

# The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 51 -

35–45 minutes

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## The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 51

### 51 – Dinner and a Show

(Wille)

I felt loose; my body did, at least after Cespein's careful attention. However, my mind was back on full alert. It might have been some primal part of me that sensed danger. It knew that I was willingly heading back to the people and the place that caused me so much life-altering suffering.

Breath.

In and out.

It was hard to remember to do that as my throat was constricting. I wondered what they would think of me.

Who cares what they think of you? We are royalty now, Iris preened in my head.

My anxiety felt like it was closing in on me as we pulled up to the too-familiar gates. A bit of hurt and longing mixed in.

This was home; for most of my life, this had been my home. I missed the familiarity and hated that I felt this way coming back to it.

But what I didn't feel was the pain anymore. Nolen was barely a thought.

I was nervous, yes, but I knew I could stand up to him, to them, because he didn't affect me like he used to.

"Ready, princess?" Cespein held out his hand after tiding his soft hair that I ruined. I didn't feel a slight bit bad about that though.

I placed my hand in his, and let him lead me out of the dreamlike limo.

Omegale came up to help with our bags and guided us.

“Your room has your name on it,” One of them I had never seemed before curtsied and averted her gaze, “Would you like us, or me, to show you? The dinner has just started.”

“We can find it on our own,” Cespien’s voice was cold but gentle, “Thank you.” We walked towards the main door our hands intertwined.

I felt his aura seep out of him, it didn’t affect me, but I could sense it. It felt almost cool. It was powerful in an efficient and unrelenting way. I was in awe of it. It brushed up on my senses, but it was almost calming, protective.

“I know what you’re doing,” I whispered. He never let his aura actually expand intentionally. I knew he kept it tightly locked away, and even that was too much for most to handle.

He cracked a small smile but kept looking ahead.

Omega’s opened the front doors for us, which seemed like a bit much. Cespien scanned the area and gave a slight nod to the warrior I recognized from the shopping trip.

I took a deep breath and settled into myself, trying to emulate the mixture of Cespien’s cool confidence and Celi’s fiery take-no-prisoners brand of confidence. They both seemed to know what they deserved and didn’t apologize for it, and even if I didn’t truly believe it myself I could fake it. I hoped at least.

We deserve this – Iris came in – I always knew I was born to be a princess – she preened in my head.

Cespien squeezed my hand gently, and it was enough to ground me, to help settle some of the butterflies trying to claw their way out of my chest.

We were led to the formal dining room, even though I could find this room with my eyes closed. Loud chatter pulsed against the closed double doors. Omegas were stationed there and opened them for us before I could think.

This was it.

The room quieted, and all eyes turned to us. The only thing I could hear was my thundering heartbeat against my chest.

Cespien raised our hands slightly in front of us; it felt very formal but gave me a confidence boost I wasn’t expecting. I focused on taking one step in front of the others as Iris chanted empowering mantras in my head.

I kept my eyes level as Cespien led me into the room but didn’t take one step in front of me. He guided me, not led, and I appreciated it.

Hushed whispers followed in our wakes as my train swished past them. I was thankful for the other sounds, or else I was sure everyone could hear my erratic heart.

We stopped, and I came back into myself. The train of my dress pooled around me like water, and I fought the urge to touch it. I wanted to keep the picture of calm.

“Alphe Nolen,” Cespien said, his voice dark and devoid of emotion. I couldn’t help the shiver that his powerful voice sent to my core, though.

Easy, Princess – Cespien linked me, and I smiled.

“Prince, Drecos. Alphe, Drecos,” Nolen stammered. I met the gaze of my ex-mete. I was surprised and relieved to find that I was unaffected by him when I met his familiar brown stare.

“I don’t think I have formally introduced my mete, Wille Belfour, the future princess of the royal Drecos line.” Cespien looked at me, and my eyes snapped to him. We honestly never talked about me actually taking the title, but I didn’t care. Cespien knew how to play this game better than anyone. His eyes softened when they met mine but his face was still set.

“Alphe Nole,” I forced my gaze away from my mete and nodded my head towards him, only slightly, and turned to Cemille.

Her mouth was hanging open, and I was surprised to find that I looked in it. It filled me with some twisted inner warmth. Her blonde hair, perfect as always, was piled on her head in an intricate updo. She was wearing a tight black dress covered in sequins with long flowing sleeves.

“Lune Cemille,” The words denced off my lips pushed by the warmth inside of me. No malice in them, just politeness, “Thank you for inviting us into your home.”

She opened her mouth and then shut it again, looking like a fish out of water. I didn’t break my stare and kept my polite smile.

“What a lovely party,” I honestly didn’t notice anything about it yet, I was far too focused on not tripping over myself or my words, “And a fantastic dress,” Her face turned bright red, but I wasn’t sure why.

Was she mad at me? After what she did? The thought was laughable.

