

# SEVENTEEN BUTTERFLIES by Anna Katmore EXCERPT

“Since when are you in charge of dressing rules in this house?” I fling back at my brother, stemming my hands to my hips.

“Since Mom asked me to come home and keep an eye on you.” His voice takes on a much sharper edge. “Now change into one of your decent dresses or the party’s off.”

My eyes find Thane’s, and I know I’ve lost this battle because his stunned glare on me scratches on cold rage. “Sorry, Sandra,” he growls as he screws the cap back on the water bottle, “but this time your brother’s right.” Totally startling me, he skirts the counter, grabs my hand—none too gently this time—and drags me out of the room.

“Where are you taking me?” I protest when there’s no chance to withstand his pull.

“Upstairs to find you more suitable clothes for tonight. You want to get kissed, not laid.”

Why the hell is he so angry? He’s the last one to get a say in my life. And still, here I am, being hauled into my room by him and wincing as he slams my door shut, cutting us off from the rest of the house. I spin around in front of my bed and cross my arms rebelliously over my chest.

“And now what?” I spit.

“Now you take those boots off.”

A cynical laugh escapes me. “My boots are none of your business.”

As Thane takes one stride closer, the air suddenly cools with his intense scowl. Two feet away from me, he folds his arms, mirroring my stance, and arches one eyebrow. “Either you take them off, or I will. You have one second.”

Jesus Christ!