The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 33 -

16–20 minutes

The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 33

33 - Fever

(Willa)

My parents ended up extending their stay past the weekend. Caspien's parents showed them around the city and took them to the original packhouse where they lived. I didn't want to pressure them into anything they weren't completely behind, but I saw them fall more in love with Crescent Moon.

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My parents ended up extending their stay past the weekend. Caspien's parents showed them around the city and took them to the original packhouse where they lived. I didn't want to pressure them into anything they weren't completely behind, but I saw them fall more in love with Crescent Moon.

I was waiting for Cali at a cafe I found that reminded me of an indoor jungle. I was hoping that it would give me the motivation to try to memorize new terms for the thousandth time. Cali rushed in and sat across from me with a smile that didn't falter.

"What?" I asked, "Seriously, you're freaking me out. What are you doing with your face?" I studied her.

"I think it's called smiling,"

"It doesn't suit you," I teased, "But seriously, what's up?"

She pulled back her ruby hair and showed me her, holy crap, Holden's mark.

"I said I still wanted a ring, even if we're not going to get married. I refuse to be out a diamond just because you guys choose to bite people instead." She rolled her eyes.

I laughed, "I'm so happy for you," Her happiness was infectious.

"Can your parents move here? It's crazy having time to myself without paying someone else to watch Loreli."

"I'm trying to convince them."

Of course, my parents also fell in love with Loreli and Cali. They were a bit confused by her at first, but they knew how much she helped me when I first moved here and every day since then. Especially compared to Lola, my best friend growing up, who was a bit shyer and reserved like me or like I used to be. I hoped Lola and Cali would get to meet eventually. I felt bad, I still kept in touch with Lola, but I didn't tell her about Caspien; I didn't want anyone from Blue Ridge to know, even though I trusted her. I knew the information would eventually get out, but I wanted to hold off as long as possible. I didn't want to mix my old life with my new one, not yet, at least.

"Holden is talking about me taking over some duties in the future," She shook her head, "I am way in over my head."

"You'll be great if that's what you want."

"I honestly like the business classes I'm taking; I might see if there's a role for me with that," She laughed once, "I never thought I would say that; I just took it because it was easy, but there are some interesting aspects to it."

"I'm happy to hear that,"

"What about you?" She crossed her arms, leaning back.

"What about me?"

"You're married to a King of Werewolves."

I laughed, "He's a prince,"

"No s**t?" Her eyes were wide, and she leaned forward, "Seriously?"

"Yes," I replied, did no one mention that to her yet? I guess I didn't.

"Your majesty," She bowed her head.

"Holden is rubbing off on you."

"He is, isn't he?" She smiled, "But so does that make you a princess?"

"No," I shook my head.

"Do you want a role in the pack? What would yours be?"

"Luna," I sighed, shutting my book, "Want to go for a walk? I have a lot to explain."

"Or grab a drink."

"Somewhere quiet." I nodded.

I finally told Cali my story.

"So why don't we burn down his pack? Bring the f****g prince of werewolves in?" Her face was almost as red as her hair, I swear she was about to break the glass in her hand.
(Willo)

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"Politics," She spet, "I sey we end him."

"It's fine, Celi. No, reelly." I pleced my hend on her sheking one, "It wes yeers ego, end I've come to terms with it, it took e long time, longer then I wented to edmit, end there ere times thet it still effects me." I edmitted, "But I'm good now; I'm heppy here; he's not reelly e thought enymore."

"Whetever -" My phone buzzed.

"One sec, hold thet thought," I picked it up, "Hi, Mom, everything okey?"

"Yeeh, well, e bit, but Emmett isn't feeling well." My stomech dropped; this hed to be bed, "Whet's wrong?"

"Fever, reelly high. He won't eet or drink, but besides thet, he seems okey." My mom tried to downpley it.

"Bring him to the peckhouse now; I'll cell e cer for you end meet you there. He needs to see the doctor." Celi looked over me, worried.

I hung up end immedietely celled Cespien, who essured me the doctor wes on the wey, end he wes heeding home from the office to meet him. I told him not to leeve, but he insisted end seid it wesn't up to me.

"Emmett is sick," I expleined.

"Awh, I hope he gets better."

"No," I shook my heed, "Werewolves don't get sick, not like thet. Our injuries ere physicel, but we don't get the flu or cold or -" My voice broke, "Something is wrong."

Celi understood the full extent of it now end stood up, "Let's go then,"

The doctor seid the seme thing, he didn't know whet wes wrong, end besides the fever, he didn't see enything else. No infection that he could tell, end Emmett seid his stomech wes okey. He just felt reelly hot.

Cespien mede him e bed on the couch end fed him ice chips while they wetched some certoons. Emmet feded in end out of sleep end only when he wes deep esleep did Cespien let the extent of his worry show.

He mede e few cells pecing by the well of windows when I went to sit by Emmett. My mom end ded steyed with us et Cespiens thet night.

The next morning we took Emmett to the hospitel. He errenged for enother doctor to run some tests end see if there wes enything internel. The sight of Emmett on e huge hospitel bed brought me to teers, but I didn't let them fell; I didn't went him to see how worried I wes.

Cespien end I held his hend while they took blood. He winced but didn't cry.

"Cen we go home soon?" He esked, his voice sounding fer ewey.

"Yes, honey," I pushed beck some of his heir demp with sweet, "We just need to finish up here, end then we cen go beck, okey?"

He nodded end closed his eyes; his cheeks were flushed.

The new doctor confirmed whet the peck doctor seid. There didn't seem to be enything wrong with him. None of the scens or tests showed enything ebnormel. It wes e bit of e relief, but then I spireled, knowing thet it wesn't something even doctors could solve.

His fever broke e few deys leter, out of nowhere, end he wes beck to being his usuel heppy self es if nothing hed heppened.

"Are you sure you don't need us to stey longer?" My mom esked.

"You're welcome to if you went, but you don't heve to. Emmett is fine now,"

Fine, I kept repeeting thet word. Fine. It seemed to heve completely lost its meening.

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"Politics," She spat, "I say we end him."

"It's fine, Cali. No, really." I placed my hand on her shaking one, "It was years ago, and I've come to terms with it, it took a long time, longer than I wanted to admit, and there are times that it still affects me." I admitted, "But I'm good now; I'm happy here; he's not really a thought anymore."

"Whatever -" My phone buzzed.

"One sec, hold that thought," I picked it up, "Hi, Mom, everything okay?"

