

# The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 23 -

18–23 minutes

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## The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 23

### 23 – Comfort Food

(Willa)

I put Emmett to bed in the room he chose, the bed felt like a cloud, and I almost fell asleep next to him. He seemed to be alright, but not one hundred percent, and it worried me. A cold didn't seem like the right explanation; it felt like a blanket statement, Caspien trusted him as the head doctor of their pack, but even he seemed worried.

“Mama?” His voice was thick with sleep.

“Yes?” I kissed his forehead, still warm, brushing some thick brown locks from his face.

“Can we stay here?” He asked, “Forever?”

I didn't know what to say to that. I liked that he already felt so comfortable, but I still had apprehension about the situation.

If I chose this it was permanent, final; no going back.

I knew now that I wanted that but I had to make sure that he was good for Emmett and that Emmett wanted this for longer than a night. I knew too well how children's fixations could be flighty.

“Let's take it one day at a time,” I tucked him in and kissed his forehead.

“And paint my room blue,” He murmured, halfway to sleep.

“That too,” I ruffled his hair, I knew I wore a sad smile, but he didn't see it.

I wanted this that I knew. It was more evident every day, and I knew that Caspien would take me in whatever capacity. Even if I decided to continue my education and work at the diner, he would accept me as I was and stand beside me as I worked through who I would become.

I thought about all the implications that today would have as I walked back down to the first floor. The smell of garlic and butter and spices wafted through the air.

“You continue to surprise me,” Caspien had his back turned to me, standing over a pan. It might have been the sexiest thing that I had ever seen.

“I hope only good things,” He looked over his shoulder with a smirk.

“Yes, actually.” I admitted, “Thank you again for today. I owe you.”

“No,” He shook his head, “You don’t owe me anything ever. We’re partners; I hope we are, at least.” He shrugged.

Partners, I liked that.

“Can I do anything to help?” I asked, feeling slightly guilty watching him work.

He grabbed two large wine glasses and filled them both with red wine from a decanter. I barely had two matching cups, but no matter how parallel our lives were he never made me feel like I didn’t belong here.

He set a glass in front of me, “You can sit there and relax,” He brushed his lips against my forehead and I closed my eyes leaning into the brief touch.

“I can help.”

“I know you can but I want to do something for you. You’ve had a long day and suffered through enough Pokemon,” The corner of lips pulled up slightly, “Now relax.”

“Okay,”

I found it easier said than done. The past few weeks have constantly been going, I found it hard just to sit and do nothing; I felt like I had to do something.

Caspien laid out placemats and silverware before setting a plate in front of me. Steak, mashed potatoes, and asparagus were neatly placed on them.

“Wow,” I inhaled deeply, “This looks amazing.”

“Hopefully, it tastes good too,” He took the seat next to me, “I thought you could use some comfort food, and this is mine. I should have maybe asked what yours was.” He frowned.

“This is absolutely perfect,” I grabbed his hand and squeezed it; he visibly relaxed at my touch, “Lasagna, by the way, but only when my mom makes it. If I have to make myself comfort food, I would go with mashed potatoes and fried chicken.”

“At least I got part of it right,” He smiled.

“You got all of it right,” I took a bite; the steak was buttery and delicious, “Wow,” There was nothing this man couldn’t do.

We ate in comfortable silence; he told me about his day with Emmett and asked about my upcoming schedule.

“I’m actually off tomorrow. Cali insisted I took a day after our exams I said no, but she made sure I wasn’t scheduled.”

“She’s right, you need a break.” Caspien looked at me with sincerity.

“I know.”

“You don’t though, you think you can keep going, but you need time for yourself too. I know too well how easy it is to slip into constant work and how hard it is to get out of that.”

I couldn’t stop, though; even though he gave me the loan, I wanted to pay him back as soon as possible.

“I know I’m not getting to you,” Caspien noted, it surprised me how well he already knew me, but I guess I knew him too. I knew what he was feeling by his smile and small gestures.

“I’m sorry, I just can’t stop right now. Maybe when the next semester starts.” I shrugged.

“There’s always going to be an excuse,” He sounded serious, “Promise me you’ll cut down at the restaurant, just one shift a week at least.”

I took a deep breath, “That sounds doable.”

“Think about it,” He stood up, taking my plates, “Don’t say you’ll help either,” He cut me off before I could open my mouth to protest, “This is part of you relaxing,” He smiled at me before putting the plates in the sink and topping up my wine.

“Join me by the fire?” He raised an eyebrow reaching a hand out to me.

“I don’t think I would ever say no to that.”

“I’ll remember that.” He led me back to the couches and had me sit in a chair while he folded up the sheet on the couch Emmett was sleeping on.

He threw a match into the fire at it lit instantly. He took my wine glass and set it on the table before pulling me onto his couch. I settled back into him, breathing in his sweet woody scent. He wrapped his arms around me and buried his face into my hair, doing the same.

It was so nice just to be with him; I felt like the version of myself that I always wanted to be. I was a shell of myself with Nolan, and I didn't like who I became; I gave up all of myself to become the perfect Luna and partner for him. With Caspien I felt like I was the person that I always wanted to be, who I truly was. I didn't give up anything to be with him, but I gained so much.

"Can I talk to you?" I murmured into his warm chest.

"Always."

I pulled back from his embrace to look into his churning blue eyes.

"I want you; I want to be with you. I want to accept you as my mate."

His eyes widened before his hand came to my neck, pulling me towards him. His lips met mine, and an explosion of sparks crashed through me, warming me. I had more to say but didn't want to break the intense kiss. His tongue explored my mouth, and my stomach curled as his other hand wrapped around me.

I pulled back breathlessly, needing air.

"But-"

He kissed my nose.

"Wait for a second," I laughed, "But I need some time."

"As much as you need," He promised, biting the bottom of my lip. My stomach clenched at the movement.

"I want to make sure, with Emmett. I know you guys got along today, but if it were just me, I would have you mark me right now."

Caspian eyes flashed black, and he growled lowly, lowering his mouth to my marking spot and sucked it sending shivers running down me as I let out a gasp.

"But it's not just about me," I forced myself to go on, "You both have to accept each other. I don't even know how you would feel about that if you wanted kids or how he would fit in."

"Well, we obviously would have to paint his room blue," Caspien pulled back, and I felt like I could breathe again, "But I would like you both to live here. I want you in my life, both of you. I don't want him because of you. I want him as mine."

My stomach dipped, and I looked at his face; I didn't just want him to be saying that. It was too soon, they barely had any time together.

“I like the kid. Atlas has already claimed his as his,” Caspien gave me a genuine smile.

“He did?” I asked.

