

## The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 19

### 19 – Marble Desks

(Willa)

I furrowed my brows, “That wasn’t anything groundbreaking,”

“Don’t diminish it, it’s something that even Griffen didn’t think of. Usually, the teams don’t have to work together and it’s easier just to leave them to it. But what you mentioned about complacency and them all fighting as one unit. Brilliant,” He looked at me again and I couldn’t make out his expression.

“Don’t patronize-”

“I’m not,” His eyes widened slightly, “Seriously. I’ve been so focused on getting to know you, who you are now, that I sometimes forget that you’ve done this before. You’ve probably sat in on hundreds of meetings already. I apologize for ever forgetting that, but I am not patronizing you, I never would.”

I snorted and he leaned back, “I’m being serious, Willa,”

“No, it wasn’t that. I believe what you’re saying, but I maybe sat in on a couple of meetings, if that,” I shook my head.

“What?”

“It wasn’t the duties of the Luna,” I explained, I knew that he didn’t have a Luna, obviously, but I thought he would have known their duties from his mother.

“What?” He repeated, seeming genuinely confused, “Willa, do you mind telling me what they told you were the duties of the Luna?”

“Being the face of the pack, planning parties and coordinating events, welcoming guests and making sure they’re comfortable, knowing the names and positions of other ranked members in allied packs,” I waved my hand.

“What else?”

“What else is there?” I asked, now it was my turn to be confused.

“You’re making it sound like a Luna is a glorified party planner,” He leaned back studying my face.

“Aren’t they?” I snorted.

“Not if they don’t want to be,” He tilted his head, “My mother does love planning a good event, but she also helped the Beta with training schedules, she worked with the architects to help design our pack building, she was solely in charge of all housing and moving of members in between pack houses, I don’t know how she did that.” He shook his head in awe.

“But those were only some of her duties. Every Luna is different, but those are a few things that my mom excelled in, as well as matters that involved negotiation. My father would be a complete i.diot to leave her out of those meetings or not have her next to him leading those negotiations at other packs.” He shook his head.

I thought of the times that Nolan and his dad went to other packs, or conferences, without me. The times that Nolan went alone. All of the meetings where he looked at me to leave when visiting Alpha’s entered his father’s office.

“Willa? What is it?” Caspien stood from his side of the desk and took the chair next to me.

“I just, that is different than what I was told. I wasn’t allowed in meetings,” I looked up at him his icy blue eyes churning.

“I.diotics,” He breathed shaking his head, “If you ever were to become my Luna you would have control over what you wanted to be a part of. I would want you standing next to me through it all,” His eyes flickered with something else entirely.

Desire? Passion? Yearning?

I swallowed, “That does sound better than planning parties, I was never good at that. Also, I really f.cuking hated it,” I looked up at him and he gifted me a small smile.

“If you want I’ll hire an entire party planning team, we will have an event coordinator on call, you won’t ever have to choose a color or a table decoration again.” His smile widened and mine matched his.

“Now that is a proposition I could get behind,” I let myself think for a second how it would be to be his Luna.

To have someone take my thoughts, feelings, and ideas into consideration. To stand next to him at pack events, attend meetings, and actually participate.

A shiver ran through me, and I wasn't expecting it. The thought of being a Luna, his Luna felt really good. It wasn't entirely off the table, but I had a lot of things to figure out before then. We had a lot of things to figure out.

“What are you thinking?” Caspien reached out his hand and I placed mine in his. He rubbed his thumb over the back of my hand and it took any worry away.

“Just how different it would be to be your Luna,”

“Different to?” He raised an eyebrow.

“Different to being the Luna of Blue Ridge. Vastly different,” I met his eyes and he gave me a smile.

“Good, I'm glad to hear that,”

I leaned back in my chair, feeling a lot of things. Relieved to have some buffer money-wise, happy that I met his Beta and Gamma and actually liked them, and safe and content with him and our potential future, whatever it would hold.

“I do have to be getting back, Cali is watching Emmett,” I frowned grabbing my phone, there were no texts but I'd been here for a few hours now.

