

Chapter 3



I growl as Rylan enters my bedroom with a basket full of makeup, a grin settled on her face.

"No." I sneer as I back a step away from her. She pouts, her infectious grin slipping from her cheeks.

"Come on, Kira! Just let me put some makeup on you!" She begins, setting the basket down on my bed. The strong scent of chemicals inside wafts up to my nose. I shake my head, refusing.

"Fine then, I guess just a bit of eyeliner will have to do." She sighs at me. I growl and shake my head.

"Come on... Kira, your mom wants you to be wearing this stuff, not me!" She shouts, exasperated. I roll my eyes and walk over to the floor length mirror.

"My mother just doesn't want me to get any attention from any guys, possibly causing me to leave the pack."

"Well, I can't say I blame her. If I looked like you, I would have guys at my feet begging for my attention." I look at her, my eyebrows raised. She giggles at my expression.

"I can't tell if that was a compliment or not." I murmur, causing her to laugh. She continues to dig through the basket.

"It definitely was, but I would do better with your looks than you do. Remind me again why people don't grovel to you?" She teases. I roll my eyes and throw her a fake smile in the reflection of the mirror.

"Rylan, they most definitely do. But it isn't just because of my looks. You of all people should know it is my personality that attracts people." I turn toward her and wink, striding over to my closet.

Rylan's laugh follows me into the closet and when she answers, her response is muffled.

"And is it your flirty, fierce, or temperamental personality? Because honestly you seem to switch between the three!" I roll my eyes as she laughs, but can't help joining in.

I finger one of the gowns in front of me. It is a deep, blood red gown. The sweetheart neckline compliments the off-the-shoulder sleeves. It falls to the floor, billowing in the slightest breeze flowing in from the window. A slit slides up the right leg, ending high up on the thigh.

I pull it off the hanger and slip into it, the smooth fabric fitting to my body like it was made for me. The neckline comes a little low for my taste, but it is perfect for the gown.

I walk out of the closet, grabbing a pair of white sandal heels. Rylan looks up as I walk in, her eyes going wide.

"Your mother is going to kill me when she sees you in that! It's perfect!" She shrieks, jumping up and running her eyes over the gown. I laugh at her enthusiasm and hook a thumb over my shoulder.

"I have a gown in there for you, too." If possible, her eyes seem to widen further and she runs into the closet. I hear her exclaim as she sees the dress.

"Kira! It's beautiful! Where on Earth did you get it??" She yells. I laugh and look in the mirror at my reflection. My silver, white locks are slightly curly, flowing down my shoulders. The dress really makes my eyes stand out. My eyes are a lighter blue color in the middle with a ring of dark blue around the outside, but the red gown makes them the center of attention. The freckles that are spattered across my nose, stand out against my light hair.

I turn as I hear Rylan coming out of the closet. She walks out, an uncertain smile gracing her lips. I smile and take in her beauty.

Her dress is a royal blue color, with the same neckline as mine. With cold-shoulder sleeves, the dress seems more elegant than mine. The skirt falls similar to mine, but the slit in hers comes to just above her knee and it is on the left side. She bites her lip nervously, as I smile at her.

"You look even better than me." I say, as she joins me in the mirror. She gapes at her reflection, her hands going to her mouth. I pull her into a hug and she lays her head on my shoulder.

When we pull away, I walk into the closet and come back with a pair of silver heels for her. Her dark brown hair is pulled into a braid wrapped around her head. She looks at me, her hazel eyes sparkling. I hand her the heels and she slips them on. Even with her wearing the heels, I am taller.

"Rylan, you don't need all that silly makeup." I murmur, meeting her gaze in the mirror. She smiles and walks over to the bed. She pulls out a tube of lipstick, and I realize it is the berry stuff we made together. I can't stand the smell of makeup, so she made me some that wouldn't upset my nose. She applies a thin layer and walks over to me.

I raise an eyebrow and she laughs. Handing me the lipstick, she grabs my shoes. I roll my eyes, but rub it across my thick, full lips.

"Hmm, I still think it looks better on you." I say, trading her the lipstick for my shoes. She laughs and tosses it into the basket. The color on her lips is a dark mulberry. But, my skin being lighter, it looks like a bright raspberry.

"It looks good on both of us, as do these dresses." I laugh as I slide the heels on to my feet. We stand side by side in the mirror and smile.

Suddenly, a knock from my door echoes through the room. I roll my eyes at the smell of my mother's perfume wafting under the door. A few seconds later, it reaches Rylan's nose. She squishes her nose up and I laugh.

I walk over and open the door, and my mother gapes at my gown. I smirk when she sputters for words.

When she finally composes herself, she glares at Rylan.

"You were supposed to make her less beautiful! Not into a goddess!" I smile at her words. They are as close to a compliment as I will get.

"Mother, I chose the dress. I chose not to wear makeup. It was my choice. And you don't get to yell at Rylan for something that was none of your concern." I say, linking my arm with Rylan's. Pushing past my mother we walk out into the hallway.

"Kira!" My mother shouts accusingly. I smirk at Rylan, but turn to my mother.

"Yes?"

"You two are to let the guests in in ten minutes. Do not be late!"

I turn and roll my eyes, but lead Rylan toward the main doors. When we get there, the guards smile at us and I bump my hip into Rylan's.

"See, they know we're beautiful." I whisper, fully aware of the fact that because they are werewolves they can hear everything we say. Rylan blushes a light shade of pink, and I catch a guard turn a bit more than red. I laugh, and Rylan joins in.

I smell my father before I see him, but soon enough he walks down the stairs toward us. He stops when he sees Rylan and I, and it takes him a moment to collect himself.

"Girls you look very beautiful." He nods toward me and looks to the guards.

"Alright, it's time for the guests to get here. These two will be welcoming them," I roll my eyes and turn to Rylan.

"Basically, we are just eye candy until they get into the dinner room." I whisper, causing her to snort a laugh.

My father sends me a glare, but flings open the door as the first carriage pulls up. I roll my eyes at his theatrics, but put a smile on for the guests. It is going to be a long night.