

# Tango with the Alpha's Heart

## Chapter 12 - Tango Hearts

### *Emily's POV*

"Did you forget something?" Mila asked when we crossed the border.

At first, I was confused until my gaze fell on Mila's mask.

"Sh\*t!" I moaned.

"No mask, no entry," she said.

"Then stop the car and let me go fetch it!" I said, my heart racing.

How could I have forgotten about the mask?

"No, I can't do it!" Mila said. "The driver will only stop at the club and again at the pack house. Xavier's orders."

"Uhm, did you bring an extra one?" I asked, hopeful.

Mila giggled and pulled the box from behind her.

"Jax handed it to me," she said. "Lex didn't see you take it when you left home, so he told Jax to quickly sneak it to me."

I sighed, relieved.

"Thank you!" I said, taking the box.

I haven't opened the box and looked at the mask yet. I was curious, yet I knew Xavier and Mila wouldn't gift me a hideous mask.

"Some champagne?" Mila asked, pulling a bottle out of an ice bucket.

"Sure," I said. "Why not? I haven't had a proper drink in so long!"

Mila carefully filled the flutes and handed me one. The bubbly was delicious on my tongue, and before I knew it, Mila and I had finished the bottle.

"Thank the Goddess, we won't get drunk fast," Mila said. "Else we would be crawling to the club entrance."

I giggled in response, enjoying my best friend's babbling. She hasn't stopped talking for a proper second.

When the city came into view, my stomach pulled into a knot, and Willow suddenly came forward, interested.

I found her behavior odd, and my mind wandered off to the day I found out why my shift was delayed.

Xavier had called me to his chambers, and Mila decided it was best to come with him.

"Your Highness," I greeted him when I entered. "You called for an audience with me?"

"Ah, Parker," he said, waving me in. "Come, have a seat. We were expecting you."

Mila and I made our way to the huge round table and took a seat.

There weren't many people present—only me, Mila, Xavier, Dave, and one of the elders, Sam. Xavier didn't even call the council to be part of this meeting.

"Emily, do you know Elder Sam?" Xavier asked, taking a seat at the table.

"I do," I said.

Elder Sam was an expert in wolf history and prophecies; some wolves believed that Elder Sam was a prophet sent by the goddess.

"Good," Xavier said. "He heard of what happened last night."

I froze, and a chill ran down my body. I should have known that what happened last night couldn't be kept a secret for long.

My hands became damp, thinking of the possibility that Alex could find and snatch my pup from me.

"Calm down," Xavier said, sensing me becoming anxious in my seat. "I have already given an Alpha order to not say another word."

"Thank you." I breathed relief.

Xavier nodded and continued.

"Dave found some interesting information last night," he said, turning his attention to Dave, sitting with papers in his hands.

The dark-headed wolf lifted his gaze toward me, his green eyes sparkling out of delight at his discovery.

"Your mate, Alpha Black, is a descendant from the snow wolf line, on his father's side," he said. "His mother's history is a bit bleak, but we can trace it to a certain point."

That might explain why it snowed that night.

Mila bumped my shoulder; she had the same thoughts as I had.

"His family is the last of their bloodline," Xavier filled me in. "Even though powerful, they do not know how to use their abilities. That knowledge is lost with the full-blooded Lycans."

Does that mean Alex has Lycan blood running through his veins?

"Abilities?" Mila shrieked, next to me.

"Yes," Dave continued. "Snow wolves can create snow storms, ice things, and if the need arises, even manipulate water."

Mila's face turned to ash. We lived under the Opal pack's protection all these years, and we never knew how strong our Alpha was.

"And his mother?" I asked.

"We could trace that her bloodline came from the south," Dave answered.

"That was Lycan territory," Mila said.

"True," Xavier said. "But there were still werewolves in the area, living on the border."

"Do you think she has Lycan in her bloodline?" I asked.