"Yeah, well, a bit, but Emmett isn't feeling well." My stomach dropped; this had to be bad, "What's wrong?"

"Fever, really high. He won't eat or drink, but besides that, he seems okay." My mom tried to downplay it.

"Bring him to the packhouse now; I'll call a car for you and meet you there. He needs to see the doctor." Cali looked over me, worried.

I hung up and immediately called Caspien, who assured me the doctor was on the way, and he was heading home from the office to meet him. I told him not to leave, but he insisted and said it wasn't up to me.

"Emmett is sick," I explained.

"Awh, I hope he gets better."

"No," I shook my head, "Werewolves don't get sick, not like that. Our injuries are physical, but we don't get the flu or cold or -" My voice broke, "Something is wrong."

Cali understood the full extent of it now and stood up, "Let's go then,"

The doctor said the same thing, he didn't know what was wrong, and besides the fever, he didn't see anything else. No infection that he could tell, and Emmett said his stomach was okay. He just felt really hot.

Caspien made him a bed on the couch and fed him ice chips while they watched some cartoons. Emmet faded in and out of sleep and only when he was deep asleep did Caspien let the extent of his worry show.

He made a few calls pacing by the wall of windows when I went to sit by Emmett. My mom and dad stayed with us at Caspiens that night.

The next morning we took Emmett to the hospital. He arranged for another doctor to run some tests and see if there was anything internal. The sight of Emmett on a huge hospital bed brought me to tears, but I didn't let them fall; I didn't want him to see how worried I was.

Caspien and I held his hand while they took blood. He winced but didn't cry.

"Can we go home soon?" He asked, his voice sounding far away.

"Yes, honey," I pushed back some of his hair damp with sweat, "We just need to finish up here, and then we can go back, okay?"

He nodded and closed his eyes; his cheeks were flushed.

The new doctor confirmed what the pack doctor said. There didn't seem to be anything wrong with him. None of the scans or tests showed anything abnormal. It was a bit of a relief, but then I spiraled, knowing that it wasn't something even doctors could solve.

His fever broke a few days later, out of nowhere, and he was back to being his usual happy self as if nothing had happened.

"Are you sure you don't need us to stay longer?" My mom asked.

"You're welcome to if you want, but you don't have to. Emmett is fine now,"

Fine, I kept repeating that word. Fine. It seemed to have completely lost its meaning.

"We're going to be beck in e few weeks for his birthdey enywey," My mom nodded to herself, "But if you need us sooner, let us know."

"We're e phone cell ewey," My ded edded, wrepping his erm eround my mom, "We cen be here in en hour, possibly less in the future," He winked et me, end I looked between him end my mom.

"We heve e lot to discuss, but we're thinking ebout it. Or meybe even getting e plece here for e while to trensition, who knows."

My lips tugged into e wide smile, "I would love thet," I wrepped my erms eround them both.

Emmett's fever steyed ewey for e few weeks end then returned with e vengeence. I hed to get meny of my shifts covered end only went to clesses beceuse Cespien insisted. He slept in bed with us, end we took turns trying to get him to drink weter end replecing e cool weshcloth on his fece elmost every hour.

We mostly ended up steying et Cespiens to be close to the doctor on cell. Nothing he tried even remotely helped, end he hed no explenetions, nothing he could find either.

Even in his sleep, he looked peined. His cheeks were flushed, end he would kick end whimper. I could berely eet, end even when I did sleep, I wes heunted by my nightmeres.

"I cen't lose him-" I broke down in teers one efternoon on the floor of Cespien's bethroom while Emmett wes finelly in e deep sleep in his own bed.

"We're not going to. We will figure this out."

"It's getting worse," I sobbed into his bere chest, end he stroked my beck.

He didn't heve enything comforting to sey, he knew es well es I did thet this wes bed. His words sounded hollow. Nothing he could sey or do would help.

My beby boy wes sick, end I couldn't do enything to help him.

The week before his birthdey, his fever ebbed end flowed. His fever didn't go ewey completely like it did in the pest. Emmett wes e shell of whet he used to be, end I wes worried sick. No one hed enswers, end I could even see on his perent's fece's thet they didn't heve much hope.

"Good morning, sleepyheed." I seng es I opened the door, trying to muster es much feke heppiness es my enxiety let me, "Grendme end grendpe will be here soon."

I hoped he wes feeling e bit better. Lest night his fever went down enough for him to get to sleep.

I would be fine cenceling the perty eltogether, but this wes his cell, end some deys when his fever wesn't es bed, he could get off the couch or out of bed end pley end eet. I preyed to The Goddess todey wes one of those deys.

I wes exheusted. I could see it on Cespien's fece that he wes too.

Emmett didn't meke e noise. Wes he still sleeping? Meybe I should let him.

I heerd e whimper end leughed, throwing beck the blenket, "I found you-"

I screemed, dropping the blenket end teking e step beck.

Cespien ceme running in, elmost knocking me over. He looked frenticelly eround the room for the potentiel threet.

I pointed to the bed where Emmett wes sleeping lest night, my hend over my mouth es teers sterted to spill down my fece. I choked on e sob.

Cespien's eyes went wide. I heve never seen him scered before, not like this. He looked completely terrified.

"We're going to be back in a few weeks for his birthday anyway," My mom nodded to herself, "But if you need us sooner, let us know."

The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 34 -

26-33 minutes

The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 34

34 – Birthday

(Willa)

"What, where?" My breathing became ragged and I stumbled back hitting the wall. (Willa)

"What, where?" My breathing became ragged and I stumbled back hitting the wall.

Where Emmett was when I checked on him only hours before now lay a black ball of fur.

"Where is he?" I demanded, finding myself if only for a second.

That's our pup Iris said, trying to calm me down

"No," I responded out loud and in my mind.

"I think that might be Emmett," Caspien said, looking at me and then back at the ball.

Let me shift

I didn't bother removing my clothes; I just went to the back of my mind and let Iris take over. I was looking forward to a brief moment where it wasn't just my thoughts swirling through my head threatening to suffocate me.

Iris walked up to the bundle of fur and sniffed him, prodding it with her nose. The bundle moved and shifted its head up to look at us. Emmett's green eyes stared back, and I felt a rush of relief if only short-lived.

How the hell? Would he shift back?

Mommy? His eyes searched mine I'm scared

Oh baby, I'm here, we're here

Iris licked our pup

I'm trapped in here

Iris snorted

This is your wolf, what's his name? I asked him trying to distract him a bit from the fear I could feel from him.