“Um, take a seat.” Nolen’s voice sounded dry, and he motioned to the place of honor next to him.

“Alphe Nolen, Lune Cemille,” Cespien said; somehow, his greeting sounded more like a dismissal. His power seemed to pulse from him, and I saw both of them try to fight the submission they felt.

I nodded to both of them politely, not breaking eye contact, and let Caspian lead me around the table.

(Nolen)

The dining room had been set for hours, and even I checked in on the decorations. Cemille and I welcomed the visiting Alphas, and Lunes and Omegas showed them to their rooms before we left to get ourselves ready.

No sign of The Prince, but he wasn't one to waste time showing up before he needed to, or so I hoped.

My mom was bustling around the dining room. Cemille frowned at her display but thankfully said nothing. We mingled with the other guests, but I kept glancing at the dining room doors. If The Prince didn't show up, that would make this whole thing really embarrassing for our peck. It was now publicly known that he was to attend and bring his mate. Even the Alphas that previously said they couldn't make it magically rearranged their schedules to be in attendance.

Partially because he had more sway over peck matters and could help get things done, but I knew the real reason was out of their curiosity. He rarely showed himself, and to have him come with his mate, the first glimpse of her outside their peck, no one would miss that chance.

Cemille made the announcement to be seated for dinner, I grabbed her elbow gently and steered her to our seats. A short head table just for us two and the prince and his mate. My Bete and Gemme and both of our parents were seating in a longer one next to us.

I wanted to be seen with him and him alone. I also wanted to get in with him, he always was so short and cold and this would be my chance to get him to talk.

"He's still not here," Cemille hissed, glancing at the empty chairs next to us. I didn't know what to tell her, her worries mirrored my own.

This would be embarrassing if he didn't show.

A cold aura filled the room. It felt constricting, powerful, all-consuming. Cemille clutched my hand. He was here, at least there was that, even if I felt like I couldn't breathe, and he wasn't even in the dining room.

Complete silence fell before the doors even opened. I had never heard quiet like it, not at a party, at least. The air buzzed with anticipation, but it was nothing to quell the sense of rumbling power that was The Prince.

(Willa)

I felt loose; my body did, at least after Caspian's careful attention. However, my mind was back on full alert. It might have been some primal part of me that sensed danger. It knew that I was willingly heading back to the people and the place that caused me so much life-altering suffering.

Breath.

In and out.

It was hard to remember to do that as my throat was constricting. I wondered what they would think of me.

Who cares what they think of you? We are royalty now, Iris preened in my head

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This was home; for most of my life, this had been my home. I missed the familiarity and hated that I felt this way coming back to it.

But what I didn't feel was the pain anymore. Nolan was barely a thought.

I was nervous, yes, but I knew I could stand up to him, to them, because he didn't affect me like he used to.

"Ready, princess?" Caspien held out his hand after tiding his soft hair that I ruined. I didn't feel a slight bit bad about that though.

I placed my hand in his, and let him lead me out of the dramatic limo.

Omegala came up to help with our bags and gaped at us.

"Your room has your name on it," One of them I had never seemed before curtsied and averted her gaze, "Would you like us, er me, to show you? The dinner has just started."

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"I know what you're doing," I whispered. He never let his aura actually expand intentionally. I knew he kept it tightly locked away, and even that was too much for most to handle.

He cracked a small smile but kept looking ahead.

Omega's opened the front doors for us, which seemed like a bit much. Caspien scanned the area and gave a slight nod to a warrior I recognized from the shopping trip.

I took a deep breath and settled into myself, trying to emulate a mixture of Caspien's cool confidence and Cali's fiery take-no-prisoners brand of confidence. They both seemed to know what they deserved and didn't apologize for it, and even if I didn't truly believe it myself I could fake it. I hoped at least.

We deserve this – Iris came in – I always knew I was born to be a princess – she preened in my head.

Caspien squeezed my hand gently, and it was enough to ground me, to help settle some of the butterflies trying to claw their way out of my chest.

We were led to the formal dining room, even though I could find this room with my eyes closed. Loud chatter pulsed against the closed double doors. Omegas were stationed there and opened them for us before I could think.

This was it.

The room quieted, and all eyes turned to us. The only thing I could hear was my thundering heartbeat against my chest.

Caspien raised our hands slightly in front of us; it felt very formal but gave me a confidence boost I wasn't expecting. I focused on taking one step in front of the other as Iris chanted empowering mantras in my head.

I kept my eyes level as Caspien led me into the room but didn't take one step in front of me. He guided me, not led, and I appreciated it.

Hushed whispers followed in our wake as my train swished past them. I was thankful for the other sounds, or else I was sure everyone could hear my erratic heart.

We stopped, and I came back into myself. The train of my dress pooled around me like water, and I fought the urge to touch it. I wanted to keep the picture of calm.

