

Chapter 27

Emily's POV

I found a blue pair of jeans, a white shirt, and some underwear, and made my way to the bathroom.

There was already a soft, fluffy white towel set out for me on the sink, along with a hairbrush and other necessities.

I picked up the soap, noticing that it was my favorite flavor.

"How did he know that?" I gasped, amazed.

I shook my head in wonder. "It must be a coincidence."

Yet, everything else was spot on.

"Maybe you left some clues in your room," Willow said, explaining.

"Maybe," I said, opening the shower taps and waiting for the water to run warm before getting in.

It didn't take me long to freshen up; I wasn't someone who enjoyed long baths and showers.

I dried off, got dressed, wrapped the towel around my head, and went to the bathroom.

"Finally!" Mila's voice startled me, and I froze wideeyed. I wasn't expecting her to be there.

"Dammit, Mila!" I growled when I got to my senses. "Why do you always sneak up on me like that?"

"Why do you always disappear and not tell me where you are going?" She hit back.

Mila must have seen my note on the door telling her I would be out and back soon. I should have been back a day ago. No wonder she is pissed at me.

"How did you find me?" I asked, ignoring her question. "And how the hell did you get in here?"

"Luke called me," she said, and I flinched. I was even less expecting that

as an answer.

"Why?" I asked. "Why would he do that?"

"He was worried," she said. "And he thought you needed a friend."

A friend. Seriously, was Luke now trying to play Cupid as well?

"Mila," I said. "I am fine. I am just a bit overwhelmed, but fine."

"Okay," she said, getting up from her bed. "We needed to talk about Alex. I have given you enough time to process what happened between you and Alex. I need you to open up and tell me about your feelings and why you feel overwhelmed. Tell me, how can I help you?"

"There is nothing you can do," I said with a sigh. "I need to figure this out on my own. I loved him, and you know that, but after what my father said to me, I don't know if I should trust him or not. I need time, that's all."

"You know that it was just a misunderstanding?" Mila said, searching my gaze.

"You don't know that!" I snapped. "Why would my father lie to me about something like that?"

"Maybe he was just misinformed," Mila offered. "Anything is possible. You don't know what your father heard; maybe you should just speak to him and get clarity on the subject. Let him explain things."

"And then what?" I snapped. "I just fall into Alex's arms and accept him? I can't do that, Mila, not with everything that is going on!"

Mila knew about my mission; I told her. She picked up my mood before I left to meet Alex, and she asked me about it.

"You are worried," she suddenly said, picking up the brush and pointing to the chair for me to sit on.

I sighed, taking a seat at the dressing table, and Mila started working on my hair.

"Yes," I said. "I am worried. I need to work with Alex and get to the bottom of these rogue attacks, but the mate bond is screwing with my mind and body. I can't think straight, I can't focus, and I am constantly"

"Want to jump his bones?" Mila completed my thoughts, laughing.

"Yeah," I said, finding Mila's gaze in the mirror. "It's frustrating!"

Mila nodded her head.

"Are you feeling the need to be with him?" She asked.

"Yes!" I growled. "The pull is impossible to ignore, but I can't give in."

"Why?" She asked, and I turned my gaze toward her.

"Why what?" I asked.

"Why do you want to ignore and fight against the mate bond?" She asked. "And don't use Lex as an excuse this time! This is also nothing to do with the mission Uncle Xavier sent you to do!"

My shoulders dropped.

"I am scared." I eventually came clean. "I am scared that Alex will be what I always dreamed he would be. I am scared that I would be happy and that he would accept me and Lex. I am scared that my life will change. I am scared that Alex will accept what I do for a living, but I am even more scared that he will turn his back on me and reject me."

"So running away is the easiest way out?" She asked.

"For me, yes," I said. "He can't reject or accept me when I am constantly on the move."

"But you are hurting him and yourself in the process," Mila said, and I froze in my chair.

I never thought about what Alex was feeling, and I didn't like the idea that I was hurting him. I didn't care about my wants and needs; as long as everyone was safe and happy, then I'd be happy.

"Why don't you give him a chance?" Mila suggested. "Take it slow and learn to know him. You have nothing to lose, just to gain."

"But what if...?"

Mila took my hand and squatted down next to me.