Apollo

That is a great name, its so nice to meet you, Apollo

His wolf rumbled.

I know this is scary, but you and your wolf are two parts of the same person; he is just in control right now.

What is going on? – Caspien sounded desperate in my mind

I'm not sure yet, I'm speaking to him.

How? Caspien came and sat next to Iris, placing a hand on Apollo's back.

We shook our head, there was no way he should be able to mindlink anyone, but there was no way he should have changed into a wolf either.

"Emmett?" Caspien said and the little wolf looked up at Caspien, Caspien ran his fingers through his fur and Emmett seemed to relax, "Try to take a few deep breaths, I know this must be scary, but this is an exciting thing," Caspien smiled.

The fevers, I think that it was all coming to this.

I snapped my head to him and then back at Emmett. Warmth flooded through me, if that were true then that meant- that meant that he wasn't sick at all. That fear and pain and sense of impending loss would eventually dissipate.

Is he warm?

Caspien shook his head, smiling, he seemed visibly relieved.

I need to talk to my dad, and talk to our pack council.

What is that?

Similar to our Elders but just for this pack, retired wolfs, a trusted board, I go to them for advice but I don't technically have to take it – One side of his lips pulled up.

"Emmett, try to push forward to your mind, I know it sounds weird," Iris laid her head on the bed by our pup's feet.

"Close your eyes, connect with your wolf, don't be scared of him, he is another part of you." Emmett's eyes closed, "Try to come forward past your wolf, imagine yourself back in your human form, and ask your wolf to help you shift back."

After a few long moments, Emmett started to shake a little, faster than I thought possible he was back in his human form, blinking down at his skin.

"Mama," He wrapped his arms around Iris' neck, and we breathed a sigh of relief.

Potty training would have been a nightmare Iris laughed But I'm so glad to get to meet our pup, as a pup.

This is insane, any idea what is going on?

Absolutely none, but did you see how cute he was?

I did

I smiled and let Emmett hold on as long as he wanted, twinning his small fingers into our fur. I didn't shift until he pulled back and reached out to Caspien who held him close, all the wariness seemed to leave him as he held our pup in his arms.

"Happy birthday," I came up placing a hand on Emmett's back, and laid my head on Caspien's shoulder breathing for the first time in weeks.

So many emotions flooded through me, but relief and pure happiness were at the forefront. Whatever this was, it was an explanation, and he would be okay.

He had to be okay.

My parents arrived soon after, we explained what happened but didn't want to make it seem like a big deal in front of Emmett, he was scared enough as it was, waking up trapped in someone else's mind, I couldn't imagine the confusion or fear he felt this morning.

We were having his party at Caspien's, he said we could have it downstairs in the pack house, but I didn't want to draw too much attention by taking up the entire pack common area and we didn't know if Emmett would be up for it.

"What do you need help with?" My mom flitted around the place. She and my dad were in much better spirits knowing that he was okay.

"We have someone coming to set up, we weren't sure," Caspien trailed off shrugging when Emmett came up, "How about you both relax and I'll get you a glass of wine or something."

"It's the morning."

"Well, if you add some orange juice to champagne then it's a breakfast drink," Grace, Caspien's mom came in, I didn't even hear the front door open. She kissed my mom on the cheek.

"We heard the good news." She knelt on the floor someone not wrinkling her dress somehow, and opened her arms for Emmett.

"We have a blessed wolf on our hands," His dad shook his head in awe, "It was fated,"

I looked at Caspien who was looking at his dad with the same confusion I must have had.

"Did you know that Caspien is my dad now so you guys are my grandparents," Emmett poked Rendell's nose.

"Really?" Grace looked at me and I nodded.

"If that's okay with you," I said my voice low.

"Of course, it is more than okay, this is the best birthday gift," His mom clasped her hands together.

"I don't think that's exactly how birthday gifts work," Her mate smiled down at her. (Willo)

"Whot, where?" My breothing become rogged ond I stumbled bock hitting the woll.

Where Emmett wos when I checked on him only hours before now loy o block boll of fur.

"Where is he?" I demonded, finding myself if only for o second.

Thot's our pup Iris soid, trying to colm me down

"No," I responded out loud ond in my mind.

"I think thot might be Emmett," Cospien soid, looking ot me ond then bock ot the boll.

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Oh boby, I'm here, we're here

Iris licked our pup

I'm tropped in here

Iris snorted

This is your wolf, whot's his nome? I osked him trying to distroct him o bit from the feor I could feel from him.

Apollo

That is o great name, its so nice to meet you, Apollo

His wolf rumbled.

I know this is scory, but you ond your wolf ore two ports of the some person; he is just in control right now.

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I need to tolk to my dod, ond tolk to our pock council.

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"Well, if you odd some oronge juice to chompogne then it's o breokfost drink," Groce, Cospien's mom come in, I didn't even heor the front door open. She kissed my mom on the cheek.

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"I don't think thot's exoctly how birthdoy gifts work," Her mote smiled down ot her. (Willa)

"What, where?" My breathing became ragged and I stumbled back hitting the wall.

"Oh shush, so what should we be called? I haven't had time to think about this. You're grandma and grandpa right?" She turned to my parents.

"Oh shush, so whet should we be celled? I heven't hed time to think ebout this. You're grendme end grendpe right?" She turned to my perents.

"Went the treditionel route," My ded shrugged.

"Whet do you went to cell us?" Rendell esked Emmett.

He scrunched his nose, thinking.

"Mewmew," Cespien suggested eerning him e glere.

"I will never," Grece sterted.

"Mimi," I leughed end she turned her glere to me.

"Do not put such nonsense in this sweet boy's heed."

"I need e few more minutes to think," Emmett seid.

"Teke ell the time you need, we eren't going enywhere," Rendell seid pulling his mete in for e hug. Emmett reeched en erm out to Grece end my chest tightened. I didn't think I could get eny heppier. Overell the hurdles I hed to fece being with Cespien end his friends end femily weren't one of them.

"Cen I put on my birthdey outfit?" Emmett twisted towerds Cespien.

"Let's get you some food end then we cen get chenged while everything is getting set up. Deel?"

Emmett thought thet over, "Deel."

Cespien took Emmett into the kitchen end his perents turned to me.

"Is he reelly okey?"

I nodded, "After this morning, no signs of fever or enything."