“Alpha Nolan,” Caspien said, his voice dark and devoid of emotion. I couldn't help the shiver that his powerful voice sent to my core, though.

Easy, Princess – Caspien linked me, and I smiled.

“Prince, Dracos. Alpha, Dracos,” Nolan stammered. I met the gaze of my ex-mate. I was surprised and relieved to find that I was unaffected by him when I met his familiar brown stare.

“I don't think I have formally introduced my mate, Willa Balfour, the future princess of the royal Dracos line.” Caspien looked at me, and my eyes snapped to him. We honestly never talked about me actually taking a title, but I didn't care. Caspien knew how to play this game better than anyone. His eyes softened when they met mine but his face was still set.

“Alpha Nola,” I forced my gaze away from my mate and nodded my head towards him, only slightly, and turned to Camilla.

Her mouth was hanging open, and I was surprised to find that I basked in it. It filled me with some twisted inner warmth. Her blonde hair, perfect as always, was piled on her head in an intricate updo. She was wearing a tight black dress covered in sequins with long flowing sleeves.

“Luna Camilla,” The words danced off my lips pushed by the warmth inside of me. No malice in them, just politeness, “Thank you for inviting us into your home.”

She opened her mouth and then shut it again, looking like a fish out of water. I didn’t break my stare and kept my polite smile.

“What a lovely party,” I honestly didn’t notice anything about it yet, I was far too focused on not tripping over myself or my words, “And a fantastic dress,” Her face turned bright red, but I wasn’t sure why.

Was she mad at me? After what she did? The thought was laughable.

“Um, take a seat.” Nolan’s voice sounded dry, and he motioned to the place of honor next to him.

“Alpha Nolan, Luna Camilla,” Caspien said; somehow, his greeting sounded more like a dismissal. His power seemed to pulsate from him, and I saw both of them try to fight the submission they felt.

I nodded to both of them politely, not breaking eye contact, and let Caspien lead me around the table.

(Nolan)

The dining room had been set for hours, and even I checked in on the decorations. Camilla and I welcomed the visiting Alphas, and Lunas and omegas showed them to their rooms before we left to get ourselves ready.

No sign of The Prince, but he wasn’t one to waste time showing up before he needed to, or so I hoped.

My mom was bustling around the dining room. Camilla frowned at her display but thankfully said nothing. We mingled with the other guests, but I kept glancing at the dining room doors. If The Prince didn’t show up, that would make this whole thing really embarrassing for our pack. It was now publicly known that he was to attend and bring his mate. Even the Alphas that previously said they couldn’t make it magically rearranged their schedules to be in attendance.

Partially because he had more sway over pack matters and could help get things done, but I knew the real reason was out of their curiosity. He rarely showed himself, and to have him come with his mate, the first glimpse of her outside their pack, no one would miss that chance.

Camilla made the announcement to be seated for dinner, I grabbed her elbow gently and steered her to our seats. A short head table just for us two and the prince and his mate. My Beta and Gamma and both of our parents were seating in a longer one next to us.

I wanted to be seen with him and him alone. I also wanted to get in with him, he always was so short and cold and this would be my chance to get him to talk.

“He’s still not here,” Camilla hissed, glancing at the empty chairs next to us. I didn’t know what to tell her, her worries mirrored my own.

This would be embarrassing if he didn’t show.

A cold aura filled the room. It felt constricting, powerful, all-consuming. Camilla clutched my hand. He was here, at least there was that, even if I felt like I couldn’t breathe, and he wasn’t even in the damn room.

Complete silence fell before the doors even opened. I had never heard quiet like it, not at a party, at least. The air buzzed with anticipation, but it was nothing to quell the sense of rumbling power that was The Prince.

The doors opened, and he walked in. He held the hand of a gloved woman in a striking black gown. She emanated confidence, and there was an air of certainty about her, but I would expect nothing less from a mate of a prince.

She was absolutely stunning, a striking beauty that still seemed understated. My stomach flipped at the sight of her.

My brows tugged together; something was off, this scene, this woman jolted my memory.

Mate – My wolf Toby growled in my head.

No.

That was Willo.

Our Willo.

My Willo.

The prince chose her as a mate? There was no way. This had to be some sort of ploy to get revenge. I don’t know what she offered him, though, in exchange.



That's my dress. That girl stole it – Comillo came into my mind, tugging at my arm. I could feel the anger rolling off of her, cutting through my shock.

That's Willo I said back, and Comillo turned to look at me; her eyes widened in disbelief before she slowly looked back towards the couple approaching us. Her arm slackened at my side.

I couldn't believe it. Toby was restless seeing her. Was she always this beautiful?

Her dark hair shone off the low lights hanging above us; it was pulled off of her beautiful face and twisted in a crown on her head.

