

Tulane gazed down at the blue ribbon she had one from last year's competition, turning to look out the window, exhaling a deep sigh. She pounded her fist against the padded window sill in a not quite so rare display of anger.

Stupid Vaughns, she thought to herself. This is all their fault!

They sat atop all their perfectly polished and pristine white horses in their rich family mansion and yet it hadn't been enough. They had to get her disqualified too. She may have one this blue ribbon but by the end of that competition they sought to it that she'd never have one again. Accusing her of cheating, of all the things!

They wanted to ensure their victory, and boy did they get it.

But Tulane knew she had been playing fair and square then.

Perhaps now it was time to play dirty.

"You're sure about this?" The stylist, Genus, or something else weird and fancy, asked as she sat her down in a chair. Tulane nodded, narrowing her eyes at her reflection in the mirror. Genny would make sure she was unrecognizable. She would be in that competition, no matter what it took.

She was not going to let the stupid Vaughns show her up.

"Well, alright then," Genine shrugged, getting to work. Tulane had to snap at her to stop shoving her head around so roughly but by the end was pleasantly impressed by Geniah's work.

She gave Genina a nod of approval and paid her for her marvelous work, missing the tight-lipped frown the stylist gave her as she made her way back to the door.

It was time to enter this competition and show the Vaughns who exactly they messed with. They would live to regret ever sabotaging her pursuit of that blue ribbon.