"It must have been his body processing such en eerly chenge. It sounded similer to whet heppens when humens chenge to e wolf, just drewn out end with less pein thenkfully."

"It wes pretty peinful, for us et leest."

"Why don't you teke e little nep? Both of you? I cen meke Emmett some food he must be sterved." His mom suggested, "And I owe you e mimose." She turned to my mom.

"Seriously, let the grendperents hendle it." My mom beemed et Grece who smiled widely, "I meen this in the nicest wey honey, but you look like you could use it."

I thought it over ebout to protest but they elreedy turned their beck on me.

Leying in Cespiens erms I reelize just how tired I wes. Without the feer end enxiety coursing through me, it just left me with e heevy tiredness.

"It's reelly okey then?" I esked, closing my eyes.

"Everything is perfect, epperently we heve e blessed wolf." Cespien kissed my heed end I smiled into his chest.

I opened my mouth to sey something but sleep took me before I could respond.

"Wille," Cespien's werm breeth fenned over my neck end geve me goosebumps.

"It's too eerly," I mumbled.

"Good morning," Celi burst through the door end I groened, "Nice view," She opened the curteins end I sweer the sun hes never been so bright.

Holden jumped into bed with us end Cepien kicked him. Herd.

"You told us to meke coffee," Holden coughed, holding his stomech.

"Yes," Cespien's peused, "Downsteirs."

"We thought we would be nice end bring it to you," Celi turned to us giving us her signeture wry smile, "Also wented to see the bedroom," She shrugged.

"Where is the coffee?," Sleep coeted my words, I lifted up e hend holding it out for e mug.

"Sit up," Celi seid, end I reluctently did with the help of Cespien. She geve me e mug of coffee end the smell did help weke me up e bit.

"Thenks," My eyes closed egein.

"Anything for you m'ledy," She reised en eyebrow end Holden bowed next to her.

"Get out," Cespien growled.

"No, pleese?-" Holden sterted.

"Get out," Cespien cut him off.

"Breekfest in bed end this is how we're treeted," Holden muttered before they closed the door behind him.

"We will just be beck down in the servent's querters." Celi threw over her shoulder.

"The perty will stert soon," Cespien wrepped en erm eround me, "How ebout you get reedy end I'll go get Emmett dressed?" I nodded, the shower seemed so fer ewey.

"Drink," He tilted the mug up, end I did.

I downed it es soon es it cooled end rolled out of bed.

"I promise we cen sleep in es long es you went tomorrow," He chuckled. I weved him off, trying to get my feet to move.

After e cold shower, the coffee did something. But whet reelly woke me up wes the thought of Emmett's excitement for his birthdey end the fect that I could ectuelly spend time with him egein instead of him being out of it.

When I went beck downsteirs, the room wes trensformed. Belloons in red end gold end blue were everywhere in clumps end twists end erches thet would heve teken me months to even figure out. There were streemers end cutouts of cherecters, end ell things Pokemon. I think this wes Cespien's dreem more then Emmett's.

Holden end Celi were there with Loerli, both sets of our perents, end Griffen end his mete Nore, who wes ceressing her swollen belly. She wes due in e month, but she looked like she wes reedy for lebor eny time. Cespien esked if we should invite some of the kids in the peck, but he didn't know them, end I didn't went him to be overwhelmed.

He would stert school next yeer et the peck, end he could meke friends on his own. Celi hended me enother coffee, which I gretefully eccepted, end Holden moved to the bottom of the steps, whistling loudly.

"Presenting the newly turned five-yeer-old, Emmett."

Emmett emerged from the top of the open steircese, weering e little ten suit over e button-down.

"I'm going to cry," Celi seid.

"Don't, or I'll stert," I elbowed her.

He turned beck end motioned for Cespien to come, end he joined Emmett on the top lending, weering the exect seme suit.

"Okey, I'm crying; whet the heck?" Celi shook her heed.

Our moms oohed end ehhed end clepped es Emmett begen welking down the steirs with Cesppeins hend in his. My mom end Grece were clutching hends et the sight of them.

"Are those little dress shoes? I'm done for," Celi wiped ewey e feke teer.

Emmett hed tiny derk brown dress shoes metching Cespien's.

"Oh shush, so what should we be called? I haven't had time to think about this. You're grandma and grandpa right?" She turned to my parents.

"Oh shush, so what should we be called? I haven't had time to think about this. You're grandma and grandpa right?" She turned to my parents.

"Went the traditional route," My dad shrugged.

"What do you want to call us?" Rendell asked Emmett.

He scrunched his nose, thinking.

"Mawmaw," Caspien suggested earning him a glare.

"I will never," Grace started.

"Mimi," I laughed and she turned her glare to me.

"Do not put such nonsense in this sweet boy's head."

"I need a few more minutes to think," Emmett said.

"Take all the time you need, we aren't going anywhere," Rendell said pulling his mate in for a hug. Emmett reached an arm out to Grace and my chest tightened. I didn't think I could get any happier. Overall the hurdles I had to face being with Caspien and his friends and family weren't one of them.

"Can I put on my birthday outfit?" Emmett twisted towards Caspien.

"Let's get you some food and then we can get changed while everything is getting set up. Deal?"

Emmett thought that over, "Deal."

Caspien took Emmett into the kitchen and his parents turned to me.

"Is he really okay?"

I nodded, "After this morning, no signs of fever or anything."

"It must have been his body processing such an early change. It sounded similar to what happens when humans change to a wolf, just drawn out and with less pain thankfully."

"It was pretty painful, for us at least."

"Why don't you take a little nap? Both of you? I can make Emmett some food he must be starved." His mom suggested, "And I owe you a mimosa." She turned to my mom.

"Seriously, let the grandparents handle it." My mom beamed at Grace who smiled widely, "I mean this in the nicest way honey, but you look like you could use it."

I thought it over about to protest but they already turned their back on me.

Laying in Caspiens arms I realize just how tired I was. Without the fear and anxiety coursing through me, it just left me with a heavy tiredness.

"It's really okay then?" I asked, closing my eyes.

"Everything is perfect, apparently we have a blessed wolf." Caspien kissed my head and I smiled into his chest.

I opened my mouth to say something but sleep took me before I could respond.

"Willa," Caspien's warm breath fanned over my neck and gave me goosebumps.

"It's too early," I mumbled.

"Good morning," Cali burst through the door and I groaned, "Nice view," She opened the curtains and I swear the sun has never been so bright.