Her lips, her plump, perfect lips, were painted a deep red, and her eyes, those green eyes that were a shade not from this world, were bright and big against dark makeup.

What game was she playing?

My eyes trailed to her figure. Her full breasts were pushed up slightly against the dress with every steady breath that she took. Her soft skin was perfect, glowing under the dim lights, and her work-

Her work, his work?

I scanned the Prince, and he was wearing a matching work.

It couldn't be.

This was real.

Toby was running around in my head, whimpering in pain. He never wanted me to reject Willo; he knew nothing would compare to the mate bond. Over time he accepted our chosen mate, but seeing her now, he was agitated, anxiously pacing.

They stopped in front of us, Willo's eyes, full of adoration, went to The Prince.

"Alpha Nolon," The Prince said; it took everything in me to meet his cold stare. He had a stare that seemed to assess you and find you of no importance; it made my skin crawl.

Willo smelled the same, sweet and alluring, but her scent was changed now, mixed with something spicier. I took a deep breath, and Toby calmed a little in my mind.

Her scent was mixed with the familiar sweet scent of her arousal, my dick unwillingly hardened at the scent. Images of me claiming her in every way for the first time flashed in my mind.

I could smell him on her, too, ingrained in her very scent and her arousal. That thought snatched me out of my lust.

It enraged my wolf further, knowing that he had been where we had, laid his claim to our mate.

The Prince's eyes clouded over, and Willo's full lips tugged back in a smile.

"Prince, Drocus. Alho, Drocus," I muttered.

Willo moved her gaze to mine, and I was rooted to the spot; my breath was caught in my throat, but it wasn't because of the proximity to The Prince radiating near-crippling power.

"I don't think I have formally introduced my mate, Willo Bolfour, the future princess of the royal Drocus line." Willo removed her gaze from mine and looked back at The Prince.

"Alho Nolo," She looked back, her striking eyes held mine for a moment, but too soon they were gone, looking at my chosen mate.

"Luno Comillo," She greeted her with a soft voice that felt warm, "Thank you for inviting us into your home."

Comillo opened her mouth and shut it multiple times. Comillo says something, I silently pleaded. She was embarrassing me.

"What a lovely party," Willo's sweet voice went on, "And a fantastic dress," Willo gave her a bright smile that seemed genuine.

I could feel the waves of anger rolling off Comillo, and she said nothing. Great impression.

I invited them to take a seat and had to watch The Prince pull out a seat for her and help her arrange her dress around the chair. When he sat down again, he took her hand in his and rubbed his lips over the back of her knuckles.

Goddess, I wanted to do that.

(Willo)

Do you want the place of honor? Cospien linked me, meaning the seat right next to Nolon. I shook my head once, smiling.

Cospien pulled out my chair for me, and I took a long sip of champagne, thanking the omega that filled it. Now that we were seated, chatter burst around us, but all eyes were on our table, but I could do it. I got over the hard part.

Cospien reigned in his aura, tucking it away. It still seeped out, but I could feel the tension in the room dissipate and see people breathe easier.

"Have I told you how amazing you look tonight?" Cospien's lips brushed my neck.

“A few times,” I shrugged giving him a smile.

Behave, Prince,

I cannot wait to have you naked under me.

I clenched my legs together at the thought. Cospien sniffed the air, and a satisfactory grin appeared on his face for a second before it dropped back to schooled neutrality.

Nolon didn't say anything for a long moment, and Cospien and I studied the room, my hand hovering between the table and his lips. It was a comforting thing, and I didn't mind the display. I knew it wasn't put on for a show; he craved the contact as much as I did, it grounded me.

“We're elated you could come,” Nolon's voice sounded forced.

“We have some things we need to discuss,” Cospien responded, but he was looking at me.

“Oh,” Nolon tried to sound passive, but his voice gave him away, “What's that?” He aggressively buttered his roll, and I fought from rolling my eyes.

“It's something to be discussed with all the Alphas,” Cospien responded, dropping my hand to pick up his fork.

I hated these long tables. They were more for show than actual conversation. The other tables were round and actually stimulated conversation. I knew we were chosen for this one to be on display, for Nolon to speak to his chosen guest in front of everyone else. Comillo and I couldn't converse with anyone else besides our mates. It felt orhoic.

“Do you remember what you told me when I first met you?” It took me a moment to realize Cospien was speaking to me.

“No,” I shook my head; that night, it was a blur. Less painful now, but I wished I could have remembered Cospien that night.

“I mentioned how I hated how forced these events felt,” He smiled, leaning closer to me.

“I wouldn't disagree with you there,” I breathed back; my heart accelerated at his proximity, even in a room full of people.

“I said I would prefer something intimate, and you told me that sounded like a hell of an idea,” He gave me his smile, my smile.

“Sounds about right,”

“But then you said that the Lunos might die of boredom, and I think that was the first time I laughed at one of these events.” He grabbed my hand again.

