

Chapter 42 – The Party

“The best revenge is massive success.” – Frank Sinatra

Kiya

I sat in front of my new vanity mirror, twisting out my springy curls as they laid on my bare shoulders. Mimicking corkscrews, they bounced with ease when I twisted my head from side to side. A confident smile made its way to my face as I stared at my reflection. Tonight, is the induction party for Zircon to meet Garnet.

I wonder how long it would take for someone to recognize me.

“Hoo!”

My eyes dart down to see little Diana hopping around my vanity, taking great care not to jump in any of my makeup palettes. She followed me from California, now taking refuge in the oak trees behind my room. An awkward meeting before the passage ceremony turned into an unorthodox friendship between us both. Diana disappears from time to time, meeting me in my bedroom on random nights, so imagine my shock when I found her perched in one of the trees near my room! I've grown fond of

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the little owl. I giggle, running my fingers through her colorless feathers.

Grabbing my black and white makeup palette, I did my eye makeup, generously applying silver shimmer to my cut crease. Adding thick eyeliner with wings sharp enough to stab my enemies, I complete my smokey eye makeup. Following with foundation, mascara, blush, and highlighter, I was proud of my skills. I couldn't thank Lyria enough for introducing me to makeup, with it, I was able to express myself like never before. I miss her so much.

“What do you think, Diana?” I pulled out two tubes of lipstick. “Bold color or neutral pink?”

Her beak tapped the neutral pink tube.

“Hmm. Excellent choice.” Applying on the neutral pink lipstick, I set everything with setting spray. Smoothing out my dress, I trotted towards the mirror to admire my look.

My black halter dress reached an inch above the floor, the slit revealing most of my right leg. The mermaid style fabric hugged my curves in the right places. Silver rhinestones adorned my chest area, twisting and spiraling down to my waist. The dress exposes my collarbones, shimmering with dry oil. It

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exposed my back, along with the years' old scar that stood stark against my dark complexion, although curtained by my hair. Around my neck hung the selenite necklace, humming softly with an abnormal glow. Selenite pearls glittered on my earrings and bracelets, completing my entire look. My close-toed, metallic silver heels raised me an inch with thick straps encircled my ankles, fitting snug around them.

“I look good!” I smiled. “Don’t you agree, Diana?”

Holding my arm out, Diana flew over, curling her talons around my fingers. Her head craned left and right to get a fuller view of me before hooting in satisfaction. Ah, Diana is my biggest critic.

She had excellent eyes; no pun intended.

Several knocks from my door resounded through my room. “Kiya, are you ready?”

“I’ll be out in a second!”

Diana took that as her cue to leave, hooting at me softly, caressing her head in my neck before flying out my bedroom window. Once my beloved owl flew to her new home, I walked towards the door.

Swinging it open, I see my friends dressed their best

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and in their signature colors.

“Damn, girl.” Jacqueline waggled her eyebrows suggestively. “You look delicious enough to eat...but not as delicious as this one here!” Abigail squealed when the Beta wolf assaulted her neck with kisses. Rolling my eyes playfully, I grabbed my black purse hanging by the hook and exited my bedroom.

“You’re going to knock a lot of unmated wolves out of their shoes, Ki.” Sapphire smiled in her bright blue dress. “Why did you go with black?”

I shrugged. “I wanted to look hot.”

“That’s the spirit!” Galen snaked his arm around my shoulder, a cheesy smile on his face. “Take no prisoners, Kiya! You might capture the eye of a certain Alpha—”

“Highly doubt that. He has eyes for someone else.” I rolled my eyes. But deep down, I hope that Neron notices me so he could see what he could never have and what he failed to keep close. I feel the pettiness rising within me, knowing that all eyes would be on us. Once the mark on my back is noticed, there is no doubt people would know who I am. It’s no longer a symbol of shame, but a symbol of my defiance. I defied death and lived.

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Darien adjusted with the cuff of his suit, looking mighty handsome as the fabric clung onto his muscles. His medium-length hair was gelled back, showing off more of his sharp jawline and designer stubble. Galen is in a matching suit, adorning a bright blue tie. His hair is tied in a small, low ponytail with a strand of hair framing the left side of his face.

