

Chapter 19 - First breakthrough

Alexander POV

"What are you talking about?" I snapped.

Luke gestured to the corner of the office, yet I didn't see anyone.

Was he going nuts?

Or am I blind?

I lift my nose into the air, taking a deep whiff.

My body stiffened when I noticed the soft, almost nonexistent rose scent lingering in the air; it was the same smell that triggered Ghost when I entered the club.

Ghost howled and scratched to be released, yet I pushed him aside and blocked him off.

"Emily," I internally muttered to myself, and the next second she walked out of the shadows as if I had called her.

"She came!" I heard Ghost appear excitedly in my mind.

Emily's face was hidden behind the same black mask she wore the night I asked her to dance.

Yet, I couldn't help noticing the coldness in her eyes staring back at me.

"Alpha Black," she said, crossing her arms around her chest defensively.

"She's something," Ghost mused like a lovesick puppy.

"And angry," I said.

"I told you not to anger her," Ghost said. "But you didn't want to listen."

"I had no choice in this matter," I said. "How else would I be able to see her again?"

"Not by forcing her!" Ghost huffed.

"I didn't force her," I said. "I just quoted our law."

My thoughts raced back to when I received the information. It was the first proper break I received, and I was overjoyed about Luke's find.

"Who's contact number is this?" I asked, skeptical. I have made so many calls throughout the years that I believed that Emily never owned a phone.

"It's Mila's," he said proudly, cocking an eyebrow.

"Mila's? Like Emily's friend, Mila?" I asked, surprised.

Luke nodded, and his smile broadened.

"How did you...?" I gasped, wide-eyed.

"Manage that?" He asked, and I nodded. "I recognize the dress designs," Luke said. "The dressmaker is one of my mother's best friends, so I called in a favor."

"And she so happens to have Mila's number?" I asked, startled.

"Interestingly, the dress order was placed by King Alpha Xavier," Luke said. "Mila's contact details were given for collection; it was a special order."

My father and Emily's parents followed the conversation until my father received a link from my mother saying that she needed him. They all excused themselves, wished me good luck, and left.

"So?" Luke asked, hinting at me to pick up the phone and make the call. "Aren't you going to phone Mila?"

"And say what exactly?" I asked.

"Tell her you need to see Emily," Luke said, taking a seat.

I eyed the cell phone on my desk as if it were some kind of torture device.

"Come on, Alex," Luke pushed. "Call the she-wolf. What do you have to lose? Your time is slowly running out, and I seriously don't want to play Beta to your cousin, Axel."

"Well, then both of us can resign from our rank positions," I said, trying to lighten the mood, but instead, Luke growled at me.

"I like my work," he hissed. "I feel wanted, needed, and appreciated."

"But you don't love it," I said, biting back.

"I will eventually love it," he argued. "It is just a two-person job. I need my mate to help and support me in my work. So do you!"

Luke was right. Running a pack my size was a horrendous job, and without a Luna attending to the finer things in the pack, it was slowly becoming a burden.

I need to make the call, and I need to make sure Emily gets the message.

I reached for my cellphone and dialed Mila's number.

My heart jumped into my throat, and my hands turned damp.

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I wasn't sure what I would say, but I needed to find a way to see Emily again.

After three rings, Mila answered the call.

"Mila, speaking," she sang happily over the phone, and I recognized her voice from the night at the club.

"Mila," I said, trying to keep my voice level and calm. "It's Alpha Black."

I could hear her gasping on the other side of the phone. She never expected me to call her.

"Do not put down the phone," I warned. "Else, I will see this as an invitation to war."

She took a deep breath, getting over her shock.

"What do you want, Alpha Black?" She asked. "You had your dance with my friend, and she isn't interested in dancing with you again."

I internally laughed. I haven't even said anything about dancing, and Mila just confirmed it was them at the club.

"I suspect you know where Emily is," I said, getting to the point of my call.

"She is not here, Alpha," Mila said, her voice breaking. "I don't keep tabs on her."

"But you know where I could find her, don't you?" I asked.

Mila turned silent on the other side of the phone, and I took it as a yes.

"See, Mila," I said when the silence stretched out too long. "I just need to talk to Emily and straighten out some misunderstanding between us."

"Then what do you want from me then?" She growled over the phone.

Did that just happen? I thought Mila was a timid mouse.

"Guess she's not a timid pup after all," Ghost commented.

"Guess so," I said, turning my attention back to the purpose of the call.

"I want you to inform Emily that I want an audience with her," I said.

"I can't force her to go to you," Mila snapped.

"I know, Mila," I said, and a smile followed on my lips. "Tell me, how well do you know the law?"

"Which part of the law?" She snapped.

"The part about fated mates?" I asked, and I knew I was about to shake the boat. I could almost see Mila shaking her head in disbelief—everyone knew the law, especially the part about fated mates.

"The law states that I have the right to my fated mate and that I could declare war on anyone who dares to keep my mate away from me. That includes the White Moon Pack."

I could hear Mila swallowing; she wasn't taking this call too well.

"I will convey the message, Alpha Black," she said, and she cut the call.

"Your ethics in forcing me to meet with you are uncanny!" Emily said, lifting an eyebrow and forcing the memory from my mind. "I suggest that you do not threaten my loved ones again, Alpha."

"I haven't threatened anyone yet," I argued. "I just reminded them of the werewolf law!"

"What do you want from me, Alpha Black?" Emily asked, her blue eyes

turning almost gray in anger.

"I want a date with you," I said.

Emily flinched and looked at me in disbelief.

"A date?" She asked carefully. "Why on earth would I consider going on a date with you?"

"For starters," I said. "I am pretty sure we are mates."

"Mates?!" She laughed. "I don't have a mate! My mate betrayed me five years ago!"

"I have never betrayed you," I said. "It was all a misunderstanding."

"So you are telling me that my father lied to me?" She hissed.

"No," I said, trying to calm her down. "He just misinformed you."

Something crossed Emily's eyes as she processed what I was saying.

"I am not ready to date," she said, heading toward the exit.

Luke tried to stop her, but in a heartbeat, she extended her claws and aura.

"F*ck," Ghost mused proudly. "Do you feel that? She's strong!"

Luke quickly moved out of the way, submitting to the higher power.

What the hell? Did that really happen?

"Wait!" I called after her when she opened the door. "Can't we just have a proper chat? Just you and me?"

"Chat?" She hissed, turning to look over her shoulder back at me. "What do you want to chat about?"

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"Anything," I said, getting closer. "I want to know everything about you."

Yet the same conflict crossed Emily's eyes. Was she considering my proposal?

"There is nothing to chat about," she hissed.

I sighed, knowing that as soon as she walked out that door, I would never see her again, yet Emily didn't make any attempt to leave.

"I need to do a pack visit," she suddenly said. "I'll be coming to see you next week."

Was that my first breakthrough?

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