Werewolves were possessive, especially Alphas. I didn’t think an Alpha wolf would ever claim another man’s child.

Caspien nodded, “From the moment you mentioned you had a child.”

I chewed my lip, that made me feel better than he could have imagined.

“He’s not baggage, he’s not a burden. I got a mate and a bonus.”

I laughed at that, “Thank you,” I touched my forehead to his, closing my eyes.

“I know I don’t know him well, but from what I’ve seen, he’s a good kid. I didn’t think I would get along with him as well as I did; I’m surprised he wasn’t scared of me.” His voice was low.

“It means the world to hear that; I think he really liked you too. No, I know he did. But this is forever, and it’s not just about me. I need to make sure for both of your sakes. That both you and Emmett want to be a family.”

A wide smile spread across his face, “A family, I like that.” I couldn’t help but return his smile.

“Did you ever want kids?” I asked.

He shrugged, “I honestly didn’t overthink about it. It’s assumed as an Alpha that I would carry on the line and have an heir, but I never decided for myself if I wanted them. But I think I do. Since I met you, I would love to create a life with you.”

That took my breath away. I honestly didn’t think about having more kids, but with him, I wanted that. I wanted to have a pregnancy with someone that worshipped me; I wanted to have a child whose father was there during my labor and was one of the first people to hold our child.

I wouldn’t give up Emmett for the world, but I wished so much for both of our sakes that his father was there for it all and wanted to be there.

“Of course, that’s in the future,” He added.

The future, our future.

It was like something clicked. We had a future together, and I could really see it now. It didn’t feel like something in the distance anymore it was something that was already falling into place.

“I do have to ask you, though,” Caspien’s voice turned serious, “Does Nolan have any legal rights over Emmett?”

I bit my lip, “I don’t think so?”

“He’s not on the birth certificate?” I shook my head, “Was he notified of the birth?”

“Join ma by tha fira?” Ha raisad an ayabrow raaching a hand out to ma.

“I don’t think I would avar say no to that.”

“I’ll ramambar that.” Ha lad ma back to tha couchas and had ma sit in a chair whila ha foldad up tha shaat on tha couch Emmatt was slaaping on.

Ha thraw a match into tha fira at it lit instantly. Ha took my wina glass and sat it on tha tabla bafora pulling ma onto his couch. I sattlad back into him, braathing in his swaat woody scant. Ha wrappad his arms around ma and buriad his faca into my hair, doing tha sama.

It was so nica just to ba with him; I falt lika tha varsion of mysalf that I always wantad to ba. I was a shall of mysalf with Nolan, and I didn’t lika who I bacama; I gava up all of mysalf to bacoma tha parfact Luna and partnar for him. With Caspian I falt lika I was tha parson that I always wantad to ba, who I truly was. I didn’t giva up anything to ba with him, but I gainad so much.

“Can I talk to you?” I murmurad into his warm chast.

“Always.”

I pullad back from his ambraca to look into his churning blua ayas.

“I want you; I want to ba with you. I want to accapt you as my mata.”

His ayas widanad bafora his hand cama to my nack, pulling ma towards him. His lips mat mina, and an xplosion of sparks crashad through ma, warming ma. I had mora to say but didn’t want to braak tha intansa kiss. His tongua explorad my mouth, and my stomach curlad as his othar hand wrappad around ma.

I pullad back braathlassly, naading air.

“But-”

Ha kissad my nosa.

“Wait for a sacond,” I laughad, “But I naad soma tima.”

“As much as you naad,” Ha promisad, biting tha bottom of my lip. My stomach clanchad at tha movamant.

“I want to maka sura, with Emmatt. I know you guys got along today, but if it wara just ma, I would hava you mark ma right now.”

Caspian ayas flashad black, and ha growlad lowly, lowaring his mouth to my marking spot and s.uckad it sanding shivars running down ma as I lat out a gasp.

“But it’s not just about ma,” I forcad myself to go on, “You both hava to accept aach othar. I don’t avan know how you would faal about that if you wantad kids or how ha would fit in.”

“Wall, wa obviously would hava to paint his room blua,” Caspian pullad back, and I falt lika I could braatha again, “But I would lika you both to liva hara. I want you in my lifa, both of you. I don’t want him bacausa of you. I want him as mina.”

My stomach dippad, and I lookad at his faca; I didn’t just want him to ba saying that. It was too soon, thay baraly had any tima togethar.

“I lika tha kid. Atlas has alraady claimad his as his,” Caspian gava ma a ganuina smila.

“Ha did?” I askad.

Warawolvas wara possassiva, aspecially Alphas. I didn’t think an Alpha wolf would avar claim another man’s child.

Caspian noddad, “From tha momant you mantionad you had a child.”

I chawad my lip, that mada ma faal battar than ha could hava imaginad.

“Ha’s not baggaga, ha’s not a burdan. I got a mata and a bonus.”

I laughad at that, “Thank you,” I touchad my forahaad to his, closing my ayas.

“I know I don’t know him wall, but from what I’ve saan, ha’s a good kid. I didn’t think I would gat along with him as wall as I did; I’m surprisad ha wasn’t scarad of ma.” His voica was low.

“It maans tha world to haar that; I think ha raally likad you too. No, I know ha did. But this is foravar, and it’s not just about ma. I naad to maka sura for both of your sakas. That both you and Emmatt want to ba a family.”

A wida smila spraad across his faca, “A family, I lika that.” I couldn’t halp but raturan his smila.

“Did you avar want kids?” I askad.

Ha shruggad, “I honastly didn’t ovarthink about it. It’s assumad as an Alpha that I would carry on tha lina and hava an hair, but I navar dacidad for myself if I wantad tham. But I think I do. Sinca I mat you, I would lova to craata a lifa with you.”

That took my breath away. I honestly didn't think about having more kids, but with him, I wanted that. I wanted to have a pregnancy with someone that worshipped me; I wanted to have a child whose father was there during my labor and was one of the first people to hold our child.

I wouldn't give up Emmett for the world, but I wished so much for both of our sakes that his father was there for it all and wanted to be there.

"Of course, that's in the future," Ha added.

The future, our future.

It was like something clicked. We had a future together, and I could really see it now. It didn't feel like something in the distance anymore; it was something that was already falling into place.

"I do have to ask you, though," Caspian's voice turned serious, "Does Nolan have any legal rights over Emmett?"

I bit my lip, "I don't think so?"

"He's not on the birth certificate?" I shook my head, "Was he notified of the birth?"

"No? He knew I was pregnant." I trailed off, obviously.

"Oh," Caspian looked worried, "I don't know human rules, and they don't apply here anyway, but for werewolves, the father has to be notified of the birth of their child."

