

Payment To the Alpha by Ms.M Chapter 13

Avery's POV

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I was in the guest room, putting on some underwear and thinking about what had happened earlier down in the ballroom. First with James and me. He was so possessive even though there was nothing going on between us. Okay, maybe that's a lie. There was something going on but I wasn't ready to commit myself to him or anybody else for that matter, however, I can't deny the un-explainable pull I feel towards him. Besides, I saw the way every girl down there was drooling over him and basically eye-fucking him every chance they got.

But when he teased me that way, all I wanted was for him to take me.

Whenever he touches me, there's an odd sensation all through my body. It's ecstatic. I couldn't put my finger on it. The way I melted under his touch.

Then that woman by the bar, who was she? And what the hell was she doing to me? All of this is getting a little too much for my brain to handle.

I shook away all my thoughts and stood in front of the mirror, I looked exhausted. I plastered on a big smile waiting for it to melt in naturally. I closed my eyes, still smiling, thinking about the fairytale-looking room downstairs, all those beautiful people, James touching me. OH CUT IT OUT AVERY! I opened my eyes and saw a frown on my face. I shook my head and sighed before I grabbed my clutch and made my way back to the ballroom.

I made my way to the staircase and took three deep breaths before descending down to the foyer. I held my head high and my back straight as I walked past everyone. Meeting everyone's gaze with a smile and them responding with a small nod. It all felt very...formal.

As I got closer to the ballroom I tried clearing my thoughts so that I could enjoy these few days I had left here, however, I must admit, I was very much ready to head home. I craved a drink, a strong one. I stood a few feet away from the entry, taking another few deep breaths, before making my way in.

As I stood by the opening and scanned the room, my eyes locked with James'. His beautiful, ocean blue eyes. We were pretty far apart but I was drowning in his eyes as I would if he were standing right in front of me. He and his siblings were standing by the refreshment table, looking like a picture from a vogue magazine.

I started making my way to them, smiling as I watched James smirk when the ringing sound from my phone caught my attention. I nearly jumped, the sound of my phone ringing seeming foreign to me. I picked it up from my clutch and looked at the caller Id.

' MOM <3'

It was my mother. She was calling me. Seeing her name light up on my phone made me smile harder than I had in what seemed forever.

I quickly answered and held the phone to my ear.

"Hi mom!" I said my voice cheerful and feeling ecstatic for some reason that she had called me. I have never been so happy to hear her voice. However, the second she spoke, I knew something was wrong.

" Hello Avery. We need to talk," She said in a calm and distant voice. Her voice held no emotion.

" Okay, is something wrong? I can come home."

" That's the thing. You are at home. You won't be leaving the estate. You see the thing is, you're his now, you have been since before you were born. He is just now claiming what is rightfully his, I must say he took his sweet time coming for you, guess he was as appalled by the thought of having you as we were." Her voice held a constant calmness through every word she spoke, but I could hear that she was smiling while speaking as if this was bringing her joy.

"Wha—mom, what are you doing? What the hell are you talking about?" I asked, my voice broken, my heart shattered and my tears blurring my vision. Was this some sick joke?

"James didn't take you there for a vacation Avery. He took you there to marry him and marry him you will. It's time you found out the truth, about me, about you, and about everything that is to come. You see a long time ago, I was taken, kidnaped, by a man who abused me, raped me, starved me for days at a time, only giving me enough nutrition to keep me alive. All this he did in the name of revenge, to solve a personal vendetta he had with my parents many, many years ago when I was just a baby. By the time Jack found me, I was lying naked and bruised, unconscious on the floor of an abandoned dungeon.

Barely a month later, we found out I was pregnant. We were both filled with rage and disgust. We tried everything we could under the radar to get rid of you, by any means necessary, but to no avail. Around the same time, our pack was being attacked, our home was being destroyed and our people were dying. The pregnancy made me weak, which in turn made Jack weak."

Her voice was now starting to get edgy and it was as if she was spitting venom with every word she spoke. I held my hand to my chest, putting pressure as if something was about to burst my chest open and my hand was preventing that from happening.

Did she say pack?

"We couldn't protect our pack or ourselves, so we reached out to James' parents and made a deal with them. Their protection and help in exchange for you. They agreed on the deal and said that you will marry their eldest son and they would come for you when the time is right. And he did. Before James' parents passed they told him as much as they could"

I slowly turned around and locked eyes with James. My eyes widened in disbelief. James was holding his drink with one hand and the other hand tucked into his pant pocket. When my mother spoke the last sentence, James took the glass up to his lips, never breaking eye contact with me. Alex leaned over his shoulder and whispered something in his ear.

"You sold me...before I was even born...you sold your daughter," I was heaving, my voice coming out as quiet as ever, not able to speak any louder, my voice broken and weak. I felt like I was about to collapse right there and then.

