

## Chapter 0045

"I think we have found it, my friends." She claps her hands. "Go change so we can buy it and get shoes to match!" Her voice had gone a few octaves higher in her excitement.

"Wait a minute. I said not happening. And stop drooling you f\*ckers." Mateo looks over to his friends. Sam was the first to recover and laugh.

"Sorry bro, you said it before she's hot. You are going to have to learn to deal with that. She's about to be very popular! You will have every single guy banging down your door after the ball. There are about to be some very pissed and jealous girls." He shrugs and Mateo walks over and slaps him up the back side of his head.

"Told you. You owe me lunch!" Sierra whispers to me and pushes me into the dressing room while Mateo is playfully shoving the rest of his friends. At least I think it's playful as they all continue to laugh at him.

I just roll my eyes. It's like they have never seen a girl before. Which I know isn't true. They are all well versed in the female species and anatomy on a pretty extensive level. Sierra unceremoniously shoves me back into my dressing room and I quickly get out of my dress and hand it to her. She takes the dress and heads back out to the guys while I put my clothes back on. Once I have everything and do a

double check to make sure I am fully covered, I head out of the dressing room to find everyone at the store entrance.

"Where's the dress? I need to go check out." I ask Sierra.

"It's all done. Happy Birthday Skylar." She hands the bags she's holding to Sam, one was a garment bag with this store's logo on it, and hugs me. "Now let's go get some sexy shoes to go with that sexy dress." She made a pointed look at my brother before hooking her arm in mine and dragging me away. We started walking toward a massive shoe store, but before we could get too far our little bubble was broken by a high pitched screech.

"BABES! What are you doing here? I thought you hated the mall. You never want to come shopping with me." Kaley's voice echoes across the large expanse of the stone mall hallways. Many people stopped to stare at her frantically, and not super gracefully, walking toward us in her dangerously high heels. I was kind of afraid of her hot pink tube skirt snapping off if she took too big of steps.

The twins were in the middle of our group. So she had to push past Oliver, Sam and Mateo to get to them. They didn't willingly get out of her way either.

"Move you big f\*ckers." She didn't bother to keep her voice down with the insult. She has been getting more bold with her distaste of people in front of the twins. Their facial expressions were amazing at how she dared to talk to them and attempted to shove them out of her way, eyes locked

on the twins. The look, a cross between outrage and annoyance, at being ordered around and then ignored by this plastic Barbie.

"You should have called me. I totally would have come with you instead of them." She rolled her eyes and hooked her thumb over her shoulder at her friends who looked like they were struggling to manage all the bags they had in hand with the teeny, form fitting outfits and high heels that coordinated with hers. She must be using them as her pack mules. "I was going to stop by later, I got something special for the both of you." She tries for a giggle again, but it sounds forced and painful. I can't see her face, but can only imagine the psychotic smile and wide eyes she uses towards them regularly.

Cam and Kota just look at each other like they were having a silent conversation about how best to navigate this situation and get rid of her without her throwing a tantrum. Sierra and I are a few feet behind the twins and she hasn't noticed us yet. I'm afraid to move for fear of gaining her attention. That is the last thing that I want, to add fuel to her already large fire of hatred for me. 1

"We are actually on our way out, sorry." Kota shrugs his shoulders, the bags in his hands shuffling, and tries to turn away from her, I'm sure hoping that was enough to end the conversation. The rest of the guys start to move too, hoping to make a quick exit, their bags also making a rustling noise. The movement allows Sierra and I to just barely see her

around the twins.




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