"But-"

"I know, in this situation it's stupid. But legally, you have to notify him of the birth, then he has thirty days, I think, in order to accept responsibility."

"Emmett is almost five," I said flatly.

"I know, but just so that he can't come back in the future."

My stomach dropped; what if he decided to accept responsibility? What would that mean?

"It's archaic, some werewolf claim; you know how possessive we can be." He almost rolled his eyes, "But also it makes sense, so people know they have a child out there if the mother decided to leave without telling the father."

I nodded, it made sense, but I didn't know that was a thing.

"I would feel better knowing that he has no legal claim," Caspian went on.

"So, how does it work? How do I know his response?"



“You send a notarized letter, make sure it gets into his hands, and then if he does nothing for the month, then it’s void. If he wanted to lay a claim, he can contact you.”

“Okay,” I was suddenly filled with anxiety.

I knew Nolan didn’t want to claim the child, but what if he did something out of spite? I still didn’t understand what I did to make him almost hate me and reject me in public without any guilt.

Caspian rubbed my cheek with the back of his finger, “We can do it tomorrow, have it sent out, I’ll have one of my men go and deliver it personally and confirm that he received and opened it. Just to put it behind us.”

“Okay,” I nodded.

“It will be okay, then we can move forward completely and legally.” I nodded again, not really sure what moving forward legally entailed.

“Now, let’s focus on something else,” I opened my eyes, and he pulled me back to his chest. His scent momentarily distracted me, but anxiety still tugged at me.

He rubbed circles on my back, and I breathed deeper, settling into him. His hand slipped under my shirt and continued rubbing my back; the warmth and sparks danced on my skin under his touch.

My body started heating up from my center, and I grabbed at his shirt before running my fingers, tracing his muscles under it. I wanted to feel him.

“It’s my turn now,” I moved my face so that my lips brushed against his neck.

I sucked his marking spot, and a low growl rumbled through him; his hands froze on my back.

Mark him, mark him, mark him Iris chanted in my head

Soon hopefully

I reached my fingers up and placed them on his neck, he stayed motionless as I kissed his neck shifting toward him. His grip on me tightened as I turned around, straddling him.

I felt his hardness through his pants as I moved myself across him, sighing at the way it felt. I couldn’t imagine what he felt like. I wanted him, but I wanted him fully to myself when we were completely alone.

But that didn’t mean I couldn’t taste him.

“It’s my turn,” I breathed and eased myself from his lap.

He lifted up, helping me remove his pants.

“You don’t have to,” His icy eyes met mine.

“I want to,” I unhooked his boxers sliding them down his legs.

His length surprised me, my mouth was dry looking at it. It was beautiful, and I would have never used that word to describe a f.ucking p.enis.

I swallowed as he sat back.

I rubbed my hands up his thighs, feeling the muscles tighten under my touch. I cupped his silky balls as I moved closer to him and took his soft tip into my mouth.

He sucked in as I swirled my tongue around him, tasting him and loving the feeling of having him in my mouth.

My hand wrapped around his silky length as I moved my hand and my mouth together. He groaned, his hand brushing my hair from around my face and holding it behind me. He didn’t push me down and just let me do my own thing; his hand tightened into my hair as a low growl reverberated through his body.

Heat pooled in my center, knowing that I was making him come undone. I wanted to make him feel as good as he made me feel. I wanted to show him how much I appreciated him. I was so turned on by having him in my mouth and the way his body responded to mine.

“F.uck Willa, I’m close,” He groaned, thrusting up toward me.

I took him in deeper, wildly. Focusing on nothing but his pleasure.

“Willa,” He grunted and spilled into me.

I swallowed all that he gave me, taking one last long dip to make sure I got all of it.

When I was done, I leaned back, still sitting between his legs. I placed my hands on his thighs while he caught his breath.

“I don’t think I have ever seen anything more beautiful.” His breathing was ragged as he stared at him between my legs

“I was about to say the same thing,”

## **The Rejected Luna’s Prince Chapter 24 -**

18–22 minutes

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## The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 24

### 24 – Witnesses and Messengers

(Willa)

I woke up after possibly the most comfortable night of sleep in my life. Caspien returned the favor last night and we talked late in each other's arms by the fire. I don't think I would ever get sick of talking to him. I wanted to know everything about it and the more I learned the more I liked him.

Emmett was fast asleep when I made it to bed his fever was thankfully almost gone.

Dull gray light pierced through a crack in the dark curtains; I rubbed the sleep from my eyes and stretched out, reaching for my baby boy.

Emmett wasn't there, and I sat up for a moment, worried. I knew he could take care of himself, mostly. But I didn't know what he could get into here. There were probably some robot gadgets lying around. A robot butler or something I laughed to myself.

I slipped out of bed and made my way downstairs, following the sound of music and laughter. I relaxed when I heard both of their voices.

Caspien and Emmett were in the kitchen, he was wearing another white shirt and light gray sweatpants, I thought he might be even more attractive in this than in his suits.

Emmett was sitting on the kitchen island trying to squeeze an orange in a juicer, most of the juice getting on the island.

"Mama!" Emmett's eyes lit up and then a frown crossed his face, "You were supposed to stay in bed, we were going to bring you breakfast."

"Oh, I'm sorry,"

"To the couch, missy." Caspien walked towards me, going to place a kiss on my cheek but pulled back and hesitated.

"Missy," Emmett laughed, "He called you missy. We should call him Cassy."

I smiled at him, bursting out laughing at Caspien's frown.

"I'm making orange juice. He said it was good for my sickness,"

“That was a great idea, Cassy,” I turned to him with a sweet smile on my face.

He raised an eyebrow that promised I would pay for that later and shook his head.

“How are you feeling?” I asked Emmett.

“Better; I’m all better now,” Emmett said confidently.

I reached for his forehead, all trace of his fever gone.

“The doctor will still come to check him over again,” Caspien looked a bit worried.

Maybe it was a fluke, a twenty-four-hour bug, or something that humans got. He was so isolated for years that maybe his immune system is kicking in, I wasn’t sure.

“Go relax on the couch; I’ll bring you some coffee and then a surprise breakfast,” Caspien grabbed my hand, squeezing it gently, it was such an intimate gesture.

Emmett made me close my eyes as Caspien set out bacon, scrambled eggs with extra cheese, Emmett’s request, and pancakes with chocolate chips.

“This looks incredible, it’s such a lovely surprise, thank you,” I turned to both of them, Emmett bounced on his feet, studying my reaction.

“Try the orange juice,” I grabbed the glass that was barely a fourth of the way full and took a little sip, my eyes wide.

“This is the best orange juice I’ve ever had.” Emmett gave me a big smile.

