

Tango with the Alpha's Heart

Chapter 3 - Mate

Emily's POV

The cool autumn breeze shook me out of my trance, and I yelped out in fright as the door shut closer behind me.

I shook my head, confused, looking over the gardens.

Why did I have the urge to come here? There was nothing out of the ordinary out there.

Everything was quiet, except for my racing heart.

The immense pull was unavoidable, and I took a step forward.

I ended up making my way down to the huge fountain centered in the gardens and sitting down on the cold white marble bench, overlooking the water and fountain.

I sighed.

Was I losing my mind?

I lifted my gaze toward Mother Moon's sculpture standing in the center of the huge bowl.

She stood protectively among powerful wolves who were howling at the moon.

"Why have you kept my wolf from me?" I whispered.

An unnerving silence answered me back, and my temper flared out of control.

I jumped to my feet as anger and pain rippled through my chest.

"Why did you punish me like that?" I cried out and dropped to my knees. "Am I not pure enough to be blessed with one of your creations? Am I not strong enough to have one?"

I sobbed uncontrollably, releasing every bottled-up emotion of the last few weeks.

"Why did you bring me here?" I asked, whipping my face.

The cold statue stared back at me with the same kind of cold smile as every other day.

"Tell me!" I demanded angrily. "Tell me why I am here!"

My yelling echoed through the silence of the night, disturbing the wildlife in the forest.

I sighed, getting to my feet.

"I should have known you wouldn't answer me!" I spat angrily.

I turned to leave, starting back at the packhouse.

I rushed down the path through the gardens, my eyes blurry from my tears. I went at a slower pace when the packhouse came into view, wiping my tears with my hands—my make-up must have been smeared from all my crying.

I reached out to open the door when the same intoxicated scent of apple crumble assaulted my nose.

I froze in my tracks with my hand firmly on the door handle, and my breathing started to race.

"Mate!" Alex's familiar, husky voice sounded behind me, sending pleasurable shivers down to my core.

"This can't be," I whispered, closing my eyes and swallowing the lump in my throat.

This must be some kind of dream. I must be imagining things!

I could hear Alex getting closer, and I yelped out of fright when he suddenly stretched his arms out, holding the door.

I visibly shivered, feeling his warm breath fanning over the side of my neck.

For a few odd seconds, we both stood frozen.

I wasn't sure what to do.

Was Alex waiting for me to answer his call? I didn't have a wolf to tell me if it was true!

I slowly let go of the door handle to turn to face him.

I gasped, surprised, seeing his huge body tower over my small 5'5 frame. His enormous biceps flexed under his black stretch shirt.

He had his eyes closed with a small, teasing smile playing on his lips.

Was he happy to have found me?

Alex's eyes snapped open, and I was met with deep pools of darkness staring back at me.

Startled, I took a quick step back, hitting the door—his wolf must have taken control.

Alex made no effort to move out of the way or let me go. Instead, he knitted his eyebrows together and shifted his head to the side.

Was he trying to read me?

Was he going to reject me?

"What's the big rush, little mate?" He asked, shifting his head from side to side.

"No, no, no big rush?" I muttered nervously under my breath. Alex's closeness was welling up unknown feelings inside me.

Alex's hand moved to the side of my face, and I flinched at his touch when he carefully removed stray hair from my face.

Did I just feel sparks?

"Why are you scared of me, little mate?" he asked, his husky voice full of emotion.

"I-I-I am not," I stuttered nervously. "I-I-I am just..."

Alex moved his head to my nape, extended his canines, and scraped my marking spot. I shivered, feeling my legs giving in under my weight. He slowly pulled his head back and openly took a deep and long whiff of my scent.

"Ahh," he said excitedly, licking his lips. "You smell so bloody delicious."

For a second, I was wondering what I smelled, but before I could ask, he flung me over his shoulder and ran off toward the forest.

He didn't run too deep into the forest. I could hear the rumbling of the waters close by.

A couple of minutes later, a cottage came into view, and Alex ran up the few steps to the door.

He carefully set me down, snaked his arm around my waist, and pushed the door open.

Alex picked me up in bridal style and carried me inside.

"Where are we?" I asked when I found my voice. I was too shocked to ask any questions or even yell when he ran off with me.

