A reserved club

THE ALPHA'S SOULMATE

(Accept me my mate)

EPISODE THREE

THEME: A reserved club

(Avery's Point of View)

The drive to the club was cool. James fulfilled his part of the deal before we dropped by at Ava's home.

Our Pack was fine but dad just wanted to partner with Black moon Pack to make our Pack better. James didn't say much and I knew he was hiding something from me. Maybe it's something I shouldn't really know, or concern myself about, so I dropped the topic.

We finally reached the club after picking up two of Ava's friends too.

"Let's have some fun kiddo!" James handed me a ticket with my name on it. There was a long queue outside the new club.

"When are we going in James? Seriously? This would take a while," I grumbled and rolled my eyes.

"Relax Avery, remember I am James Lance." He continued walking and we all followed him. He stopped when he got to the entrance.

"Hi, I am James Lance" He shook hands with one of the bouncers at the door.

"Hey Man! Good to see you again!" the bouncer exclaimed. Sounds like he knows Lance.

"Can I go in?" James asked. "The inside is full Lance," he replied. "I have my VVIP tickets!" James gave him his ticket and the bouncer examined it while the other two bouncers checked our tickets.

"I have no idea if that section is filled up," the bouncer said.

"I don't really mind. I'd rather go in with my girls now," James said.

The bouncer gaze dropped on Shea, one of Ava's friends. His eyes did a slow crawl on her. Oh my goodness! I could sense him undressing her with his eyes.

James leaned forward and said to him. "You can have her man." He chuckled. Geez! My brother is so annoying! How can he say such words? Shea should be the one to decide if she wants him or not!

Holy shit! It seems Shea was interested in the bouncer! I rolled my eyes when she tucked her number into his pocket and gave him a quick kiss on his lips! Ewww!

"You can go in Lance." The bouncer smiled.

"Thank you!"

James grabbed my hand and led us inside the club. I heard people uttering curses at the bouncers for letting us in without maintaining the queue.

"There's a huge difference between us which they don't know. We're the Lances and they are ordinary humans!" James laughed. I guess he heard their profanities. And yeah he was right, we're different.

I found myself in a dark room where colors danced vividly against the walls and ceiling. My body wasn't used to the rhythms which echoed through the dark room.

I had chosen to wear a pink off-shouldered crop-top and high-waisted denim shorts. I paired it with a black boot. I let my hair down, and they reached my waist. My make up was simple with a dark lipstick. Aubrey had helped me out with my look tonight. It was a look to make me confident. I've been to a club once or twice, so tonight, I was being faked to fit in. A perfect picture of a crazy club girl...which was never my thing.

I bumped into two people kissing. Shit, they really have no shame! They could get a private place to do all that! I exclaimed in my mind. To my surprise they weren't the only ones doing it. Some other couples did the same on that floor.

And I questioned myself if it was the right thing to do? If it was right choice to be here tonight, with these hormonally imbalanced people around!

"We're heading to the VVIP section, so don't worry you won't see any of those there," James said.

The club was loud with way more people in here than there should be. But I have to admit the atmosphere in the VVIP section was good and the DJ was amazing. We settled at the table for five.

James beckoned to the waiter and ordered. "Champagne, white wine—"

Ava interrupted him quickly. "Add a bottle of whiskey."

My eyes widened in shock. "Who's gonna drink all of that?" I questioned.

"Tequila please," Tori ordered. And I huffed.

"You are not drinking tonight kiddo!" James said. Can he stop calling me kiddo?

"Why?" Ava asked.

"Dad warned me not to allow her drink!" he shouted over the loud music. "Lemonade for her please." James gave me a wicked smirk.

"That's not fair enough!" Ava retorted.

"Sorry love but dad warned me not to get his Bumblebee drunk tonight," he said.

"She doesn't have to get drunk! I mean she can just drink a little. Remember we don't get drunk easily," Ava reminded him.

Yeah, we're werewolves, alcohol doesn't affect us like it does to mere humans unless we drink too much, I mean excessively.

"It's okay Ava. Moreover I don't drink. And—" I stopped. And I'm just here to fulfill my part of a silly deal I made with my annoying give-and-take brother, I said internally.

"It's... just fine," I breathed out.

"Okay. But I have to tell you, Avery you look good tonight." She smiled. My cheeks flustered.

"Oh, thanks!"

The waiter brought our orders and we all tried to make conversations over the loud music. Ava and her friends mocked a group of girls at the other end of the room because one of them had mistakenly spilled wine on her friend's dress while staring at James. I know my brother was handsome, it was easy for him to catch any girl.

It was obvious Ava was jealous another lady was looking at her mate. And it took her extra effort to calm her wolf.

"I'm all yours Ava," James bit her earlobe to calm her down.

James shouted at the waiter to bring more drinks to the table. And after some minutes Shea screamed, "Who wants a fucking dance?"

"Let's hit the dance floor!" Ava and her girls shouted. I shook my head when James offered to help me up.

"I'll stay here." James rolled his eyes.

"So fucking boring kiddo," He said.

"I don't wanna dance James," I said with a serious expression.

"Okay, okay, fine." He threw his hands up. "But please don't wander around kiddo." He smirked. Oh, come on! I'm not going anywhere with a bunch of drunk assholes hanging around here! James rushed to join the girls on the dance floor.