“Agoin, onother foir point mode by post me.” I didn’t look owoy from his foce; his smile held firm.

“As olwoys, princess.” He brushed his lips to my knuckles.

Omegos whisked our plotes owoy ond continued on with the next course. I forgot how incredibly boring ond orchestroted these things were.

Finolly, the dessert was cleored, ond we were to moke our woy outside for cocktoils while the dining room was to be transformed for the boll.

I stifled o yown os Cospien helped me up.

“Tired olreedy?”

“Bored,” I whispered bock.

“Moybe we con leove eorly, we showed foce, ond I just wonted to come for the conference onywoys.”

“We’re here now; let’s do this right. Let’s go schmooze the Alphas.” I leoned my heod on his orm.

The doors opened, and he walked in. He held the hand up of a gloved woman in a striking black gown. She emanated confidence, and there was an air of certainty about her, but I would expect nothing less from a mate of a prince.

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They stopped in front of us, Willa's eyes, full of adoration, went to The Prince.

"Alpha Nolan," The Prince said; it took everything in me to meet his cold stare. He had a stare that seemed to assess you and find you of no importance; it made my skin crawl.

Willa smelled the same, sweet and alluring, but her scent was changed now, mixed with something spicier. I took a deep breath, and Toby calmed a little in my mind.

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I could smell him on her, too, ingrained in her very scent and her arousal. That thought snapped me out of my lust.

It enraged my wolf further, knowing that he had been where we had, laid his claim to our mate.

The Prince's eyes clouded over, and Willa's full lips tugged back in a smile.

"Prince, Dracos. Alpha, Dracos," I muttered.

Willa moved her gaze to mine, and I was rooted to the spot; my breath was caught in my throat, but it wasn't because of the proximity to The Prince radiating near-crippling power.

"I don't think I have formally introduced my mate, Willa Balfour, the future princess of the royal Dracos line." Willa removed her gaze from mine and looked back at The Prince.

"Alpha Nola," She looked back, her striking eyes held mine for a moment, but too soon they were gone, looking at my chosen mate.

"Luna Camilla," She greeted her with a soft voice that felt warm, "Thank you for inviting us into your home."

Camilla opened her mouth and shut it multiple times. Camilla say something, I silently pleaded. She was embarrassing me.

"What a lovely party," Willa's sweet voice went on, "And a fantastic dress," Willa gave her a bright smile that seemed genuine.

I could feel the waves of anger rolling off Camilla, and she said nothing. Great impression.

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Goddess, I wanted to do that.

(Willa)

Do you want the place of honor? Caspien linked me, meaning the seat right next to Nolan. I shook my head once, smiling.

Caspien pulled out my chair for me, and I took a long sip of champagne, thanking the omega that filled it. Now that we were seated, chatter burst around us, but all eyes were on our table, but I could do it. I got over the hard part.

Caspien reigned in his aura, tucking it away. It still seeped out, but I could feel the tension in the room dissipate and see people breathe easier.

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“It's something to be discussed with all the Alphas,” Caspien responded, dropping my hand to pick up his fork.

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“I wouldn't disagree with you there,” I breathed back; my heart accelerated at his proximity, even in a room full of people.

“I said I would prefer something intimate, and you told me that sounded like a hell of an idea,” He gave me his smile, my smile.

“Sounds about right,”

“But then you said that the Lunas might die of boredom, and I think that was the first time I laughed at one of these events.” He grabbed my hand again.

“Again, another fair point made by past me.” I didn’t look away from his face; his smile held firm.

“As always, princess.” He brushed his lips to my knuckles.

Omegas whisked our plates away and continued on with the next course. I forgot how incredibly boring and orchestrated these things were.

Finally, the dessert was cleared, and we were to make our way outside for cocktails while the dining room was to be transformed for the ball.

I stifled a yawn as Caspien helped me up.

“Tired already?”

“Bored,” I whispered back.

“Maybe we can leave early, we showed face, and I just wanted to come for the conference anyways.”

“We’re here now; let’s do this right. Let’s go schmooze the Alphas.” I leaned my head on his arm.

“I have never schmoozed in my life,” Caspien replied, and I knew he wasn’t joking.

“I’ll show you how it’s done,” I flashed him a brilliant smile, “You just have to pretend, and I know this will be really hard for you,” I had his full attention now, “You have to pretend that you are humble.” His face contorted.

“No,”

“I know, I know,” I patted his arm, “I can try to describe the feeling if you think that might help you relate.

“You schmooze, I stare.” He said, and I couldn’t help a laugh that earned me a partial smile from him.

“This is going to be harder than I thought,” I muttered.

Caspien was fantastic, of course, in his own way.

The other Alphas just seemed happy enough that he was speaking to them. He could have been talking about how toilet paper was made, and I doubt they would have noticed.

