

## Alpha's Nala Chapter 21 -

### Alpha's Nala Chapter 21

Chapter 21. Pigtails

Michael Angelo

Everything in me halted the minute I registered Blessy's words. More importantly, the way she blurted out the name.

Why does she sound like I messed up big time?

However, before I could even react to what she just said, my full attention went back to her when I saw her cheeks turning red from anger and her eyes growing darker — the tiger brown eyes became a darker shade of amber yellow.

Apparently, I made the little Alpha Princess upset.

And that's not good, according to the book about Alpha kids...

Shit! No RAMPAGE, please.

I have to stop Blessy before her control snaps since werewolf kids her age, especially with Alpha blood like hers, cause more destruction compared to adults. Their anger, once not stopped in time, could kill a thousand lives within an hour.

That would mean a massacre then, which will be punishable by death. And Blessy's too young for that...

No! My poor sister.

'Damn it, Angelo! End your zoning out already and stop her this instant.' Bear barked in my head, making me frantically face my raging sister.

"I'm sorry Blessy, I didn't mean to — " I began to apologize.

"No, you don't understand," She uttered, cutting me off, "I'm losing her. I — I just..." She trailed off, her lips trembling. Then, without a warning, I saw clear water tears began to roll down her cheeks.

'Good job, dickhead. First, you got her upset. Now, you made our baby sister cry. Fucking great big brother you are.' Bear commented.

'I was just trying to make her laugh, you ass.' I stated, annoyed.

'Well, for the record, you failed dumbhead. Now, try comforting her. Maybe you're better on that role.' He ridiculed me, making me irritated.

'Will you just shut up and try to help me here?' I chastised, earning a growl from him.

'Fine, I'll talk to Mika.'

And with that, he disappeared in the back of my head once again; meeting Mika in their wolf realm, I believe.

Blessy, on the other hand, was still crying in front of me and I let her, knowing she needed it. Though, seeing her beautiful face turning bright red from the weeping, my panic sinks in.

"Hey, hey enough crying now, sweetie." I cooed as I rub away her tears with my thumb, "Tell me, what's really bothering you?"

"Mikee, 'her' memories... blurry... it's all" — she hiccup — "blurry... I — I can't Mikee..." She trailed off, whimpering while her almost cleaned hands were roughly wiping the tears away from her cheeks.

Hearing that though, and not completely comprehending it, made me narrowed my brows at her — I'm still on the panic side to even get a grasp of what she was saying.

"We all have our own special memories with Nala, sweetheart. It's normal to remember as well as to cry for it. It's okay, don't feel embarrassed about it." I stated the first thing that came into my mind, encouraging a smile at her.

"No!" She yells again, "You don't understand, Mikee. Nala's memories... my mind's" — she touched her head and tugged her hair harshly — "I'm losing her. I — I don't want to forget, Mikee..." She explained through her crying and that's when I sense, there's more to just being upset here.

Blessy, as sensitive as she was, doesn't cry this much and this badly... unless otherwise, something tremendous troubles her.

And then, I remembered...

The way she declared the word 'memories' to me and then further explains that it was Nala's, to the way she furiously reacted to my silly joke that seemingly involved Nala, and I didn't miss that part that she said she was disturbed of losing memories of Nala, made me understand everything.

This was about Nala.

And Blessy, she never moved on from her.

I tugged her towards my chest and engulfed her into a warm embrace, not caring if dirt-stained my suit. There, she cried harder.

Of course, Blessy is and still broken...

Three years ago, Nala was my little sister's world. Their bond, unlike all of us, was deemed inseparable. Perhaps of the fact that Nala became a second mother to Blessy; this was at the time when Mom's foreign illness showed up, making her unable to function at everything.

Their friendship started out from the spoon-feeding since Blessy was two when she first met a sixteen-year-old Nala. Then, as Blessy was growing up, the magic of their relationship also grew.

Nala, aside from the feeding, was also trusted to bathe, play and lull Blessy to sleep. When Blessy was two and a half, Nala became her first teacher.

When my sister turned three, and her blonde locks were long enough to style, Nala would often do her hair and they did, at some point, experimented on putting make-up on.

But their bond strengthened when Blessy turned four...

These were the times when boredom strikes them. The two devils would sneak out of the mansion and explore the forest floor outside the castle grounds. They usually go to these dirty expeditions just to search for insects and flowers.