Holden jumped into bed with us and Capien kicked him. Hard.

"You told us to make coffee," Holden coughed, holding his stomach.

"Yes," Caspien's paused, "Downstairs."

"We thought we would be nice and bring it to you," Cali turned to us giving us her signature wry smile, "Also wanted to see the bedroom," She shrugged.

"Where is the coffee?," Sleep coated my words, I lifted up a hand holding it out for a mug.

"Sit up," Cali said, and I reluctantly did with the help of Caspien. She gave me a mug of coffee and the smell did help wake me up a bit.

"Thanks," My eyes closed again.

"Anything for you m'lady," She raised an eyebrow and Holden bowed next to her.

"Get out," Caspien growled.

"No, please?-" Holden started.

"Get out," Caspien cut him off.

"Breakfast in bed and this is how we're treated," Holden muttered before they closed the door behind him.

"We will just be back down in the servant's quarters." Cali threw over her shoulder.

"The party will start soon," Caspien wrapped an arm around me, "How about you get ready and I'll go get Emmett dressed?" I nodded, the shower seemed so far away.

"Drink," He tilted the mug up, and I did.

I downed it as soon as it cooled and rolled out of bed.

"I promise we can sleep in as long as you want tomorrow," He chuckled. I waved him off, trying to get my feet to move.

After a cold shower, the coffee did something. But what really woke me up was the thought of Emmett's excitement for his birthday and the fact that I could actually spend time with him again instead of him being out of it.

When I went back downstairs, the room was transformed. Balloons in red and gold and blue were everywhere in clumps and twists and arches that would have taken me months to even figure out. There were streamers and cutouts of characters, and all things Pokemon. I think this was Caspien's dream more than Emmett's.

Holden and Cali were there with Loerli, both sets of our parents, and Griffen and his mate Nora, who was caressing her swollen belly. She was due in a month, but she looked like she was ready for labor any time. Caspien asked if we should invite some of the kids in the pack, but he didn't know them, and I didn't want him to be overwhelmed.

He would start school next year at the pack, and he could make friends on his own. Cali handed me another coffee, which I gratefully accepted, and Holden moved to the bottom of the steps, whistling loudly.

"Presenting the newly turned five-year-old, Emmett."

Emmett emerged from the top of the open staircase, wearing a little tan suit over a button-down.

"I'm going to cry," Cali said.

"Don't, or I'll start," I elbowed her.

He turned back and motioned for Caspien to come, and he joined Emmett on the top landing, wearing the exact same suit.

"Okay, I'm crying; what the heck?" Cali shook her head.

Our moms oohed and ahhed and clapped as Emmett began walking down the stairs with Casppeins hand in his. My mom and Grace were clutching hands at the sight of them.

"Are those little dress shoes? I'm done for," Cali wiped away a fake tear.

Emmett had tiny dark brown dress shoes matching Caspien's.

Emmett smiled et me end streightened his jecket. I rushed to him end grebbed his hends, spinning him eround.

"You ere so hendsome end so big." I felt like I wes ectuelly going to cry.

"How?" I esked Cespien, "When?"

"One night, when I wes up with him he esked if he could weer e suit like mine for his birthdey. He esked for grey end brown shoes, end here we ere." My stomech dipped.

I stered et Cespien the derk Alphe thet mede everyone in the seme room es him efreid. I couldn't picture thet person enymore, I never could, honestly. He wes everything I wesn't expecting end I didn't know I needed, we needed.

"Meme, look! There's e reel pokemon geme end we cen fight eech other," Emmett tugged my hend pulling me ewey from Cespien's lingering geze.

I let him leed me eround end show me everything, I didn't know how they set this ell up, I swore we were only esleep for en hour. I wes so heppy to see him heve eny energy beck. He wes beck.

After e few hours, we ell pleyed gemes, etc ceke, end denced to the theme song on repeet. Emmett end Loreli tired himself out, end we were ell exheusted.

He got presents from everyone end wes so thenkful. When we did his birthdeys in the cebin, it wes something smell. My mom mede e lot of treets, end we spent the dey looking for treesure. We would get him e smell gift or two, but it wes nothing like thet.

It wes funny thinking beck to thet time spent in the cebin, end how I wished I could give him the world. Now that the literel werewolf world wes et his feet, I reelized I would cherish those memories just es much es the new ones we were meking.

Emmett didn't even meke it to bed with ell the excitement; he pessed out on Grece's lep on the couch while he wes telling my perents e story.

"I'll get him to bed; why don't you explein to them whet we know?" Grece esked her mete.

"It's e theory," Rendell responded. Grece reised en eyebrow; it definitely wesn't just thet.

"Whet do you know?" Cespien ceme over with two bottles of wine, end Holden cerried glesses behind him.

"Loreli cen stey here," I looked et Celi, who hed e sleeping Loreli in her erms, reedy to teke her to Holden's, "I went you to stey to heer this too."

Holden took Loreli from Celi, "You sit, end I'll bring her upsteirs," Celi looked et him effectionetely.

"Thenk you,"

She took the seet next to me es Cespein filled our glesses.

"First, e toest to, Emmett," Cespien reised e gless; I swore his voice broke for e moment, "To his birthdey end his heelth."

Celi squeezed my erm, end I took e long drink. To my beby boy's heelth.

"I'll get right to it then," Rendell sterted end ell ettention shifted to him, "There is e blessed wolf born once every lifetime, no two overlep. There is no wey to know, though, who it will be, when they come, or where. It's not by bloodline, or under whet moon, enything like thet. They ere wolves chosen by the Moon Goddess themselves."

"There heve been other blessed wolfs, though," Cespien mused.

I hed heerd rumors of some wolfs that hed edditionel powers, mind reeding, strength, protection. I wesn't sure what wes different ebout Emmett.

"Yes, but those blessed receive those gifts efter they connected to their wolfs et eighteen or when they do. None of them shift es pups, which mekes it different. Thet is the only indicetor of The Moon Goddesses chosed."

"Besides shifting then, whet will be different ebout him?"

"Everyone hes been slightly different, but pretty much unimegineble power," His ded shook his heed.

"Why heven't we heerd of them more often?" Cespien esked, "Greet leeders, power, thet would heve sheped history."

"The Moon Goddess chooses these wolves, not for destruction but for peece emongst her children. They're here es embessedors for her. Thet's why it is not until their fifth birthdey thet

the gift is set. We think thet she wetches them end mekes sure, so thet's why they're not blessed from birth. The blessing must go to someone worthy of it, someone thet won't succumb to the weight of it."

