

Right Time, Wrong Brother

Chapter 5 - Joey

The night was cold and the smell of the little back alley we were in, was making me nauseous; but here I was, standing in the cold, waiting, while Phoebe and her posse of cypcat bridesmaids, squared up to the bouncer of the club, she was trying to get us into.

"Do you have any idea who I am?"

I rolled my eyes and put my hand to my face in embarrassment, as Phoebe stomped her foot, demanding the bouncer let us in. The line behind us was starting to back up and the patrons waiting to get into the club after us, were starting to get rowdy. I couldn't understand why she wanted to get into this one in particular. It didn't seem like such a hot spot. It looked dark and gritty and to be honest, dirty and dangerous. I never thought someone who seemed so posh, as Phoebe did, would want to go in there.

I personally would have rather go to a restaurant and have a nice meal, before heading home and going to bed. But this seemed to be Phoebe's thing.

Whatever. When we finally made it into the club, I would squish my larger frame into the smallest corner I could find, and probably hiss at anyone who tried to come near me. I did not like being put into situations I didn't want to be in.

The huge bouncer stood fast, arms crossing over his chest as he stared down at the woman in front of him. He had a couple more standing behind him, for backup if needed, but I didn't think he'd have too much trouble with Phoebe and her brat pack. "I don't give a shit who you are, you're not getting in, by skipping the queue. Go to the back of the line and wait, like everyone else."

I didn't understand how Phoebe could think her tactics could work on someone who could fold her in half and stuff her into a trashcan.

Sighing, I looked at the bouncer who was quickly losing his patience with the mouthy blonde in front of him. If she kept it up, she would be finding herself if not in a trash can, then at least in the gutter on her ass. Then I would have no choice but to take a photo and keep it for future moments of depression, when I would need a pick me up. I might even frame it and put it on the wall as my one consolation from this whole shitty chapter of my life.

Phoebe's friends finally managed to pull her away, much to her disgust and I stepped to the side, letting other patrons come to the door. The bouncer let

them in, which only seemed to fuel Phoebe's indignation and her screeching could probably be heard from the other side of town.

Who did she think she was? The Queen? I could only imagine what type of life my best friend was about to be married in to. The woman Jake was marrying was a damned narcissist. She wanted things her way, or there would be hell to pay. What kind of life was Jake going to have, with her by his side? She'd probably work him into the ground and then what? That was if they stayed married. She also seemed like the kind of woman to marry, stay for a few months, then run.

I hoped my best friend had a good pre-nup.

Why had I agreed to come to this? When Phoebe and her friends had turned up to pick me up, she had been on the phone with Jake, complaining about having to take me with them.

On speaker phone...

Jake had told her to give me a break, that it would be good for me, and I had almost beamed with pride at him standing up for me, until he had said that I had no other friends.

That was a lie. I had—

My mind drew a blank and I frowned.

He was right.

Well, Jolene Brewster. After this, you need to pull up your big-girl panties and make some new friends. You can't rely on being around Jake anymore, especially now he was going to be married to the world's biggest bitch. This was going to be the turning point in your life and you were going to make it on your own.

I should have chucked on my big girl panties an hour ago and told her I wasn't going with them. That would have suited us all well. Phoebe could have told Jake I went, and we could have had the first civil interaction. I would have been able to stay at home and brood on the fact that my best friend was an ass.

Sighing, I ignored the women who were still making a scene off to the side and turned back to the club. The neon signs were buzzing, and the sound of the music thumping from the club was starting to drill into my head. I really didn't want to go in there.

My gaze moved to the bouncer, who smiled and winked at me, lifting the rope a little. I blinked and pointed to myself, and he nodded, tilting his head toward the club.

He was going to let me in?

I pointed back to Phoebe and her friends, and he shook his head, pointing at me, mouthing 'You only'.

I looked back to Phoebe, who was now complaining loudly and threatening to call her father to come and deal with the bouncer and I knew, even though I didn't want to go into the club, if I didn't go in by myself, I would be doomed to have the crappiest night of my life and I would resent Jake and Phoebe even more than I did.

Grinning, I nodded and scuttled toward the rope, ducking under the bouncer's arm and just as the rope came down, I heard Phoebe screech break out into the night. "Jolene! Where are you going? Hey! Let us in too! We're with her!"

I ignored her, knowing I had scored a little win and almost danced my way into the club. This was going to be the best night of my life. I could feel it in my bones.