After breakfast, we got ready, Caspien let me borrow a shirt that swallowed me. The bathroom of Emmett’s room was stocked with toiletries.

Emmett’s room, I never thought I would get to have that here. Emmett had a room at Caspien’s place, I knew they would have to meet eventually but it always felt like that would happen in the distant future. I was glad that the two more important parts of my life were separate anymore.

When we came back down, two men in suits and Holden were standing by the entrance.

“I thought we could get the letter out of the way,” Caspien whispered to me when I came to his side.

“What do you need my help with?” Holden asked.

“To entertain the child,” Caspien said matter-of-factly.

“I’ve been reduced to a glorified babysitter,” He threw up his hands.

“I wouldn’t say glorified, but we can see how you do today,” I told him, earning me a smile from Caspien.

“Okay, child, let’s go hang out.” Emmett looked between me and Holden “I bought a lot of toys?” He tried.

“Okay.” Emmett’s eyes lit up and he took his hand from mine.

“Go on, I’ll just be a minute.” I assured him.

“The toys are in his room, we haven’t opened them yet.” Caspien nodded at Holden.

“And then we can all play?” He looked back up at me and Caspien.

“Of course,” Caspien answered for us and it made my stomach flip.

Caspien led us to the dining room table, he had changed into a suit again. I felt very underdressed in yesterdays jeans and Caspiens oversized shirt. Caspien smiled at me seeming to read my mind.

“You’re perfect,” He whispered before switching to Alpha mode.

“This is my lawyer and a witness who will also personally deliver the message.” The two men nodded at me in greeting.

“The letter is written and you need to look it over and sign it in our presence, and the witnesses will after you, and then they will be on their way.” He turned to me, “A bit of an overkill, honestly, but I will make sure this cannot be contested later if he chooses to give up all rights.”

I swallowed, reading the short letter and signing it.

I was nervous, I didn’t want to know what Nolan would do. I didn’t want contact with him. I knew he didn’t want Emmett, but I was scared that he might claim him for reasons I didn’t think of.

Caspien put his hand over mine, “It will be okay, once this is out of the way, you’ll feel better.”

“But what if-”

He shook his head, “I know, but we will ask for a response today. Whatever happens, we will face it. Together.”

I swallowed and nodded, it did little to quell my anxiety but I knew I had to get this out of the way.

“Alpha Dracos,” The lawyer and messenger took their leave.

“I’ll be back in a few hours,” The messenger added.

“Come directly to me.”

“Yes, Alpha.”

(Alpha Nolan)

I scrubbed my face looking at my desk. Piles of things that I had to do, and so much more had to be done before the conference, even though it was months away.

A sharp knock came at my door, and I debated ignoring it. It would be someone else coming in with another task to add to my endless list. I knew being Alpha would be hard, and I thought I was ready for it, but I felt like I was barely treading water; each year brought more responsibilities.

Paperwork, pack treaties, contracts, housing assignments, it was all so tedious.

The knock came again, louder this time.

“Come in,” I grumbled.

A bulky, serious-looking man I didn’t recognize was led in by my Beta Issac. I sat back, waiting for him to be introduced.

“This is a messenger sent from Crescent Moon,” Issac motioned toward the other guy.

My eyes widened; a message from Crescent Moon, the royal pack? That must be important.

I hadn’t seen the Prince since my Alpha ceremony. He was invited to all of our events after, but he didn’t even bother sending anyone in his place most of the time.

“Go on,” I motioned to the man who looked at my Beta, waiting for him to leave.

Who was a messenger to request the dismissal of a Beta?

“You may leave,” I dismissed him when it was apparent the messenger wouldn’t say anything until he left.

“This is an official document from Wilhemina Balfour,”

My stomach dropped; what could she want?

I was glad that Isaac was gone; I didn’t want anyone else to hear whatever this was.

She disappeared off the face of the earth years ago. Her parents just showed back up, and now she wants something from me? Probably money, but I wouldn't give it; the kid wasn't mine, at least not in any way that I would claim.

No one knew about it, not even Camilla.

My heart clenched thinking about Willa, though; I missed her, I missed the fated mate bond, but there was nothing I could do about that. We had no ties anymore and I thought she would be mature enough to leave it behind.

He slid an envelope with the crest of Crescent Moon to the table. I opened it, not waiting for him to leave.

This official document informs Alpha Nolan Hemming of The Blue Ridge Pack that he has a son, Emmett Vincent Balfour, who was born on August 1st, five years ago.

I swallowed; I had another son, my eldest. Who was born almost an entire month before my son with Camilla.

If this kid contested my son's claim as Alpha of Blue Ridge he had backing.

I thought I could keep the child a secret after Willa left and didn't tell anyone about the baby. I commanded the doctor not to speak of it to anyone and hand over all the records she kept of Willa's appointments.

The fact that she had come back now made me nervous.

You have 30 days from the revival of this message to claim the child as yours. Failure to respond will result in complete autonomy to go to the mother, Willhemina Balfour.

That was it?

That was it.

Thank The Goddess.

Did Willa expect me to want to lay claim on her son? Did she think I would change my mind and an official letter would make me want him?

"Do you have a response?" The man asked, his arms crossed.

"I want nothing to do with him," I said, confusion turning to anger.

"Put it in writing and sign it; we need your pack lawyer and a witness," He stated. Again, a messenger talking to an Alpha like that was unheard of.

“Can’t you be the witness?”

“I already was,” He pointed to what must have been his signature below Willa’s.

I sighed and linked the lawyer and my mom to come in immediately. I knew my mom wouldn’t ask questions. She was just desperate to be helpful.

“Why did you come here on her behalf?” I asked the man.

Did Willa join Crescent Moon? It didn’t matter; I just didn’t want Camilla to find out about this, she would have a f.ucking fit.

“I’m not at liberty to discuss that.” He said, his face grave.

I swallowad, raading tha short lattar and signing it.

I was narvous, I didn’t want to know what Nolan would do. I didn’t want contact with him. I know ha didn’t want Emmatt, but I was scarad that ha might claim him for raasons I didn’t think of.

Caspian put his hand ovar mina, “It will ba okay, onca this is out of tha way, you’ll faal battar.”

“But what if-”

Ha shook his haad, “I know, but wa will ask for a raspona today. Whatavar happans, wa will faca it. Togathar.”

I swallowad and noddad, it did littla to quall my anxiety but I know I had to gat this out of tha way.

“Alpha Dracos,” Tha lawyar and massangar took thair laava.

“I’ll ba back in a faw hours,” Tha massangar addad.

“Coma directly to ma.”

“Yas, Alpha.”

