

Tango with the Alpha's Heart

Chapter 4 - Secret

Emily's POV

I woke up with a bang, with my alarm clock screaming his red numbers next to me.

8:30 a.m.

My eyes widened.

I was late for training! I jumped out of bed and landed on my feet with a groan.

"F*ck!" I swore under my breath.

My body felt like a bulldozer had run over it. It was sore all over, and my breasts were tender and swollen.

I knitted my eyebrows together, confused, trying to remember what had happened last night.

I slowly moved toward the bathroom, feeling the tenderness between my legs.

Did I have..?

I shook the thoughts off just as fast as they came. I couldn't have—did I?

"Sh*t!" I gasped under my breath, startled, when I saw my painted reflection in the mirror.

My nape was covered in all colors and sizes of bruises, running down my breasts and stomach.

Hickeys! What the f*ck! Who did this to me, and why?

I sighed, frustrated. There was no way I could go out to training looking like that.

I wiped my hand over my face, shaking my head in disbelief.

"How did I get back to my room?" I muttered to myself. "Weren't I stuck in the cabin under thick snow?"

I carefully turned and headed to open the shower tap, hoping it would help bring back my memories of last night.

My gaze landed on the little black dress Mila picked for me that night.

"Who gave me a change of clothes?" Everything was a bit confusing.

I reached out and grabbed the dress, noticing a faint, familiar scent on the fabric.

Memories of last night flooded in, and I yelled out, surprised, throwing the dress to the side as if it had just burned me.

Alex took my innocence and my first kiss.

"Alex is my mate," I whispered to myself.

My heart pounded in my chest, and my stomach felt as if someone had turned it over.

"Alex is my fated mate?"

I knew it wasn't a question, but even that idea sounded surreal to my own ears.

I picked up the dress, dumped it in the washing bag, and got into the shower.

I grunted and moaned with every move I made, washing my tender and sore body.

When I was eventually done, I headed back to my room to get dressed. I knew I was in trouble because I was late for training, and I was now contemplating just skipping it.

"Finally!" Mila's angry voice rang in my ears, and I yelled out, surprised to find Mila sitting on my bed.

"Where the hell did you go last night?" She yelled angrily at me. "Jax and I looked all over for you! We were worried sick! Why was your block up? How did you get home, and what the f*ck are those marks around your nape?"

When Mila was eventually done yelling at me, her anger had subsided.

"It's a long story," I said. "One that I can't tell you now. I am already late for training."

Mila huffed, rolling her eyes at me, and in return, I narrowed my eyebrows at her, confused.

"Training was canceled this morning," she said. "If you had your link open, you would have known that Alpha Cole gave everyone off today."

"He canceled training?" I asked, surprised. My gaze landed on the alarm clock next to my bed. I was sure I had set it for 6 a.m., yet it went off at 8:30 a.m.

Did Alex change the time on the alarm clock? Did he know I would be exhausted after last night?

"Yeah," Mila continued, suddenly annoyed again. "It snowed last night."

My heart leaped out of my chest. It wasn't a dream; it really did happen.

"It hasn't snowed for over twenty-five years," Mila said, deep in thought. "Alpha Cole said not to worry. He looked kind of... happy about it."

"Oh," the single word slipped from my lips.

"Yeah," Mila said, knitting her eyebrows together, confused. "He said we should celebrate and enjoy the snow and not worry about it. Change is on the horizon."

I nodded in understanding and headed to my walk-in closet.

I needed to find some clothes that would hide all the evidence from last night.

I eventually settled on a chocolate brown turtleneck top and a comfortable pair of white jeans.

I quickly got dressed inside the closet, trying to hide the rest of the evidence from Mila. She would bombard me with questions if she suspected I had found my mate. And if she hears that it is Alex, I will never hear the end of it.

I grabbed a pair of white sneakers on my way out and took a seat on my bed.

Mila was quietly sitting in the corner of my room, flipping through an old magazine.

"Are you done ignoring my questions?" Mila asked, lowering the magazine.

I stopped what I was doing and dropped my shoulders. I knew Mila was only looking out for me, but what should I tell her? The truth? I wasn't ready, and I didn't even know what had happened last night.

"There is nothing to tell," I said, ignoring the truth. "I didn't feel well and went outside to get some fresh air. I must have lost track of time and gone home."

Mila rolled her eyes at me, not buying a word I said.

"So how do you explain the hickeys all over your neck?" she asked.

"Mosquito bites," I said, without thinking.

Mila threw her head back and roared out of laughter.

"Try again," she said, wiping her laughing tears from her eyes. "Maybe then I will believe you."

"Fine," I said. "It's a rash. I stumbled on some poison ivy."

That made Mila bend over with laughter, shaking her head.

"Maybe you should quit warrior training and rather go do stand-up comedy," she said between laughs.

I huffed, annoyed, and felt embarrassed. Mila could see right through me. Lying to her didn't help. She would eventually find out the truth.

I crossed my arms around my waist, waiting for her to be done laughing.

"It is not funny," I eventually said when she calmed down enough.

"It is!" Mila argued. "No one would believe the sh*t you just said. It snowed last night; no mosquito would dare be outside, and we don't have poison ivy on pack territory."

I kept silent, thinking about what I should say next.

"Fine," I said, giving in. "They are hickeys. It is not that I don't want to tell you; it is just that I don't know what to tell you."

"Then start from the beginning!" Mila said, dropping the magazine on the bedside table.

How do I tell my best friend that I am the soon-to-be Alpha's mate?

I closed my eyes, praying. This wasn't the right time.

"I can't," I eventually said. "Things are a bit complicated at the moment. I promise I will tell you everything when the time comes."

Mila wanted to say something, but I stopped her.

"I don't even know what happened last night," I said, but I was hoping to find out soon.

Mila's face dropped, and she suddenly looked sad that I was keeping this from her.

I closed the gap between us, squatting next to the chair she was sitting on.

"Mila," I said. "You are my best friend, and you will be the first one I tell. Just trust me when I say I can't tell you now. I need to work things out for myself first before I share my secret with you."

Mila nodded and gave me a weak smile.

I didn't like keeping secrets from her, but never in my wildest dreams did I ever suspect that my secret would be short-lived.
