

Chapter 31 - Denying the Alpha

FAITH'S point of view

Sunday morning arrived much too soon.

I was so incredibly nervous for my first date that I just spent at least five cringey minutes dancing in the bathroom mirror whilst chanting.

"I have a date with my Mate, MYYYYYY MMMaaaaaTTTTeeee AAAAA DAAAtttEee" why was I singing it weirdly? It's just what I did when I was feeling anxious or excited, and I was both.

You silly human. Sapphire has been making fun of me all morning, but I don't care. If it eased some of the anxiety, then I was going to dance it out.

Don't you try and act like you aren't feeling anxious too. And if you say that you aren't, then you're lying because I can feel it. She didn't say anything but chose to remain quiet for the time being.

I have been having a lot of mixed feelings about today's Date. Kyle and I have only seen each other once since that day in his office. We mind linked all the time, and while it was nice, it felt a little. . . long distance, even though it wouldn't take me more than a few minutes to walk to him.

I was thrilled that we were taking this opportunity to see each other and hopefully spend a little more time together. I wanted the chance to get to know the real him.

I was also fraught with unrelenting worry that once we did know each other, we wouldn't like what we found. It had been my experience, after all. Unfortunately, I couldn't know how it would play out until it. For now, I was stuck in the Rhythm of joy and worry.

I really wanted to call my mother. I had so many feelings that I wanted to talk through with her. She's always been so helpful in the past when I have doubted myself. She has given me some pretty great advice over the years. The problem was I couldn't call her.

My parents were willing to sacrifice everything to get me out of Crescent moon safe, so I wasn't willing to put all that in jeopardy over a date with a Man.

I sat in my bra and undies, staring at the four outfits I had in my closet. Which one seemed more date appropriate? I wish I had been able to take some of my clothes with me, or could at least leave the reserve to go shopping. Three of these outfits weren't even mine. They were Amy's. She offered me more than this, but I felt guilty about taking it, and so I had refused out of pride.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

"Come in", I called out. I could smell it was Amy, so there was no need to cover up.

"Hey, how are you feeling?" She asks. She enters my room.

"A lot of things." I sigh. How do I even begin to explain it?

"Do you want to talk about it?" She offered. She's been allowing me to use her as my anxiety sounding board all week. I don't know how she isn't tired of it by now.

"Just the usual." Maybe I should spare her.

"Are you sure it's not more than that?" She touched my cheek briefly before letting her hand drop away. I loved her sweet gestures. My mom was irreplaceable, but having Amy around helped a little.

"Do you think he will care that all I have to my name is four outfits? He has a pack. A title. I'm just some newcomer who is broke and has nothing." I couldn't meet her eyes again as I fiddled with my fingers.

I wanted to get off this emotional roller coaster. I wasn't enjoying the ride.

"Come downstairs" Amy offers me her hand and pulls my mopey self-pitying behind off the bed. I didn't want her to. I wanted to stay here and willow. But I got up, and I went downstairs with her anyway.

"I brought you some stuff. It's not much, but you have more than four outfits. Would you like to try some of it on?" There are a good ten bags here, all brimming with clothes.

"Are these all for me?" I was overjoyed. This was great. She didn't have to go out of her way for little old me.

"Sure are" she flashed a happy smile at me. "Well, what are you waiting for?"

I didn't need to be told twice. I took half the bags in one hand and the rest in the others. The soft plastic cut into my fingers a little, but that didn't bother me.

I ran excitedly up the stairs. My hands were so full that I kept bumping into the narrow hall.

I started grabbing the bottoms of the bags and just tipping them out on the bed.

Amy had great taste. She really did. I spent all afternoon trying on outfit after outfit, and honestly, I liked each one more than the next. Nothing boosts one's confidence more than a new look. It may seem shallow to some, but it's just what I needed. Every step I took to make myself at home here felt a little more like I was leaving the old rejected broken faith in the past.

Before I knew it, it was already five. I only had two hours left to get ready for my first date.

"Amy", I called enthusiastically down the hall.

"Coming", she squealed as she power walked up the few stairs and down the hall.

"Let's get you ready", she chirped.

I plopped myself down on the vanity stool and closed my eyes. I wanted it to be a surprise. Amy was fantastic at hair and makeup. I envied her a little for it.

It was torture almost, feeling the tugs at my hair and feel the strokes of different brushes against my skin and having no clue what she was doing.