“Here,” Caspien went back behind his desk and pulled out a card walking around to place it in my hand, “This is the number of the packs and companies car service. Anytime you come here, or he'll, if it's raining and you want a ride to the restaurant, give them a call. You won't be taking taxis or anything else. It might take them a few minutes to get to you so factor that in, but you'll use them. Promise me?”

I nodded, “I will.”

I didn't feel right about it but I knew there was no room for negotiation on this. Plus, I couldn't afford the taxi fee here and back every time. Assuming there

would be another time. There definitely would be another time, I couldn't even deny that.

"Good," He smiled at me again taking my hand again, "Why don't you text Cali and let her know that you'll be a bit longer, I can call you a car but as I said, it might take a few minutes," He raised an eyebrow moving his hand to rest on my thigh.

Every part of my body focused on his touch. Even though his palm just rested on my jeans, it was closer to where I really wanted him than he had been before.

"Okay," I pulled out my phone and sent her a quick text updating her. She texted back immediately saying she just got home and the kids were fine and to take my time.

I felt like I could fully relax after that, even though his thumb started to rub circles on my thigh and my body tensed under his touch.

"Everything is good," My voice sounded far away.

"Good," His voice was low.

"So, I guess I should start to head down?" I asked, suddenly nervous. My body reacted to him in ways I didn't remember ever feeling.

"You can," He shrugged not taking his eyes off mine, "Or I can show you just how appreciative I am of your help this afternoon."

"Just how would you do that?" I found my voice, "I should be the one thanking you for your, uh, loan," I kept my gaze level.

"I would gladly accept that. Another time." I couldn't help the confusion, "I want to do something for you Willa if you'll let me."

My stomach dipped. Was it too soon? It didn't matter I wanted this more than anything. My body yearned for him.

Yes, please Iris howled in my mind. She practically begged me to mark him every time we saw him, so I guess I could give her this.

Give us this, don't pretend that this isn't for you and your lonely c.oochie

I swear

I shut my eyes shoving her away, I could feel the faint blush cross my cheeks from her words and Caspiens.

“Willa, will you let me?” He moved his hand closer to my center and my body heated along with my face, “I need to hear you say it,” His palm moved up and down my thigh.

“Yes,” I breathed.

His hand was off my thigh in a moment and I fought a frown, my body felt cold without his touch.

“Come here,” he stood up in front of me his hands reached out and I placed mine in his. My heart beat fast against my chest as he lead me to the other side of his desk.

He shrugged off his jacket and laid it behind me, I couldn't help myself I reached up to place a hand on his arm and another on his chest, running it over the soft fabric of his shirt. A rumble vibrated in his chest and it sent a flush of heat through me.

Under my hand, his chest was warm and hard and honed. He placed his hand over mine at his chest and pulled me closer snaking his other arm behind me so I was flush against his chest.

“Willa,” He murmured into my hair, and I settled into him, letting my head lay on his chest. I savored this moment of complete peace. His fingers started to rub circles on my lower back and I leaned into him breathing in his sweet woodsey scent.

His hand moved to the back of my neck and he tangled his hand in my hair tugging it gently making my head tilt back, his eyes flashed black for a second before he captured my lips with his.

The sparks that flew through me at his touch took my breath away. I didn't know if I could ever get used to the feeling of him.

His hand wrapped around mine on his chest and he pulled me closer. I felt his hardness against me and I realized just how badly I wanted this, I wanted him.

I gasped as he pushed me back against the desk, his length rubbing against me. Even through the fabric of our pants it felt good and I craved more.

He smiled against my lips, "I want to hear you moan, Willa,"

He pushed me back on the desk, I realized that I was laying on his jacket.

"The marble gets cold," He explained, hovering over me. I didn't care how he knew that if he had fucked someone else here. Right now there was only us two.

I reached for his pants and he stilled, closing his eyes.

"Not yet, I don't want you to regret doing anything," He looked pained to say that but his face was stern.

I couldn't believe that there was anything that I would regret doing with this man but I knew my brain was consumed with lust.

"Let me touch you," He kissed my forehead, "Let me show you how much I worship you," He kissed my mouth and I forgot how to breathe.

