

## Borrowing Clothes

It was a warm, early spring day and the world smelled amazing. The trees were just starting to turn green and over. The grass was soft and vivid in the sunlight. Everything was perfect.

Back in November, I turned seventeen and found my mate. He was the youngest ranked member in our pack. Michael, the Gamma. He was only twenty and I was thrilled to be his mate.

We started dating, he wanted to wait to get to know me better before marking me. I was ne with it. I expected he would want to wait until I was nished with high school so I could fully focus on the duties of the Gamma female.

My parents were surprised. They probably thought my sister, Wendy, would be of a higher rank than me. Wendy still hadn't found her mate but was excited for the regional mate gathering to happen. There was an Alpha she had her eye on.

Honestly, I hoped she got him. I wanted my big sister to be happy. Even though we hadn't really gotten along since we were kids, she was my sister and I loved her.

Every afternoon, I met with Michael's mother, Sasha, to learn the ins and outs of being Gamma female. She was always kind to me. She said I really took to my lessons and would be ready for the position way before she'd thought.

I took pride in that. I would be the best Gamma female our pack had ever had. I would make my mate and my parents proud of me.

The lessons weren't hard. I was to be the second support for the Luna and there were certain jobs I would take care of in the pack. I expected, once I'd learned more and moved into the packhouse, that I would become friends with her and the Beta female.

They were both older than me, in their early twenties, and they each had a pup. I was a little behind them on producing the next heir to the position of Gamma, but I hoped to catch up as soon as I could.

Having a year to date before marking and mating for the rst time would be great. I could have as much of Michael's attention as possible. We could really connect with each other before throwing ourselves into a family relationship.

Being unmarked didn't help the urges and the jealousy I felt. He hadn't seemed disappointed when we rst met each other, so I didn't know why I felt so jealous. Maybe it was the age difference getting to me.

I'm about 5'1" with dark brown hair, blue eyes, and an athletic, yet chubby, build. I was as short as some of the kids. It really wasn't fair that I wasn't as tall as the other werewolves. None of my abilities seemed to be harmed by it, but I was short and overweight and nothing I did seemed to change it.

Most people tell me I'm very pretty, but I don't get nearly the compliments Wendy does. My face is more of the girl next door sort, but hers is stunning. Like a Hollywood actress. She's taller than me at 5'8", with generous curves and dark red hair. She has the slimmer build of most female werewolves, with an hourglass frame.

It was hard being compared to her all the time, but Michael never did. It was one of the things I loved most about him. He said it was like comparing roses to daisies. Both were completely perfect as just what they were.

I'd nished with my training a little early today so I could get ready for our standing Friday date night. Sasha told me Michael had something important to talk to me about tonight. I was hopeful it was something marking the next step in our relationship. Maybe he was going to ask to take me to the junior prom.

The school made exceptions for mates who may have already graduated, to come to events like that. I was giddy thinking of all the things I would need to prepare for junior prom. The almost summer-like weather made everything even better. I loved the warm weather because it meant there was so much more to do and experience.

This would be my rst summer with a wolf. My family always went on a month-long camping trip every summer. I was excited to go through my rst trip as a wolf. It would be a lot of fun hunting with my family.

The road curved into the cul-de-sac that my family lived on. We had a fairly nice house in the pack lands and lived in a good neighborhood. Our neighbors were all kind and helpful. I had a friend, Lydia, who lived across the way from us. She has been my best friend since pre-k.

Lydia was a few inches taller than me, 5'5". She had short blonde hair and dark brown eyes that could turn nearly black when she was mad. She had a temper, too. Everyone said it was cute that we were so opposite and such good friends.

Where she was outspoken, I was quiet. I was sporty and she was more focused on books. Of course, she only read for fun, her grades were terrible, but I tried to help her as much as I could.

I skipped into the house and up to my room. I put my backpack away and grabbed my shower basket with my soap and stuff in it. I got my towels from the back of my door and headed into the bathroom to shower.

Carefully, I scrubbed, shampooed, and shaved. The last time we'd had a date, Michael and I ended up making out in his car. I wanted to make sure I was clean, smooth, and nice smelling for him. Just in case.

When I was done, I went back to my room to dress. I had a perfect black skirt that I wanted to wear with my favorite purple wrap top and some heels. It had been six months since my birthday and I considered it our six-month anniversary.

I looked through my drawers, trying to nd the skirt, but it wasn't there. I growled. I really did love my sister, but Wendy felt like the world should revolve around her. That meant nothing was truly mine if she wanted it. Mom and Dad kind of spoiled her.

They made it to my games and important events, but they invited Wendy's friends to my birthday parties when I was little and always gave her a present, too. She got more birthday money and had more privileges. She even got a car when she turned sixteen. In everything else, they were fair.

Wrapping my towel around myself, I went to Wendy's room. The door was open and I could see her painting her toenails on her bed. She looked at me with a smile.