"Done. But don't open your eyes," she exclaimed proudly. I heard random things being dropped on the vanity quickly, and without warning, my stool was spinning. I had a mini heart attack and grabbed the seat firmly between my legs and flung my hand out to steady myself, it smacked harshly into the corner of the vanity desk, and I hissed in pain.

"Oops. I'm so sorry, Faith. I should have given you more warning."

"It's okay. It doesn't matter. It doesn't hurt" I wanted to rub it because it did hurt, but I don't want Amy to feel bad. It was just as much my fault.

"Okay, open your eyes" Amy clapped her hands three times behind me. It made me nervous to look.

"Oh wow," I gasped at my reflection. I almost looked like a different person. The foundation matched my skin perfectly. I looked healthier than I had in weeks. I would say I even looked tanned. My cheeks shimmered in a way that it highlighted my cheekbones.

My eye shadow was by far my favorite. She had shaped my eyes to perfection with the use of eyeliner. Her hand must be so steady she could be a surgeon. It was so smooth. The eye shadow itself was a pretty rose gold that fanned out into a musky dark pink, almost maroon color.

My lips were plumper than ever. At least they looked that way. The same way she had done with my eyes, the center of my lips was a softer, more delicate shade that grew darker and bolder around the edges. The edges of my hair were pinned back and away from my face. The rest of my hair had been curled and rested perfectly on my collarbones. I felt like a beauty queen.

“Thank you. It's absolutely perfect.” I was blown away by the job she had done.

“What dress were you thinking of wearing?”

During her shopping trip, she had brought at least four dresses that would be perfect. I didn't want to do it over. That was just as embarrassing as underdoing it. But I hadn't been able to pick one, not before I knew what my make up looked like. Now I was stuck between two.

I walked over to the cupboard and pulled out my two favorites.

“Which one do you think would look better?” I held both just under my chin, side by side to her a better idea of which I would look better in.

As we huddled and huddled over our choice of dress, the doorbell dinged.

“Alpha Kyle. She is just inside getting ready. You're welcome to come in” Amelio's voice carried down the hall.

“Oh crap, is it seven already” I blurted out, but they all looked just as surprised as I felt.

“It can't be”, she gasps as she glanced down at her watch. “Holy money it is.”

I stared at her in mild panic.

“I'm not ready”, I whispered in alarm. “I still haven't picked a dress”.

She pointed to the one she left. That one. Now hurry I'll go and stall.

She hurried out.

I am glad she picked this one. It was the dress that I liked better myself.

It was a spaghetti strap Cami dress. It was a gorgeous lilac and had the cutest lace over the silky purple satin slip underneath. It was the perfect amount of cute and flirty.

Are you sure that we are ready for this? I asked sapphire. This was our last chance to back out.

Do you feel ready? She asked.

Yes and no. It suddenly felt even more real. How was that possible.

Get out there! Sapphire ordered me. She was right. Deep breath, Faith, you got this.

Yes. Yes, you do. Sapphire could be extremely bossy when she wanted to be.

I stepped into the living room where Amelio and Amy were waiting. My heart sunk when I didn't immediately see Kyle with them. This couldn't be happening again, I fret.

He's still here. I can scent him.

"Where" but before I ask, the Alpha himself strolls out from the kitchen.

His green eyes met mine, and the rest of the world fell away.

Are you sure that our favorite color shouldn't be green? I asked my wolf, who simply scoffed at me.

Fine, your right. Those eyes are everything. Green is indeed our favorite color. Sapphire conceded, but she didn't actually sound as annoyed as she made herself out to be.

I could stare at him all night. He was simply gorgeous.

You better not. He might think that there is something wrong with us. Sapphire crashes my train of thought.

I noticed him toss something at Amy, who quickly caught it. I knew straight away that it was a tie. My eyes dart back at him.

HIS TIE MATCHES MY DRESS! THAT'S AMAZING. I sequel internally with glee. He was so cute. Amy must have brought it for him when he went shopping. I loved her, and I loved the idea. I would tell her as much when we were alone.

"Faith. You look. Wow. I mean, just wow." Kyle's compliment meant the world to me. I felt the blush rise in my cheeks. Luckily, he shouldn't be able to see with all this make up on.

"Are you ready to go?" Kyle holds his hand out to me.

I slip my hands in his. The sparks danced across my skin where our hands touched. I reveled in his touch.

“With you, I'm ready to go anywhere.” I grinned up at him.

That is probably the only smooth thing you have ever said in your entire life. I'm so proud. I'm like a momma wolf. Sapphire teases, and she is one hundred percent right.

“Have fun, you crazy kids,” Amelio shouts as we walk out the door.