

Their Secret Obsession

by Pippa Moon

Chapter 37 The Dress Of Dreams

Lottie POV

“I guess we are doing your hair again.” Luna chuckled as she cleared up the items that had fallen to the floor in the scuffle with my father. I watched her work gracefully and waited for her to ask questions. Goddess knows she must have tons.. from what happened with my father and me.... to what happened with her sons and I, in the bathroom...

“Shit, she must hate me!” I groaned to Sage, who was busy pacing back and forth in my head like a caged animal.

“Sage?” I asked nervously, feeling her unease eat away at us.

“Are you going to reject them?” She blurted out, making me realize that her anger was aimed at me.. no one else.

“Luna...”

“Charlotte, come sit,” Luna commanded, and I obliged anything to stop me from. answering my wolf. And it seemed Luna didn’t have any questions for me, luckily.

“Please don’t!” Sage whimpered as she settled into the back of my mind. Both of us relaxed as Laura began to run her hands back through my hair. Twenty minutes later, she had discarded the bun for an elegant ponytail, my blonde hair scraped back into a sleek point, and my long icy hair had been

straightened and hung down my back proudly. I couldn't help but notice how she had yet again tried to keep my hair from my neck.

"Do you know what is expected of you tonight?" She asked casually as she sat in front of me, applying a light layer of natural makeup to my face. "Is that why your father was here?" Chewing my lip, I thought about my visit with my father and nodded.

"Kind of." I explained, looking to the ceiling as she applied a generous layer of mascara.

"You are lucky to have such thick, long lashes, sweetheart! No need to wear fake lashes." She laughed, looking at me with a trained eye that made me blush under her expert gaze. "The downside to having such expressive eyes, though, Charlotte, is you are easy to read!" she added, tilting her head to look at me.

"Your father... It wasn't a pleasant visit? He wasn't here to congratulate you, was he? Which is why I found the boys here?"

"Have you ever known my father to be warm and fuzzy!" I smiled sarcastically, hoping that was the end of it, but knowing it wasn't.

"He doesn't approve of the match?" She asked, confusion swimming across her face, and I knew what was going through her mind and where she would be going after leaving my room.. straight to her mate to fill him in on my father's behavior. I couldn't have that! Nibbling my lip till I felt blood coat my tongue, I finally shook my head.

"He is nervous about me having two mates... he wants to make sure I am ok. That is all." I lied, hoping I was convincing, but given the way she raised a brow at me, I hadn't been. But she said nothing.

"Is the dress the boys want me to wear revealing?" I asked with a sigh, hoping to change the subject. I was genuinely apprehensive about seeing what they had picked because I hated being the center of attention.

“Why do you say that?” She asked, holding her hand out to help me up.

“Because Connie always wears...”

“Scraps of fabric that make her look like a hooker?” Luna asked with a smirk over her shoulder as she led me to the box that sat on the bed.

“Very little.” I laughed, not sure how to respond to Luna being so catty. Old me would have giggled with her, but I was mated to her sons now; I didn’t want her to think I was childish and immature and have her join my father in his views that I wasn’t good enough!

“Come see for yourself. I personally think it’s beautiful.” She smirked as she sat on the edge of my bed and pushed a box across it to me. Running the soft silk bow through my fingers. I let out the breath I was holding and pulled the ribbon, lifted the lid and stared open-mouthed at the dress folded delicately into the box.

“Is this...” I whispered, running my finger over the soft lilac fabric I had seen once before in pictures from the ball where Luna had met her mate, our alpha, and her new life had begun. “Your dress?” I asked nervously. Looking up at my Luna to see her swallowing the lump in her throat while nodding to me. Luna looked beautiful that night from the pictures I had seen proudly displayed throughout the pack house in the long elegant fabric. Now, though, I could see how it shimmered in the light from the beautiful beading that built the pleats around the bust.

“I can’t wear this!” I gasped, “Somehow, it is more beautiful in person.” I smiled as I lifted it from the box to look at it closer. Not growing up with my mother, I would remember this feeling forever; I could only imagine this was a standard bonding experience between mother and daughter. Something I didn’t realize I missed until now!

“I assure you, you can!” She smiled, running her fingers over the plunging V-line neckline. “I am too old to wear this now... and I would love to see it get the attention it deserves.”

“Lilly... she will be so angry!” I whispered cautiously.

“Lilly was offered it for tonight; she told me she would not be caught dead wearing it. She wanted something new!” Luna expressed the sadness in her eyes not lost on me. I didn’t understand Lilly; I loved her, but who in the right mind would turn down this dress?

“You apparently!” Sage muttered.

“I would be honored to wear it..” I confessed, licking my lips to distract myself from the tears I felt forming. “But I can’t promise to do it the justice you did.” I chuckled honestly.

“Kane and Knox seem to think you will.” She smiled, nodding for me to strip out of my current attire, but my body wouldn’t move hearing her words. I had assumed she was offering it to me and that Kane and Knox were clueless to the meaning behind it.

“Kane and Knox have seen this dress?” I asked, hoping for clarification but trying to be subtle, clearly failing, given the smirk on her lips...

“Seen the dress...” She laughed, shaking her head. “Kane asked me if wear it this morning. He said it was the dress he had always envisioned his mate wearing when he finally presented her to the pack.

“And that, my dear... would be you... Tonight!”