"What's up, Heather?" She asked.

"Did you borrow my new black skirt?"

"Oh, I meant to talk to you about that. I did borrow it. I totally planned to clean it and have it back to you before you missed it, but Chloe tripped while I was hanging out with her and spilled her paint on me.... Also, that white blouse of yours died in that incident." Wendy smiled apologetically.

"We're not even the same size, Wendy!" I groaned. "Where is it? Maybe I can get the paint out of the skirt."

"I threw it away. There was no saving it." She shrugged and turned her attention back to her nails. "Just borrow something of mine."

"Wendy. That skirt cost me three weeks' allowance! I didn't even get a chance to wear it! I'm telling mom and dad."

"They'll just tell me not to do it again. Come on, Heather. They don't want to get in the middle of our stuff. Use something of mine. I probably have something your chunky butt can t in." Wendy waved me off.

I dug through her drawers and found a dark blue skirt. It was a lot shorter than my black one and would be tight, but had a stretchy material that could work. Wendy had killer hips but was lacking in the rear. I had both hips and an ass. I was going to look so bad. I sighed.

Our styles were completely different, as were our sizes. I made sure to own very little to interest Wendy. I was certain the knee-length pleated skirt wouldn't appeal to her at all. It made me so angry.

Taking the skirt, I stormed off to my own room. I wouldn't let her ruin this for me. She was just acting out because I had a mate and she didn't. Wendy wasn't used to me having something she didn't.

If I were a crueller sister, I would rub in the fact that she didn't have a mate, but I was better than that. She wasn't worth the trouble I'd get in if I even tried, so what was the point? In the end, I had Michael and that was all that mattered.

I dressed and put on my makeup as quickly and eciently as I could. I didn't tend to wear a lot of makeup. I was a rm believer in 'less is more'. Michael appreciated it. He always said he liked my freshness.

The doorbell rang as I was slipping on my heels. The skirt barely covered anything important, but it clung to me in a way that was almost sexy. I wondered what Michael would think.

Heading downstairs, I heard him talking with my sister. Just catching up and being friendly. I was glad he got along with her, I would hate to have a mate who couldn't stand my family. Wendy could be a lot to deal with.

I arrived at the bottom of the stairs. Michael looked up with a smile that slowly disappeared. Something more heated took its place on his face. I felt myself blush at the way his eyes lingered on my legs before scanning up and taking in the rest of me.

"What are you wearing?" He asked in a strained tone.

"Wendy ruined the skirt I planned to wear, so I had to borrow one from her," I explained.

"I can't believe you would say that, Heather! Just because you wanted to dress sexier for your mate and decided to borrow my clothes to do it. Really. How old are you?" Wendy huffed.

"I'm not getting into this right now, Wendy. I have a date and I won't be late because of your playacting," I replied.

"Heather. That wasn't very kind of you. It doesn't matter how it happened. I'm just glad it did. You look... damn." Michael said.

He stood to his full height. Michael wasn't tall, compared to other wolves. He was about 5'10", which didn't matter to me. I was short enough that he was massive to me. Wendy was only a couple of inches shorter than him.

Michael had golden blond hair and ocean blue eyes. I could feel myself getting lost in them sometimes. He was thickly built and one heck of a warrior. I watched him train sometimes, and it was hot as hell. I loved having a mate who was that strong and sure of himself.

"Let's go, beautiful. I can't wait to show you off tonight." He smiled and took my hand, leading me out of the house.

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We arrived at the club in town a few minutes later. Michael said he wanted to take me out dancing. I tried to tell him how silly I looked when dancing, but he acted like I was just being modest. I really wasn't. I was truly ridiculous when I danced. I may have control over my body when playing sports, but that didn't translate to dancing skills for me.

When we got there, we were waved through by the bouncer. Ranked wolves never had to wait in line. I could totally get used to this.

Inside, he pulled me along to a table in the VIP section. The Alpha, Luna, Beta, and his mate were all sitting there. I was immediately nervous. I hadn't spent much time with them. The Luna and Beta female were so beautiful and dressed a lot less revealing than I was. I stopped short, tugging Michael back.

"I don't think I should go over there," I told him.

"Why not? My friends want to get to know you better. You've only met them once since we got together. I thought this would be a great idea for an ice breaker," He replied.

"If you'd told me we were hanging out with them, I wouldn't have dressed like this." I said.

"I can't wait to get you alone tonight, beautiful. You make me think the most distracting thoughts," Michael purred.

I blushed again. Whenever he talked like that it made me want to squeeze my thighs together. It was like he was rubbing me in all the right places, just with his words.

Instead of ducking behind him, I wrapped myself around his arm. I would own the look. I was with Michael, and he liked the way I was dressed. I wouldn't feel like less just because I was around people who were older than me.