

Chapter 4 Pack Life

Willow's POV

Dad paid for the dress and took me to a beauty salon. One of the professionals did my makeup there to see what colors would work on me and the dress I picked out. She said she used nude pinks for my makeup to highlight my natural beauty. Looking at myself in the mirror once she was done, I couldn't believe that it was my reaction looking back at me. I was so pretty that I nearly cried. The lady showed me how to apply the makeup on myself on the day of the party, and Dad bought everything that was used to doll me up.

We got back into Dad's car and headed back to the house. As we drove along the road inside the pack lands, I noticed many people watching us. It made me highly uncomfortable, especially when their eyes were full of malice. And it was all directed towards me. I scooted down into my seat to hide from prying eyes, yet it didn't work out so well. What made things worse was a crowd waiting for us in front of our house.

"Stay in the car and lock the door," he instructed me before leaving. When his door closed, I reached over and clicked the lock button to lock both doors. I watched in the rearview mirror as Dad tried to chase everyone off, yet it wasn't working. What started as murmurs quickly turned to yelling and screaming, and all of it was about me.

I covered my ears with my hands, not wanting to hear the nasty things the teenagers and adults were all saying about me. Things got worse as someone threw something at Dad's back window. It must have been a tomato because it created a red splat that slowly dripped down the glass. That caused more shouting and more things to be thrown in my direction. I couldn't stop the tears running down my cheeks and the sobs that ripped through my throat. Why were they being so horrible?

Just as I had a panic attack and struggled to breathe correctly, a roar crashed through the area before the Alpha's commanding voice ordered everyone to leave. A moment later, Dad approached my door and tapped on the window. "It's okay now, sweetie. You can open the door now." My hands pulled away from my ears, and I struggled to grab the door handle to unlock and open my door. As soon as the door clicked, Dad ripped the door wide open before kneeling next to me. "Breathe, Willow. Just breathe slowly. In through the nose and out through the mouth."

I tried to do what he said but shook my head after a few breaths. It was hard to get the air my body was demanding through my nose alone. He encouraged me to continue until I finally calmed down. "My head hurts," I whispered before seeing Alpha Jason walk over.

"Is she alright, Martavis?"

"Nothing that some Ibepson and a cup of hot chocolate can't fix. Thank you, Alpha Jason."

The Alpha shook his head sadly. "Honestly, what kind of pack am I running to have so many attacks on their beta's daughter like that?"

"I suggest you talk to the one that started those horrible rumors," Father spoke sternly. If anyone else talked to Alpha Jason like my Dad, their head might have gone flying. That was bold of him to do towards his friend.

Alpha's face became rigid, grinding his teeth as he looked at my Father. "I still say that."

"Are you still going to deny the facts after chasing them off my property," Martavis shouted his question. I reached out and touched my dad's arm, hoping to stop him from getting into trouble. He looked at me and sighed sadly. "Thank you again, Alpha Jason. But I need to tend to my daughter now."

He grabbed the garment bag and the bag with all the makeup before picking me up princess-style. Dad walked into the house just like that without looking at Alpha Jason again. After he set me down on the couch, he put the things we bought off to the side until I could take care of them.

"I'm sorry, Dad," I spoke gently.

"What are you sorry for, my moon child? None of this is your fault."

"Yes, it is. If I were a wolf instead of a human, you wouldn't have these problems. If I were your real daughter, the rest of the pack wouldn't look down on you right now. Maybe I never should have wandered into the pack lands in the first place?"

"Hey, don't you ever talk like that about yourself again. Do you hear me?" Dad sat beside me before holding my face, forcing me to look at him. "You are my daughter. I chose you to be my child. And I am so thankful you found your way to this place so I could choose you to be with me. Most parents don't get to pick who will be their child. So, I consider myself lucky that I got that option. I love you so much. Don't you ever forget that."

He then hugged me, where I buried my face into his shirt. My arms wrapped around his back and gripped his shirt tightly. We stayed like that until I decided to let go. "I love you too, Dad." That made him smile while he patted my head.

"I think we should go out to eat tonight. What do you say?"

"But you already spent so much on me today. The dress alone cost you a pretty penny."

"I don't get to spoil you enough lately."

"You spoil me enough, Dad," I retorted. He chuckled a bit before looking at me with pleading eyes.

"Once more before the Alpha turns you over to Samuel? Can you grant your old man that much?" After I get named future Luna, I won't have much time to myself. Luna Victoria would have to start my training for when I take over her job. I wouldn't be seeing as much of my father then. That thought alone made me upset.

"Okay, one more time, I guess." He kissed my forehead before getting up.

"Sadly, we'll have to wipe off your makeup now. That crowd ruined that lady's work." Dad grabbed the makeup wipes from the shopping bag and handed them to me. I went to my bathroom to use the mirror to ensure I got everything off. My face didn't look great as the eyeliner and mascara were smeared down my cheeks from my tears. The eyeshadow and blush were smudged from when I smothered myself into my Dad's chest.

Once finished, I threw the used wipes away and returned to the living room to grab the dress bag and shopping bag. I hung my new, gorgeous dress in my closet and put makeup on my vanity. All was to be used and worn in two days. I would show Sam how beautiful I could be just for him in two days. After returning to the living room, Dad discussed where I wanted to go for dinner. We finally agreed on a local steak house restaurant and left when Dad cleaned off his Mustang.

Sleep didn't come to me quickly that night; when I did sleep, that horrible nightmare that plagued me some nights woke me back up. I could never remember the terror, just that I was always scared, and running was involved. Most nightmares were never that bad. However, that particular nightmare always made me scream loud enough to wake my Father so that he had to rush into my room to calm me back down. I always felt bad afterward because I knew he stayed awake for a while, even after returning to his room to make sure the nightmare didn't repeat itself after I went to sleep.