

# **Tango with the Alpha's Heart**

## **- Chapter 1 - Pack dance Novel by Judels**

### **Chapter 1 - Pack dance**

#### *Emily's POV*

"Ple-e-e-a-se, Emily!" Mila, my best friend, begged over the link. "I really want to go!"

"I'm not standing in your way, Mila. You are welcome to go and attend the pack dance," I linked back. "Go and have some fun with Jax."

Jax was Mila's mate, and even though we got along just fine, I always felt like a third wheel, tangling long.

"But you know it wouldn't be the same if you weren't there!" Mila sulked, her voice quivering. "And you owe me one!"

I sighed, annoyed.

I knew she would draw the "you owe me one card" sooner rather than later to force me to go.

The only reason I owed her was that I needed to copy her homework when my shift ended late. I was exhausted that night and had even skipped dinner.

"So you are cashing in on a favor I owe you?" I growled, frustrated.

"Is it working?" She asked, giggling.

I pinched the top of my nose, shaking my head—this friend of mine! She knew exactly how to manipulate me into saying yes!

Mila and I have been friends since kindergarten, but we only became best friends recently. She was the only friend I had left after my birthday.

I internally sighed as tears welled up in my eyes.

I had lost all of my friends and the respect of the pack in one night.

"You are the world's worst best friend," I growled. "You know that!"

"Does that mean you consider going?" She chirped, hopeful.

"Yeah," I replied sourly. "But I'm not staying out late. I have training in the morning!"

Mila squealed out of joy over the link.

"Deal!" She said, letting out another high-pitched squeal. "I'll see you in a bit!"

"Whatever!" I said, closing the link and plopping down on my bed.

It wasn't that I didn't want to go to the pack dance—I love dancing—it was just that I felt kind of strange, as if something was about to happen.

I knew it couldn't be my wolf; I didn't have one, and my parents, including Alpha Cole, believed that I was just a late bloomer.

I, on the other hand, believed that I was punished by the goddess and would not get one.

I sighed, closing my eyes.

I wish I had shifted on my birthday. I wish I had a wolf like the rest of the pack members.

I could just imagine how beautiful she would be—big and strong, and her fur silver under the full moon. She would have a no-nonsense attitude and wouldn't submit to anyone, including Alphas.

But that was just a dream, not my reality.

My mind drifted off to all the possibilities of having a wolf.

Maybe then the pack wouldn't see me as more than just a misfit or a liability.

Maybe then I could claim my rank as Beta.

A knock sounded at my door, and my eyes flew open. I turned my gaze disoriented toward the alarm clock on my desk.

7 p.m.

My eyes widened. I'm late!

"Emily?" Mila's worried voice came from the door. "Are you in there?"

"Sh\*t!" I growled, jumping off the bed and rushing towards the door.

Another knock, this time more urgently, echoed through my quiet room.

"Yeah," I said, rubbing my eyes as I opened the door.

Mila knitted her eyebrows together, and her gaze silently moved over me.

"Why are you not dressed and ready?" She shrieked, disappointed.

"Sorry," I muttered. "I fell asleep."

Mila rolled her eyes at me and sighed.

"Come on," she said, dragging me back into the room. "We had better get you ready. We only have a few minutes before we'll need to leave, or else we'll be late!"

Mila's eyes glazed over—probably linking Jax to telling him I was late—again.

"What are you waiting for, girl?" Mila barked when I didn't move. "Get your ass in the shower now!"

I took a deep breath, grabbed my towel, and stalked toward the bathroom.

Ten minutes later, I was back in my room.

"Get dressed," Mila ordered, handing me a short, knee-length dress.

"There is no way I am wearing that!" I snapped, pointing at the dress.

"Oh, yes, you are!" She said, "Get dressed! We have a party to attend!"

"It's a bloody pack dance, Mila, not prom!" I argued.

"It's not just any pack dance, Emily," she said adamantly. "Don't you know whose back?"

"Who?" I asked, folding my arms around my waist. Did I miss the pack memo?

Mila sighed, giving me a look of annoyance, pushed me down on the chair, and started drying my hair.

"Alexander is back," she said.

I froze in my seat, hearing Alex's name.

I had a huge crush on him for as long as I could remember, as did every other unmated she-wolf.

He never seemed to notice me, and he always had the most beautiful or popular she-wolves on his arm.

It broke my heart, but I believe that one day he will eventually notice me and see me for me.

I sighed as I remembered the day Alex left for Alpha training—that was two years ago.

I felt miserable and cried myself to sleep. I was even heartbroken when I found out that he wasn't allowed to visit the pack during the holidays.

"Alpha Cole's son?" I asked carefully; by this time, Alex must have found his mate.

Mila's green eyes lit up in excitement.

"Yes," she said, grabbing my brush.

"When did he return?" I asked, feeling a knot form in my throat.

"This morning," she answered, and she caught my gaze in the mirror. "This is his welcome-back party, Em."

My stomach felt as if someone had turned it upside down.

Alexander was back.

Alexander Black, the boy whom I had a major crush on, has returned to his pack.

"Mila, I think I should take a rain check on the pack dance." I slowly said.

Mila narrowed her eyes.

"Aren't you curious about what he looks like now?" She asked, confused. "We haven't seen him in a while! He must look different from all his intensive training at Alpha Camp."

"Yes, but..."

"Besides," Mila cut me off. "Alpha Cole has arranged the welcome-back party in hopes that Alexander will find his fated mate. He is due to become Alpha soon, and without his mate, he can't claim the Alpha title."

I kept quiet.

I wasn't Luna material. I was barely a warrior, and I knew Alex needed a beautiful and strong Luna to rule at his side. The likelihood of me fitting into those criteria was slim.

"Come on!" Mila said, excitedly. "It will be fun!"

Half an hour later, I was fully dressed in the black dress that Mila had picked for me.

"Let's go!" she said, grabbing my arm and pulling me out of the room.

What occurred at the pack dance would haunt me for the rest of my life.

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