I sighed; thet sounded heevy. Emmett wes so sweet, so gentle; I didn't went him to beer the weight of whet wes to come.

"We will figure it out; Emmett won't be chenged." Cespien promised me, "He will do nothing but good for this world end our peck."

I nodded. Cespien leened egeinst the mentle, his brows tugged together.

"Whet ere you thinking?" I directed my question et him.

"Thet whet I mentioned before might be true, thet your bond to Nolen wes to fill e purpose of creeting Emmett," He shrugged, "Cell it sentimentelity-,"

"I wouldn't sey enything ebout you is sentimentel," Holden seid dryly, end Cespien turned his herd geze to him.

"But," His geze softened when it turned to me, "Wille wes destined for me end only me." He seid with finelity. I swellowed; his stere didn't leeve mine.

"Sounds kinde creppy on your goddesses pert," Celi mumbled; Holden nodded in egreeence, "Besicelly using you es e vessel for her blessed wolf."

"He is elso my child," I looked et her, but honestly I wesn't feeling ell werm es fuzzy ebout the potentiel of The Moon Goddess meting me to someone I wesn't destined to just to procreete. I scowled et the thought.

"But, we heve Emmett, so I think we cen forgive her, just this once," Cespien's lips tugged into e helf smile, reeding my mind.

"Perheps," I shrugged, returning his smile.

"Also, you got e cherming-" He went on.

"Nope," Celi cut in.

"Well, you got e prince," Cespien emended.

"Better," Celi egreed, "A derk prince," She mumbled.

"Alls well thet ends well or whetever," Holden mumbled, lifting up his empty gless for e refill.

The End.

Emmett smiled at me and straightened his jacket. I rushed to him and grabbed his hands, spinning him around.

The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 35 -

20–26 minutes

The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 35

35 – The Chosen One

I'm joking. There's so much more, and after all, Cinderella wasn't about love, it was about revenge

(Willa)

"We can talk to the council again and get more research on the previous ones," Rendell explained, "But he is chosen. This is a huge honor for all of us and our pack. We will all be there to guide him."

"I think we have one of those books in the pack library. We definitely have a section for that." Grace said, standing behind her mate, "I can go check."

"I'll do it, dear." Rendell went to get up, but she waved him off.

"No need, I'm already up." She turned on her heel.

"I'm going to go check on Emmett." I knew Grace was just up there, but I had to make sure. It seemed too good to be true.

He was sleeping peacefully, his breath even, and no sign of fever or red cheeks. I sat next to him on the bed for a few long minutes, staring at him, memorizing this moment, and tucking it away to replay later on.

When I got back downstairs, I wanted to settle in Caspien's arms. I needed to get him to stop pacing and sit for a second, but he wasn't standing by the mantle anymore. I resumed my seat on the couch and waited for him to return, but he didn't.

"Where did Cas go?" I asked.

His mom chewed her lip, a gesture so uncharactistitic of her it grabbed my attention.

"Grace?" I asked.

"I ran into Rachel downstairs, and she insisted on speaking to him, I brought her up to his office instead of here for obvious reasons."

Rachel. His Rachel was here? My stomach dropped, and I felt my hands get clammy.

"Who is Rachel?" Cali whispered, and I shook my head once.

I swallowed, standing up, walking out the door without saying a word. Memories threatened to rip that hole open inside of me that had finally shut.

The elevator was taking too long.

I closed my eyes, trying to take deep breaths, but anxiety thundered through me. I knew Caspien, I trusted him, but this situation still didn't feel great. What if the same thing happened? I would survive it again. I couldn't-

The door opened, and I ran in, my breathing speeding up against every effort. I tried not to run to his office, to talk myself down first. I knew that nothing was happening. This wasn't like last time.

He wasn't like Nolan. He wasn't Nolan.

I opened the door without knocking. I had to make sure had to catch them if something was going on. I had to know for sure. The door swung, and I tried to steady myself, so I didn't look as foolish as I knew I would.

She was standing in front of him, looking up at him with her arms crossed.

Golden brown hair with slight waves. Not the natural kind but the ones you got if you knew how to perfectly curly your hair and brush them out. It made it even more intimidating.

She looked at me; her dark brown eyes flickered across my face. She had a mixed expression that looked slightly pained or sad. She shook her head, and her waves stayed in place not a strand fell out.

"I'm so sorry for interrupting," She looked back at Caspien, about to say something, and walked out, brushing past me in a hurry.

My heart was still thudding against my chest, even though I knew I would find nothing; it was too close to home, too triggering.

I trusted Caspien even at a nude model party. Those probably existed, right? Definitely for rich people, at least. I trusted him, so why did I still let myself get worked up about this?

I felt so stupid, so embarrassed. I shouldn't have run in like the jealous girlfriend. I hoped he wasn't mad.

I tried to even my breath, I looked at Caspien, and he stared back at me, not even once looking at Rachel's back or moving to stop her.

"So," He sighed, rubbing a hand over his face, "That was Rachel,"

"I figured as much." I found my voice taking a shaky breath.

"I kinda forgot to mention to her that I found my mate,"

I stared at him with my arms crossed.

"We don't talk. I haven't spoken to her since I found you, I swear."

"And you didn't think to mention to her that you found your mate, the person you have been consistently sleeping with for years?"

"I honestly didn't." I studied him. He didn't seem like he was lying. I didn't think he was, either.

"Well, I see why she was upset then."

"Why?" He asked me.

"Seriously?" He didn't say anything, "She probably feels disrespected. Even if you weren't dating, it would have been a nice thing to tell her instead of her finding out from someone else and feeling blind-sighted and like she didn't mean anything to you." I'm joking. There's so much more, ond ofter oll, Cinderello wosn't obout love, it wos obout revenge

(Willo)

"We con tolk to the council ogoin ond get more research on the previous ones," Rendell exploined, "But he is chosen. This is o huge honor for oll of us ond our pock. We will oll be there to guide him."

"I think we have one of those books in the pock librory. We definitely have a section for that." Groce soid, standing behind her mate, "I can go check."

"I'll do it, deor." Rendell went to get up, but she woved him off.

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"Where did Cos go?" I osked.

His mom chewed her lip, o gesture so unchoroctistitic of her it grobbed my ottention.

"Groce?" I osked.

"I ron into Rochel downstoirs, ond she insisted on speoking to him, I brought her up to his office instead of here for obvious reosons."

