

Chapter 13 - The party

Alexanders's POV

I stood at my office window, overlooking the sea of people on the dance floor.

I have done this so many times before—just watching them as they sway to the sound of music.

Tonight was no different; the music pumped loud and clear, the alcohol flowed, people got drunk, and those who came to actually move their bodies claimed the dance floor.

The only difference about tonight was that we had a themed party just to try and spice things up.

My gaze traveled over every person there, searching for Emily in the crowd.

My eyes eventually settled on a dark-headed girl in the center of the dance floor, swaying her body to the music. She had a striking-looking blond friend dancing next to her.

Yet I couldn't move my eyes from the dark head. She reminded me too much of Emily.

I focused my full attention on her, noticing the gorgeous black mask covering her face. Her body was strikingly sexy. She was slender, with curves in just the right places.

I couldn't help but notice her dark, almost black hair under the colorful lights, flowing down her back like waves.

Emily had hair like that...

I sighed as the sad feelings rose from the pit of my soul.

It's been 5 years since Emily went missing without a single clue. No one knew what had happened to her—she just left a single note saying goodbye with no explanation.

I had kept that note with me all these years, the ink on the paper fading every single day.

That didn't stop me from looking for her.

My heart pinched in my chest as I recalled the special night we spent together—we made love in the cabin.

My wolf, Ghost, had made sure to block us in, yet I didn't mind; I welcomed it.

Emily looked at me nervously, unsure what Ghost was about to do, but when he handed control back to me, she visibly relaxed.

I knew she had a crush on me when she was younger; I had the same pull toward her too—I just refused to show it.

A smile made its way to the corners of my lips, remembering how romantic the atmosphere was in the cabin—you could almost say it was extra magical—me and my mate, having our first night of forever.

I didn't mark Emily that night, only because Ghost made me promise to wait for her wolf.

He could scent her wolf. He just couldn't understand why she wasn't ready for this world.

"I beg of you," Ghost whimpered. "Just wait until she shifts. I want to mark my mate at the same time you mark yours. It will be special, I promise. You wouldn't regret it."

I agreed, hoping that we wouldn't wait too long.

Our ancestors had a solid belief in mating and marking our mate the same night we met each other.

Our souls needed to become one with our mates; that's where our Alpha strength came from.

We needed to be in tune with our fated mate to be able to rule our pack. We need to be able to feel her insecurities, know her hopes and dreams, and understand what makes her happy, angry, and sad.

Yet, I promised my wolf I would wait.

I was already in love. I would wait until she had her wolf, as long as I had her by my side.

I wanted Emily, only Emily.

Emily's beautiful face flashed in my mind, and I gasped for air as if it had knocked the breath out of my lungs.

It was the hardest five years of my life not knowing if Emily was still alive.

Ghost believed that Emily was well, that she had shifted, and that she was ready to come back home. He has never given up hope.

I, on the other hand, believed that she had died and that I felt her passing.

A couple of months after Emily went missing, the most excruciating pain invaded my body.

We were in the middle of the Blood Moon Festival when the most excruciating pain rippled through my body, bringing me down to my knees. I truly believed that the Goddess was punishing me for losing my mate.

I sighed, shaking the horrific memory from my mind, and focused on less depressing thoughts.

My thoughts jumped to that special night, remembering how scared I was to approach Emily when I finally figured out who the intoxicating soft red rose scent belonged to—it was driving my insides and wolf wild.

Ghost grabbed control when I hesitated. I knew Emily didn't have a wolf; my father had warned me that Beta's daughter needed special care and how the pack members were treating her.

That made me angry even before I knew she was my mate.

My gaze shifted back to the girl on the dance floor, and for a second, I imagined having Emily in my arms and us swaying to the music together.

Ghost howled, enjoying my sweet thoughts. He has been on edge the last couple of days, yet neither of us could point out the reason behind it.

"She is gorgeous," Luke, my beta, voice sounded over the music behind me.

I reluctantly forced my gaze toward him, where he lazily lay against

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the office door frame with his arms crossed against his chest. He had this stupid, cocky smirk on his lips, which I wanted to rip off his pretty face.

I didn't hear him enter, nor did I sense him.

Was I so focused on the girl on the dance floor?

"Who?" I asked coldly.

"The girl you have been staring at for the last half an hour," he said with a chuckle.

Luke shifted his weight to both his feet, took three huge strides into the office, and stopped next to me. His 6'6 frame was just an inch shorter than my 6'7 frame.

My gaze quickly scanned him; he looked decently dressed tonight and had even tied up his golden locks into a man's bun, yet strains of hair were framing his strong and perfect face.

Girls found him gorgeous, of course, especially when they looked into his golden, hypnotizing eyes.

"I don't know what you are talking about," I said.

"I think you do," Luke challenged. "I have never seen you stare at a woman like that before."

I was dumbstruck. How long did Luke watch me?

"Should I go get her name?" Luke asked, raising an eyebrow to taunt me.

"No," I managed to say. "That I could do myself."

"So you were checking her out!" He asked, moving toward the alcohol cabinet.

He poured us both a whiskey and handed me one, then sat down on one of the couches against the wall.

"She just looks familiar," I said, stealing a glance at her.

"Her friend's name is Mila," Luke suddenly said.

I knitted my eyebrows together. Why did that name sound so familiar?

"How do you know that?" I asked curiously.

"She is Jax's mate," he said. "An old friend of Emily's."

Luke knew my history with Emily; it was his idea to open the club in the middle of the city in hopes that she would one day walk in there to come dance.

"Is it the same Mila who jumped packs after Emily went missing?" I asked.

Luke nodded.

"What are you thinking about?" He asked, looking worried.

Mila requested an urgent transfer a week after Emily's disappearance, claiming that the pack reminded her too much of Emily and that she had no friends left. She wished to go live with her mate, Jax.

My father showed her pity and signed the transfer document without saying another word.

When I tried to contact Mila in the Dark River Pack, I was informed that she and Jax had left to visit her extended family in another pack.

"I think I'm going to ask the girl for a dance," I said, heading toward the door.

"Angelica will be here soon," Luke warned.

I stopped in my tracks, and a growl escaped my lips.

"So?" I hissed. "She has no claim over me."

"Maybe," he said. "Yet she still believes you are going to make her your Luna."

"Over my dead body," I sneered. "I have a mate."

"Which is missing! You only have a few months left to find Emily," Luke said seriously. "Or else your cousin, Axel, could claim the Alpha title."

"Only if he can find his mate," I argued.

"True," he said, taking a sip of his drink. "So I was thinking, if all else fails, maybe you should consider having a contract with Luna for the time being."

What? Was he truly pitching that idea to me now?

"I'll think about it," I said, opening the door.

Luke whistled behind me, stopping me again.

Annoyed, I turned around to seek his head, but instead, he threw me a golden mask.

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"You will need that to join the party," he said.

I nodded and ran down the steps, only to be surprised at my discovery.

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