

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

## **Chapter 6 - A perfect suitor**

### *Emily's POV*

Mila and I headed back to the kitchen, taking a shorter route through the square.

"No cheating this time," I called behind Mila.

"Oh, come on, Em!" she yelled over her shoulder. "We both know that you will beat me by far if I don't use my wolf's abilities."

I chuckled, knowing she was right.

Mila's parents were only high-ranking warriors, but everyone knew that her father came from Delta rank. He forfeited his title when he decided to switch packs to be with Mila's mom.

I watched as Mila grabbed the door handle, swung the door open, and ran inside. She only had a two-second lead.

I swung the door open, seeing Mila sprinting down the hall, and she disappeared around the corner.

There was no way I could catch her now.

I started running at a slower pace, passing my father's office. I knew that Alpha Col's office was situated next to his, and I didn't want to disturb an unknown meeting. I quickly, but as quietly as possible, tried to pass them.

I froze in my tracks, passing the third door, when the most intoxicating scent of apple crumble hit my nose.

Alexander.

He must be in there!

I hesitated in my tracks, and before I thought it through, I stood in front of Alpha Alexander's office.

I swallowed hard, hearing his and an unknown woman's voices coming from inside.

Jealousy and possessiveness bubbled up inside me, and the urge to barge in rose in me.

I grabbed the door handle firmly in my hand and pressed my ear against the door, listening to their conversation.

"Where did you go last night?" A woman growled. "You left me there all alone with those mongrels!"

The screeching sound of the woman's voice made every hair on my back rise. I hadn't even seen her face yet, and I wanted to rearrange it.

"I had an emergency," Alex said.

"What kind of emergency?" She snapped, getting to her feet and walking closer to where Alex was, her shoes moving noisily over the hard, cold floor.

"Something unexpectedly came up," Alex said aloofly. "And I needed to deal with it."

"By leaving me alone on the dance floor?" She snapped. "You could have taken me with you!"

Alex was on the dance floor. Why haven't I seen him there?

"Angelica," Alex snapped. "I am the soon-to-be Alpha of this pack. I have to take care of my people first. If you don't like it, you are welcome to leave and go back to your pack. Nobody is standing in your way!"

"Leave?" She gasped in disbelief. "In this weather? You have to be kidding me! I have better ideas than to leave now. Why don't we get comfortable at the fire? I'll even order the low-life omegas to make us something nice to eat!"

The office suddenly turned silent, and my curiosity got the better of me.

I pulled the door handle down and started to push the door open, but a huge hand grabbed hold of mine, pulling the door close.

My gaze snapped at my invader, and my eyes widened when I saw him as my father.

He looked angry and disappointed in me.

"What are you doing?" He asked, his blue eyes almost gray, out of anger.

"It's not what it looks like," I tried to defend.

"Not what it looks like?" My father growled. "You were about to enter the young Alpha Alexander's office without his permission, Emily!"

"Who is with him?" I asked, trying to change the subject. I needed to know who the other woman was.

"It is none of your business," he snapped.

"It is," I argued.

"If you must know," my father sneered. "It is his future, Luna."

Luna?

His future, Luna?

Alexander is mated.

I blinked a couple of times, unable to process what he had just said.

Did I hear correctly?

Did I understand what he was saying?

Does Alexander have a mate?

But how? He had no mark on his nape. Did he lie to me?

My gaze snapped back at my father. I had questions and needed answers.

"Who is she?" I asked, feeling tears well up in my eyes.

"He met her at the Alpha training camp," he said. "She is a perfect suitor for him. It snowed last night, indicating that his wolf is happy with his choice."

My heart sank, and tears made their way down my cheeks.

Alexander took my innocence last night, and now he is taking that thing in his office as his Luna.

My father lifted my chin and knitted his eyebrows together.

"I know you have always had feelings for young Alpha Alexander," he said tenderly. "But it's time for you to let go of those feelings and find your own mate."

If only he knew that Alexander was my mate.

I burst into tears, and my father pulled me to his chest.

"Calm down, Emily," he muttered. "It's not that bad. You will find the other half of your soul soon; he will be your perfect half. You will be happy and never think of Alpha Alexander again."

That made me sob even louder.

If only what he said was true.

My father scooped me up in his strong arms, carried me back to the car, and drove me back home.

We didn't live far from the pack house, but our cottage did border the forest.

My father had designed and built the cottage when my mother fell pregnant with me. It was a beautiful two-story place centered between four huge trees and had a large garden.

My father told me that someday the cottage would be mine.

Most mated couples had built their own places to raise their offspring, whereas most unmated wolves still lived in a pack house.

My father stopped the car, picked me up, and carried me upstairs. He sat me down on my bed and pulled the blanket over me.

His eyes were tender yet full of love, but I couldn't help noticing the pity hiding behind them.

He felt sorry for me.

He saw me as a weakling and maybe even a disappointment.

My father silently left my room, gave me one last look, and closed the bedroom door behind him.

It wasn't long before my mother knocked and peeked her head in.

"Emily," she said, with almost a hysterical pitch to her voice, entering my room. "I am so sorry, baby girl. You should've found out like that."

The bed suddenly dipped next to me, and I knew she must have taken a seat on the bed.

I inhaled her soft flower scent, and my heart pinched hurtfully inside my chest.

My mother stretched out her hand and tenderly stroked my chocolate brown hair.

She had done this many times when I was sad.

My mother suddenly bent over and kissed the top of my head, then quietly rose to her feet to exit my room.

"Everything is going to be alright," she whispered to me before she closed the door.

If only my mother had known that this would be the last time she would see me before I started a new chapter in my life.

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