

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

## **Chapter 5 - Red flames**

### *Emily's POV*

The pack house was fairly quiet when Mila and I arrived.

My parents, the Beta pair of the pack, asked me to come and help clean the community center.

It wasn't a normal occurrence for the Beta family to be involved in helping clean after a pack function. I guess Alpha Cole must have asked them to help after he gave everyone a day off.

"Where is everyone?" Mila asked, surprised when no guards were stationed at the front door of the pack house.

"I think everyone went down to the clearing to enjoy their snow day," I said, gesturing to the cold, wet, fluffy stuff lying all over the place.

Mila sighed.

"Why did you talk me into helping?" She asked, shivering. "I could have been lying under the blankets with a cup of hot chocolate in my hands, watching a movie."

"Because I needed help," I said, shrugging. "And you are my only friend."

Mila rolled her eyes as she entered the pack house.

The main reason Mila was sulking was that she was a bit disappointed that Jax went snowboarding with his friends that morning. Thus, she ended up in my room.

Jax wasn't a member of our pack; he was from one of our neighboring packs, the Dark River Pack.

Alpha Colt and Jax's father, Beta David, grew up together and were best friends in the day. When he found out that Mila was Jax's mate, he gave him permission to come and go as he liked.

One day, Mila would most likely request a transfer to Jax's pack and become a pack member there.

I sighed when I walked into the community center—it was a mess and would take us at least three hours to clean it up.

Mila's gaze turned toward me, shaking her head.

"I should have stayed in bed," she moaned under her breath.

We both grabbed a mop and a bucket and started the big clean-up.

"Em," my mother linked, after an hour. "Are you two done cleaning up the community room?"

"Almost done, mom," I replied. It went faster than I thought.

"Good," she said. "I have asked Omega Julie to prepare something to eat for you two. When you are done, come have your lunch."

Julie's food was always straight-forward and delicious. There were no funny things added to the meals, which were always perfect for us picky eaters.

I cut the link soon after, wiped the sweat from my forehead, and placed the mop in the bucket.

"Mom says our food is ready," I told Mila. "And Julie made it."

"Good, I'm starving," Mila replied, handing me the mop and the bucket.

Less than twenty minutes later, we were done in the community room, and we headed down to the kitchen.

Julie spotted us the second we entered, and she lifted her gaze, greeting us with a broad smile.

I couldn't help but notice her blond hair was neatly tied up in a bun on top of her head, and her eyes sparkled out of delight. She looked happy today.

Julie had recently lost her mate in a rogue attack. She tried to act brave, but we could all see that she was hurting inside.

This was the first time that the forty-five-year-old Omega had a smile on her face.

"Afternoon girls," she greeted us and waved us closer.

"Hi Omega Julie," we greeted her. Everyone, especially the kids, loved her.

"Your lunch is ready," she said, gesturing to the warmer, and Mila and I rushed toward it.

"Have you two washed your hands?" Julie asked the second we tried to retrieve our plates.

Mila and I looked at each other and then at Julie.

"No," we both whispered.

"Then off you two go," she said, chasing us out of the kitchen.

Mila and I exited the kitchen with our tails between our legs. We were starving, and now we needed to get our hands washed first before we could have our plate of food.

Julie made us her famous mac and cheese, and I could already imagine tasting it on my tongue.

Mila pulled a sour face, seemingly annoyed—the closed ladies' room was at the far end of the long hall.

I, in return, gave her a cheeky smile and winked at her.

"Oh, no, you don't," Mila warned.

"Oh, yes, I am," I said, reading myself to sprint down the hall.

"We are going to get into trouble," Mila complained.

"Only if they catch us," I said.

Mila rolled her eyes with a sigh, and before she was done rolling her eyes at me, I was already sprinting down the hall.

"That's cheating!" she yelled behind me.

Mila caught up with me a few seconds later, and the two were giggling with every step we took.

No one was there to see us, and no one would yell at us for making a racket or moan about seeing us running.

Mila won the race by just a few seconds.

"You cheated," I said, panting.

"Why do you say that?" She said, looking up at the roof, ignoring my gaze.

"Because you tapped into your wolf's speed," I said, annoyed.

"You didn't set any rules," Mila argued.

"But you know I don't have a wolf," I defended. "You are not playing fair!"

Mila turned silent, looking down at her feet, and I suddenly wondered what she was thinking.

Did I say something bad?

"What's wrong?" I asked, stepping closer.

"Em," she said, hesitating. She opened her mouth without making a sound, yet I could see that she had a lot to tell me.

"Mila, what's wrong?" I asked.

Her gaze snapped at me, and worry and confusion were reflected in them.

"You can tell me," I said. "You know you can."

Mila took a deep breath.

"Last night," Mila said, dropping her gaze to her hands and playing with the hem of her shirt. "I saw something happening to you."

My heart skipped a beat. Did she see me and Alex together?

"What did you see?" I asked, swallowing hard at the lump forming in my throat.

Mila lifted her gaze slowly.

"When we returned from the restroom, I noticed that you were acting strangely," she said.

My thoughts raced to last night. I remembered that the pull toward the exit was unavoidable—every living cell in my body wanted to go there.

"And?" I asked, remembering her gasping and taking a step back from me. She looked kind of horrified.

"You were not you," she said.

I fell silent, trying to process what Mila was trying to tell me.

What did Mila see?

"What do you mean by I wasn't me?" I asked.

"Emily, your eyes turned red," Mila whispered. "And your aura looked like red flames moving around you."

That confused me even more.

"Do you think that it might be my wolf?" I asked hopefully.

"Whatever it was," Mila said. "It frightened the living sh\*t out of me."

Maybe I have a wolf after all?

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