Alex switched on a light.

"The Alpha cottage," he said, setting me down on the couch. "I used to come here when I needed a break from reality."

I nodded in understanding. I used to have a special spot down the river where I used to hide, and only Mila knew where to find me.

Alex pulled his shirt over his head and threw it on the floor, then headed to the fireplace, squatted in front of it, and started the fire.

For a few minutes, Alex just stared into the fire, not saying a word.

What was he thinking?

Was he thinking about rejecting me?

My gaze moved toward the window, hearing the wind picking up outside.

Was a storm brewing? A couple of minutes ago, the skies were clear, and the moon hung low against the sky.

"Alpha Alexander," I called nervously.

"Alex," he said, getting to his feet. "Call me Alex."

"Uhm, Alex," I muttered. "I think you should take me back to the packhouse. It looks like it is about to rain."

Alex shook his head and got closer. He pinned his arms on the couch's armrest, caging me in.

"It is about to snow," he said happily.

"Snow?" I shrieked, my eyes widening.

"Yes, snow. Take a look," he urged, smiling.

Alex moved away from me, giving me room to get up. As soon as I was on my feet, I ran to the door and threw it open.

I gasped, surprised—everything was already covered in at least three feet of snow.

"How is this possible?" I squeaked. It had never snowed here before.

Alex gave me a cheeky grin, and for some reason, I already knew the answer. His wolf must be responsible for this.

"It only happens when our bloodline finds our true and fated mate," he said proudly, and his eyes shifted back to his beautiful gray color.

"Alex?" I whispered, enjoying the way his name rolled over my tongue.

"Yes, my love," he said, opening his arms for me. "Come to me."

I hesitated for a moment before my legs dragged my body towards him as if they were compelled to do so.

As soon as I was in his arms, he pulled me closer to his chest, and his warm apple crumble scent enveloped me. This was pure bliss; this was home.

I sighed in contentment, feeling accepted and loved.

Alex carefully lifted my chin with his index finger, searching my gaze.

Was he searching for approval?

His eyes shifted to my lips, leaving me nervous and quivering.

Was he about to kiss me? I so wanted to taste him.

"Sh*t!" I groaned inwardly, becoming intoxicated by Alex's scent. It was numbing my senses and making me feel and want things.

My breath hitched when Alex dropped his gaze lower, his minty breath fanning over my face and leaving his lips inches from mine. I could feel his heat radiating from them.

My core clenched out of anticipation, making my juices willingly spill into my panties.

Alex's eyes darkened, and he licked his lips. He must have sensed my arousal.

"You smell so mouth-watering," he huskily whispered. "I want you! All of you! I want to be inside of you!"

My face warmed, spreading the heat down to my core and making my p*ssy throb.

I so wanted him to touch me. I wanted to feel his hands roaming over my body, lining every curve I had.

"Can I?" Alex asked, and for a moment, I was left confused.

Was he asking if he could kiss me? Or f*ck me? Or both?

Before I could answer, Alex's lips crushed on mine, stealing my first kiss, and I melted into his arms.

Alex lifted me without breaking the kiss, carried me up the stairs, into a room, and laid me down on a bed.

I whimpered when he pulled away—I wanted more!

"Relax, little mate," he said, chuckling. "I am not going anywhere!"

Alex turned toward the dresser and removed his jacket, while my gaze scanned over the interior of the room.

The room was clean and neat, and only simple things decorated the walls, but interesting enough, there was no scent of another she-wolf.

Alex came closer and sat next to me, taking my hands in his, and I hesitated for a moment.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I'm not sure how to say this," he said, rubbing the back of his head.

Did he get to his senses and notice that I didn't have a wolf? Was he-?

"I have never made love to anyone before," he said, looking up through his eyelashes, embarrassed.

My heart leaped out of my chest. Alex waited! He waited for me!

My hand instinctively cupped his face, and a small, relieved smile followed on my lips.

"So have I," I said, my cheeks burning.

Alex pushed his lips against mine and softly pushed me back on the bed. He looked like a boy opening a long-awaited Christmas present, his hands roaming and exploring my body.

This felt so good. This felt so right. This made me so happy!

If only I had known that this happy moment would end in the blink of an eye.