"The possibility is there," Xavier said. "Dave asked for some assistance to have it checked out."

I nodded.

"What about mine?" I asked. That was the main reason why I was summoned.

Xavier shifted in his chair.

"I know what you are about to hear is hard," Elder Sam said. "But I think it is possible."

"What's possible?" I asked, bewildered, looking at each of them.

"Both of your parents' bloodlines are Lycan descendants," Dave said.

"That's impossible!" I gasped. "My grandma would have told me."

My grandmother was still alive, yet my father didn't want anything to do with her. He had sent her back to her old pack after my grandfather passed away.

"Maybe that's the reason why your father sent her back," Mila said.

"But that doesn't explain my mother's side," I said.

My mother's parents died when she was still young. Was it possible that she knew about it?

Blood suddenly drained from my body, and my chest tightened. My parents and Alpha Cole must have suspected what I was, which is why they said I was a late bloomer.

Did it happen to one of them?

"Do Lycans shift at a different age?" Mila asked carefully.

"Usually at age 20," he said. "But sometimes, things could trigger the gene, and they could shift earlier."

"Like knowing your pup is about to die," I said dryly.

"Yes," Xavier said. "But that's not all; it could be that your wolf has been with you all the time, but she was afraid to come forward due to her surroundings. Lycans keep to themselves—they don't like being surrounded by other creatures."

"I don't follow," I said.

"Mila told me you had a red glow around you the night you found your mate," Xavier said. "I believe your wolf was with you, just hiding."

My gaze moved to Mila, and she sunk back into her chair.

"You told them about that?" I growled.

"I had to tell him something about why you wanted to switch packs without a wolf," Mila said. "That event scared me, and I was worried. Uncle Xavier said he could maybe help you."

I sighed, pinching the top of my nose.

"So what kind of ability do you think I have?" I asked, changing the subject.

"Fire," Elder Sam said without hesitation. "You seem to be a fire wolf."

"Like a fire-breathing dog?" I hissed.

Dave chuckled. Find my sarcasm funny. Xavier raised an eyebrow, and Mila moved away from me.

"Actually, no," Elder Sam said, and he dug out an old scroll.

I huffed and sat back, crossing my arms around my chest.

Elder Sam opened the scroll and rolled it open.

"It is said that one day the fire and snow wolf will have a child together," he said. "You have heard what snow wolves can do, but fire wolves are different."

"What are my wolf's abilities?" I asked, annoyed.

"She can move undetected, has impeccable strength and speed, and can take different forms," Elder Sam said, turning quiet. I watched his face as it became ashy.

"Can she manipulate fire, like the snow wolf manipulates water?" I asked.

"No," he said. "You become the fire."

Wait? What?

"Then we should keep a fire extinguisher close by before I burn down the pack," I said dryly.

Mila's cold hand shook me out of my memories.

"We are here," she said excitedly.

I moved my gaze to look out the window, seeing the busy club on the other side of the street, a line already going down the sidewalk.

My gaze landed on the club's name, and a giggle escaped my lips.

"Tango Hearts," I said out loud, looking back at Mila. "What is that supposed to mean?"

"I don't know," she said. "But it sounds catchy."

I rolled my eyes, picked up the mask, and put it on.

The driver helped us out, and I followed Mila to the door. She showed the bouncer something, and he let us in.

"What did..?"

"Mate!" Willow howled excitedly in my mind, cutting me off and fighting for control.

My blood ran cold upon hearing her words, and my heart leaped out of my chest. My gaze snapped toward the movement at the office window in the corner of the huge building, seeing a figure looking down.

Is that Alexander?

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## **Chapter 13 - The party**

Alexanders's POV

I stood at my office window, overlooking the sea of people on the dance floor.

I have done this so many times before—just watching them as they sway to the sound of music.

Tonight was no different; the music pumped loud and clear, the alcohol flowed, people got drunk, and those who came to actually move their bodies claimed the dance floor.