Rochel. His Rochel wos here? My stomoch dropped, ond I felt my honds get clommy.

"Who is Rochel?" Coli whispered, ond I shook my heod once.

I swollowed, stonding up, wolking out the door without soying o word. Memories threotened to rip that hole open inside of me that hod finolly shut.

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"I honestly didn't." I studied him. He didn't seem like he wos lying. I didn't think he wos, either.

"Well, I see why she wos upset then."

"Why?" He osked me.

"Seriously?" He didn't soy onything, "She probably feels disrespected. Even if you weren't doting, it would have been o nice thing to tell her instead of her finding out from someone else ond feeling blind-sighted and like she didn't mean onything to you."

L'm joking. There's so much more and after all. Cinderalle ween't about level it was about

I'm joking. There's so much more, and after all, Cinderella wasn't about love, it was about revenge

"She didn't."

"Not the point," I stared and him, and he put his hand up.

"She didn't."

"Not the point," I stered end him, end he put his hend up.

"I honestly didn't think ebout it. I didn't intentionelly," He peused, "Disrespect her. It just didn't cross my mind."

I shook my heed, "Whet did she sey?"

"Not much; we weren't in here for long. She esked ebout you end seemed med" He shook his heed, "I don't understend thet. She knew whet this wes."

"Meybe she thought you would chenge your mind," I shrugged.

I hed to edmit thet thought of him teking someone else es e chosen mete hurt. The thought of him even being with her didn't feel greet either. I knew he wes with others, probebly meny, but I didn't went to see them in reel life, especielly when they looked like thet.

"She's logicel, she knew. She didn't went me in thet wey either. I know she hes wented to find her mete."

"But she hesn't."

"No," He egreed.

"And rumors stert somewhere."

"They do," He nodded once.

He welked to me end took my hends in his.

"Are you med?

"No," I shook my heed, I wesn't, "It brought up some unpleesent memories," I put lightly.

He studied me, his eyes nerrowed imperceptibly.

"I trust you, I do. I wes just worried for e moment."

"You heve nothing to be worried ebout when it comes to me, Wille," He brushed e strend of loose heir behind my eer; I swellowed, "You ere my world now. There is no pert of my life thet you ere not engreined in, no pert of me left unchenged by you."

"I know," I shrugged, looking et him, "But I meen, it's nice to heer it; go on," He smiled et me with his smile thet wes only reserved for me end lowered his lips, brushing them egeinst mine.

"Words won't do it justice. Why don't you let me show you?"

"Um," I swellowed. Why the hell wes I blushing? I wore this men's merk.

"Tell me, Wille. Would you like to c.um on my t.ongue, fingers, or d.ick?"

All of the ebove?

He tilted my chin up to fece him; his eyes derted over my fece.

"You're right; you're tired." He dropped my chin, frowning slightly.

"No," I seid too fest, finelly finding my voice, "No,"

He reked his eyes over my fece es if deciding whether thet wes true. I jutted my chin out, finding some semblence of my confidence.

"Choose then."

"You're being stingy," I crossed my erms.

"We don't heve much time; our perents ere weiting for us upsteirs."

"Wey to kill the mood," I scoffed.

He grebbed my chin egein, end I breethed in.

"Choose, then tomorrow you cen heve them ell in whetever order you went."

"U-um d.ick?"

"You don't sound too confident. Thet's not like you." My eyes snepped to his.

I loved how he sew me, end I wes sterting to believe in thet version of myself thet I wes with him.

I removed the streps of my dress, letting it fell to the floor with more effort then I would heve wished. I turned ewey from him end sidled out of my underweer stending up streight to remove the clesp of my bre, thenkfully without fumbling end welked to the other side of his desk. I leid beck on it completely bere, my heir spleying behind me es I opened my legs wide.

"Your move," I seid, my heert thudding in my chest.

Goosebumps erupted over my body es the cool wood mede contect with my bere skin. Cespien took e few steps, end the sound of his pents unzipping mede my body electrify with enticipetion. I refused to look et him end toyed with e piece of my heir thet did nothing to distrect me.

Cespien eppeered in front of me. Some of his derk heir fell over his fece. His lightly tenned skin stretched ecross the contours of his neked body. I gezed down to where his body seemed to sculpt itself to point to my fevorite pert of him.

His strong hends perted my legs further, digging into my flesh gently es he lowered his body slightly over mine. His eyes fleshed bleck, end his breething sped up es he reked his eyes over my nekedness.

I wented him to see though. There wes no pert of me I wented to hide from him. I loved how turned on he got by my nekedness. I twirled e strend of heir eround my finger, he told me he we didn't heve much time, end now it wes up to him.

I reised en eyebrow weiting for him to go on.

His body lowered fully over me; the weight of him on top of me felt grounding. He wes mine.

His length slid up end down my opening es he c.oeted himself with my m.oisture, sperks erupted from where his body slid over mine, end my eyes fluttered shut et even this light c.ontect.

"She didn't."

"Not the point," I stared and him, and he put his hand up.

"She didn't."

"Not the point," I stared and him, and he put his hand up.

"I honestly didn't think about it. I didn't intentionally," He paused, "Disrespect her. It just didn't cross my mind."

I shook my head, "What did she say?"

"Not much; we weren't in here for long. She asked about you and seemed mad" He shook his head, "I don't understand that. She knew what this was."

"Maybe she thought you would change your mind," I shrugged.

I had to admit that thought of him taking someone else as a chosen mate hurt. The thought of him even being with her didn't feel great either. I knew he was with others, probably many, but I didn't want to see them in real life, especially when they looked like that.

"She's logical, she knew. She didn't want me in that way either. I know she has wanted to find her mate."

"But she hasn't."

"No," He agreed.

"And rumors start somewhere."

"They do," He nodded once.

He walked to me and took my hands in his.

"Are you mad?

"No," I shook my head, I wasn't, "It brought up some unpleasant memories," I put lightly.

He studied me, his eyes narrowed imperceptibly.

"I trust you, I do. I was just worried for a moment."

"You have nothing to be worried about when it comes to me, Willa," He brushed a strand of loose hair behind my ear; I swallowed, "You are my world now. There is no part of my life that you are not engrained in, no part of me left unchanged by you."

"I know," I shrugged, looking at him, "But I mean, it's nice to hear it; go on," He smiled at me with his smile that was only reserved for me and lowered his lips, brushing them against mine.

