

Payment To the Alpha by Ms.M Chapter 12

Avery's POV

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The time was now ten minutes to eight and both Amber and I were done with our hair and makeup and we had gotten into our dresses. I stood in front of the full-body mirror, my breath caught in my throat as I scanned myself. Never in my life had I ever looked this beautiful. When I had my prom at school and wanted to get dolled up with the help of my mother, all she would say was 'wear whatever you have in your closet'. She didn't want to help me with my makeup or fix my hair like the other girls' mothers did for them. So I never really cared about getting dolled up, for that reason mostly, I never had and I didn't have many fond memories of it either.

I was wearing a red silk dress that fell below my knees with a slit on the left side that almost went so far as to show my panties. It was classy and sexy with thin straps and just a little bit of cleavage but not too much.

My hair was out and curled, falling down mid-back and pinned back with hairpins that had tiny crystals on them. My makeup was simple with some foundation, rouge, and eye makeup along with a bold red lipstick that tied the whole look together.

Amber was wearing a short, green dress with drape-like lace fabric in a softer green around her waist, showing off her unbelievable form and her long legs. She had paired the dress with emerald green earrings that bedazzled everything and a beautiful necklace with the same stone and color.

We stood there, I was mesmerized by my appearance, tears nearly falling from my eyes but not quite because I didn't want to ruin my makeup. Amber was standing behind me with awe in her eyes as she complimented me on my appearance.

"Avery you look amazing, you look like a true queen," she said with a soft voice but a stern face, indicating that she was serious.

"Thank you. So do you, you look gorgeous," I said as I looked at her through the reflection in the mirror.

"We're already a bit late so we should probably go. Don't be nervous, everything will be fine, just enjoy yourself," she said after she probably realized my double intake of air after she said we should go. I am truly a nervous wreck about going down there and meeting everybody.

I'm not usually nervous but, this makes me feel a whole lot of emotions.

I simply nodded and followed Amber out of my room.

As soon as we stepped out I could hear the music and chatter coming from the ballroom.

Oh yeah! They have a ballroom. Did I forget to mention that? This place is somethin' else alright.

As we made our way down the stairs I could already feel eyes on me. I looked ahead with my head held high and a razor-sharp focus on my walking so I don't slip and tumble down the rest of the stairs in my heels.

Amber, sensing my nerves, took my hand and gave it a light squeeze which quickly made me feel calmer.

We made our way to the ballroom where the majority of the people were. My only thought was to not draw too much attention to myself. And right on cue, a man at the center of the room raised his voice and everyone looked his way. I couldn't see him with all the people that were in the way but as soon as he started talking, I knew who it was.

"Welcome everyone to the annual ball. Today I would like to welcome a very special guest-"

'Oh no. Oh no. please don't. For the love of god please do not do this to me.

"Avery Simmons! I believe everybody will be on their best behavior and welcome our guest with open arms and respect. She will be by my side for the remainder of this evening so anybody who wants can come and speak to her."

At James' words, everyone turned their attention to me. Like they sensed that I was the girl he spoke of. I quickly took a step back, feeling anxious being the recipient of all these stares, some of them were curious, others of lust, and some of jealousy and hatred. At this moment I wish I would just melt through the floor and disappear.

I was snapped out of the haziness I was feeling by a hand wrapping around my waist and by the way the touch made me feel, I already knew who's it was. I looked over to see James standing beside me, looking down at me with a small smile on his face.

He has a nice smile. It's a shame he doesn't show it more often. I smiled back at him as he leaned down and whispered to me,

"Everything will be fine. I'm right here and I'm not going anywhere."

"Thank you."

"Don't thank me yet. I have my own reasons for staying beside you. If I leave you for even a second, many of these vultures will surely try and take you away," he said as he

looked at all the males glaring at me. But as soon as they saw James' eyes, they quickly looked away.

"Well, whatever your reasons, I appreciate it. And besides, I'm not anybody's to take," I said, truly appreciative of him being with me.

Upon hearing my words his gaze snapped to me and I could see his eyes growing darker by the second.

"I-I didn't me—" I was cut off by his hand slipping under the slit of my dress.

"James ..." was all I could say as my arousal grew by his touch.

"You're nobody's, huh?" He said as his hand gripped the hem of my panties and he pulled them slightly, wiggling them at my core.

"Say that again," his grip tightened and a slight sting burned my clit as he pulled roughly but smoothly enough for it to go unnoticed by others.

"I—I don't..." I couldn't speak. I couldn't think. I couldn't act other than begging him silently to touch me.

"I like this dress on you. It's easy access." He said with a smirk on his face as he ripped my panties from my body making me yelp. He quickly took them and put them in his suit pocket and cupped my face with his hand.

"Now, either you never utter those words again, or I take you behind those doors and fuck you. Which will it be?"

I was stunned. I was aroused and furious at the same time. Not a good combo.