"You were never my daughter," her voice held such honesty that I felt my entire being shatter within me.

"Don't you see? You weren't made with love and affection between two people who loved each other. You were made with hatred in the name of revenge. A constant reminder of a time I just wanted to move past. Every time I looked into your eyes, that's all I ever saw. Why do you think we were so happy when we had Bella? Because we finally had our family. You were simply a business agreement, a means to an end, one that happened because no matter what we did we couldn't get rid of you. Oh and Avery, when I mentioned 'pack' I forgot to mention something else. We're werewolves, so is James and every other person you see around you right now. There is also a witch amongst them, I'm sure you have yet to meet her. But you will. Just know that there is nowhere for you to run."

"I never...ever want to see you again."

"Oh, sweetheart. You won't. You're not our burden to bear anymore. You're his now." After her words came a sinister laugh that echoed through my brain. My eyes, wider than before were staring at James. I couldn't believe this. What the fuck was happening? What-wh-a I can't breathe. I slowly lowered the phone, letting it slide along my face and neck before my arm going limp. My chest felt like it was breaking into a million pieces, ready to burst, my soul felt literally shattered, as if I was no longer whole. An empty shell.

My breathing was out of control and I couldn't hear any voices around me, everything was tuned out. I was panicking, freaking out not knowing what to do.

I finally broke eye contact with James and started frantically looking around in panic. My hand clutching to my chest and the tears streaming down my face. Nobody was noticing, how is that possible, everyone was doing their own thing, talking and mingling. Everything my mom said kept playing in my head, but five words more than anything else. 'You are not my daughter'. 'You are not my daughter'. 'You are not my daughter'.

I saw an ice bucket on the table to my left, next to where the champagne glasses were perfectly organized in a pyramid shape. I shot James another glance, this time one of horror. I was terrified. I ran towards the exit while quickly throwing my phone in the ice bucket. I was leaving and I never wanted to be contacted. I ran towards the front door as fast as I could, nobody batting an eyelash. The front door was already open, so without a second thought, I took off, I ran as fast as could in the heels I was wearing.

I barely saw the gate and knew that it would take me at least a few minutes to get there. But the panic, the anxiety, and the fear kept me going. I ran faster than I had ever in my life. My ankle bent a few times due to running on the gravel but it didn't stop me, it didn't slow me down. I knew that if I stopped for even a second I was screwed. I ran. My. Legs were burning and my heart speeding so fast I thought I would die. My mother's words ringing in my head causing my chest to get heavier.

I was almost there. I was about 100 feet away when a voice roared behind me

"CLOSE THE GATES!" No, No! I ran even faster as I saw the two gates coming together. This can't be happening.

"No, NO, PLEASE!" I screamed. I begged. And just as I reached, the gates had closed.

My hands grabbed the metal bars and I held on for dear life- shaking the gates.

"NO please! Please...please no," I sobbed. Leaning my forehead against the cold bars. What have I done...?

"Please..." I pleaded and I begged and I was met with silence. I took my right hand from the gate and started hitting it, pounding on it.

Then as I stood there, crying, sobbing loudly, admitting defeat, two hands came on either side of my head. His fingers around each bar of the gate. Locking me in between. I tensed. My crying became harder but quieter as I tried to choke the sobs.

"Please..." my voice quiet and weak.

"Turn around," He said. His voice was soft and caring. I shook my head holding on even tighter to the gate.

"Turn. Around." He repeated. More demanding this time. I did as he asked and turned around. His stance was guarded and his eyes were boring into mine.

I had nowhere to run. His face was inches away from mine. I felt his hot breath against my face as he looked down at me. Towering over me, making him even more intimidating.

"This was not how it was supposed to happen. But now you know. There is nowhere for you to run. If you think about running through the woods, think again. There are miles and miles of forest. You'll get lost in the blink of an eye. Do you understand?" He asked. His voice was now more stern and dark. When I didn't answer him he grew impatient.

"Do you understand?!" He banged his hand against the gate and I winced and squeezed my eyes shut. He let out a sigh and leaned his forehead against mine. But quickly removed it, as if touching me hurt him.

"I'm sorry. I won't hurt you, Avery. Not ever. This was out of my hands. It was planned a long time ago. And you could say it was set in stone. About the forest, I only said that for your own protection and to also stop any ideas you have of running away. There is nowhere to go."

"I'm not marrying you," I said as I slowly opened my eyes. My voice was trembling.

"Yes, you are," Was his only response before removing his hands and freeing me from the little cage I was put in.

I let out a heavy sigh and then back up from him. Tears still streaming down my face.

"Whether it be by choice or by force Avery, you will marry me."