

Chapter 16 - Family Secrets

Alexander POV

"Find her!" I roared. "Find her now!"

How could I have let her slip from my hands!?

I was furious, beyond upset that Emily managed to get away.

Where has she gone?

Where did she hide all these years, and how was she able to block off her scent?

"Her wolf blocked me," Ghost said. "She's strong. She might even be stronger than us."

"You are a snow wolf, Ghost," I said, turning my attention to him. "No wolf can compare to you."

"Except fire wolves," he said, taking a seat in my mind.

"They are extinct," I said. "The chance of her being one is extremely slim. That would mean she has Lycan blood in her system."

"Think about it," Ghost said. "I could feel her wolf, but she didn't have one. She must have shifted after she left."

"Do you think my father expected that?" I asked.

"Well, he believed she was a late bloomer," Ghost replied.

It did make sense, but did her parents know?

I sat back in my office chair, thinking.

Emily's parents weren't too concerned about her leaving, and that bothered me. I think they were sort of relieved and thought that she might come back someday.

I never took the opportunity to ask them about how deep Emily's and Mila's relationships were.

"Father," I linked. "Can you and the former beta pair please meet me in my office?"

"Sure, son," my father replied. "Give us a few minutes. We are just out on a hunt."

"Very well," I said, cutting the link.

In the last five years, I have visited every pack in the area in hopes of finding Emily.

I got to my feet, headed to the alcohol cabinet, grabbed a glass, and poured myself bourbon.

I lay against the counter with the glass in my hand, looking out over the gardens outside.

I had made sure my office overlooked the gardens where I first recognized Emily as my mate. Through the years, it was a painful reminder of her.

My thoughts raced as I took a sip of the golden liquid, the ice cubes cracking in the warm liquid.

Now that I was certain that Emily was alive, it was just a matter of finding her.

Ghost sighed helplessly in my mind, and I knew why. It took us five

years to spend ten minutes with her; hopefully this time it didn't take us another five years to find her.

A knock on the office door broke my concentration and my gaze moved toward the door, where my father had peeked his head in.

"You wanted to see us?" He asked. I could smell Emily's parents standing behind him.

I nodded and gestured for them to come in and take a seat.

"Drinks, anyone?" I asked.

"No, thank you, Alpha," the former beta replied.

I poured my father a glass of whiskey and handed the glass to him.

"Why the urgent meeting, son?" My father asked when I took a seat behind my desk.

"I saw Mila and Emily in the club last Friday night," I said. "And I am pretty sure I danced with Emily."

Emily's father flinched, her mother gasped surprised, and my father looked back at me startled at the news.

"How?" Emily's mother, Sarah, managed to say something. "Is she alright? Did you speak to her? Is she coming home?"

I held my hand out to stop her.

"She disappeared again, as did Mila," I said. "I have a search party out, but it seems like Emily's wolf has emerged and she is hiding her scent. So it is making it difficult for me to track her."

"You believe she got her wolf?" Sarah gasped excitedly this time. "Is

she strong?"

I shifted my head to the side and narrowed my eyes at her.

The same feeling of knowing crept into my mind—they must indeed know something.

"I am not sure how strong her wolf is," I said. "I suspect that you might have some inside."

My father lifted his eyebrows, yet the former beta, John, didn't move an inch.

"Beta," I said, pinning my gaze on him. "If you know something, you need to tell me. I haven't stopped looking for your daughter, not only because she is a Beta and needs to claim her rightful position, but also because she is the future Luna of this pack. She is my true and fated mate.

John froze in his seat; he never expected those words to move over my lips. Only Luke knew about Emily being my mate, and my father never asked questions when I never revealed my mate years ago.

I guess he thought that my mate rejected me?

"But Alpha," John suddenly spoke, sounding upset, maybe even angry. "Your wolf had chosen a mate five years ago, and it snowed as proof. I don't understand. Where does Emily fit into this?"

"My wolf recognized Emily as my mate," I said, knitting my eyebrows together. "We spent the night together. I never decided on a chosen mate!"

Blood drained from John's face, and he turned white.

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"But Alpha," John suddenly spoke, sounding upset, maybe even angry. "Your wolf had chosen a mate five years ago, and it snowed as proof. I don't understand. Where does Emily fit into this?"

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Blood drained from John's face, and he turned white.

"Alpha, Mila overheard a conversation that morning," he said, moving to sit on the edge of his chair. He suddenly fiddled nervously and was unable to meet my gaze.

"What conversation?" I asked, startled.

"I caught Emily eavesdropping at your office. She and Mila cleaned the community room earlier that day and passed your office. She heard you talking to Lady Angelica. She was about to barge into your office..."

"But you stopped her." I completed his thoughts.

"Yes," John said, bewildered.

I internally smiled—Emily must have felt jealous and possessive.

"What did you say to her?" I asked carefully. I wasn't sure if I wanted to hear the answer.

"What everyone suspected, Alpha," he answered.

"And that was?" I growled.

I could imagine what she told her. No wonder she had left. She must think I am the world's worst mate. One moment, I took her innocence and promised her the world, and the next morning, I was about to go mark some she-wolf.

"That wolf decided on a mate," he said, embarrassed. "And that she would one day find her own mate and be happy."

My heart sank, feeling tears burn behind my eyes. I knew John did that only to save Emily from humiliation, but he was the reason Emily left. This whole thing was just a huge misunderstanding.

"We were happy!" I snapped. "I was happy to find her. I wanted her, and I still do!"

I got to my feet, rushing to the window. I was trying hard not to let my emotions get the better of me.

"Emily and I could feel our bond for years," I said, turning back to look at John. "I ignored it for obvious reasons. Werewolves shouldn't be able to scent their mate until they turn 18."

"It's because of the Lycan genes you have," my father said.

"That's what I thought," I said, and I walked back to my desk. "Which means Emily carries the gene as well. Which might explain her late shift."

The beta pair looked at each other, and both nodded.

"You knew, didn't you?" I asked my father next.

"Yes," he said, nodding. "I suspect it."

"How much Lycan?" I asked. "How many Lycan genes do both our families carry?"

"More than you would believe," my father said.

"How much!" I roared, shaking the windows of my office.

"Calm down," my father said. "I will tell you."

John looked at my father, and he nodded, agreeing.

"Our families are the last full-blooded Lycans to survive," my father said.

"Our families?" I asked. "What do you mean by that? Are the Lycans lines extinct or not?"

"Not totally," my father said. "There are about a thousand full-blooded Lycans still alive today, scattered between the packs, acting like wolves."

I plopped down in my chair, unable to process what I was hearing.

"Your great-grandfather falsified our pack registers; you are the only one to continue our pure bloodline," my father continued. "Axel is part werewolf."

"But Ghost is a werewolf!" I argued.

"Werewolves do not have the abilities that Lycans have," he said. "Ghost just takes that form because everyone else does. You have abilities that you haven't even explored yet."

"And how do you suspect I learned them?" I asked.

My father got to his feet and walked to the wall, pulled a lever, and the wall moved out of the way.

"All the information you need," he said. "You will find it down there."

I was interested in finding out more, but an urgent knock pulled my attention to the door, and Luke popped in with a huge smile on his face.

"Yes?" I snapped.

"We found something," he said, coming closer and handing me a piece of paper.

What I did next shook Emily's little private world.
