

## Chapter 0119

“So you’re telling me, you would know who was standing next to you based on our scent and eye color alone? Even if we were dressed exactly the same?” Kota asks.

“Yeah, probably.” I shrug.

“Our parents can’t even do that.” Cam says. His tone is strange, like disbelief.

“Okay, you guys are being weird. I’m going to jump in the shower quick and change. Give me five minutes.” I turn around again and head to my room. I can hear them muttering, but I tune it out.

They are being so weird about this whole telling them apart thing. Of course they smell different, they are two separate people. Just like they have different features like eye color and their builds are a bit different, even if it is subtle. Their hair isn’t even cut and styled the same. If people are too dense to notice those kinds of differences and see them as individuals, they don’t deserve to be considered friends.

I get in and out of the shower in record time and

notice an outfit placed on my bed. I'm sure Sierra is responsible. Making sure I dress the part of a non-awkward pack member instead of recluse. I had to let out a laugh when I noticed two full outfits as I walked closer to my bed. One is a subtle but statement-making yellow halter dress that is far too short for my comfort level. The other is a pair of dark washed skinny jeans and a white sweater with an off the shoulder cut neckline. It looks amazingly soft and feminine. She at least left a cute lacey bralette. These cute tan ankle boots were left on the floor.

Apparently she thought they went with either outfit. I obviously chose the jeans. She lost her mind thinking I was going to voluntarily wear a dress to a backyard party. But, I'm sure she knew that and laid the dress out to keep me from complaining about the dressy sweater and heels. It's sad she knows me so well.

"You ready yet?" The devil herself calls from the door.

"Almost, just need to get dressed and throw my hair up." I don't need to do anything fancy, it's a bunch of warriors, not diplomats from other packs.

"Absolutely not!" She scoffs. "Get dressed, I'm doing your hair."

“We can’t take forever, the guys will come barging in here and carry us down the stairs. I would like to walk back down on my own two feet thank you very much.”

“It will only take a second. You don’t even need make-up, you’re already so tan from training, but I want you to get a little of your hair out of your face.” She gives me a deep side part, then finger combs my hair. Instead of tucking my hair behind my ear on the part side, she whips two jeweled clips out of nowhere and pins the loose strands back. It’s super simple, but looks like I put effort in. I can’t help smiling at my reflection. She always knows how to dress me up, but keeps me comfortable.

“They are literally about to bang on the door, let’s go.”

“What? How do you know that?” She looks at me funny again.

“I can smell them from here.” We are at the vanity just outside my bathroom, on the other side of the room. “Kota and Oliver are right behind my door, Cam is further away behind Kota and Mateo and Sam are behind all of them.” I shrug, heading to the door and throwing it open.

Kota had his hand raised to knock, but they all had

varying looks of surprise.

“Holy sh\*t! How did you do that?” Sierra breathes out behind me. “I couldn’t smell them til we were halfway across the room. And you got the order correct. Or at least I think you did. Did you guys change?” She asks the twins.


They both nod. “Call it a social experiment.” Cam says, looking straight at me.

“What are you trying to prove Cam?” I ask, really intrigued.

“That, so far, you are the only person who has been able to say who is who while we are dressed the same, without hints.”



“I told you, you both have different scents and eye color. That alone should be enough if people pay attention. Your hair is usually done differently and your builds are slightly different. There are so many things that make you each unique, I don’t understand.”

“And I really want to unpack the fact that you are the only one who sees those differences, but mom is starting to get impatient, we have to go.” Cam smiles at me and reaches for my hand.

 +20 BONUS

I take it and let him lead me down the stairs, but let go when we get to the second floor landing as we are accosted by people. There are so many more people now than when we went up not even fifteen minutes ago and everyone wants to talk to the guys and Sierra and surprisingly, me. We all kind of spread out mingling with the crowd, but I can still see all of them. Thank the goddess all my friends are tall. A guy I know I have seen around gets close to me and starts going on and on about something in the trials. I'm not really sure what he's talking about though, he's talking too fast to keep up. I don't really notice how close he is until I feel something brush my hand, I look down and see him stroking the outside of my hand with one finger. When I look up he's only a couple of inches from me and I freeze.

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