However, what they both truly love — in times of tedium and being outside the palace — was playing in the rain, not caring if mud would stain their clothes, hands, or feet. Sometimes, their faces when things got rough between them.

Yeah, such lovely memories, and as much as I disliked recalling them, I couldn't help it; I've basically watched them grow.

Surely, they've been inseparable for that two long years, before Nala was... And for Blessy, being four years old at that time, she couldn't handle such a loss.

She actually acquired nightmares because of it...

Now that she's seven, and three years of NO Nala by her side, I'm sure her memories of 'her' were slowly fading away.

That's why she's really emotional and scared right now.

Come to think of it then, those activities in the forest that includes the rain, the mud was all Nala and Blessy's pastime.

Oh, so my little sister's reliving the past...

I smiled inwardly, finally understanding the source of her troublesome behavior.

Not to mention, and the one that truly touched my heart was, her statement that she doesn't want to forget her, our Nala.

I know Blessy loved Nala, but never did I imagined this pure, unconditional love coming from her.

I hugged the little girl tighter.

"Is that the reason why you go out and play in the mud?" I asked when she finally stopped crying, a few hiccups and sniffs here and there but she seemed calm now to answer.

"Yes." She mumbled another hiccup escaped her throat. "I just want her memory to stay, to still be clear inside my head. That's why I keep on doing the same activities that we did. When she was... alive." She whispered the last part.

I nodded, letting her know I heard her.

"I understand, sweetheart. Nala would be very happy about that." I said, lifting her chin to face me, "Though next time, before you decided to play outside, bring me. Okay?" I asked, wiping the remaining tears from her cheeks.

She scrunched up her nose which, surprisingly, was one of Nala's habits.

I smiled at that.

"But you never go bored." She argued, her forehead wrinkled in anger, "You always have mating balls and I don't like those whimsy balls anyway."

"I know that little one, but it will only take an hour," I softly said, taking off her tiara from her tangled strands.

She grunted at me.

"An hour is too much." She protested with an attitude now. "I'm only 7 Mikee, and 7-year-olds like me don't sit still. Besides, the ball is not for kids. Always for big boys like you, so why bother to have me there?"

Great, my sister's back to her original personality...

My smile widened.

“Because,” I paused and poked her nose, “you’re my sister and mating balls are a family matter, to begin with,” I explained, currently brushing her curly blonde hair with my thick fingers now.

She frowned at my reason.

“But it’s about mates. Mika tells me I can’t have one until I reach eighteen.” She argued once more, her fierce eyes looking at me.

I chuckled at that.

“That’s true and it’s alright sweetheart, it’s all about me tonight... No one’s looking at you. Besides, this ball was already planned by Mother, so it can’t be helped.” I noted, encouraging her to smile now. “And don’t worry, if someone comes for you, I will surely break their necks,” I added playfully.

She gasped and instantly glared at me. Then, her small arms crossed in front of her chest as she huffed her cheeks at me.

I laughed at her cute behavior but I then pause, as I suddenly thought of our ruined look. I glance at my silver wristwatch and saw it was already 6 pm. Only half an hour before the ball starts.

We can make it.

“Come Blessy, we need to clean up. I need to change” — I pointed out my now mud-stained black suit — “and so do you. I’ll call Nicole to get you a new dress to wear,” I said and made her stand from the chair.

Nicole’s her nanny. A werewolf. Lovely old lady.

Shortly, the dark aura that covers her vanishes, as she happily nodded her head in agreement. She gladly then took a hold of my hand as we started to walk out of my room.

Unexpectedly, as we were halfway through the corridors leading to her room, Blessy tugged my hand that was holding hers.

“Mikee, can you fix my hair then?” She asked, raising her head to look at me.

I glanced down at her, furrowing my eyebrows out of confusion.

“Me? Why me?” I simply asked.

“Because I want to.” She cheerfully replied.

Now that perplexed me further.

“Sweetheart, I don’t do fancy hairs.” I paused and lifted her from the ground. Then, I positioned her on my arms, declaring, “Maybe pigtails, but that’s about it. Let Nicole do your hair the proper way for the ball.”

She pouted at me.

“But that’s why I want you.”

I snorted.

“Because I do Pigtails?”

She excitedly nodded at me, making my forehead creased in deeper confusion.

I was about to follow up on the question when I instantly remembered something, making me understand her request.

Of course...

Nala fixes her hair every day and it’s always on ‘pigtails’.□□□□□