Jacqueline is adorning a tight deep green dress that hugged every curve with black heels that raised her an inch and a half. Her long braids lay lazily on her back, swaying with every movement. Abigail sported a bright yellow dress that also hugged her curves with a flowy bottom and ruffles on her left shoulder. She tried to get away from her mate in her golden sandals, but it was impossible. She looked like the African Goddess Oshun with how the bright color made her deep melanin pop. Sapphire's dress, matching in the blue shade of her name, adorned a strapless dress brushing against her knees with the gentle frills swaying with her hips. Her blond hair is curled in beach waves and her silver high heels raised her another inch.

We all looked beautiful, and I was positive we will send this pack running with our power. Walking down the stairs, we met our Alpha, whose hazel eyes lit up upon seeing us. He wore a clean-cut white suit with a baby blue tie, like the suit he wore when he

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first became Alpha five years ago.

“Are these my warriors or America’s next top models?” He kids, shining a smile with overflowing pride. “You all look amazing.”

Red colonized on all our cheeks, feeling bashful at our leader praising us. His hands went to mine, gripping them tightly. “I’m proud of you, Little Bit. You look like you’re ready to take on the world.”

“I am, Tony.” I smiled, my cheeks blossoming with heat. “I’m not scared anymore. Do you know where the assembly hall is?”

“Yes.” He nodded. Then he offered me his arm. “Care to show your old pack what you have become?”

My smile widened further, looping my arm around his. “Most definitely.”

Third Person POV

When the Garnet Moon group entered through the double doors, all eyes were on them. Many conversations died down, and the atmosphere of the room shifted to the warrior wolves. The aura they all

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exuberate together overflowed with power, authority, confidence, and intimidation. Kiya and Anthony walked in front of the group, arms looped with each other. Followed behind them were the Beta couple, the women matched each other in step and pace, letting every unmated male in the room know that they were off the market. Behind them were Sapphire, Galen, and Darien, with the arms of the she-wolf looped with both men.

Whispers and gossip spread across the tables like an infectious disease, all conversation focused on the powerful wolves who graced them with their presence. Some were in awe, some indifferent, but many jealous. Unmated she-wolves growled in desire for the men, while the unmated men couldn't keep their eyes off either Sapphire or Kiya.

The ranked wolves and their families watched as the guests of honor took their seats close to them. The women took their seats first before the men. Amid their conversation, they all were oblivious to the controlled chaos that rolled behind them.

Odessa shifted in her seat, shuffling her seat closer to her Alpha. Her eyes couldn't stop darting to Darien, who sat six feet away from her. Her wolf growled deeply, desperate to lay her claim on the warrior. A scowl never left her face, her fingers fiddling with the golden necklace that laid on her

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neck. She wore a white dress but felt regret for the inbound sweat stains.

“Love, are you okay?” Neron whispered to her. Odessa jumped in her seat, startled.

“I’m fine, Neron.” She retorted through her teeth. “Perfectly...fine.” From the tone of her voice, she wasn’t. The earthy scent from Darien was slowly driving her mad, dousing Ariel in a pool of desire. She wanted, badly, to ignore the intoxicating scent destined to ruin her, but she remained strong. Gripping Neron’s hand, his touch worked to coax her into relaxation.

As for Neron, he glued his eyes to one person. The beautiful woman in black. A powerful wave of nostalgia washed over him as he watched her laugh with her group. She looked right at home. He was angry—he wanted to be that home for her. He wanted nothing more but to grab that woman and make sweet love to her in his bed. Soft growls erupted in his throat when he heard the lustful comments from the unmated wolves when she came through the room.

“Goddess, the she-wolf in black is hot as fuck.”

“I’d bone her if I had the chance.”

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“Is she mated? She doesn’t have a mate mark.”

“That means she’s easy pickings. I’d give anything for a night with that goddess body.”

“I call first dibs!”

Neron had to control himself to not rip the heads off those wolves. They have no right to lust over something that was rightfully his—!

Wait, his?

His heart stopped when he mentally laid his claim on Kiya. He questioned his sanity, unable to rid his horny mind of the she-wolf. Onyx continued to writhe and pant in need, adding to Neron’s growing frustration and hormones. Not only that but the woman’s face was so familiar to him. It made his heart burn painfully the longer he looked at her.

Chapter Comments

POST COMMENT

Carolyn Levall

hahahahaha damn right she
should be your's but you don't ...





Alicia Haverland

Oh Gods please don't let them
get back together. There is no ...



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