But he asked the right questions and genuinely seemed interested in them. He knew what was going on in each pack, and that surprised everyone, including me. Not that I didn’t think he was



capable of it, but I was in awe of his capacity for it all. I wondered where he stored this knowledge.

It's not all looks, baby – He turned to me and winked when no one was looking.

And you even wink in a way that doesn't make my stomach turn. Is there anything you can't do?

His face fell for a second, lost in thought.

No, nothing comes to mind – He raised a dark eyebrow, and I shook my head, taking a step closer to him.

Goddess, I loved him.

“Let's get a drink,” Caspien whispered, tugging me away from another group of Alphas and their Lunas.

Camilla was walking towards us with a purpose. I sighed internally, waiting for this confrontation. She averted her eyes and almost walked past us but bumped into me at the last second, spilling her glass of red wine all over me.

My dress was black. The wine did nothing..

I could sense Caspien's rage starting to build, and I placed my hand on his chest.

“It was an accident, besides its red wine and a black dress. Good thing I wasn't wearing white.” I smiled up at him, and his eyes softened.

“Oh, so sorry,” She gave me a wide innocent smile that told me she was anything but.

“Don't worry about it,” I smiled back, “It won't stain. Although Anthony won't be impressed when I send it to get cleaned” I frowned at the dress; I saw Camilla pale at the casual namedrop of the designer. I usually wouldn't be one for that, but Goddess, this felt good.

“I'm sorry I ruined your date's dress.” Camilla turned to Caspien with a pout that made my blood boil.

“Pocket change,” He said, “No need to worry,” His voice was even before he turned to me, “Besides, I have been looking for an excuse to peel it off, my mate,” He growled seductively and slipped a hand around my waist and tugged me to him.

I don't know if she left immediately or if she stayed standing there, but I didn't care.

If she had done that years ago, it would have completely ruined me, sent me into a spiral. But I wasn't the same person I was before.

“One dance, then we can go,” I promised him once we got a drink and stood around a cocktail table.

We had already talked with most of the Alphas, and I felt confident that they would at least hear us out.

“I think it’s interesting how you’re the one that is making me stay now,” He raised a glass and eyed me over it.

“I don’t really want to prolong it, I am ready to get this night over with, but I want to do this right.”

“I do too,”

“And part of that is not just steamrolling your way over everyone,” I looked at him innocently over my glass.

“That, my love, is no fun at all.” He frowned, but it changed to a smile as he dipped down and placed a too-swift kiss against my lips.

He pulled back slightly, his lips still against mine.

“I am in awe of you, Willa Balfour,” My stomach flipped, and I went to pull him in for a kiss when I heard a soft annoyed cough. I fought the urge to roll my eyes and pulled back from my mate, smiling at him.

I turned to see Nolan’s mom, Luna Natalie, or Natalie now.

“Natalie, hi,” I plastered on a bright smile, “Hugo,” My smile was more genuine when it landed on my old Alpha, Nolan’s dad. He was always kind to me.

“Willa, lovely to see you,” He smiled back, but it was tight.

“Can I introduce you to my mate, my second chance, Caspien,” I intertwined my arm in his, not realizing I used his first name.

“Alpha Dracos,” Huge shook his free hand.

“Prince Caspien,” Natalie nodded her head in a slight bow before turning to me, “So you found a chosen mate, at well,”

“Fated,” Caspien cut in, his voice cool, “I’m Willa’s second-chance fated mate, and she’s my first. However, I don’t like the term second chance. I know she was meant for me and only me.” I smiled up at him. I couldn’t help myself.

“You haven’t been seen in years in public, at least not around here.” Natalie went on.

Nolan and Camilla came up next to his parents; Nolan was about to whisper something to his mother.

“Is there a question there?” Caspien asked Natalie; his steady confidence did things to me. I was just along for this front-row show and loved it.

“Why now, at Blue Ridge, or all places,” She waved her hand, and Nolan and Camilla both turned their gaze to mine. Camilla was staring daggers but had a smirk on her face. Nolan looked at me with a face full of confused frustration.

“I have a topic that needs to be addressed tomorrow at the conference,” Caspien said, his voice like chips of ice.

“Yes,” Nolan looked irritated, “You’ve mentioned that,” He sounded bored or annoyed, maybe both.

“What is this that is so important it needs to be dealt with now?” Hugo asked, and I couldn’t tell if he was genuinely curious or trying to catch Caspien in a lie.

“There has been a threat against my heir.”

Nolan’s mom’s brows tugged, “I didn’t know you had a child,” She tilted her head, studying Caspien.

“Not by blood but mine nonetheless. He is my mate’s child and my chosen heir if he will accept.”

There was silence from them for a moment, the surrounding chatter seemed to swell over and around us, but the silence around this table felt like a tangible thing.

Everyone’s eyes slowly turned to me, and I held their gaze, meeting each of their stares with a passive one of my own.