(Alpha Nolan)

I scrubbad my faca looking at my dask. Pilas of things that I had to do, and so much mora had to ba dona bafora tha confaranca, avan though it was months away.

A sharp knock cama at my door, and I dabatad ignoring it. It would ba somaona alsa coming in with another task to add to my andlass list. I know baing Alpha would ba hard, and I thought I



was raady for it, but I falt lika I was baraly traading watar; aach yaar brought mora rasponsibilitias.

Paparwork, pack traatias, contracts, housing assignmants, it was all so tadius.

Tha knock cama again, loudar this tima.

“Coma in,” I grumblad.

A bulky, sarious-looking man I didn’t racogniza was lad in by my Bata Issac. I sat back, waiting for him to ba introducad.

“This is a massangar sant from Crascant Moon,” Issac motionad toward tha othar guy.

My ayas widanad; a massaga from Crasant Moon, tha royal pack? That must ba important.

I hadn’t saan tha Princa sinca my Alpha caramony. Ha was invitad to all of our avants aftar, but ha didn’t avan bothar sanding anyona in his placa most of tha tima.

“Go on,” I motionad to tha man who lookad at my Bata, waiting for him to laava.

Who was a massangar to raquast tha dismissal of a Bata?

“You may laava,” I dismissad him whan it was apparant tha massangar wouldn’t say anything until ha laft.

“This is an official documant from Wilhaminia Balfour,”

My stomach droppad; what could sha want?

I was glad that Isaac was gona; I didn’t want anyona alsa to haar whatavar this was.

Sha disappaarad off tha faca of tha aarth yaars ago. Har parants just showad back up, and now sha wants somathing from ma? Probably monay, but I wouldn’t giva it; tha kid wasn’t mina, at laast not in any way that I would claim.

No ona knaw about it, not avan Camilla.

My haart clanchad thinking about Willa, though; I missad har, I missad tha fatad mata bond, but thara was nothing I could do about that. Wa had no tias anymora and I thought sha would ba matura anough to laava it bahind.

Ha slid an anvalopa with tha crast of Crascant Moon to tha tabla. I opanad it, not waiting for him to laava.

This official document informs Alpha Nolan Hamming of The Blue Ridge Pack that he has a son, Emmett Vincent Balfour, who was born on August 1st, five years ago.

I swallowed; I had another son, my eldest. Who was born almost an entire month before my son with Camilla.

If this kid contested my son's claim as Alpha of Blue Ridge he had backing.

I thought I could keep the child a secret after Willa left and didn't tell anyone about the baby. I commanded the doctor not to speak of it to anyone and hand over all the records she kept of Willa's appointments.

The fact that she had come back now made me nervous.

You have 30 days from the revival of this message to claim the child as yours. Failure to respond will result in complete autonomy to go to the mother, Williamson Balfour.

That was it?

That was it.

Thank The Goddess.

Did Willa expect me to want to lay claim on her son? Did she think I would change my mind and an official letter would make me want him?

"Do you have a response?" The man asked, his arms crossed.

"I want nothing to do with him," I said, confusion turning to anger.

"Put it in writing and sign it; we need your pack lawyer and a witness," He stated. Again, a messenger talking to an Alpha like that was unheard of.

"Can't you be the witness?"

"I already was," He pointed to what must have been his signature below Willa's.

I sighed and linked the lawyer and my mom to come in immediately. I knew my mom wouldn't ask questions. She was just desperate to be helpful.

"Why did you come here on her behalf?" I asked the man.

Did Willa join Crescent Moon? It didn't matter; I just didn't want Camilla to find out about this, she would have a fucking fit.

"I'm not at liberty to discuss that." He said, his face grave.

Where did they find this guy? We stared at each other until my mom and the lawyer came in.

I scribbled my response and signed it, stating that I wanted no claim to the child. After my lawyer read it over my mom signed it, but I covered what I wrote.

She looked slightly annoyed but thankfully didn't say anything just like I knew she would.

"You'll get a copy for your records," The man said, when my response was in his hand. He turning on his heel and left without waiting for dismissal.

I grabbed the letter from the desk and shoved it into a drawer.

"Who was that?" She asked, motioning to the back of the man already halfway down the hall.

"Just a message from Crescent Moon, nothing important."

She tilted her head, "Okay, honey." She didn't believe me, but I knew she wouldn't press, she knew that this was an Alpha's job.

"Do you need help with anything else? Camilla says she has the conference parties covered." My mom stiffened; I don't think she liked giving the reigns up.

"Daddy!" Theo came running in, and I let out a sigh; I did not have time for all this bullshit; I needed to process what happened and the potential future implications.

"Camilla," I called out.

Theo bumped into my mom, who looked down lovingly at him before he climbed onto my lap, knocking about papers, and grabbing at my pen.

"Camilla," I yelled again.

The tapping of her heels told me she was near. Even though she looked put-together, I knew she was exasperated.

"Get your child out of here; I'm working," Theo was grabbing at my shirt, and I had to pry his hands off me.

"Our child," She crossed her arms.

"Whatever," I placed him on the floor.

"I want to play," He whined.

"I'm working; go with your mom now,"

“I can take him; you look exhausted, dear” My mom turned to Camilla.

Camilla gave her a tight smile.

They got along so well in the beginning, they always had, especially during her pregnancy. Recently, there has been a bit of a strain. Camilla wanted our space, and my mom was reluctant to give up all of her Luna duties, even though she gave up her title almost five years ago.

I didn't know what she wanted, and I don't think she did either. She complained that Willa didn't like party planning and she had to pick up the slack, and now she complained that Camilla didn't want her help or opinions.

“I got it,” Camilla reached out to Theo, who was tugging on my mom's dress.

He was constantly going, and I just wanted him to sit the f.uck down for one d.amn minute. We couldn't have him at pack dinners or anything remotely formal. He was permitted to make an appearance and then had to leave; he embarrassed me too often and I blamed Camilla for her lax parenting.

“Are you sure?” My mom looked down at Theo, patting his hair.

“Fine, you take him; I have things to do,” Camilla huffed, turning on her heel.

My mom rolled her eyes and gave me a sympathetic smile.

“Please take him out,” I said a bit too harshly, rubbing my temples.

I sometimes wondered how different it would have been if Willa was still my mate. She did whatever I asked of her, and would have cared for our children better, probably devoted her life to it. She never cared for keeping up appearances, which would have made her a better mother but a worse Luna.

I don't think Camilla even liked being a mother after the attention shifted from her to the baby once he was born. It didn't matter, though, it really didn't, but I couldn't help but compare them still in my mind. s\*x with Camilla was mind-blowing, but I missed the sparks and warmth from the mate bond that were never as intense with a chosen mate.

