

# Lycan King

## Chapter 25

Love is in the air?

Enjoying the party along with Alexander was fun and a chore both. It was fun because as you all might already know, how much I like the guy, but it was a chore because of his sense of ultra Pro Max protection towards me.

And when I say Ultra Pro Max, I do mean it.

He has been standing close to me, ever since we entered the club, and guess what, he isn't even dancing on the floor in the first place.

Just imagine how awkward it was for me to dance freely with girls when he was always behind me, standing soo close. Though the occasional bumping into him and falling in his arms or his accidentally touching my skin because of the crowd was something I can't complain about.

It was also funny to see him like that.

Whenever he has to go somewhere and by chance did any guy comes to me to ask for a dance at that time, I don't know from where would he always appear to scare the shit out of the guy.

He would always quote after scaring the guy, 'They are not good.'

Like, seriously?

As he was acting like this, it was cute seeing him all this worried about me. The way he would scrunch up his nose and stare at any guy who would come closer to me, up and down as if indirectly signaling that he doesn't deserve me. Or the way he would always smile awkwardly at me after sending people away. It was all cute to me.

I wanted to laugh at his expression many times but would always stop at the last second, whenever he would look at me with that adorable soft gaze.

Huh!! Guess I am totally screwed in this crush on him.

Currently, I was sitting in this booth along with Alexander and Chris who were tired from dancing, while gazing at the girls who were having the night of their life.

"You haven't drink anything yet, would you like to have some?" Alexander asked while motioning towards the bar, where people were drinking merrily.

Alcohol wasn't my kind of thing, but seeing how he wanted to go there so badly, I just smiled before nodding.

“What will the lady have?” The bartender flirted as soon as we made our way towards the bartender and I knew what was coming next.

As expected of Alexander he looked at the bartender meaningfully before ordering him to do what he was there for.

“Woah! Easy there, jealous guy! Your boyfriend is soo protective, it gives me chills. How do you even handle him?” The bartender joked, which made me blush involuntarily.

‘Wait, why the hell was I acting shy?’ I thought in my mind.

“He is not my boyfriend.” I smiled at the bartender guy before ordering a non-alcoholic drink.

“Really? Does that mean I have a chance, pretty girl?” He winked at me as he poured some beer for Alexander.

“Does beer here are pink colored?” I asked as I looked at the dirty pink appearance of the beer.

“Haha...I guess we have some love blooming in the air. That was a nice line.” The bartender replied as he sent a flying kiss towards me.

“What does that even mean? No, you are taking it all wrong, I mean it. Why the drinks here are mostly pink in color?” I asked as he laughed at me before replying.

“There sweetie. I know what you want to say. I’ll reply to you, once I serve that man over there.” He said before winking and taking out a bottle from underneath the cabinet.

“No I mean, what-” I asked confused when I felt myself being pulled by someone.

I looked behind me and saw Alexander pulling me away from the bar towards the booth we were sat in. With his trying hold on my arm, I knew that he was annoyed.

Maybe he was annoyed because of the constant pushing of the people who wanted to have drinks.

But wasn’t he the one who brought me here in the first place?

Why was he getting angry over the crowd now?

“Hey? What are you doing? I am yet to get my drink.” I shouted over the music for him to listen but looks like my words were falling on deaf ears.

As soon as we reached the booth, Alexander pushed me on the couch, where we were sat earlier before he looked at me with an angry gaze. He held my shoulders in a strong grip as he held me close to his body as if contemplating what to say to me.

'Wait. Why the hell is he angry at me now? And why was I constantly having this urge of pulling him even closer and kiss the hell out of him, for not allowing me to enjoy the whole night?' I thought aloud in my mind.

'You even dare to ask that question? Seriously? Isn't he angry at us because of how you were flirting with that bartender?' Carla suddenly said, making me jump a bit as I wasn't expecting her to answer.

'When did I flirt? I was just casually talking. And wasn't that bartender an eye candy?' I asked chuckling and in reply, she only rolled her eyes at me.

'And here you were talking about screwed for him. You change your type so soon.' She complained.

'When did I say, I changed my type. I am just saying he was handsome, though he was nothing in front of the candy boy I am having almost on top of me.' I said before blocking her out.

Now was not the time of talking with Carla when I have an angry dude to deal with in front of me. And an obnoxiously sexy dude at that.

Before he could do anything or say anything, we were interrupted by the sudden voices of girls and boys coming out away, and Alexander immediately left my hand, before sitting straight as if nothing happened.

I looked at him, for any explanation but all I got in return was a monotonous state from him.

'Weird guy!' I shouted in my head huffing when I didn't receive any action like kissing and hugging as I was expecting.

Maybe I was thinking too much about things. If he liked me and was jealous, shouldn't he be doing something like making me his own?

Aahhh!! That bartender raised my hopes towards Alexander.