"You deserve happiness, Emily," she said. "You have been alone too long."

"Yes, but"

"The mate bond lets you love unconditionally," Mila continued.

"Whatever your differences, your fears, and your hopes, you will be able to sort them out between yourselves. Trust in the bond; give Alex a

chance. He waited for you for so long."

I sighed.

Was I ready to let someone in?

A knock sounded at the door, and my head snapped at the door. Mila got to her feet and opened the door.

"Is Luna ready?" Luke's voice filled the room.

"Almost," Mila said. "She will be out in a minute."

Luke nodded with a smile.

I quickly fitted my shoes and headed to the door, with Mila following me out.

"Are you joining us?" I asked when we were outside.

Mila shook her head.

"I'll be visiting my folks for the day," she said. "I brought the kids."

My face drained from blood; how could she bring Lex here?

"Mila!" I growled over the link. "How could you?"

"What did you expect me to do?" She snapped. "Leave him alone at home."

"No," I said. "But you could have made plans to leave him with someone like Jax."

Mila rolled her eyes at me.

"You sent Jax to the Bright Star Pack, remember!" She snapped. "He'll only be back tomorrow night. Luke sounded worried about your mental state, and I drove through the night. There was no time to look for someone else to babysit!"

I sighed.

"Fine!" I growled. "Just make sure no one sees him. I can't let anyone find out who he is!"

"As you wish," Mila said, coming to a stop. "I'll see you later!"

Mila turned on her heels, leaving me with Luke at Alex's office. I hadn't even noticed that we had arrived.

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Luke opened the door, and my heart fluttered in my chest. I wasn't ready to face Alex.

I swallowed hard against the intoxicated scent of apple crumble, assaulting my nose, and followed Luke inside.

I never expected the meeting to go so smoothly—until an unfortunate occurrence occurred.

Chapter Comments



Watch Ads to Get 8 Vouchers

Chapter 28

Emily's POV

"As you can see," Alex gestured to the report in my hand. "The rogue attacks are increasing, and they are getting worse."

My heartbeat escalated as he leaned over, his hand brushing over mine, leaving a trail of sparks at every touch as he pointed to the line chart on the report.

My freaking arousal was already following the outline of the spikes on the chart, and I needed to hold my breath and focus on not pulling Alex closer.

Willow hid my scent in the beginning, but after a while, we just gave up—it was no use. Alex's scent was doing things to me that I couldn't control.

"Your report states that you have lost 34 pack members," I asked, setting down my fork. We were having breakfast in his office at his small meeting table.

"Yes, and nobody was found," Alex said, getting up from the table and going to the coffee machine standing in the corner of his office.

"Do you want some?" He asked, taking two coffee mugs from the tray.

"That will be nice, thanks," I said, lifting a piece of toast from my plate.

Our meeting was more casual than I was used to, and weirdly enough, I enjoyed it.

Alex handled the meeting professionally, where possible. He was kind of nervous in the beginning, but somewhere between getting breakfast and taking a seat at the table, he relaxed.

I found him extremely intelligent, and his warmth and friendliness personally melted my heart.

When I asked him about the rogue attacks, he didn't shy away from handing me the reports.

He refused to cover up anything and gave me time to explore every report.

"Sugar? Milk?" Alex suddenly asked, breaking my chain of thoughts.

I raised my confused gaze, looking at him. What was he on about?

Alex patiently stared my way, waiting for an answer.

"It's a simple question," Willow yapped. "He's making you coffee. Answer our mate!"

"Sorry," I said, shaking my head. "Milk, please, no sugar!"

Alex chuckled and went on making our coffee. A few seconds later, he handed me my cup of coffee and took a seat.

"Thank you," I said. "Breakfast was delicious."

"Julie repaired our food," Alex said, and my gaze snapped to him.

"Wow," I said. "I am surprised that she is still working in the kitchen."

Alex chuckled, finding my reaction funny.

"She is now the Pack House Head Housekeeper," he said. "Julie only helps out in the kitchen when there is a shortage of staff or when we have special occasions. Otherwise, she keeps herself busy organizing everything else."

"Her food is still the best," I commented. "How is she doing these days?"