I wondered if s\*x with Willa would still feel like that. I missed how her incredible green eyes widened when I first entered her, how silky her midnight hair felt tangled in my hands, how innocent she was when I first claimed her and showed her what pleasure was, and more importantly, how to please me.

She learned fast and was eager for me; she craved my touch in a way no one else had. F.uck, I could feel myself hardening against my pants. I went to lock the door and put up a mental block.

I would make sure that there was no way in hell that her son would come back and try to claim my pack, but that didn't mean I couldn't get off to the memory of her.

I took myself in my hand and thought of her soft skin under my palms, how the curve of her perfectly plump ass felt, the way she writhed under me when I was on top of her.

I could see her perfectly; I had her body memorized, even now. I thought of her full breasts rising with her shallow breath after an orgasm, how her green eyes watered when I forced myself into her pouty mouth.

“Nolan,” Camilla banged on my office door, “Why is this locked?”

“Go the f\*\*k away,” I growled.

## **The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 25 -**

25–32 minutes

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### **The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 25**

25 – Meet The Parents

(Willa)

I couldn't help but pace, I felt like one of those cartoon characters that lit up the screen in the background. Emmett didn't have much experience with TV but he was obsessed. I was too nervous about unpacking that or even forming a thought on if I wanted that to become a regular thing or not.

“I wish I could distract you,” Caspien wrapped his arms around my waist, pulling me back from my pacing.

I settled into him and let his scent wash over me. It helped for a second until I remembered why I was stressed out. A moment later, I wiggled out of his arms.

“I would tell you not to run a line in my floor, but I really could care less about it.” He frowned at the floor a playful smile crossing his lips as he watched me.

“What are you thinking?”

I paused, giving him a look. He knew what I was thinking.

“Say it out loud, it might make you feel better.” He crossed his arms, leaning back against the wall separating the kitchen entrance to the open living room.

“I made contact with my ex for the first time in years,” I threw up my hands, glaring at him, hating that I was saying this out loud.

“Go on,” He motioned with one hand, I also got distracted by how his other arm tightened, protesting against his shirt with the movement.

“Ex doesn’t cover it, is it even an ex in werewolf terms?” I looked at him, but I didn’t expect an answer, “My child’s father, the Alpha of the pack of my birth, my destined mate chosen by our Goddess herself.”

“That sounds better,” Caspien agreed.

“Doesn’t it?” I almost smiled despite myself, “That guy, is practically deciding my fate,” I chewed on my lip looking to the back of Emmett’s head had the same shade of brown as Nolan.

“He’s not, though,” Caspien said, bringing my attention back to him.

“I don’t know what he’s thinking; I don’t know what he will do. I don’t think I ever really knew him,” I admitted, my brows tugging together.

I stopped pacing, and Caspien wrapped his arms around me.

“What’s the worst that could happen?” He whispered into my hair.

I pulled back just enough so I could look into his eyes, “Are you serious?”

“Just playing devil’s advocate,”

“My son gets taken away, I have to co-parent with Nolan, I’m forced to move back to Blue Ridge.”

Caspien growled, pulling me tighter, “That won’t happen.”

“Just because you say it won’t doesn’t make it so,” But I wanted to believe him, I really wanted to.

“I don’t think you would be forced to do any of that. Worst case scenario, awkward visits and you’ll get some money from him.”

I sighed, I knew that. Logically I didn’t think that Nolan could take Emmett, and deep down, I knew he didn’t want him. But the what-ifs were eating at me. He was my baby, my life, and the reason for my existence shifted when I looked into his eyes.

Okay, maybe not the first time. I had to get through some post-partum anxiety mixed with my normal depression, which was just a sparkling cocktail of fun garnished with sleepless nights.

But when I eventually came back to myself and saw him, really saw him. I knew that life as I knew it would never be the same.

Everything that I did from that moment on would be for him.

I never thought anything would come between us, could possibly break us. I never thought that Nolan could just claim him on a whim.

“Your pocket is buzzing,” I whispered to him.

“Maybe I’m just excited to see you,” He pulled back, grabbing his phone.

“Was that a joke?” I grimaced.

“Okay, I don’t really joke, so yes,” He shrugged. I laughed at that.

“I knew I was funny.”

“Just answer.”

Caspian looked at his phone and went stiff. He slid into his Alpha mask.

“Yes, okay. Good. You have it?” A pause, “Officially? Okay, bring it here.”

His shoulder sagged a bit when he hung up the phone, it was almost imperceptible but I knew what to look for.

“Cas?” I grabbed his arms, studying his face. His eyes focused on mine, his eyebrows pulled together for a moment, “What happened?”

“You used a nickname.” He breathed.

“No, the phone call,” I smiled, “Is everything okay?”

“Yes, he got it. Nolan signed away his rights. Had a lawyer and witness there.”

“Really?” I didn’t quite believe it.

“Really,” He took a deep breath, “It’s official, he’s all ou-yours.” He gave me a smile that wasn’t entirely genuine.

I pulled back and clutched my stomach, my lungs filled with air for the first time since I signed that paper this morning, which felt like a lifetime ago.

“Really?” I asked again, Caspien was smiling down at me with a genuine smile this time.

“Really, really, I told you.”

“Not the time.” I smiled at him.

“Fine, I won’t bring that up again,” He pulled me into his arms and swung me around.

I laughed loudly, I couldn’t stop. I almost had the most essential thing in my life taken. I knew it wasn’t that dramatic but that’s what it felt like. I felt like I got Emmett back even though I never lost him.

“Put me down,” I laughed, trying to slap his chest.

He pulled me to him but I pushed away, stumbling a bit back on my feet.

I rushed to Emmett on the couch and took his cheeks in my hands, a confused look crossed his face. He tried to look behind me at the show he was watching but I tackled him into the couch.

“You’re mine,” I poked his side, earning me a giggle, and held him close. His small arms wrapped around my neck.

“I know, but Mama, I was watching something,” His little voice scolded me, and I pulled him up.

“You’re mine,” I repeated, “Let’s cuddle forever, never letting go, not even to pee.” I wrapped him in my arms, and he laughed at that.

“Can Cassy come?” I barked a laugh.

“Sure,” I ruffled his hair and he lay on my chest.

He was mine, I wasn’t going to lose him. Ever. It was official now.

The doctor came soon after we got the news and checked over Emmett. He looked surprised and reported that Emmett seemed to be in perfect health but wanted him to continue the last few days of antibiotics to be sure.

“I told you I was better,” Emmett crossed his arms and gave me a stare.

“Well then, I guess you didn’t need all those cartoons this morning then,”

Emmett’s eyes widened, and he looked to Caspien for support.