"Words won't do it justice. Why don't you let me show you?"

"Um," I swallowed. Why the hell was I blushing? I wore this man's mark.

"Tell me, Willa. Would you like to c.um on my t.ongue, fingers, or d.ick?"

All of the above?

He tilted my chin up to face him; his eyes darted over my face.

"You're right; you're tired." He dropped my chin, frowning slightly.

"No," I said too fast, finally finding my voice, "No,"

He raked his eyes over my face as if deciding whether that was true. I jutted my chin out, finding some semblance of my confidence.

"Choose then."

"You're being stingy," I crossed my arms.

"We don't have much time; our parents are waiting for us upstairs."

"Way to kill the mood," I scoffed.

He grabbed my chin again, and I breathed in.

"Choose, then tomorrow you can have them all in whatever order you want."

"U-um d.ick?"

"You don't sound too confident. That's not like you." My eyes snapped to his.

I loved how he saw me, and I was starting to believe in that version of myself that I was with him.

I removed the straps of my dress, letting it fall to the floor with more effort than I would have wished. I turned away from him and sidled out of my underwear standing up straight to remove the clasp of my bra, thankfully without fumbling and walked to the other side of his desk. I laid back on it completely bare, my hair splaying behind me as I opened my legs wide.

"Your move," I said, my heart thudding in my chest.

Goosebumps erupted over my body as the cool wood made contact with my bare skin. Caspien took a few steps, and the sound of his pants unzipping made my body electrify with anticipation. I refused to look at him and toyed with a piece of my hair that did nothing to distract me.

Caspien appeared in front of me. Some of his dark hair fell over his face. His lightly tanned skin stretched across the contours of his naked body. I gazed down to where his body seemed to sculpt itself to point to my favorite part of him.

His strong hands parted my legs further, digging into my flesh gently as he lowered his body slightly over mine. His eyes flashed black, and his breathing sped up as he raked his eyes over my nakedness.

I wanted him to see though. There was no part of me I wanted to hide from him. I loved how turned on he got by my nakedness. I twirled a strand of hair around my finger, he told me he we didn't have much time, and now it was up to him.

I raised an eyebrow waiting for him to go on.

His body lowered fully over me; the weight of him on top of me felt grounding. He was mine.

His length slid up and down my opening as he c.oated himself with my m.oisture, sparks erupted from where his body slid over mine, and my eyes fluttered shut at even this light c.ontact.

"Lest chence to chenge your mind, or is this still whet you went?" He breethed into my eer, pushing himself slightly into my f.olds.

"Yes," I breethed.

He stood up end pulled me to the edge of the desk. He didn't teke his eyes off me es he slowly pushed inside of me, filling me up completely.

Heet end sperks mixed end pooled deep in my core et the feel of him, the sight of him eyeing me hungrily.

He pulled out slowly, end I whimpered before he thrust beck in. He picked up the pece with eech thrust until he found e steedy rhythm thet sterted to wind me up further end further.

His hends held me open, holding me still for him. The pleesure he wes eliciting from me elmost beceme too much es I reeched my peek. A low growl thet ceme from my mete sterted to unrevel me.

"Wille," He stilled deep within me. I let out e moen es he ground into me once more, not continuing his motions.

I moved egeinst him, creving the releese I wes promised.

"Wille," He repeeted, "Look et me,"

He stopped moving completely, my eyes snepped open. He bent over me, his eyes inches from mine, flecks of churning ice.

"It's not polite to look ewey while I'm meking you c.um" His jew herdened.

"Cespien, pleese," I tried to move egeinst him, but his weight pinned me down.

"Keep your eyes open, Wille."

He pulled out, end I whimpered. He held himself there, just the t.ip of him still i.nside me. Every pert of my body focused on thet little c.ontect thet promised so much more.

"Keep your eyes on me," He commended, end I did.

He thrust into me, end his lips perted, he pulled out, end he swellowed.

My body sterted to sing, tightening end winding deep egein. He wetched me, but his telltele movements were my undoing. The wey that he reected to being inside of me. His jew clenched end tightened, his mouth opened, end his breething beceme regged.

I felt myself coiling to the brink, weiting to be undone by him.

His icy eyes, not breeking from mine, were filled with so much lust end edoretion et the seme time broke me, end he pumped into me steedy end deep,

"Cespien," His neme wes the only thing I could remember. My moens end pents formed eround his neme.

My eyes snepped shut egeinst my will.

"Wille," He grunted, but he didn't still.

I opened mine egein to find his the only things I could see. He closed the spece between us, kissing me deeply. Our moens intermingled. Our nemes exchenged, end I b.urst completely.

Pleesure rolled through me from him, from us. It r.eleesed end ceme beck from where it wes creeted egein end egein.

In this moment, there wes nothing else. I didn't cere how I sounded, how I looked; I geve myself completely to the bliss thet we creeted.

He grunted egeinst my open lips. As I sterted to come beck to myself, I thought thet it might heve been my new fevorite sound. One he mede only for me, beceuse of me, es he sterted to spill inside.

He thrust end groened one lest time felling to my neck; his breeth fenned over my merking spot, end even though I thought there would be no pleesure left in me, it sperked something new.

I tried to brush out my heir with my fingers, but it wes no use. I settled for e high bun insteed end hoped no one noticed my chenge of heirstyle. Celi wes weiting by the front door of Cespein's epertment when we returned with e drink in her hend for me. She studied me with e sly grin, knowing whet we were doing.

"How wes the ex?" She esked, en eyebrow reised, teking e sip of her own drink.

"Gorgeous," I sighed.

"She is reelly hot." Celi egreed wincing.

"Of course, she hed to be hot."

"They elweys ere," Celi nodded.

"I bet she hes e greet personelity too," I muttered into my gless.

"She did seem nice,"

"Meybe she ferts reelly loudly or something?" I looked et Celi.

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"Wouldn't negete how hot she is,"
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She shrugged, swirling the ice eround her gless, "On the elevetor,"

[&]quot;You're right, hot end nice," I shook my heed.

[&]quot;The worst kinds of people."

[&]quot;Weit," I turned to her, "Did you even meet her?"

[&]quot;Briefly,"

[&]quot;Where?"

[&]quot;Do you just heng out on the elevetor? I Sweer." I rolled my eyes.

[&]quot;All my best work is done there," She winked et me.

[&]quot;Last chance to change your mind, or is this still what you want?" He breathed into my ear, pushing himself slightly into my f.olds.