

Chapter 3 Pretty in Pink

Willow's POV

After Father told me the news, I rushed to the pack house kitchen to get started on the macarons. I made ve different avors of macarons so that there was a little bit of everything for people to try. The avors were chocolate, strawberry, blueberry, key lime, and peach. I was in the zone while humming a happy tune the whole time I was baking.

There were a few omegas in the large kitchen with me working on other foods for the party in two days. It looked as though they were whispering to each other while glancing my way often. It honestly didn't bother me because I was in my own little world at that moment in time. I was too happy to let anyone or anything upset my mood. The best part was that Dad and I were to go out dress shopping as soon as I was nished baking.

Once all the shells were done baking in the oven, I got started on the different cream fillings. It took me hours, but I was able to make hundreds of little macarons. I boxed them up by the different avors, labeled them, and then put them away to be served later. Made sure to make a dozen extra blueberry macarons just for Dad that got put in a different box and labeled it with his name.

After cleaning up my mess, I ran home to shower. Needed to get all the sweat and our off of me before I went out shopping. I jumped out of the shower to towel off my hair the best I could before hitting it with a hairdryer. After a good brushing, I went into my room to get dressed. Wanted something that I could easily slip on and off so that I could try on dresses faster. So I grabbed my baby blue sundress with spaghetti straps and rued trim and nude, slip-on shoes.

I rushed out of my bedroom and headed straight for the pack house. Dad was in the Alpha's oce going over some last-minute stuff for the party so I waited in the lobby until they were done. I was looking at the large, cylinder sh tank that was in the center of the lobby when I heard a female voice speaking very loudly.

"I mean, why is she even still here? It's obvious that she set the whole thing up just to get together with Sam." Hearing Sam's name piqued my interest so I tried to listen to what else was being said about him.

"Calling in hunters to attack Alpha Jason is not only low but considered treason against the pack." That made me look around to see who was talking. Peaking around the sh tank, I saw the group of my worst bullies.

It was four she-wolf warriors that were always clinging onto Samuel either on the pack lands or back when we were in school. Most of them found their mates, however, their leader Edith was still single and hoping to become Sam's chosen mate. All of them were glaring at me for some reason, though it was one of two looks they always gave me. If it wasn't the glare then it was the sneer right after they did something to me.

There was the time I was pushed into a locker or janitor's closet, had my head forced into the toilet, my clothes stolen and then shredded while I was in the gym shower, books and homework destroyed, and nally any number of things put in my seat just before I sat down. And that was just at school. Worse things were done to me while in the pack house or doing chores.

"Just look at how happy she is right now, can she be more obvious?" Wait, they were talking about me? What did I do this time?

"How else would you explain that she just happened to show up to nd Alpha Jason and then save him? She had to have set it up."

I felt the color drain from my face as soon as I realized what they were saying. They thought I had the Alpha attacked just so I could get with Sam? That was completely outrageous! Someone needed to put the record straight and it was nally going to be me that did it. I was nally going to stand up for myself to Edith and her gang of harpies. Just as I was about to march over to tell them what's what, my Dad showed up and touched my shoulder.

"Hey, moon child. Ready to go?"

"Just a second, Dad. I need to talk to Edith." His grip on my shoulder tightened as he pulled me back closer to him.

"Willow, don't do it."

"But-"

"The only butt around here should be yours heading to the car."

"Fine," I sighed before I turned around to head out of the lobby. We got into Dad's Mustang once again and headed to a dress boutique in town. Once inside, Dad headed straight to the formal dresses. He nally seemed as excited as me about the party.

"What color do you think you should wear? I'm sure you'll look stunning in any of these dresses."

"I don't know, Dad. I've never worn anything nicer than that dress you got me to wear for graduation."

"That's because you refused to go to the school dances."

"And do what, stand by the wall the whole time? No one would have asked me to dance with them."

"Because Daddy would have cut off their hands if they touched you." That made me chuckle a bit, though I was still sad that no one liked me growing up. And now Edith was spreading a rumor that I set up Alpha Jason.

"Dad... do you know about what the others are saying?"

"What do you mean?" Yeah, Dad knew what I was talking about. It was the change in his voice that cued me in immediately. His pitch got a bit higher when he tried to lie to me.

"That I got Alpha Jason hurt on purpose just to get to be with Samuel." Dad froze in mid-motion as it was pushing dresses along the rack. A scowl grew on his face which made his expression dark. "You heard them didn't you?"

"Yes, I did hear them. Alpha Jason and I had been trying to squash the rumors, but it doesn't seem to be working." When he looked over at me, his expression softened. "I was hoping to shield you from such awful things."

"Thank you, Dad. But if I'm going to become Luna, I'm going to hear that and much more. You can't protect me from all of it."

"No, but I'm going to damn well try." I went over and hugged him tight, squeezing his waist a bit.

"Love you, Dad."

"Love you too, Willow. Now, time for dresses!" He pulled a few off the rack before handing them to me. I went off to the changing room to try them on.

The rst few dresses were rejected right away for one reason or another. What got me was that these were all dresses he picked out himself, so I didn't see why he would say no. When he nally narrowed it down to a style of dress, he tried to pick the right color for me to wear. When I walked out wearing one dress in particular, I saw that Dad's eyes got all misty.

"It's perfect," he choked before he had me do a spin.

The dress was a pearl pink ball gown with a white, oral lace overlay. The owers were concentrated at the top and faded out the further down the dress you looked. It had cuffed sleeves with more of the same lace over the pink material. I got a good look at myself in the mirror and couldn't help but smile.

"Do you think Sam will like it," I asked. My heart was racing as I pictured myself standing on the stage next to my rst love, holding hands.

"If he doesn't, I know what I'll do to him."

"Daddy," I scolded him before returning to looking at myself in the mirror. "Can we get this one, please?"

"Of course, moon child. Anything for you."