

Payment To the Alpha by Ms.M Chapter 2

He took a seat on my bed and took my hand. I automatically jerked my hand back to my chest as I sat up and looked at him

“Hey babe how-” I didn’t let him finish, I cut him off because I didn’t want any excuses and will not pretend like I didn’t see what I saw.

“Who is she, Liam?” I asked with tears in my eyes. I hadn’t cried since the day I saw them, and crying now, in front of him was the last thing I wanted, but apparently, I wasn’t the one in charge.

“Who is who babe?”

Babe?

BABE?

He has no right to call me that anymore.

“Who is the girl you were making out with, in town the other day!?” I couldn’t conceal my anger nor my pain.

“Oh, you saw that did you,” What? He wasn’t gonna try to defend himself? To tell me I’m crazy? Was he gonna deliver the truth on a fucking silver platter like it was NOTHING?

Liam scratched the back of his neck and cast his eyes down.

“Her name is Nadia, I’ve known her for a while, and she works at the farm with her father...” His eyes went around the room before landing back on me. He scratched the back of his neck.

I just sat there and waited for him to continue.

“Avery...I love her...”

And there it goes. My heart. Breaking, all over again.

“Go...” I didn’t want him here, I never wanted to see his face again, I never wanted to feel his touch, and I wanted every memory of him erased from my mind.

He got up and walked to the door, but before exiting, he turns around and looks at me.

“I’m sorry Aves, about everything”

His last words before he left. He didn't put up a fight. It was as if he couldn't wait to get out of here, and back to her.

I laid in my bed the following week, eating nothing but soup.

Until one day she storms into my room, slamming the door shut behind her, and slams herself down on my bed. Ladies and gentlemen, leave it to Lydia to make an entrance.

"Get up, he is NOT worth you missing out on life! So get up, get dressed, I'll pick something out for you."

Her eyes glistened as if she had a devious plan in mind. Her red long curly hair flared across her back as she was digging in my closet.

She picks out a short, backless dress with a slit and a pair of high heel black pumps and throws the clothes onto the bed.

"Get. Dressed." She insisted. I looked at the clothes and then back at her with lifted brows. Her energy somehow got me up off the bed and put a smile on my face. I was lucky to have her in my life. I got dressed and Lydia did my hair and makeup.

I couldn't remember the last time I looked this pretty.

We went downstairs and told my parents that we were going out. They looked at me as if they were trying to remember how I looked. They stared at me with pity in their eyes, but what is that I see? Happiness?

Upon seeing my reaction their faces, yet again, change. They look at me with a serious look on both of them.

"Have fun sweetheart and be careful." my mother said before swallowing hard like she was holding back something. My father looked at me and nodded at what my mother had just said. We then went out and jumped into Lydia's car and drove off.

"Where is this party?" We had been driving for one hour and I was getting worried that we were lost, I also wanted to be able to make it home in case something were to happen.

"Don't worry, we're almost there." For some reason, Lydia's naturally happy nature could always calm me whenever I got too nervous.

As we drove in on a supported pathway through the woods I began to hear the music.

The house was old yet beautiful and I knew the owners. They must be having a moving-in party, my parents are good friends with the couple that owns the house and they had just moved in. The facade is a rusty brown ash color and at the front of the door, there

are two big pillars, in between, there are three steps of stone that lead to the two-door entrance.

Inside, it was like walking into a castle, the hallway was big and magnificent and on the ceiling, precisely in the middle, there was a big chandelier. We proceeded to the bar and as we were walking I got a strange feeling that someone was following me.

I felt a chill run down my spine. But not in a bad way.

What the hell?

Lydia tilted her head toward me and whispered into my ear

“Someone’s got their eyes on you.”

I looked around the room to see what she was talking about and then I saw him, a big muscular man leaning against the wall with a drink in his hand. He was quite far away so I couldn’t see that well but from what I did see, he looked like a god.

His arms were big and muscular, they made it look like the long-sleeved shirt he was wearing was about to rip open, his chest was out as if he was on his guard and I could see his hair flowing from the wind let in by the open doors. I gently looked away from him and walked with Lydia to the bar.

We each got a glass of red wine and then we stood there looking over the crowd.

The people were already wasted, dry humping each other on the dance floor to some 80’s rock music. Down by the corner a few frat guys were doing a keg stand. In my opinion, it’s really inappropriate considering this is quite a fancy party.