"Much better now that she has found her second chance mate," Alex answered. "Titan has filled that emptiness in her heart. You wouldn't recognize her when you saw her."

"Did you tell her I was here?" I asked.

"The whole pack knows that you have returned," Alex said, stirring his coffee. "Everyone is eager to see you."

I lifted my gaze at him, and he must have read the uncertainty in my eyes.

"I told everyone you would meet them when you were ready."

Will I ever be ready? They rejected me for not having a wolf, now they want to welcome me back.

"Thanks," I said, picking up the pack's financial report.

My gaze went over the figures, finding nothing out of order on the first page. The second page made me worry.

"What is this?" I asked and pointed to the amount given out for training.

"We bought training equipment a few months ago," Alex said.

"Can I see the quotes, invoices, and receipts?" I asked.

"Sure," he said. "I'll ask Angelica to bring it to me. She handled the purchase."

"Is she your lover?" I asked.

Alex choked on his coffee and almost spit it out.

"Excuse me?" He asked, startled.

Did I just say that out loud?

Willow chuckled and sat back, watching us both as we stared at one another.

My face was already flushed and was now burning underneath my skin.

"F*ck!" I internally growled. "How bloody embarrassing!"

Alex set his cup down on the coffee table and took a seat opposite me.

"No," he said, lifting my chin with his finger. "Angelica is not my lover, nor is she my chosen mate."

My gaze met his, and his eyes looked like liquid mercury. He looked so calm and happy.

"And I haven't slept with anyone else except you," Alex continued. "I made a promise to you five years ago that you would be my one and only. I chose you, and I haven't changed my mind."

It was hard to believe what I was hearing. Alex must have impeccable selfcontrol if he didn't even touch another woman.

"I believe him," Willow said. "Else, you would have been in constant agony, and we haven't. I would have been able to tell you if our mate was screwing around."

A knock broke the tension between us, and Alex went to answer the door.

"Morning, Alpha," a girl said, dropping her head in respect. "I came to fetch and return the food trolley."

My gaze landed on the girl entering, and I recognized her as someone who was part of my group of friends years ago. She had a kitchen uniform on, which meant she was an omega.

That made me almost gasp out loud—she was one of those girls who turned her back on me for not having a wolf, and now, here she was, having an omega wolf.

The girl accidentally made eye contact, quickly shifted her gaze away, and hurried to the food trolley.

As soon as she left and closed the door behind her, I sat back, crossing my arms.

"I guess you noticed her rank," Alex said, sounding surprised.

"I did," I replied. "How bad is it?"

"Very bad," Alex answered, sounding as if he was pitying her.

I lifted an eyebrow and waited for him to explain.

"It's almost as if the goddess blessed her with a cursed wolf," Alex said.

His statement confused me even more, and I shifted my head to the side.

"What do you mean by that?" I eventually asked, sounding curious.

Alex took a deep breath and pulled his fingers through his hair.

"Sasha's wolf doesn't shift properly," Alex said. "She finds herself stuck in transition. It is as if something is missing in her DNA to help her complete the shift."

"Is she a Lycan or werewolf?" I asked.

That made Alex flinch. I guess he thought I didn't know about Lycans living among werewolves.

"No, hybrid," Alex explained.

I nodded, yet I couldn't help but feel the need to witness it myself. Maybe I could help her.

"Would you mind me witnessing it?" I asked, hopeful.

Something like worry—maybe even fear—crossed Alex's eyes, yet he nodded his head, agreeing.

"When would you like to see her shift?" He asked.

"Whenever you are ready," I said. "In the meantime, would you mind showing me your training schedule and fighting techniques?"

A small smile followed on Alex's lips, and I raised an eyebrow. I knew very well every technique the pack used, but I was more interested to know if Alex made any changes while I was gone.

Willow howled in my mind and licked her lips. She was keen to see Alex stretch some muscles in the ring. Even though I was excited to see what he could do, I was even tempted to show him what I had in me.

"Sure," Alex said, happily complying, and he stretched out his hand for me to take.

"Such a gentleman," I teased, taking his hand, but before he knew it, I had pinned his arm behind his back, and he gasped, surprised at my boldness.

The next words that left Alex's lips made me blush ten different colors of red.

Chapter Comments



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