

Chapter 20 - Lustful predicament

Emily's POV

A week flew past quickly, and I found myself on my way to the Opal Pack territory.

I needed to keep my promise to Alex; he expected to be visited, and I wasn't going to go back on my word.

I felt quite excited about seeing him, and I couldn't wait to see the joy in his eyes when he noticed me.

On my last visit to the club, it became unbearable to stay any longer; I had a hard time focusing.

Alex's intoxicated apple crumble scent was driving me wild inside. It urged me to touch him, feel him, and hear him.

My thoughts had spiraled out of control, and my hormones were happily adding to my dilemma.

Thank the Goddess, Willow could hide my scent; otherwise, we would have ended up on the office table f*cking each other's brains out.

I sighed.

Willow didn't help much either; she added to the discomfort. She kept on whimpering and whining in my mind, wanting to let Alex's wolf connect with her.

"Ghost is begging for me to answer him," Willow said. "He is scratching and howling like a hurt puppy behind my block."

"Ignore his call," I ordered. "We can't allow him to connect with you now."
"

"But, Emily," Willow argued. "He sounds so sad and desperate; he needs me."

"Do as I say," I snapped. "We can't put Lex in danger. We don't know if our mate was involved with the attacks."

I had almost slipped, given in, and ran into Alex's arms when I saw the sadness reflecting in his eyes when I rejected his second proposal.

But I needed to remind myself that this wasn't just about me and him anymore.

I needed to consider Lex as well, yet something inside me was urging me not to just turn around and leave.

Alex will not know of his son's existence until I am sure I can trust him. I would not let my pup go through the same pain I did.

"We are here," Willow sang as we reached the Opal Pack border. She was over the moon about visiting the Opal Pack.

I quickly scanned our surroundings, knowing that border patrol had doubled as of 8 pm.

Everything looked in order, and I noticed the old footpath we used to use going down to the river.

"Take that path," I said, gesturing for Willow to tell me. "There should be a river at the bottom where we could cross."

Willow followed my instructions, and she quickly ran, jumped over the

border of the territory undetected, and flew down the path toward the river.

The rumbling of water came closer, and I couldn't help but remember the first and only night Alex and I spent together.

Alex was so gentle with me that just something about it hurt.

"Have you ever?" He asked, lifting my chin with his finger. His gray, stormy eyes were a beautiful silver, and it felt like he was looking into my soul.

"No," I whispered, embarrassed. "Have you?"

A small smile followed Alex's lips.

"I haven't," he said, bending down and pecking my lips. "I waited."

I couldn't believe my ears—Alex waited, and this would be his first time too! He waited to share this perfect moment with me, and only me!

My heart started to race, knowing what we were about to do, but the situation was just too perfect.

My arms snaked around Alex's neck, pulling him down to me. I wanted to taste him.

Alex gave me access to his mouth, and our tongues were making love.

Oh, Goddess. I just couldn't get enough of him.

Alexander lifted me into his arms, holding my legs around his torso, and carried me to his bed.

He slowly set me down on my feet.

I couldn't keep my excitement inside me anymore. I wanted to see his beautifully crafted body.

Alex pulled away and searched my gaze, while my hands pulled at the bottom of his shirt.

"Are you sure?" He asked, his voice husky and full of emotion.

"Yes," I said. "Make me yours."

Alex let me slip his shirt from him, and I pulled it to me, inhaling his intoxicated scent.

"F*ck," I whispered intoxicatingly, feeling my juice leak and soaking my panties.

"Let me help you with your dress," he said.

I turned around and moved my hair out of the way while Alex's hands carefully pulled the zipper down.

My breath hitched when my dress dropped to the floor, and Alex's hand tenderly brushed my shoulders.

"You are so beautiful, Emily," Alex whispered huskily in my ear.

My hands covered my breasts as I turned around to face him.

"You don't need to hide from me," he said, taking my hands in his huge ones. "I want to see every imperfection and know every line and curve of your body. We are mates after all."

"Where to now?" Willow asked, forcing the bittersweet memory from my mind. The pack house had come into view, and we were almost there.

"We'll be surprising Alex in his office," I said. "There is no means for anyone else to know that I am here."

I was hoping that Alex still used the same office; it might end up a bit embarrassing if he did.

Willow quietly ran around the pack house and into the gardens, then shifted back behind a huge old tree.

I untied my clothes from my left leg and got dressed.

I was surprised to see that the garden was unoccupied; usually mated wolves would enjoy the scenery and a late-night stroll.

"At least no one would see you sneak into the pack house," Willow yapped, and I rolled my eyes at her remark.

Willow had a special ability; she could change her fur color to blend in with our surroundings. The downside of using the gift was that it tired her out quickly, and she couldn't keep it working for longer than five minutes.

I came to a stop when the fountain with the goddess came into view.

The last time I was here was when I cried my heart out about not having a wolf; now I am gifted with one of the strongest wolves on the planet.

I nodded at the statue, giving it silent praise, and sprinted the rest of the way down the narrow path toward the pack house entrance.

My heart pounded uncontrollably the second I opened the door. Inside, I might be caught or seen.

I took a whiff of my surroundings, searching for any trace of someone

being close.

"Stop being so nervous," Willow mused. "It is not as if you are breaking an entry."

"Technically, I am," I said, running down the long hallway.

Around the next bend, I could smell Alex's apple crumble scent, but it wasn't going the way I expected.

"That's odd," I said. "Alex's office was always opposite his father's."

"Why don't you rather search his room?" Willow asked, wiggling her eyebrows.

"Don't you think that's inappropriate?" I asked, feeling my face turn hot.

"He is our mate," she said. "And you did see all of him at least once, didn't you?"

My core clenched, remembering how muscular and beautifully Alex's body was crafted.

"How else did I fall pregnant?" I hissed.

"Then I see no problem with my idea," Willow said.

I followed my nose down the hallway in the opposite direction of where I remembered Alex's office used to be and came to a stop in front of the end of the hallway.

There was only one door.

Did he change offices?

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Didn't he like his old office?

"Someone is coming," Willow warned.

"F*ck!" I swore, grabbed the door handle, pushed the door open, and hid inside.

Yet, I never expected to end up in such a lustful predicament.

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