“I’m staying out of this,” He backed away with his hands up.



“Why don’t you go upstairs and get back in your clothes? And brush your teeth again, germs love when you’re sick,” I made a grossed-out face.

“Yuck,” He stuck out his tongue, trying to look down at it.

He insisted he had to get back in pajamas after Holden left this morning and wanted the ‘couch bed’ that Caspien made. He claimed that he could only go back to the couch with pajamas on. Neither of us contested that sound logic.

“Can I show you the rest of the pack house?” Caspien asked when Emmett bounded up to his room to change.

“This is the pack house?” I glanced over my shoulder at the sprawling city beneath his wall of windows. I didn’t really think about where we were. I assumed just his apartment somewhere, but I didn’t think he would take Emmett back to the packhouse.

“Yes, the new one. We kept the old one for pack members that want to live in a more traditional packhouse. This is ours,” He shrugged, which was more of a slight raise of his shoulders.

“Okay, I guess.” I looked up to the second floor to where Emmett went.

“No pressure, I just want to show you around. But I’m also perfectly content staying here.”

“Okay,” I thought it over.

“Okay to what?”

“Okay, show us,” I shrugged, I don’t know if I was still on a high from Nolan giving up his rights so fast, but I didn’t see the harm in this.

“Really?” He looked slightly taken aback, “Nevermind,” He coughed, “It’s final.”

He reached out to shake my hand, and I gave him a stare.

“It’s official now, let me put on a suit.”

I took a deep breath looking down at my oversized shirt.

“Want to go shopping first?”

“How?”

“Downstairs.”

“Give me one of your black jackets, please, possibly a belt or some black tie type thing. Wait, yes, that a black tie.”

I followed him up, nodding to myself, this might work or just be really bad.

I was slightly satisfied with my outfit. It was baggy even with it tied but it almost looked like a blazer dress, and it was better than jeans and his oversized shirt.

“You look incredible,” Caspiens eyed me.

“Not too slutty?” I looked down at my bare legs, I only had short boots with me and I didn’t want to show too much skin.

“You can walk around naked for all I care, it’s your body it’s up to you how you want to show it off.” There was sincerity in his voice that made my stomach flip.

I thought all Alpha would be possessive in a domineering way. But with Caspien, it was different, I could belong to him without him owning me.

“Can we go now?” Emmett tugged on Caspiens hand after he rushed back down the steps.

“Yes,” Caspien ruffled his hair, “Let me show you my home.”

“This is your home,” Emmett pointed out.

“Let me show you the rest of the packhouse; we can go back down the elevator,” Emmett bounced up and down.

“Mama, let’s go! You have to see it.” I followed them out, feeling wholly content and overwhelmingly happy.

“We can start from the bottom up. Do you want to press the button?” Emmett’s eyes lit up.

A low fog settled over the city, and we descended back from my personal haven through the clouds themselves.

“Wow,” Emmett pressed his nose to the glass elevator.

“Don’t get fingerprints on it,” I looked down at him.

“It’s okay,” Caspien put a hand on my lower back.

“That’s because you don’t have to clean it,” I crossed my arms, raising an eyebrow at him.

“Okay, well, yeah, you got me there.” He tugged me against him, and we watched the fog give way to stark buildings.

“It’s magic,” Emmett breathed, his breath fogging up the glass.

“It is,” I agreed, and Caspien tightened his grip on me, sending warmth and sparks through me.

We left the elevator to a bustle of activity and I could fully take it in this time. This was like no packhouse I had ever seen before, I honestly assumed it was a private apartment complex or some fancy a.s.s hotel.

“How do random people not wander in?” I asked.

“Fake front, there’s a front desk area that the public sees, similar to the Dracos group, actually. It’s for a company that no one takes meetings at, of course.” He raised his eyebrows as if he was telling me a great secret, “Holden probably brought you in the main entrance that only pack members use. The elevator we just came from is only for me and Griffen and Holden, no one sees my living area; they think it’s behind my office a floor below.”

“But your lawyer,”

“The first time he came up there, Holden had to escort him up; I thought you would be more comfortable not leaving the apartment. I’ll get your credentials and fingerprints added.”

I nodded, I didn’t realize how much he thought about me. Well, I knew he did, but all these other things he did to make me feel comfortable, I didn’t deserve him.

We do

You’re right it’s just

No justs, he was made for us

He leads us into the main area. This was definitely bigger than any hotel I had ever seen, but I had limited experience.

The building was somehow circular on the inside despite the sharp corners of the outside building. It opened up for stories, so much so that I could barely make out the ceiling above. There were rows of open hallways with doors lining them in different colors stacked on each other.

It looked like a deconstructed hotel, with every door and hallway looking down to the area we were about to walk into. It was surprisingly bright, but I couldn’t tell where the seemingly natural light came from. Vines reached up to the skies, twisting and climbing towards the sky.

The space felt intimate and almost cozy despite its size. Pack members were milling about the upper floor hallways, and chatter filled the space. It felt warm and inviting, nothing like I was expecting after seeing the starkness of his apartment above all of this.

“Those are apartments up there, some are larger two stories, others one bedroom, it depends on the size of the family,” He pointed up to the floors above, “All soundproofed of course, for privacy.”

I studied the open upper floors. I couldn't imagine living in practically a hotel with other pack members; all I knew was traditional houses that had grass and space in between them.

“It's not for everyone,” He looked at me as if he could read my mind, and sometimes I believed he could, “I'll show you the older part of the pack another time out past city limits, it looks more like what you would be used to. If you don't like it here, we could move there,” He suggested.

He would be willing to give up his penthouse city apartment because of my preferences? The thought of us all living together didn't make me nervous like it did yesterday; I was excited about the life he promised me. I could actually see it.

“I like it,” I whispered; I did.

“What's down here?” I brought my attention back to the first floor, a huge space filled with greenery and warmth.

“Pack common area, and over there,” He pointed to a long hallway across the open space, “Is shopping, food, everything you could ever need without having to leave.”

“A modern Utopia,” I gave him a wry smile.

“Pretty much,” He agreed, “But of course, most pack members spend a lot of time elsewhere in the city. There's a gym and warrior training areas below this floor, and above this, the more formal areas, meeting rooms, offices, all that fun stuff.”

It was impressive, a packhouse hidden amongst the sprawling city buildings. It was full of life and activity, there was something to be said about most of the pack living under one roof.

“It feels good,” Emmett grabbed my hand and pointed at all the plants and tried to count the floors that even I lost track of.

“Yas, tha naw ona. Wa kapt tha old ona for pack mambars that want to liva in a mora traditional packhouse. This is ours,” Ha shrugged, which was mora of a slight raisa of his shouldars.

