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Chapter 24 : Dinner Preparations

**Rosalie's POV

I wasn't sure what to expect from dinner.

Romero and his pack made me very uncomfortable, and I would rather have spent the night peacefully in my room. However, it wasn't up to me to decide.

When Talon told me that Vicky would come to help me get ready, I imagined it would simply be putting my hair up and putting on a nice dress she found lying around. But I was so wrong on so many levels.

When I opened my bedroom door, Vicky pushed in a rack of beautiful colored dresses and a huge black leather zippered case.

I had no idea what was going on, but the smile on her face clued me in that this was going to be something I wouldn't forget.

"Are you ready to have fun?" she asked with enthusiasm, causing my gloomy mood to lighten immediately.

Being upset about the situation was not going to help anyone, I told myself.

"Um... Vicky, why do you need so many dresses?" I asked as I let my fingers run across the fabrics hanging upon the rack.

The beautiful array of colors and beading were richer than anything Isis had ever owned, and I found myself captivated by them.

"Well, because I don't know what you want to wear. So we are going to have a look, and you can try on whatever you want. But first, hair and makeup."

My eyes grew wide as I looked at her. I had made sure to bathe before she had gotten there, as she requested, but I didn't think she was going to go the lengths she was for a dinner party. I didn't expect that she was going to give me the "works," as Isis used to call it.

"Don't you think that's a little much for me? I mean... I'm no one important. I don't even know why I am going..."

Hesitation filled me, and I thought perhaps this was a mistake. Maybe I should pretend to be sick?

"Rosalie- this was an order from the Alpha. You're not a nobody, and you've got to let me turn you into the princess you are. I've had enough of that Madalynn!"

'icky gave me a reassuring smile as she patted the vanity seat in front of her.

"Thank you." I replied, giving her a small smile.

An hour later, I could barely recognize the woman looking back at me in the mirror.

My hair cascaded onto my shoulders in beautiful waves, framing my face perfectly. A smokey eye highlighted my eyes, and the deep burgundy lips she gave me made them seem fuller and more bold upon my face.

I was in shock over the way I looked– I didn't think it was possible for me.

"What do you think?" She asked, crossing her arms over her chest and grinning.

"I– I don't even–"

There were no words, and as her grin widened, I knew that's what she'd been hoping for- for me to be speechless.

"Good. Now go and look through the dresses and see what you like."

Once I stood, she took my place, and I walked slowly to the rack and began looking at everything. I wasn't sure what exactly would be appropriate, but I figured that if shehad brought all of these here, any of them would be fine.

My hands settled upon a deep burgundy-colored one, and I felt captivated by the crystal and black beading that decorated the top of the strapless dress. It was stunning and beautiful.

But it might be a bit of a bold dress to wear for a dinner event. I sighed and put it down, started looking for something more plain.

"That was the one I was hoping you would wear."

Vicky's voice pulled me out of my trance. I turned back toward her.

"There is no way I can wear this. It's beautiful, but I can't pull something like that off."

"Rosalie, you don't have to hide who you are anymore. No one here is going to hurt you, and you have the opportunity to come out of your shell a little. If you don't want to wear it, you don't have to. There are lots more to choose from. But I think that one-

that one is perfect for you."

Vicky was right. It was absolutely stunning.

With slight hesitation, I took the dress and walked into the bathroom to put it on.

Standing in front of the mirror, I ran my hands over the delicate beading in shock.

The dress fit me perfectly, and up the left side a slit ran up to my mid thigh. But it wasn't a scandalous-looking style. Instead, it was conservative, but in a sexy way.

What would Ethan think...?

Vicky knocked on the door. "Rosalie, let me see. You have been in there forever."

"I– I don't think I can wear this–" I stuttered before she quickly opened the door.

Her eyes widened, and I instantly regretted putting it on.

"Oh my goodness, Rosalie ... "

"See, I have to take it off... I can't wear this!" I was embarrassed.

"No!" she yelled, startling me. A smile spread across her face "You have to. You look amazing, and Ethan is going to be happy to see you in it."

"Are you sure this is appropriate?"

"Yes, of course! I promise!"

I took a deep inhale, trying to steady my breathing. It was then that I noticed that she had already finished getting ready, and wore a green dress similar to my own.

"You..." I started to say as I gestured to her outfit.

"Well, I thought I would wear something similar to yours to make you feel more comfortable. Just a different color.."

I would never get over how amazing Vicky had been to me. She was always taking me into consideration with everything, and

had become an amazing friend.

"Thank you," I said softly and genuinely, trying not to cry.

"No, no. Don't cry and mess up my masterpiece," she chuckled, causing me to smile as well.

"What do I need to do at dinner?" I asked, still unsure of it all.

Vicky stared at me for a moment, then gave me a warm smile. "Just be pretty, and be you! Look, no one likes that Madalynn girl. Just ignore her if she gets in your hair."

A knock at the door caught my attention. I followed Vicky out into the room as she answered it.

"Are you both ready?" Talon asked, his voice floating through the open door.

"Come in and see for yourself." Vicky said as she stepped aside, letting him in.

When Talon walked around the corner I saw his eyes light up. He looked dashing in his black suit and green tie that matched Vicky's dress.

Talon was quiet for a moment, which made me slightly uncomfortable, wondering if there was something wrong.

"Feedback, Talon?" Vicky was obviously looking for praise.

"Well done, Vicky." Talon quickly composed himself and looked at both of us. "And, Rosalie, you look amazing."

"Thank you, Talon. I hope it's not too much," I replied, still feeling skeptical about my choice in attire.

"No, you look perfect for the occasion," he said, giving me a reassuring smile that matched his sister's. "It's time."

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