

ENVY

By Rachel Loveday

Kiara watched on as Nora was attempting to talk to some pretty boy in jeans and a white T-shirt, in which his biceps were trying to break free. He also had excessively white teeth and a beer in his hand. This happened every Wednesday night and in the same nightclub. They would go out for a fun night, strictly a girls' night out and by eleven, Kiara would always watch on in anger as Nora was chatting up a potential notch in her belt, but then again, she knew that it was her own fault for subjecting herself to such torture when agreed to go out with her to begin with.

So that she didn't have to witness the usual cheesy flirting that Nora would subject her potential notch to, Kiara scanned the room hoping to find a hottie that she could flirt with, but to no avail, the only guy who was looking back at her was a balding man who looked older than her father with a smile that matched his creepiness. Kiara walked into the bathroom, her shoes sticking to vomit-and-alcohol covered floor, she managed to find a free mirror between a girl wearing a too-small dress and too much make-up and a drunk, anorectic girl.

She ran her fingers through her long, straightened dark brown hair and examined her face; her eyes stood out with the black eye shadow and eyeliner that she carefully placed on them only a few hours earlier, her cheeks were a perfect rose colour and her lips looked naturally shiny. She was wearing figure-hugging jeans and a sparkly top, she's a size twelve. Not bad, she thought to herself. Nora had short, straightened light-blonde hair and she didn't have any make-up on her face and she was wearing a little blue dress with skin-coloured high heels, she's a size eight. She was no hottie, but why was she getting the attention of every hot, age-appropriate man in the club and the only attention that Kiara was getting was from creepy, old men? Is it because she's thin? Is it because she wears tiny dresses? Is it because she binge drinks to the point where she is completely "mellow"? Or is it because she's okay with being a notch in a belt herself?

Kiara came out to see Nora grinding up against the pretty boy, she was definitely bringing him back to the flat and he would definitely be sneaking out before Nora woke up. Kiara was grateful that her inability to attract men had at least one upside.

It was then she decided that she wouldn't put up with this shit anymore; she'll let Nora make the mistake once more because it'll only happen again next week anyway. A hot, age-appropriate man looked at her with a cute smile, a drink in his hand, and an agenda. Kiara replied with a cheeky smile and a wave as she threw her coat on, called a cab and walked out the door.