“Okay, I guass.” I lookad up to tha sacond floor to whara Emmatt want.

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“This is your homa,” Emmatt pointad out.

“Lat ma show you tha rast of tha packhousa; wa can go back down tha alavator,” Emmatt bouncad up and down.

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It lookad lika a daconstructad hotal, with avary door and hallway looking down to tha araa wa wara about to walk into. It was surprisngly bright, but I couldn't tall whara tha saamingly natural light cama from. Vinas raachad up to tha skias, twisting and climbing towards tha sky.

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"It feels good," Emmett grabbed my hand and pointed at all the plants and tried to count the floors that even I lost track of.

"Let's get some food and some clothes for you," He turned to me, "As much as I love seeing you in mine,"

I took his hand and let him lead me through the packhouse. People stiffened wherever we walked, I guess he had that same effect on everyone, even in his own pack. When they saw us confusion plastered their faces, and whispers followed in our wake. Their confusion was replaced by wide smiles when they saw me holding Caspien's hand though. I tried to return their smiles, but I felt nervous.

To me, I was being shown Caspien's home with my son by my side. To them, I was their future Luna, a title I didn't accept yet and might never would. But everyone's friendly demeanor made it easier, they seemed genuinely happy, waving and greeting me as Emmett and I walked by.

The hallway opened up to what looked like a mini-mall. Emmett got ice cream, and Caspien insisted I pick out clothes, but I only let him drag me to one shop, and he seemed appeased by that- for now.

"Want to see the offices? We have a theater too. I can have it reserved out if Emmett would like that," He whispered the last part.

"That sounds good, I do have work tomorrow, though," I chewed on my lip, not wanting to face the real world, wishing I could stay here forever.

"Stay tonight?" His eyes were pleading, "Please," He added.

"Just because you said please,"

He showed us a floor of people working in darker rooms, apparently in charge of security for most of the territory. There were small cameras everywhere and people coding things on black screens. At Blue Ridge we had warriors, and that was it; there was no secret service pack security that was tended to I was sure twenty-four hours.

But again, Crescent Moon owned most of the city and a lot of land beyond; they were one of the most prominent packs in the states for a reason. I loved hearing Caspien explain things to me and then explain them in further detail to Emmett and answer his million questions patiently. Caspien didn't just take the pack as it was from his father but was actively working on building it and changing it to be sustainable for the future.

There was no complacency with him. Even though he was part of one of the last lines of pure royal blood, even though he was destined to lead a prominent pack from infancy. He accepted his



roles but didn't rely on his title or power. He was constantly working for his pack, even if they didn't see everything he did behind the scenes. I was so incredibly proud of him and honored to be his mate.

We went to the meeting and conference rooms that reminded me of the ones he had at his office in the Dracos Group Main Building.

"How many offices do you have?" I asked him.

He shrugged, "Eight, I think." My eyes bulged, waiting for him to say he was joking, but he just kept going on.

"But how? I mean, the business, the pack-" I trailed off.

"I delegate," He looked back at me, "I trust the people I have in charge; I oversee them and have regular check-ins. I like to know what's going on in all aspects of my pack, but I trust the people I put in charge. There is no way I could do any of this by myself."

"Being Alpha sounds cool," Emmett looked at Caspien with such adoration, he understood the concept, a bit, but since he didn't grow up in a pack I don't think he really grasped how important Caspien was.

When he said that Caspien squeezed my hand, a flicker of sadness came through me and I think he sensed it.

Emmett was supposed to be an Alpha, I knew he would be a good one. Not one that was led by fear and dominance, not one that craved power, but one that ruled fairly and made sure his pack was taken care of. An Alpha like Caspien. But Emmett would never get the chance.

Even though Caspien had his reputation, I saw just how much he cared and did for his pack. While Emmett was distracted I asked him more about that. He told me it was a burden to shoulder. His reputation protected him and, therefore, the pack. Even though people wouldn't see this other side of him, he didn't mind because he was working for his people. Part of me thought he might mind, and I told him that.

"As long as you two see me for who I trust am, I don't need the entire pack to sit down and have a heart-to-heart with me," He smiled but his gaze was intense.

"And then there are the Beta and Gamma's office, their apartments are a floor up, and then my office and personal meeting rooms, most business is conducted up there."

"This place is massive," I couldn't imagine the meeting that was held in those huge rooms, I would fit a hundred people.

"I'll show you my office. Do you want to see it?" He kneeled to Emmett's level, "It has the best view of the city."

“Yes yes yes,” Emmett nodded vigorously.

Caspian tensed when we got to his office floor.

“F\*\*k,” Caspian muttered, “Sorry,” He apologized to Emmett, who looked at him with wide eyes and giggled.

Caspian eyes clouded over, and he stopped walking. The elevator opened a moment later, and Holden appeared.

“Let’s go do something fun,” He said to Emmett, “I heard a rumor that there are pancakes on my floor.”

Caspian eyed him, and I eyed Caspian; what was going on?

“Nora, Griffen’s mate,” Holden explained, “She making pancakes, don’t worry, I’m not,”

“Mama, can I?”

“Sure?” It came out more of a question, but I trusted Caspian.

Emmett waved to us as he was ushered back into the elevator, Holden fixing Caspian with a glare.

I turned to him when the doors closed, I didn’t think I should be worried, but I had no idea what he was thinking.

“My parents are here,” He looked at me apologetically.

“Your parents?”

“I didn’t just poof into thin air, even though most people think that’s the case,” His face was set, his jaw hard.

“I can take you back to my apartment; I just thought that might be a lot, especially with Emmett.” He looked worried.

I studied him, waiting for him to go on.

“I just got you here – by accident,” He admitted, “But I don’t want to scare you off; I don’t want to force you into anything that you’re not ready for. Things are really good. They’re good, right?”

“They are,” I admitted, “Let’s go meet your parents,”

He visibly relaxed, smiling at me, but I could tell he wasn’t sure.

He opened his mouth to say something, but his office door opened. A tall thin woman in a cream perfectly pressed dress walked out. Her black hair, the same as Caspiens, pulled back into some intricate bun I didn't have a word for with a long clip holding it in place.

She looked like a damn first lady, no, a president.

She turned towards us, tilting her head, raising a thin eyebrow. She walked towards us with dancer-like grace.

Well, f.uck me. I almost looked down at myself; my makeshift suit dress felt very childish in this woman's presence.

"Caspien darling," She reached out to him, and he lowered his head so she could place a kiss on his cheek.

She pulled back her face stern, and I swallowed, "Do you want to explain why you kept your mate from us?"