

## Chapter 4

KEENA

Sitting in my bedroom, I stare in the mirror at my vanity. Kayla is standing behind me curling my hair section by section.

"I don't think I am going to go to the party," I say quietly.

"What?!" Kayla screams out loudly. "You have to go. It is your party."

I shake my head back and forth and Kayla holds my head still with her hands. "Everyone would have a much better time if I didn't go."

"I wouldn't," Kayla professes and I cannot help but roll my eyes at her.

"Everyone else is here to see Faris," I tell her. "You are the only one that cares about me."

"If you don't go to the party then I am not going either," Kayla crosses her arms across her chest and pushes her bottom lip out in a little pout.

"Faris will be disappointed if you don't show up," I tell her with a little smirk on my lips.

Kayla brushes her hair behind her shoulder and rolls her eyes at me. "I don't know what you are talking about," she tries to keep a straight face but a small smile plays on her lips.

Kayla continues to curl my hair, while she ignores my protests about going. Once she is done with my hair she spins me around in my seat and begins on my make-up. Every time tears begin to form in my eyes she yells at me about messing up the makeup that she is applying to my face.

Once she is done with my make-up she squeals loudly and claps her hands together loudly. "You look amazing!" She yells out loudly.

Looking in the mirror I have to admit that Kayla did a wonderful job. I can barely recognize myself. My dark hair is flowing down my back in waves. Kayla has done my make-up with a dark smokey eye and deep red lipstick. It isn't a look that I would normally go for but for tonight I think it suits the occasion.

Kayla rushes to my closet and rifles through my clothes, tossing them on the ground as she rejects each one. "None of this will work with your new look," she grumbles to herself.

As she tosses my clothes on the ground I pick them up and place them back on the racks neatly. "Can't I just wear a little black dress or something," I try to convince as I hold up my most respectable black dress.

"Absolutely not," she shrieks. "You have to look hot to show this guy what he is missing out on." She holds up my leather skirt and a long sleeve crop top that will show way too much cleavage. She tosses me the clothes and begins to dig through my shoes. "Where are those over the knee boots," she mumbles to herself as she tosses shoes behind her.

Finally she finds the boots that she is looking for and tosses them at me as well. I hold the outfit carelessly in my hands and look at her shock. "I can't wear this," I tell her.

"Of course you can," Kayla says as she tries to strip my robe from my body.

"Kayla," I wrestle against her. "My father will lose his mind."

"Then the King can take it up with me," Kayla says as she crosses her arms across her chest. "You are eighteen. You aren't a baby anymore."

Realizing that this is a battle I am not going to win, I roll my eyes at Kayla and rush to put on the outfit that she has chosen. As I look in the mirror I pull on the top, trying to make it longer and do the same to the skirt. Kayla comes up behind me and holds my arms down at my sides.

"Look at yourself," she commands me. "You look hot and this wanna be Alpha is going to be sorry that he ever rejected you."

Looking at myself in the mirror I realize that she is right. Normally I wear clothes that keep me pretty well covered. Ever since I turned sixteen and I realized that I didn't have a lycan or a werewolf, I started dressing so I wouldn't draw more attention to myself. I am already an outcast because I am different from everyone else. But now, looking in the mirror I realize that I actually look pretty hot. I have curves in all the right places. My bright green eyes stand out against the dark makeup that Kayla has applied. Butterflies of excitement begin to flutter in my stomach as I stare at myself.

"Okay," I say as I take a deep breath. "Let's go to this party."

Squealing loudly once again, I have to plug my ears to protect them from the sound, Kayla rushes over to me and engulfs me in a giant hug. "I am so happy you decided to go," she squeals while bouncing up and down.

I cannot help but laugh at her as she hurries to put on her outfit for the night. She has chosen a velvet black mini dress that clings to her body like a second skin. What little cleavage she has is fully on display and so are her extremely long legs. She slips on a pair of bright red pumps to complete her look and grabs me by the arm, dragging me out of my room.

By the time we make it down the stairs the party is in full swing. Werewolves and lycans are throwing back drink after drink as the loud music from the DJ thumps loudly through the house. I can see my mother and my father standing off to the side. My mother has an excited look on her face, while my father looks grumpy as always. From what I understand my mother was quite the partier back in the day.

I make my way over to them and try to cover my exposed stomach with my arms. "What are you wearing?" My father's voice booms loudly over the music.

My mother, on the other hand, grabs my hand and makes me do a little spin. "I think she looks amazing," my mother says sweetly, smacking my father on the arm.

"She looks like you when we first met," my father says grumpily.

"Which is why she looks amazing, Erebus," my mother says as she reaches up and kisses my father on the cheek. "Now go," she says as she turns to me. "Go and enjoy your party."

Kayla curtsies to both of my parents with the sweetest smile on her face before dragging me off through the crowd. We make our way to the bar and Kayla orders me something that smells strongly of alcohol and fruity. "Bottoms up," she yells over the music and tips the cup to my lips.

## Comments (3)