"I won't." I submitted. I couldn't think clearly but I defiantly knew I didn't want James having sex with me right outside a room full of people. But he would definitely pay for this later.

"Good girl," he said and then let out a chuckle. I could punch him. Beat his ass. Take one of these champagne bottles and smack him over the head with it.

"I am not some little girl who needs to be praised. Please do speak to me as an adult or refrain from speaking to me completely," I said sternly while staring into his eyes. Even though I was in heels he towered over me. He was wearing an all-black suit with a white button-down underneath. Damn, he looks hot.

He only shrugged as a response and then started talking to Alex who had just shown up.

As I was standing there I got a moment to look around at my surroundings and I must say, this room was star-strikingly beautiful. It had an English-Victorian interior. The tables and chairs looked to be from the 1800s and the floor-to-ceiling windows had massive red drapes slitting in the middle and pinned to the sides in perfection. Hanging from the ceiling was a giant chandelier hanging and even the ceiling had exquisite detailing on it.

My eyes wandered around the room, taking in all the details and the fairytale-looking scenery in front of me when my eyes suddenly landed on a woman by the rounded bar in the corner.

The second our eyes met it was as if I was under some sort of spell, I couldn't look away, and I was drawn to her. I felt my legs starting to move in her direction, I had no control over my body, it moved on its own command.

I had taken three steps when I was yanked back by my arm, breaking me from my hypnosis. I looked to my side to see James holding my arm firmly, his hold was hurting but his eyes were fixated on those of the woman at the bar. His jaw ticked and if looks could kill, she would be long dead.

"James... you're hurting me," his head snapped to me and his face suddenly changed, from anger to concern as he quickly let go of my arm and instead took my hand in his. Slowly stroking the back of my hand with his thumb.

"I'm sorry. How about you go upstairs and put on some underwear and then join us again. I have a few matters I need to discuss with Alex."

I nodded and was about to let go of his hand and walk away when he pulled me back, hard enough for me to smack into his chest. His hand still firm around mine as he took his other hand and cupped my cheek.

"I'm really sorry Avery." I looked at him confused, sensing that there was a double meaning behind his words. I looked into his beautiful eyes and saw the smile forming on his face, although not genuine. More like pity and concern. I smiled back at him and nodded before taking my leave.

James' POV

I watched as Avery walked out of the ballroom and towards the stairs, then I snapped my eyes back at the woman sitting by the bar. Natasha. She had a smirk on her face and winked at me as I was seething in anger.

When I had seen Avery walk towards the crowd I looked over to where her eyes were and saw Natasha gazing at her, she was using her magic to lure her there which was

strictly forbidden. However, she was here with Carlos. Another alpha from the adjoining pack a few hours away, he was also my uncle. I trusted him with my life. Natasha was Carlos' second mate and they were madly in love. That didn't however take away her joy for messing with other people.

"What's going -" Alex started to ask, but when he saw who I was looking at he stopped.

"Shit. Where's Avery?" He asked

"Upstairs in her room, she will be down here any minute," I said, never taking my eyes away from Natasha's.

Natasha's phone rang and she picked it up, only then did we break eye contact and I turned towards Alex.

I saw Natasha's eyes lighting up at whatever the person on the phone said and I decided to listen in.

'It's time. The last part of our deal and then you're done,' I heard Natasha say.

'Are you sure she won't be able to leave? That it is too early and she will escape?' The recipient asked. I recognized her voice. It was Avery's mother. She sounded worried.

'The place is packed with werewolves and James will not let her leave. Plus I am here. If anything were to go wrong I will fix it'

'Lovely. Then we are done here' was the last thing Madeline (Avery's mother) said and her voice had changed from worry to... amused. Natasha hung up the phone and turned to me, she waved her hand before walking over to Carlos and wrapping her arm around his. They looked at each other adoringly. I was glad to see him happy and in love again. I just wished for the love of the goddess that it wasn't with her.

"Something is about to happen," I said as I turned to Alex

"I know brother."

"Did you guys hear her conversation?" We nodded to Amber as she came up to us.

"Keep an eye out for Avery, she should be back soon."

We stood by the long table on the left side in the middle of the room, as everyone else was scattered around and about.

I was sipping on my whiskey keeping my eyes on the door. And then she came. The second she stepped in my heart skipped a beat. She smiled at me and while walking

towards us her phone rang. She smiled looking at the caller Id and then held a finger up gesturing for me to wait. She answered the phone with a big smile on her face.

After a while, her smile faltered and she turned around, looking at me with wide eyes that were glistening from the tears building up. I could hear her conversation. It was her mother and she was telling her everything.

Alex leaned over my shoulder as I was taking another sip, one hand on the glass and the other in my pant pocket. My gaze constantly on her. My face, void of emotion. This was it.

"She knows," was all Alex said while also looking at her, waiting for the next move.