I was busy scanning and quietly judging the guests when suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder, it spins me around and an unfamiliar face shows

“Hi there beautiful, can I have this dance?” He seemed like a nice man. He had brown eyes and a nice smile, thin lips with a small goatee. But there was something eerie about him. Something that made the hairs on the back of my neck rise.

But I wasn’t interested in dancing, I wanted to drink my pain away and wallow in my sorrow. Did that sound depressing?

“No, sorry I am not in the mood tonight.” I kindly responded to his question. However, after hearing my response the nice man I thought him to be, suddenly disappeared as his eyes got serious and his jaw tensed.

"I believe I can change your mind, and your mood, one dance sweetheart, that's all I'm asking for." I looked behind me in hopes that Lydia would save me from this man but I saw her out on the dance floor making out with someone, Lydia was never the shy type.

"I'm sorry, but my ans-" I didn't get to finish my sentence as he stepped closer and is now right in front of me and roughly pulled me closer to him with his hand still firmly on my shoulder. The shock of his action led me to drop my glass of wine onto the floor and the glass shattering into pieces. We were now in such close proximity that I could smell his alcohol-covered breath fanning my cheek.

"Dance with me." He ordered whilst staring deep into my eyes.

I think it's safe to say that I was scared out of my mind. I had barely had two sips from that wine so I wasn't affected by the alcohol. Yet I just froze. Unable to think or speak. How do I get out of here?

It was like someone else was controlling my body making me immobile.

I suddenly felt his hand being ripped away from my shoulder and I saw it being bent as the man screamed in pain.

"She. Said. No" it was him, his eyes were boring into the man who had his hand on me, looking like he was about to kill him, he clenched his other fist by his side as if he were ready to throw a punch.

"I'M SORRY!" The man pleaded. This whole situation had me startled and scared. I laid my hand on the arm of the man who protected me and upon contact I felt a jolt of electricity run through me.

But I shook it off as a result of what's happening.

"Please let him go." I felt my voice crack and he looked at me and I believe he saw the fear in my eyes as he let go of the man's hand. The man clasped his hand and stared petrified at my protector before he hurried out of the party.

He turns around and glares at me, I could see him clearly now as he is standing right in front of me. His eyes are a baby blue, not like Liam's. No, these eyes are like a sea of diamonds glistening in the sun, and his hair is cut at the sides and the most beautiful dark blonde shade. His lips are a light pink and his entire appearance was perfect to the point where I wanted to touch him once more, only this time to see if he was real. He didn't take his eyes off me, scanning me from top to bottom and lastly locking his eyes with mine once more.

Who is this man?

He then turned around and started to walk away.

“Wait! Wh-whats your name?” I yelled behind him, he had just saved my night and something about him truly intrigued me. He slowly turned around and straightened his back.

“James. James Knight” He said with a grin on his face as he turned around and continued walking.

I felt a chill go down my spine again, I turned back to the bar.

“Here you go miss, from the man over there.” The bartender said and turned his eyes to James. In front of me was a new glass of red wine, but a much more expensive wine than I had originally ordered, I knew because the bartender held up the bottle that he poured it from.

I looked at the glass and felt myself smile at his gesture, I turned my head his way and nodded. I started sipping on my wine and I see Lydia coming up quickly beside me

“I must say, the crowd is looking good tonight.” she winked as she bit her lip. We both started laughing as I took another sip.

“You see that guy in the black coat?” Lydia pointed to a tall, slim figure who was standing in the middle of the dance floor dancing with another girl.

“He’s amazing with his hands. In case you want to try.” She said with a devious smile and shrugged. And again we started laughing.

I wasn’t one to go around with different guys like she was, I wasn’t able to, never have been. It had always only been Liam. Not that I really gave myself to him, but I was going to, eventually.

As we stood by the bar I could feel the dance floor moving and the sound of the music becoming weaker, the base got louder and the laughter was barely to my hearing. I had to hold on firmly to the bar so as not to fall. I tried blinking several times to ease the fogginess that was replacing my vision.

White dots were forming in front of me and I could feel my legs folding, giving in, and not being strong enough to hold me up anymore. I was feeling so tired. I could vaguely hear Lydia screaming in panic as I dropped to the floor and felt the back of my head hit the edge of the bar. But it didn’t hurt. I scrunched my nose trying to make sense of everything.

But the darkness luring me in at the back of my mind seemed so welcoming and so relaxing. Maybe if I close my eyes for only a second. Yes, just a second.

I stared up at the ceiling as I felt my eyes roll back into my head. And just like that. The alluring darkness swallowed me whole and no voices or sounds could enter.

