

**Rose's P.O.V.**

Julie, Jake's mom, was taking me to the pack house. I wonder why? *ā*

"We are going shopping today. We are going to buy you a dress. So get some comfy shoes on." She directs and I throw on some shoes.

She leads me to her car and we drive off. I haven't been in a car for so long I can't help but look around in wonder.

"Sweetie, how long has it been since you been in a car?" Julie asks.

**When I was younger,** I shortly reply and shrug.

"You know, you remind me much of my daughter. Both quiet, in a nice way, beautiful, and very unique." She says. *ā*

**Thank you. And thanks for taking me shopping,** I say as we pull up to a dress shop.

Inside the window was an elegant, long, slim, strapless purple dress with silver beads on the upper half.

We walk into the store and Julie is immediately assisted with a dresser.

"Hello Julie. What do you need today?" The person with the thick accent asks.

"I'm here to dress my son's girlfriend for the ball tonight." She explains. *ā*

A ball? *ā*

"Right this way." He says and leads us to a section of ball dresses.

I stand in awe. There is so many dresses, so many colors, so many styles. This is amazing.

"Here is all of our options, get me if you need me." He says and winks at me, then leaves.

"You ready, Rose?" She asks. "We have to find the perfect dress for you." She explains.

**What exactly is it for?** I ask.

"Jake didn't tell you? Since you won all three fights you are now officially Luna of the Blood Moon Pack, to welcome you, we are throwing you a ball." She explains. *ā*

**You don't have to do that,** I say it of all honesty.

It's true, she doesn't have to do this. Why would she? I'm a runt, just like her husband said. *ā*

"But I want to Rose. I had my ball when I won and I became Luna also. It's tradition in our pack, and I want you to be a part of that tradition." She explains then starts looking through dresses.

She picks out 10 dresses then shoves me toward the dressing room to try them on.

The first one was a slim, yellow strapless dress. At the bottom it cut off into a slit and had ruffles going down. It was a truly perfect dress, just not on me. It fit me in all the wrong ways. Even though it was my size, it didn't fit at the hips or the chest.

The second dress was a short, purple dress. It had rhinestones bordering the upper half while the bottom half was a deep purple. It again, didn't fit my chest area and it was too long for what it's supposed to look like. It was supposed to be mid-thigh, it ended right under my knee.

The third, it had a chignon, strapless top piece that ended right above the belly button; it connected to a light teal high-low skirt. It was a very pretty dress and it almost fit. Key word: almost. It was too loose on the waist so it flopped around rather than cling to my body. *ā*

None of the dresses I ended up trying on worked. They were all too small, too big, not my color, didn't fit right, or not my style. It's was hopeless I already tried on 20 dresses.

The person that greeted us when we entered came back over to us. "Have you found anything you like?" He asks.

"Everything here is beautiful, Juan. It's just nothing fits and or looks right for Rose." Julie says.

I just watch as they exchange ideas. They were talking about color and sizes. None of it made sense to me so I just watch.

Once they come to a decision, 'Juan' walks to the back room.

"He is grabbing a dress for you." She explains.

I nod my head in understanding then watch as costumers walk around with their mothers. I wish I could still do that. I never took in the time to see how great my mom treated me. I never even said thank you, and now she is gone. I can't go shopping with her or talk about my mate with her. I feel a pang in my chest and I feel tears coming. I hold them back, a public place is not a spot to cry.

"Here you go, Rose. This is one of our exclusive dresses, it isn't even in stocks yet." Juan says handing me a dress.

I do sign language for 'thank you' and smile.

Juan smiles then pushes me into the fitting room.

I unfold the dress and the most beautiful thing lies in front of me. The dress is a light pink at the top, and is slim fit. Then at the waist it puffs out like a princess dress. The lower half of the dress is a dark red and near the waist is where the colors collide and change into an ombré. The waist of the dress has little white roses bordering it. It was beautiful.

I slowly try on the dress, not wanting to damage it with my touch. Once it's on, I realize it's the one for me. It hugs all my small curves and fits my waist. It ends exactly at my feet and the top half fits my stomach and chest perfectly.

I slowly step out of the dressing room and Julie gasps.

"That's beautiful, Rose. It's perfect on you, and it contrasts your hair perfectly." She exclaims excitedly.

I spin around for show. **I love this dress!** I admit.

She goes to the cash register and pays for it. I don't even know what the price of this dress is. I go back into the dressing room and change back to my normal clothes then go to where Julie is waiting outside. I have the dress in hand and we go back to the car.

"Next is hair, nails, and makeup." She explains and we drive to a salon.

Once we step inside, I am put into a chair and rolled away.

Right away, my hair is being brushed while my hands and feet are being grabbed. I just close my eyes and wait for it to be over.

As the people stop on my hair and are done with my nails, I open my eyes.

"I'm here to do your makeup." A teenager around my age says.

She has purple hair and her makeup is very cool.

I nod my head and she starts. She puts on gold eyeshadow, black eyeliners it's a wing and some on my waterline, she does my eyelashes for a whole five minutes, then goes to my lips.

Once she steps away and says she's done I stand up and go to a mirror. My hair was curled in a fishtail braid. The red shining from all angles. My nails were the dark red color with the ring finger having a white rose on it. My makeup had gold eyeshadow; eyeliner in a perfect wing; my eyelashes looking almost fake, with the curl and the black thickening each lash; my lips were a dark red matching my nails and dress. I stand in awe. I look so pretty.

Julie comes back and I didn't even know she was gone. She hands me a box with something in it and I open slowly. Inside was a pair of pink flats. They were pretty, having white rose designs on the sides. I see there is something else and open it. There was a necklace that had the infinity sign on it, earrings that were just white roses, and two rings. One of the rings didn't fit me, it was a lot bigger.

"The second ring is for Jake. It's called a promise ring, you each make promises that will go into the ring, and you have to keep those promises." She explains.

I put all the things down and hug her as tight as I can. **Thank you, Julie.**

"No problem, sweetie. You are a good mate for Jake so I want you to have everything you want." She says and hugs me back. *ā*

We stay like that until it's time to go back to the house to get ready for the ball. *ā*