

Alpha's Nala Chapter 17 -

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Chapter 17. Where them Cars?

Legaxy

I was beginning to believe that Cayden, aside from being a flirt, is likely a psycho.

Sure, he may have talked and shared some useful things with me that are worth both of my time and attention. But him, having to have indirect statements about me going to the Red Moon Ball?

That's basically a whole new level of absurdity for him...

I mean, is he nuts?

He knows, as much as I know, that HUMANS are considered viands to the mixed-race; that's the very reason as to why nobody cares to invite us (humans) to any of their (mixed-race) social gatherings, regardless of our purpose or significance to the event.

However, listening to Cayden a while ago, he did sound so confident... so sure about the idea of a human being — specifically, me — attending their ball...

Would that mean he was telling the truth then?

OR, perhaps — in a reasonable way, I am just assuming all of this?

Do take note, Cayden didn't really clarify his odd phrases when we were conversing a moment ago — much like irritating each other out, or mostly me getting pissed off by the vampire's ridicules. Let alone, provided any answers, whatsoever, to my simple questions.

The only thing he did was just left me here, on my front porch, completely stupefied.

Nonetheless, it was obvious he was implying things at me, and as much as I wanted to ask him about it, I just didn't; I admit, anger got the best of me there.

That's why, I could only surmise that maybe I poorly did hear his words, or basically misunderstood him...

Yet, am I actually that slow to understand what he meant?

Or am I just a poor listener, to begin with?

Before I could even further contemplate the subject — thought for a better explanation to give each probability my mind was fiddling at, another rush of cold breeze hit my exposed skin.

And that's when my brain's light bulb switched on; it was just the cold September air.

Of course, that makes more sense now...

The shiver that I felt a while ago was just because of the pure breeze coming up from the snowy mountains, near our home. It doesn't help the fact that BER Months were also starting up, making the weather growing colder by the week.

Not to mention, and let's not forget, the outfit I was currently wearing.

Seriously, I will easily get a shudder because aside from the fabric being too thin, the clothes themselves were showing off more skin. Especially, my halter top which had the back part styled in a very low V-shape.

So yeah, just the wind — nothing more...

"Lily?" I heard Mum called from behind, snapping me out of my reverie.

I quickly turn around and saw her, just in time, walking towards me.

"Who was that?" She promptly asked, her hands fixing her black topcoat while her green eyes were shifting from me and the door — where Cayden was standing from before.

"Clan messenger," I replied while my eyes automatically took a glance at her back, waiting for Dad to appear. To my immediate wonder, he didn't emerge from Mum's back.

My forehead, instinctively, wrinkled in question.

Mum, understanding the expression, flashed me a warm smile.

"If you're looking for your Dad, he's probably" — she stopped by my side and gracefully faced me — "out in the garage, getting the car ready." She explained.

'Oh, okay.' I simply thought to myself.

Out of the blue though — and much to my wonder again, her smile bent down into a frown.

“Just so you know, we will be using, for the meantime, the black SUV as our ride for work... thank your CRAZY brothers for that.” She quickly informed, her voice as cold as the climate itself.

I, involuntarily, trembled upon listening to that.

However, understanding what she meant and recognizing that indifferent tone in her voice, I flashed Mum a sad smile.

“Let me guess, the boys’ drag race again?”

Mum, hearing this, barely nodded her reply. Then, her jaw ticked.

“Yes,” she paused and took quick breaths, trying to control her upcoming temper, “them boys crash the red Ferrari first, last Tuesday. Then, the day after that, the blue Lamborghini and don’t even ask what happened to my black jeep,” her frown deepened, “my poor black wrangler... it was not even a drag race-worthy but still, they used it. Can you believe that?” She huffed while crossing her arms tightly in front of her chest.

Paying attention to this, my forehead creased in question again; thinking that this is quite impossible.

Them boys? Going back to their old ways again?

But, I’ve seen them not as compulsive as before... unlike before. That’s why it led me to believe that they’ve successfully grown out of that dangerous impulse and became more careful.

Yet, coming from Mum, they did it again...

Been drag racing, wrecking cars to pieces, and putting their lives in danger, ONCE AGAIN — in less than a week, if I may add. Unless their reasons for it were that serious or important.

Oooooor, maybe they just did it... pure passion or just complete madness?

I truly don’t know.

But, they promised...

Mum, seeing doubt dancing on my face, grunted.

“I know what you’re thinking, child. I can hear it even when you don’t speak it aloud” — she rolled her eyes at me — “but yes, you heard me right... your brothers, as responsible” — she snarled at her own words — “as they were, crashed most of the

vehicles we owned. The black SUV is the only one left, and in good running condition, to take your Dad and me to work.”

Bestowing my full attention to that, and sensing it was the truth, I couldn't help but feel disappointed in them.

They've really broken their promise, the only one that I asked for them to fulfill...

However, realizing it can't be helped because that's just how the boys are with their obsession with cars and drag racing — old habits die hard, as they say, I let out a quiet sigh of acceptance.

“Let's just make sure they won't be borrowing any cars, and by means of ANY, I mean the black SUV, Mama. I, too, am using it for work you know.” I finally stated.

Unexpectedly, Mum chuckled darkly.

“Oh no, Lily. I already have a better” — she reached for her purse and then displayed in the air my brothers' ID licenses — “solution for that. There will be no driving for them, for the time being.” She affirmed, an evil grin slowly spread across her once displeased face.

I, dismissing that devilish look on Mum's face, took my time eyeing the IDs on her fingertips and then, shifted my gaze back to gape at her; I am, in all honestly, stunned right now.

However, deducing that they deserve it — and giving in to my imagination about the boys' livid expressions when surrendering their licenses to Mum, I shook my head out of amusement.

“You know, they'll be asking Papa for help about that. They know Papa's your weakness.” I pointed out with a smirk.

“Oh really? I think it's” — she jerks her thumb, shifting the three IDs aside her fingers, to reveal a fourth license ID which happens to be Dad's — “the other way around... I am your Father's weakness. Not me to him, remember that.” She announced proudly.

My eyes widened in surprise, and being amused once again, I shook my head.

“Very cruel,” I bluntly commented.

Mum's green eyes snapped at me.

“Oh no, child. This is not cruelty, this is just disciplinary action.” She simply stated, “They should be thankful I didn't take their balls out... that would have been a much better trauma to learn from, than the IDs...” Mum added, coldly again.

Heeding that, I frowned.

“Mama, that’s not really nice anymore.” I scolded her, crossing my arms around my chest.

She, looking irritated now, raised a perfect eyebrow at me.

“Well, if I’m not nice, then they are dangerously reckless, Legaxy. Cars, we could buy that easily. But their life?”

She paused and I noticed her body tensed, “No, we can’t buy that... No second chances, child. Average witches, like me, can’t bring somebody back to life. Unless otherwise, you’re the Grand White Witch who has access to unlimited magic.” She explained while arranging the IDs back inside her purse.

“But that’s the issue Ma, they’re extinct.”

“Almost a hundred millineas now, I know child... That’s the very reason why the ‘lads’ should be EXTRA careful now, or else.”

Understanding this, I simply nod my full agreement at her. Then, a sudden realization popped inside my head...

‘Who will send me off to work then, when there’s no driver?’

Mum, as if reading my expression, smiled softly at me and simply uttered — answering my unasked question, “Dad will be there. Don’t worry, baby.”