Sadly, she didn’t look up.

Instead, she shoved a few objects off her porcelain desk — I somehow catch some of it while moving closer to her side — and kept on rummaging her already scattered files. I even heard her grunt in an un-ladylike fashion and I knew from there, she was in a terrible mood.

The tension, as she tries to relieve by rolling her shoulders, was even visible in her eyes — happens to be light blue, like the sky — as she frantically scans her desk.

Judging by the looks of it now, she’s searching for something important, and if I guess it right; Ms. Dawn was searching for the morning paperwork — yup, the typical Monday morning routine.

I sigh in relief upon understanding what was happening. Then, I casually walked around her office, not forgetting to place the things — mostly stamps and pens — I had caught earlier on a safer distance and space, to find the said files.

Having to have sensed my presence, finally, Ms. Dawn started rambling about missing royal contracts and reports, while her hands kept on checking the messy pile — flipping sheet after sheet of both long and short paper bonds.

“Dyme, do you happen to see where this pile of,” she made weird signs indicating a stockpile, “You know, the one I asked you to...” she trailed off completely.

Getting what she meant, and already having my suspicion, I made my way to her side drawer which was found on the far side of her office space. I pulled the files I was thinking of and when I placed the paperwork on the table, she finally — and instantly —

calmed down. Every tension on her body eased and the frustration — as a frown plastered on her oval-shaped face before, gone.

However, realizing something bad, she eyed me.

Working for Ms. Dawn; being her secretary for 2 years now, I found myself close to her on a completely different level...

A level 'no employee ever had with her big boss', which is great because it made everything between us so easy to understand; May that be just a single sigh of happiness, to the most complicated blabbering you could have ever imagined.

So when I say I know what she meant by that stare, I know very well WHAT SHE MEANT BY THAT STARE;

'She thinks I made her look like a maniac a while ago and eventually, I need to explain that.'

"You ordered that to be tucked away, SAFELY," I explained, trying my best to stop the smile from forming on my face.

"Oh," was all that she had said. Her wrinkled eyebrows grew smooth as she remembered her command, and the blush of embarrassment that appeared on her cheeks, which she tried to hide by placing a hand on her face, didn't go unnoticed by me.

I couldn't help myself and giggle at the sight of it.

She rolled her eyes, knowing all too well that I caught her blushing.

"Still, did you — " She started, being serious now.

"Yes boss, I compiled it based on what you asked me to." I said, cutting her off, "All the things you need to sign today are there. Especially the contracts for the next week's event." I added.

Hearing the job done, she completely changed back to her usual composure and demeanor — the calm and collected one. Then, she quickly scanned the paperwork with professional eyes and said, "Yet, is it in — "

"Of course Boss," I said, interrupting her again, "As per instruction, I got it in alphabetical order."

For some, this "cutting off" attitude is somewhat rude and unprofessional. But between the two of us, cutting off each other's speeches was just as normal as getting each

other to talk about gossip — Yes, this goes to show how close we are. So yeah, not a big deal anymore, and that's why she kept on nodding while listening to me.

Then, she put on her eyeglasses and muttered “Good, good...” while starting on the files, “So, any agenda for today?” she added.

“Only one boss,” I stated, quickly checking my notes for a confirmation, “it's a meeting...with Mr. Heinz Black.”

When the name was mentioned, she immediately pauses and eyed me; her cold stare was very scary that it almost made me shiver, “The same thing?”

I nodded slightly, “Yes boss, same issue with — with the werewolves.”

She sighed heavily. “This will be the sixth time this week.”

She became silent then. I gave her that moment as I got into thinking myself...

We have been experiencing our front office staff being attacked by our werewolf guests for weeks now. Most of it was anger issues — which is kinda normal for their kind, some were pure dissatisfaction and misunderstanding from our customer service, others were because of jealousy — mating season nowadays, while a few were high tensions caused by the bloody war that happened 3 years ago.

This war was mainly between 3 creatures, specifically the werewolves and the mixed vampire-witch race. I don't know much about the details but as far as my knowledge goes — mostly gossip from my co-workers — that war was the most painful and disastrous wherein it ended up without a winner; Vampires and Witches almost got extinct while for the Alpha King, he lost his mate.

Thankfully, with human intervention, the tension and grudge between the dark creatures slowly ease. And that right there was the whole point for the existence of our Hotel; changing everything dramatically.

As per Ms. Dawn, since the day the Mallow Hotel opened — with complete treaties, rules, and protocols to accommodate each kind — everyone, and I mean all creatures and humans, learned to co-exist with each other. Harmony started to happen and uniformity was a new law.

Still, it's not that easy to heal.

Honestly, problems still occur, and fear still exists within the community. But understanding how things are and the past is still part of the present, it's safe to say that these chaos and disturbances are normal nowadays.

Though, we do want to minimize that...

It can be hard to manage, and I admire my boss for that. I mean, just look at how she — a pure human being — handles all of it, making everything in order and calm by just talk.

Be it her staff or wild guests, Ms. Dawn can tame everyone.

“You know what, before you jump on to things, I’ll get your coffee first,” I stated, breaking the tense atmosphere with a smile.

Hearing coffee and seeing me go all ‘sunshine’ again, she finally flashes a smile of her own — her very first for the day, and she looked younger when she smiles like that. Her wrinkles from old age, well not that old, gone.

“Thank you, darling,” She said in a sweet, relieved tone.

I cue myself to leave and as I got out, I heard her say, “What would I do without you Legaxy Dyme?”

I rolled my eyes at what she had said and continued walking to get her coffee.