

Chapter 15 - Find Emily

Alexander POV

As soon as I walked out of my office, the soft scent of roses invaded my nose, and Ghost went wild inside my head, scratching to be released.

"Calm down!" I snapped, pushing him back.

"That's Emily, our mate we are scenting," Ghost yelled. "She's here! Find her!"

"I am trying!" I growled impatiently. But her scent seemed to be fading!"

That confused both of us—was the girl I just saw Emily or someone else?

My gaze traveled over the dance floor, seeing that Emily's friend had left. She wasn't at the bar.

My gaze snapped at the tables on the top floor, looking over the dance floor.

I spot Mila first.

If the girl who is sitting opposite her isn't Emily, she should know where she has gone.

I was sure Mila and Jax had something to do with her disappearance; why else would they both jump packs and disappear?

I sighed under my breath as I made it to the stairs.

I had followed Mila's and Jax's trail as far as I could, but the trail ran cold.

I even asked Mila's father if he knew where she was, but he just shrugged as if it were nothing.

That frustrated me, and even after I took the alpha position and ordered him to tell me, he couldn't tell me.

I climbed the stairs two by two, feeling my heart pound inside my chest.

If this is Emily, my long search for her is over. We could at last be together.

"Hi, Alpha Black!" I heard my name being called, and my gaze snapped toward the person. "Care to join us for a drink?"

"Maybe later," I said, pushing forward.

"Oh, Alpha Black," a girl grabbed my arm. "Would you like to dance? I will show you a good time.

Bloody leech, I growled and pushed her hand off me like she had some disease.

I pushed past her, heading toward Mila's table.

"What are you going to say to her if it's Emily?" Ghost asked.

I almost froze in my tracks. I haven't thought about it. Ten minutes

ago, I was brave, and now my heart is racing out of my chest.

"I'm going to ask her to dance," I said, feeling my mouth run dry. I haven't danced for a while; maybe I am not capable anymore.

"Calm down," Ghost said. "It is like riding a bicycle; once you get on, you will remember."

"I hope so!" I said, nervously. "Maybe I should just turn around and get a drink first!"

Why the f*ck was I so nervous?

"No!" Ghost growled. "Give me control!"

My hand flew to my face, pulling my hand through my hair. It was like I was reliving the first day we officially met as mate.

I don't even know if it's her!

Should I turn around?

Would she run off if I turned my back?

I swallowed hard on the lump forming in my throat—just another few steps and I would reach her table.

I removed the mask from my face, hoping that she would recognize me when she saw me—maybe she would return the favor.

My hands became damp, and I rubbed my hands nervously off my pants.

Maybe I should have ordered drinks before coming here.

"Play it cool!" Ghost yapped. "And stop being so bloody nervous. You are an Alpha for Goddess's sake!"

"I'm trying!" I snapped.

There was now no turning back—I had reached my destination.

"Evening ladies," I said, trying to keep my voice smooth.

"Evening, Alpha," Mila said, but the brown-headed girl just nodded her head. The lighting fell just at the right angle, and I could see her beautiful blue eyes.

Emily-

It must be her! Emily was the only girl with that kind of blue eye—I would recognize the color anywhere.

I was sure it was her. This can't be some coincidence.

"I am sorry to interrupt your little party," I said, trying to keep my tone even. "But I was wondering if you would like to dance."

The table fell silent, and I suddenly wondered if the two were busy mind-linking each other.

"My friend would gladly dance with you," Mila said, with a naughty smile on her lips. "She is an exceptional dancer; she especially loves to tango."

Tango?

Like Tango, Tango?

I can do that! I have taken dance classes since the age of three.

I held out my hand, yet the silent daggers between the two women were noticeable. Emily seemed to be upset with Mila.

Didn't Emily want to dance with me?

Did she find someone new to love? Is that why she left?

I shook my head; there was evidence of tears on the letter she left. She must have been forced to do so—why else would she just suddenly leave?

"I promised I would try not to step on your toes," Ghost said, grabbing control.

"Seriously!" I growled, and I pushed him back. "You know how she reacted when you took control the last time!"

Ghost whimpered and backed off.

A warm hand suddenly took mine, and an electric current moved down my arm.

Emily's hand stiffened, but she relaxed a moment later when the sparks suddenly disappeared.

"That's odd," Ghost said. "I swore..."

"We did, buddy, we did," I said. "I think she is scared."

"But why?" Ghost moaned. "It doesn't make sense!"

"I know, buddy," I said, stepping on the dance floor. "See if you can connect with Emily's wolf."

"On it!" Ghost said, disappearing into my mind.

My gaze snapped toward the DJ box, knowing Luke would be in there.

"Change the music," I mind-linked.

"What do you have in mind?" He replied.

"Something timeless," I said.

The next second, Luke made an announcement.

"Evening, everyone!" he yelled over the microphone. "Could we clear the dance floor for just a moment? The owner of the club has a special friend with him, and he would like to show her a good time."

Curious people moved to the side of the dance floor, and I turned my attention to Emily.

"Ready?" I asked, and Emily rolled her eyes—if only she knew that it would wake a fire inside me.

The music started, and I pulled Emily into my arms. She stiffened in my arms, yet she didn't shy away from keeping up with me and doing the dance moves.

Emily suddenly relaxed, and we became lost in one another's rhythm. Our bodies were making love to the rhythm of the music.

When the music stopped, I had Emily in my arms; we were both out

of breath and staring into each other's eyes.

I helped Emily to her feet, gently took her hand in mine, and kissed the top of her hand. The crowd in the club went wild.

The simple gesture surprised Emily, and she pulled her hand back, turned, and stormed off the dance floor.

"What the hell did you do to upset her!?" Ghost growled.

"I didn't do anything," I defended, running after her and heading toward the stairs.

I was just about to run up the stairs when a woman's figure jumped in my way and stopped me.

"Alex!" Angelica's screeching voice raised the hair on my back, and I stopped in my tracks. "What the hell are you doing?"

I knitted my eyebrows together and looked at her blankly.

"What?" I snapped, returning my gaze to where I last saw Emily.

"You clearing the dance floor?" she asked, crossing her arms around her chest.

"I was dancing with someone!" I said. "This is a club. People dance and enjoy themselves. I have the right to do so too!"

"With whom did you dance with?" She asked, taken aback. I have never once spared her a dance in the past.

"With none of your business," I snapped. "Now move out of my way!"



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Angelica jumped out of fear and quickly moved out of the way.

I ran up the steps and searched for Emily, yet she and Mila found a way out.

Where the hell did they go? Will I ever be able to find Emily again?



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