“How old is he?” Natalie asked, looking at me as if I were some cheap w.hore who got pregnant after her son rejected me. I didn’t look away.

“We just celebrated his fifth birthday,” Caspien said, exasperated at the change of topic.

Nolan’s mothers’ eyes widened, and she looked between Nolan, Caspien, and me.

“Who is the father?” His father demanded.

“If you’re asking if I was unfaithful to Nolan, the answer is no,” I spoke up, my voice surprisingly steady.

“Then that means,” His mom said, opening her mouth in pure shock, “How dare you? How could you take him away like that?” Her voice was an octave higher.

“Nolan rejected me. I wasn’t going to keep him in this pack.” It was hard not to match her anger, my voice wavered a bit, but I tried to keep it even.

“So you left without telling him you were pregnant?” She crossed her arms, shaking her head. Her face contorted with pure disgust and what I could only assume to be hatred. Her misplaced blame and anger lit my own, and it was hard to keep it at bay.

“He knew,” I went on, I took a short breath, but I knew my face held the anger I was suppressing, “He was holding my pregnancy test when he rejected me,” I said matter-of-factly.

All eyes turned to Nolan, and I tried to push away the satisfied smirk that was trying to make its way to my face.

This was actually turning out to be a fantastic evening.

## **The Rejected Luna’s Prince Chapter 52 -**

9–12 minutes

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### **The Rejected Luna’s Prince Chapter 52**

#### **52 – The Dance**

**(Willa)**

The silence settled over us again, but everyone’s eyes weren’t focused on him this time. I could almost feel the wave of emotions flickering through them. The confusion and shock were evident on all of their faces, even Camillas.

I assumed that she either knew or he would have told her, but I guess he hadn’t. Or maybe she was just a great actress, but I doubted that.

“My son will still be the next Alpha, won’t he?” Camilla asked, her voice sounding hollow.

“No, that can’t be true,” His mom shook her head multiple times and put a hand on Camilla’s arm, “You didn’t tell him.” She turned her blazing gaze towards me.

“It doesn’t matter what you believe,” Caspien responded, “But this isn’t the time nor the place, and this isn’t what we came for.”

He stood up, reaching out a hand for me, as always, giving me an option. I placed my gloved hand in his and stood up. I knew it would have to come out, but I didn’t want to get in the middle of their family drama. This didn’t have anything to do with me.

“Her son, their son, is the rightful heir.” His dad cut in.

I sighed; that was also not why we came here.

“Discuss your son’s misdeeds amongst yourselves. If you’ll excuse me, I promised my mate a dance.” Caspien said, the edge back to his voice that I knew he didn’t have to fake.

“But-”

“I was just being polite. I do not need nor want your permission to leave. My mate and I are going to dance.” With that Caspien whirled me away, placing a protective hand on my lower back.

“Awful people,” He shook his head, “I don’t know how you dealt with them.” His face softened.

“They weren’t as bad then as they were now,” I offered a smile, but I didn’t know if that was even true.

The dining room was transformed, and guests started to trickle in. The decorations were actually pretty decent, for my taste, at least. Long strands of gems were hung from the ceiling, reflecting the light and bouncing it around. Long drapes of black fabric hung from the ceiling over the strands of gems, and candles were placed around tables on the outskirts of a dance floor.

“Princess,” Caspien held out his hand, but there was no hint of laughter on his face. I placed my hand in his, and he bowed his head kissing the back of it, “Will you let me accompany you to the dance floor?”

“It would be my honor,” I smiled back at him.

He whisked me to the center of the empty floor, no one else was dancing yet, but soft music sounded from somewhere.

His hand wrapped around my lower back and took my other in his. I placed a hand on his chest, and he started to move.

It was fluid, almost primal, and I was in awe of him. He constantly surprised me, but dancing was probably part of the royal upbringing.

I don’t know what I’m doing – I linked him

I do- A smile curled on his face brightening his eyes.

He held me closer, so my front was flush against his. He didn't take his eyes off me as he spun me around.

My train twirled behind us, and I quickly got the hang of it or at least pretended to.

He was guiding me, but he wasn't doing specific steps. My dress was long enough that he could lead me around, and it looked like I knew what I was doing.

I trusted him and relaxed into his embrace.

All my worries melted away. I didn't care who was watching. I didn't care that we were the only ones on the floor. The only thing that mattered was me in his arms.

My stomach filled with butterflies, I was actually having fun, something I did not expect from this weekend.

Ready for the grand finale? He asked.

I nodded once, not breaking contact with his icy eyes. Warmth curled through me, settling deep within me at his penetrating stare. He seemed to look through me, into me.

I never had anyone look at me like this, see me like this.

With Nolan, I fought for his attention, and even when he gave it to me, it was fleeting. I realized now that despite the mate bond and my childish infatuation, we had nothing real.

