

Chapter 14 - Love to Tango

Emily's POV

"Hide my scent," I ordered Willow, and she growled at me.

Mila had dragged me to the center of the dance floor, unconcerned about what was going on around her.

I tried to keep my pose, but it was difficult with Willow clawing to take control.

"Why should I?" She demanded angrily. "He is our mate. He should love us! We need to find him!"

"Do as I say, or else I will block you off!" I warned her.

I wasn't sure if it was Alex or someone else standing and watching us, but I could feel his eyes burning into the back of my head. I had become uncomfortable under his continuous gaze.

"Fine!" Willow growled, hiding my scent—it was a little perk of being a fire wolf.

Mila must have noticed my struggle, and she came closer, swaying to the music.

I noticed that many men, especially humans, were drooling on the floor while watching her.

"What's wrong?" Mila asked.

"Top office, to your left?" I said, trying to act normally.

Mila's gaze slowly moved and got stuck on the dark figure standing

at the window.

"What about him?" She asked, knitting her eyebrows together, confused. I guess she was trying to see his face, but the lighting inside made it difficult.

"Willow thinks it is our mate!" I said.

"Your second chance?" She gasped, and some excitement spilled over.

"No," I said, shaking my head.

Mila narrows her eyes at me, confused.

"Do you think it might be Alex?" She asked. "Isn't he mated?"

"I am not sure, Mila," I linked back. "But I would recognize Alex's scent anywhere!"

"Do you want to leave?" She asked, turning toward the club exit.

"No," I said. "I told Willow to hide my scent."

"Great idea," she said. "How long would that last?"

"The whole night if she has to," I growled. "But I am not leaving. Alex took a chosen mate, so he could go jump in the river and leave me alone."

Mila nodded.

"Well, let's show that asshole what he is missing," Mila said, shaking her ass and bosom.

"You are such a bitch," I linked to her.

The feeling of someone staring at me suddenly lifted, and I breathed relief.

I guess he gave up or found someone more interesting.

"Let's go get a drink," Mila said when the song ended, and the DJ changed the music to a slower song. "I need a breather!"

I followed Mila off the dance floor to the bar, and she squeezed herself between two huge wolves, each with a white mask on.

I chuckled when I saw their eyes darkening—they didn't look too unhappy about her being there.

"What do you want to drink?" Mila shouted over the music.

"Glass of red wine," I said, and Mila nodded and placed our order.

Five minutes later, we found an open table overlooking the dance floor at the far corner of the club and took a seat.

"This bloody mask is hot," Mila said, fiddling with her mask.

My breath hitched when Alex's apple crumble scent filled the air and hit my nose. I froze in my seat.

What do I do now?

My head snapped toward his office, seeing that his office door was left open.

Did he leave?

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"Mila," I linked. "Let go of your mask, now!"

"Why?" she asked, removing it.

My gaze snapped toward where Alex was slowly climbing the steps, his gaze searching.

Wolves tried to stop and talk to him, but he ignored them, moving forward.

Alex's gaze snapped toward my direction, and my heart skipped a beat.

Did he see me?

Oh, Goddess, let him not notice me!

My hopes were crushed when Alex headed my way, pushing through the people standing in his way. He looked like a man on a mission.

Was he coming to reject me?

"F*ck!" I growled just loud enough for Milla to hear. "He's heading

this way!"

"Who?"

"Alex," I snapped.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes! I can scent him!"

Mila quickly straightened her mask and picked up her drink, acting as if nothing was out of place.

Alex slowed and lifted his golden mask from his face, and a knot formed in my stomach.

"F*ck, he's beautiful," I internally whispered. Alex hasn't changed much in appearance. His hair was still short and neatly combed, but he had lost his sweet boy face.

His face now looked like he was constantly in pain, his gray, stormy eyes looked colder, and his body had gained a lot more muscle volume.

He was the perfect specimen, and I craved to touch him.

Willow howled in appreciation, yet she behaved.

I dropped my gaze, trying to ignore him as he made his way toward us.

"Should we leave?" Mila asked.

"And how do you suggest we accomplish that?" I asked. "The only

exit is blocked."

"Maybe he is looking for someone else?" Mila suggested.

"Maybe..." I said. "I hope so..."

"Would it be such a bad thing if you two talked?" Mila asked.

I knew she cared, but this wasn't the time to discuss Alex and me, not when he was standing a couple of feet away from us.

"Yes," I hissed.

"But you are over him?" She said. "You have moved on?"

"But he hasn't rejected me," I said. "It would hurt Willow if he did it now."

Willow growled, and my attention moved to her.

"Why would our mate reject us?" She roared. "We are perfect for each other."

I have never gone into detail about the reason why I left the Opal Pack with Willow. She knew his name, but that was about all.

"He took a chosen mate the day after he took my innocence and made me pregnant with Lex," I explained. "I ran off to spare myself the humiliation. I couldn't face him."

"That bastard!" She growled.

The next second, Alex took his last step toward our table, cut our conversation short, and came to a stop.



"Evening ladies," Alex said.

I nodded my head, unable to utter a word, and Alex looked at me all confused.

Thank the Goddess, it was a masked dance.

"I am sorry to interrupt your little party," Alex said nervously. "But I was wondering if you would like to dance."

Mila's eyes widen, and she kicks my chair.

"Go for it," she linked.

"No!" I argued, knitting my eyebrows.

"What is the worst that could happen?" She asked. "He just wants to dance."

"No, Mila, he would know it was me."

Mila lifted her gaze toward Alex.

"My friend would gladly dance with you," she said. "She is an exceptional dancer; she especially loves to tango."

Alex lifted his eyebrows in surprise and held out his hand to me.

Something interesting was written in his eyes, yet I was seething in my seat, and I wanted to claw Mila for dropping me in this situation. She should have my back, not hand me over on a silver plate!

"What the f*ck are you doing, Mila?" I growled.

"He is surely interested in you," Mila said. "It is only a dance, not a marriage proposal! Have some fun; live a little!"

"Mila!" I snapped.

"Don't, Mila me, go have some fun," she said. "I'll be right here, waiting for you! Go give him a show; he needs to know what he is missing."

I sighed.

"I promised I wouldn't step on your toes," Alex suddenly said, his voice deep and husky.

I rolled my eyes and placed my hand in Alex's hand. Small tingles erupted but quickly subsided.

Yet, Alex didn't react to it, which made me suspicious—he must be mated!

"I have put a protective barrier between the two of you," Willow said. "I'll keep it going as long as I can."

"Thanks, girl," I said, getting to my feet.

Whispering erupted as I followed Alex to the dance floor, unsure about how long I would be able to keep my identity a secret.
