

The One He Claimed Chapter 3

Chapter 3: Party

Sophie

Something feels off. I can't figure out what it is, but the air in the room feels heavy with anticipation. Over dinner, I watch my sister as she gets to know her new mate. My parents seem to relax, and my mother even smiles at Calvin.

I'm glad that Alpha Hunter said Alpha Calvin is a good man. I hope he will appreciate my sister.

I spare a glance over at the broody Alpha. He has been very kind to me, but there is an anger buried inside him, I can feel it.

Rather than scaring me, as it probably should, it excites me. He looks more deadly, more intimidating, more s**y.

As dinner winds down, I notice my sister getting fidgety, nervous. I frown. My sister never gets nervous.

Alpha Calvin reaches over to cover her hands with his. "Amelia, it looks like there is a dance floor set up for dancing. Would you like to dance tonight? It is your birthday, after all."

She nods, smiling softly. "I enjoy dancing."

"As do I. But I will say that the only other male that I will permit to dance with you tonight is your father."

"Thank you," she says.

He strokes her cheek in a very intimate gesture. "I want tonight to be as pleasant as possible for you."

It feels as if there is an undertone to his words, something that I don't understand. Since my mother hasn't given me 'the talk', I have to go by what I've heard from the mated females in the pack. I've heard that the first time can be quite painful, so maybe that's what Alpha Calvin is referencing.

When Calvin stands from the dinner table, taking Amelia's hand and pulling her to her feet, I feel the strange energy in the room ratchet up again. Everyone gets quiet and turns to stare at Alpha Calvin and Amelia.

“For anyone who would like to enjoy dancing, there is a dance floor available. My mate is off limits to anyone who values their life. As I mentioned earlier, if you don’t like the pace that I am setting tonight, feel free to leave.

I frown, trying to figure out what is going on. I turn and look at my father. He’s basically turned over the direction of the evening to Alpha Calvin, as has my mother. I would think that my father would be leading this, not allowing another Alpha, even my sister’s mate, to decide what will occur next.

As I look around the room, seeing all eyes on Alpha Calvin, I’m startled by the grey eyes of Alpha Hunter, staring straight at me. I feel my cheeks heat, and I quickly look away, but not before I see a hint of a smile on his face.

Everyone stands and as the tables are moved back, I step out of the way, and into the warm, hard chest of someone. I look over my shoulder and see Alpha Hunter.

“Alpha Sophie, may I have this dance?” he asks me.

I turn and look across the room where he was sitting only moments ago. How did he even get over here that quickly?

When I turn back to him, his eyebrow is raised in question, a smile twitching at his lips again. He finds me amusing.

I look at my father, who is staring at Alpha Hunter. Alpha Hunter doesn’t look away from me, but my father turns his head to me. and nods. I turn to face the Alpha.

“Thank you, Alpha Hunter. I’d be honored to dance with you,” I say politely.

His smile widens and he nods, putting his arm out for me, very formally. I take his arm and see that Alpha Calvin has done the same with my sister. As we pass, Alpha Hunter stops and leans in to say something quietly to my father. I can’t hear what he says since the music has started, but my father looks at him a moment, then nods, before Alpha Hunter takes me out to the dance floor.

‘He’s cute,’ Hedda, my wolf says in my head.

‘Very cute,’ I say. ‘How old do you think he is?’

‘Not too old, early 20’s maybe,’ she says.

“Do you like to dance, Sophie?” he asks me.

“Yes, but I’ve never had a chance to dance with anyone outside of our pack.”

He pulls me to him, as others get on the dance floor. “Meaning, I’m your first Alpha, other than your father, whose arms you’ve danced-in?”

There’s something about the way he says it, along with the electricity in the air, that has me blushing again. Instead of answering, I nod.

The music starts and it’s a fast song, one that I love. “Then let’s make the most of it, shall we?” he asks, before wrapping his arm around me to take my hand and spin me around.

My smile is instant. Alpha Hunter likes to dance. Not all men do and not all men know how to dance well. I turn and look at him and his eyebrow is raised again as if in challenge.

Oh Alpha, challenge accepted.

This is a choreographed song, as most of the ones chosen for tonight will be, meant to allow my sister to show off her skills as a graceful dancer. She and I have been taking dancing lessons for years. At first, I hated it, until our instructor helped me to realize that I need to feel the music, let it guide me.

I begin dancing and I can see that Alpha Hunter wasn’t expecting me to be quite as accomplished as I am. What he doesn’t know is that my mother loves to dance, and she insisted that her daughters learn as well.

Alpha Hunter is a fantastic dancer and partner. He spins me around the room, making sure that I don’t stumble, catching me easily during times when he’s going too fast for me, and changing his pace to make it easier for me.

When the song is done, much, much too quickly, I’m panting, and I know my cheeks are now rosy from the dance.

“Excuse me…”

Alpha Hunter’s eyes move away from mine, looking over my left shoulder. “No.”

“You can’t dance with her all night, Hunter,” another Alpha growls. I’m about to say something, not wanting them to fight. over me, when something about Alpha Hunter stops me. There’s something deadly about his aura. It’s not directed at me, it’s directed at this Alpha. I’m not sure why, but Alpha Hunter has been nothing but kind to me, so I follow my instincts and stay quiet.

“Alpha Sophie, may I have this dance,” another Alpha has come up on my right side. I look at Alpha Hunter, not sure why I feel the need to get his permission, his approval. He looks at me and nods.

I turn and see Alpha Kayce. "Thank you, Alpha. I'd be honored."

Something passes between Hunter and Kayce before he passes me off. Kayce spins me away, not quite as good of a dancer as Hunter. When I turn, I see Alpha Hunter standing face to face. with another Alpha.

"Are they going to fight?" I ask, worriedly. I don't want anyone ruining my sister's birthday.

"If they do, Hunter will take it outside."

"Should I go..."

"No. Dance with me, little Alpha," Kayce says, smiling down at me.

He dances me around the room and when we come back to where I left Alpha Hunter, he and the other Alpha are nowhere to be seen.

"Doesn't my sister look beautiful?" I ask Alpha Kayce.

"Yes, she does," he says, looking at her with a sadness in his eyes that I don't understand. Maybe he was hoping to be my sister's mate.

I notice that Alpha Calvin never lets anyone dance with my sister. They don't leave the dance floor and he never looks away from her, talking to her and getting to know her. He's so sweet.

After Alpha Kayce, I dance with Alpha Dutton, then Alpha Robin, then my father and when a slow song comes on, Alpha Hunter is back to dance with me again. Other Alphas have attempted to dance with me this evening, but this group has refused to allow them to.

I'm not sure how long I remain on the dance floor, but much too soon, my mother is waving me over. Alpha Dutton, who is currently dancing with me, leads me to her.

"Thank you, Alpha," she says as we walk up.

"Your daughter is a wonderful dancer, Luna Amy," he says, smiling down at me. His praise makes me smile. I know that I'll be practicing even harder for the next two years before my birthday. I want to be the most incredible dancer my mate has ever danced with.

'I liked all the Alphas we danced with tonight,' Hedda says.

'You like all Alphas,' I joke.

'I am an Alpha. I want my mate to be of equal rank.'

"Sophie, it's time for you to go upstairs," my mother says.