

Chapter 3

Alina's POV

The next day, I was lounging on Chloe's sofa, studying for my nals when my phone vibrated, notifying me of a DM.

I opened it to find a message in my other inbox, so I knew it was from someone I didn't follow. I froze when I saw the name.

Madeline Damaris.

Hey, hun. It was so nice to meet you yesterday. I've messaged Chloe with our address. Looking forward to seeing you rocking that dress later. Maddy x

I read the message again and I couldn't help but shake my head at it. The girl had so much confidence. I wish I could have even an ounce of her boldness.

I clicked on her profile and an array of cool, edgy photos filled my screen. I scrolled down the page and stopped on one photograph of her with her arms wrapped around a man's neck. I opened the post to get a better look and I swear my heart did a somersault in my chest. This guy was the hottest man I had ever seen. His jet-black hair was short on the side but longer on top and fell forward, curling at the ends just above his eyes. He had chiselled cheekbones, a strong jawline which was decorated with a bit of dark stubble and gave off very masculine vibes. His smouldering eyes were looking directly into the camera lens and were such a piercing ice blue; it felt as if they were looking straight into my soul. He wasn't smiling and had a pensive expression on his face. I found my eyes drawn to his full lips that were so inviting. I let my mind drift to what it might feel like to be kissed by them.

What was the matter with me? This was clearly Madeline's boyfriend!

I looked down at the caption that read, 'My world' with a heart emoji. It was flooded by comments showing appreciation for the couple saying things like 'couple goals' and 'you two are just the cutest.' One comment had tagged Madeline and another name @Logan2u.

Without giving it too much thought, I clicked on the name and there he was. I spent at least half an hour scrolling and scrutinising his profile. It was clear that he was into some dark stuff. A lot of skulls, tattoos and MMA fighting. In fact, it looked like he made a living from training others in MMA, which I found surprisingly a real turn on.

"What are you doing?!"

I hadn't even noticed Chloe entering the room as I was so engrossed in my social stalking.

"Huh? What? Uh, nothing. Why?" I spluttered, quickly turning my phone off and throwing it down.

"Why aren't you getting ready? We have to leave in forty-five minutes!"

It was then I realised what Chloe was wearing. She had on a short silver dress that barely covered her ass and strappy heels that climbed up her legs. Her chocolate brown hair had been curled and bounced just above her shoulders and her makeup was awful. She looked amazing.

"Oh, Chloe, you look gorgeous. But I really think you should go without me tonight. I'm not feeling great and I don't want to ruin your night," I tried a last-ditch attempt to get out of this nightmare. It would be embarrassing enough that I had to wear next to nothing, let alone be caught drooling all over Madeline's boyfriend. I think I'll pass.

"Alina, please. I am asking you for this one thing. Do it for me! I have been there for you through everything because you're my girl. I've supported you, b****h-slapped that two-timing prick for you, cuddled you when you cried yourself to sleep for nights and put a roof over your head. And all I am asking in return is for one night out with my bestie where we get drunk, dance until our feet hurt, and make out with some hotties! Is that too much to ask?" she pouted and tilted her head to the side.

"Urgh. Alright, I'll get in the shower now but I am not kissing anyone tonight. That's all on you!"

"YES! You know what they say? The quickest way to get over someone is to get under someone else!" she winked, "Be quick because I need at least half an hour to work my magic on your hair and makeup!"

I showered, shaved, and moisturised as quickly as I could. I mean, if there were to be some hot guys there, I wanted to at least smell nice.

Who was I kidding? Only one man entered my mind.

I cursed myself for my inappropriate thoughts. I was no homewrecker, especially after what I just went through with Michael. And besides, he wouldn't even notice me when he has someone like Madeline in his arms.

Chloe wouldn't let me look as she did my make-up and hair, saying that it would ruin the full effect of the reveal. I asked her to keep my make-up simple and natural because I don't often wear much makeup, but I was starting to get nervous at how long that was taking. Not that I didn't trust her. Chloe was an aspiring make-up artist and the girl had skills.

"Okay, nearly ready. Just slip into that sexy nightie and voila!"

"Chloe! I knew it wasn't a dress!"

"Ha-ha-ha, I am only messing with you," she giggled as she ruffled her hair in the mirror, "it is a dress and a bloody stunning one, so get your hot ass in it now!"

I shimmied into the revealing number and Chloe beamed as she stepped away from the mirror so I could get a look at her handy work.

I had to blink a few times to make sure what I was seeing was really there.

Chloe had kept my makeup simple but used a shimmery green eyeliner which made my forest green eyes look bright and vibrant. She had given me a bronze glow which defined my cheekbones and a beautiful stone rose-coloured lip. My sandy blonde hair was straightened and fell just above my tail bone (reminding me I had let it grow too long and it needed a cut soon) and she had given me a side parting that had my hair flipping over with volume and covering part of my face. I loved it.

"Wow, Chlo," is all I managed to say.

"I know, I know. I am a genius! Come on, the taxi is here," Chloe said, checking her phone before throwing it into a clutch bag that matched her dress and grabbed my hand.