

Tango with the Alpha's Heart

Chapter 9 - Tidal wave

Emily's POV

Mila took an urgent step back, her hands moving to her lips as she gasped wide-eyed. She looked terrified, yet she refused to leave my side.

The doctor rushed in and froze in his tracks when he saw me partly shifted.

"What the f*ck!" he yelled out. I assume he never saw a she-wolf give birth and shift at the same time. "How the f*ck did this happen?"

He rushed to my side, unsure what to do.

"The pup!" I yelled, grabbing his shirt and pulling him toward me. "Get him out!"

I suddenly had the urge to push...

Mila stepped closer, sensing the time had come to deliver the pup to the world, taking my shifted hand in hers. She had no idea how much that meant to me.

"Em!" Mila called my name over my moans. "It's time for you to push!"

Seconds felt like minutes, minutes like hours—I whimpered and yelled, and everything around me became one big blur.

The second the doctor freed the pup from me, I let go and handed all control over to my wolf; she took control and completed our first shift while I focused on what the doctor was doing.

Gasping sounded around me from all the people in the room.

Yet, I didn't shift my focus from the doctor.

"Why isn't he crying?" I demanded to know.

My wolf's focus shifted toward the doctor; he suddenly turned around to face me. I could read the sadness in his eyes, and a single tear had escaped from the side of his eye.

I looked at him, confused.

"I am sorry," he said. "We tried everything we could to save him."

Mila gasped and sobbed next to me.

"I am so sorry, Em," she cried, turning to leave.

My wolf ignored Mila and took Lex from the doctor into her arms.

I couldn't move my eyes from him. He was a carbon copy of Alexander.

Then reality hit me like a bucket of ice.

My handsome boy was already blue in his face.

"His...!" I sobbed from within, fighting for control, as my emotions spiraled out of control in all directions.

My pup—my pup is dead! He's born dead. I sobbed heartbrokenly.

The only true and good thing I had left from my mate was now taken from me.

My wolf kept her focus on little Lex. She blocked me to the side, ignoring my plea to shift back.

I could see what she was doing, but it was as if there was an invisible block between us.

My wolf walked to the window, turned to face the blood moon, took a peek, and closed her eyes.

She summoned the red moon's rays, and I could feel the power of the moon's rays moving through my body.

Was she using the rays to heal him?

The room fell silent. Everyone was holding their breath.

When the small cry of a pup sounded, there wasn't a dry eye left in the room.

My wolf gave me control back, and I shifted back to human, with Lex in my arms.

Mila was the first to congratulate me, and then Xavier's strong arms enveloped me.

"How are you feeling, my dear?" Xavier asked.

It took me a moment to pull my attention away from Lex and answer him.

"I feel fine!" I said, knitting my eyebrows together, confused.

I was in excruciating pain minutes ago; now, even my soul is at peace.

"And your wolf?" Xavier asked. "Is she fine?"

I hadn't even noticed that she had taken her place in my mind. Has she been there all along?

I focus my attention on her, tapping into her feelings and emotions.

"She's exhausted," I said.

"Maybe you should get some rest," Mila said next to me.

"No!" my wolf's angelic voice sounded in my mind. "You need to give praise to the Goddess for saving Lex."

"Lex?" I said the name out loud, feeling a shiver run down my back. I haven't even thought about a name for the pup.

"It means defender of man," Willow said. "You will need to protect him; there is only one of his kind."

I nodded in understanding. Yet, I haven't even asked my wolf her name.

"What's your name?" I asked, hoping she would answer me.

"Willow," she said tiredly, and she disappeared into the depths of my mind.

"I assume you just got introduced to your wolf," Xavier asked.

I nodded.

"Willow," I said, testing the name on my tongue. "Her name is Willow."

"Interesting name," Xavier said. I could read the excitement in his eyes; he knew something.

"Let's go down to the festival," Xavier suggested. "We have to give praise to the Goddess."

"That's what Willow just said," I gasped, wide-eyed.

"Very wise wolf you have," Xavier said, steering me out of the room.

"Shouldn't I get the doctor to check up on Lex?" I asked, my gaze searching for the doctor.

"His fine," Willow's voice echoed through my mind. "Now leave, before the blood moon passes."

I left with Xavier and Mila for the festival, gave my praise to the goddess, and thanked her for sparing Lex's life. I even apologized for doubting her for not having a wolf.

"You did amazing tonight," Xavier said.

I slowly pulled my gaze away from Lex, sucking his tiny hands. He was surely a handsome baby. It was hard not to look at him, and I still couldn't believe he was mine.

"Amazing?" I questioned.

Xavier chuckled, watching my reaction.

"Never in history did one wolf give birth, shift at the same hour, and bring someone back," Xavier said, seriously. "That's remarkable. That's excluding the fact that you are at the festivities after you just gave birth an hour ago. Most she-wolves take at least a week to heal with their wolf's help."

Willow must have healed me; no wonder she was so exhausted.

"You find this remarkable, my king?" I asked.

"I do," he said, straightening his back and overlooking the bonfire. "Would you mind if I had a look at your family history?"

"Why?" I asked, knitting my eyebrows together. My parents have always been Beta's. There wasn't anything fancy about our line.

Xavier dropped his gaze at me.

"You do know that you haven't shifted into a normal werewolf," he asked, seemingly amused.

That took me by surprise.

Was that the reason why everyone gasped? I didn't pay much attention to anyone in the room.

"What does my wolf look like?" I asked, uncertain.

"Lycan, mostly," he said. "But I have a feeling that you would be able to shift into both breeds."

That was impossible—the Lycan wolf was slaughtered out of existence more than 150 years ago. They were strong wolves with magic powers running through their veins.

I sighed.

"You are welcome to check my history," I said. "Maybe something is interesting that I don't know about."

Xavier nodded.

"Mind if I check the father of your son's history as well?" Xavier pushed.

Mila was the only one who knew who Lex's father was.

"You don't have to tell me," Xavier said after a moment of silence.

"It's not that?" I said, taking a deep breath. "Lex's father doesn't know of his existence, and I want to keep it that way."

The burning ache inside my chest never completely left me; I just found ways to distract myself enough to be able to live through it.

"I will do my best," Xavier promised.

"His name is Alpha Alexander Black, from the Opal Pack," I said, looking back at the fire.

Xavier's hand balled into fists, yet he didn't say anything. He knew the reason why I left, but not who was responsible.

"I will have Dave look into the family history," he said.

I nodded in response. I was curious about what he would find, yet I was just as scared.

But I never thought that what he found would create a tidal wave in the history of werewolves.