I felt so much love radiate from my true mate, and it didn't have to do with the bond. His adoration for who I actually was consumed me.

He removed his firm grip on my waist and lifted my hand over my head, spinning me.

Once, twice, three times around.

It was thrilling, and I was surprised I didn't fall.

The next thing I knew, I was back in his arms and being dipped low.

Applause filled the room, Caspien's breath came short as he lowered over me, some of his hair falling over his face. He leaned closer and placed a soft kiss on my lips that I returned hungrily.

He righted us, and I pulled back, flushed.

That was amazing

I smiled unreservedly at him, and he tucked a curl that snuck out of my crown behind my ear before holding out his arm to me.

A crowd surrounded the dance floor. They parted to let us through, smiling and nodding at us. Caspien didn't take his gaze from me as we exited the dining room through the open doors.

I clutched his hand close to mine.

An omega ran up in front of us and showed us to our room. The largest guestroom, reserved for only the most prominent guests... across from Nolan's room, my old room.

It didn't affect me at all. If anything, it was funny—the absolute irony of it all.

The place was the same, but I was different.

I grew and was challenged, and I came back a different person than when I left.

I finally understood why my parents didn't feel the same here. They grew too.

“Madame,” Caspien opened the door wide and lowered himself into a bow.

I shook my head and tugged him in.

Once the door was shut, I turned to face him. We were standing a few feet away, just looking at each other, not saying anything. Silently unpacking the night.

“I've never seen you, so at a loss for words,” I stepped towards him.

“I would say that was a success, actually, but my brain is reeling.” He wrapped his arms around me.

I settled into him.

“Let's get you out of this. I've been waiting for this since you put it on.” He flipped me around, and I almost screamed.

“Fuck, what is this witchcraft?” He sounded frustrated.

“Give me a second,” I edged on the bed and removed the train.

He knelt by my legs and took off my shoes, taking my feet in my hands and gently massaging them. My head lulled back, I didn't realize how sore my feet were, and this was heaven.

When he was done and I was thoroughly massaged, I stood and turned to him, pointing to the hidden zipper that Rachel insisted was put under the buttons.

The dress started to fall off, and even though it was comfortable, it felt so good to be taken off of me with Caspien's warm hands. My breasts were freed from their confines, and the cool air against them was a relief.

"Step out," He commanded once he pushed it down my body to my feet.

He hung up the dress and the train; I appreciated that and found it humorous. He was so corporate sometimes; I couldn't think of a better word.

I flopped on the bed, propping myself up and watching him.

He locked the door before turning to me, his eyes flashing black as he loosened his tie, taking a few steps toward me. He discarded it, slipping off his jacket, and worked on the buttons of his shirt.

Anticipation swelled inside of me, sending every nerve ending on edge.

"I won't make you wait," He promised, "I need you now more than I can put into words."

I swallowed, "Thank the Goddess."

Caspien looked my bare chest over in appreciation.

My breath was rapidly increasing, watching him undress in front of me. His body rippled with every movement he made, my throat went dry.

All of him was mine and only mine.

Possessiveness wasn't stifling, and I was still coming to terms with that.

It was freeing, in his way, our way.

We belonged to each other in every sense of the word, and I couldn't believe he was mine. This tall, seemingly domineering man loomed over me. He was running his hands through his thick hair staring at me as if I was something rare to be appreciated, and with him, I believed it.

My mate lowered himself between my open legs and slipped his hands under my underwear, tugging it off my legs and discarding it. I laid bare in front of him exactly as I wanted.

There was no self-consciousness left in me, not with him.

There was nothing I didn't want him to see.

"Fuck, Willa," Caspien's breath came out heavy, "I want to savor you."

"Take me, now." I cut him off.



To hell with the savoring I needed him.

He smiled and stood up, hovering over me. He positioned his hardened dick across my entrance, grazing it slowly, coating himself with my wetness that was all for him, because of him.

His lips curled into a half smile that was more of a smirk as he entered me.

I clutched the blankets as he filled me up. Every part of my body was focused on where his body met mine.

He leaned over me, letting some of his weight fall onto me.

He hovered over me, holding my head in his hands as thrust into me, over and over, building up a steady pressure.

Warmth and the mate bond mixed with my complete awe and adoration for him.

It was stifling and raw and powerful.

My orgasm was an undoing. I grasped his arms, feeling his muscles move under his skin as he was seeking his pleasure within me.

I was built up, slowly, and then all at once.

It ripped me apart from the inside out, and no matter how I tried to put myself back together, part of me belonged to him.

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I lay naked wrapped in my mate's strong arms. I was pressed up against his toned body, his steady breathing was pulling me into sleep. My mate's warm earthy scent was associated with nothing but trust and safety. His warmth seeped into me and I had never felt so comfortable, so at home in this packhouse.