"I want to make you feel good, if you'll let me," There was a plea in his voice I couldn't ignore.

I had never felt anything like this before. My whole body felt taunt and electric waiting for his touch. I knew I wanted him, but to feel this sort of need and craving that went far deeper than the mate bond, that was new.

He trailed a finger across my lips as he bent down to kiss my neck, his warm breath fanning over me. I gasped when he lingered over my now bare marking spot that used to hold Nolan's mark. My blood sang and Iris howled in my mind, not so silently begging him to do it.

Calm down I begged her, she was distracting me

I want this, we want this

Maybe. But not right now not yet.

She whimpered but thankfully shut up.

Caspian's breath became ragged as he moved lower, I knew his wolf was probably hounding him with the same request.

His large hands palmed my breasts over my shirt and I leaned into it, craving his touch.

"Caspian," I sighed and he let out a low growl that made warmth pool to my core.

He wasted no time unbuttoning my jeans, and I had half a mind to wish that I wore something, anything besides my work uniform.

"Willa," He looked up at me, a question in his eyes.

"Yes," I nodded, "Please," The word came out breathlessly.

My pants came off in a moment and his eyes turned black as he lowered his face closer to my center.

"You smell divine," He growled. Something that would have made me cringe if anyone else had uttered it made me completely melt when it came from him.

I felt his rough, soft hands slide up my legs as he unhooked the fabric that separated us, pulling it down and off my legs, my heart started to beat faster with anticipation.

He moved his hands up and down my thighs, opening me for him. I didn't feel any nerves or anything but desire. I wanted him to see me, everything about me both physical and emotional.

His calloused palms ran up me, his thumbs brushed near my center as he passed and I sucked in a breath. I leaned my head back as a trail of sparks followed where his hands explored my stomach and reached up under my shirt.

He cupped my bra and ran circles over it lazily with his thumbs, making my body taunt. My breathing became uneven as he encircled my back, freeing my breasts from their confinement. After he pushed up the fabric of my bra, his thumbs drew circles around my already hardened nipples, until he brushed a finger over them making me hiss at the contact I desperately wanted. Jolts of pleasure shot to where his thumbs moved and to my core in anticipation of what his fingers would do elsewhere.

“Beautiful,” He breathed and shifted himself so that he stood over me again.

Before I could react his mouth replaced one of his hands and I jerked my back off the desk, pushing myself further into his warm mouth as he sucked at and then swirled his tongue around one of my sensitive peaks.

I could feel myself winding up already, just from this.

“Caspien,” I breathed and he stilled at my words before hungrily devouring my other breast. The amount of attention he gave to me was addictive. It wasn’t a chore, it wasn’t because I wanted it but because he needed to touch me to taste me and I had never been so turned on by anything.

I moaned as he continued to suck at me until he moved his mouth to trail kisses down my stomach. His hands were still taking turns between rolling my nipples between his fingers and kneading my breasts.

“Perfection,” He growled when he was settled back between my legs, I instinctively opened up wider for him, I wanted to feel him growl while his lips were on me.

“Willa,” It was a prayer and a question.

“Please,”

The way he asked for permission, even though we were mates he didn’t claim me, he didn’t see me as his possession because the Moon Goddess fated us for each other. Nolan never asked, even the first time. Not that I would have said no, but this was so incredibly different. So polar opposite to what I had come to expect from anyone.

His hands moved to my thighs, spreading myself even wider and I laid back every cell in my body focused on my core and where he was about to taste me.

He sniffed deeply, I felt the bridge of his nose run along my entrance, and at that alone, I fought to keep control. The only thing holding me from wrapping my legs around his face and forcing him into me were his strong hands pinning down my thighs.

His tongue replaced his nose as he licked me up and down slowly. Taking his time exploring me, memorizing me.



“Willa,” He growled into me.

I was right, his growl sent waves of pleasure through me before settling back in my core.

“You will be my undoing,” He closed his mouth over my clit and I squirmed beneath him crying out in pleasure as he gently sucked and licked it.

“I was lying just then.” His gravelly voice undid me, “You already are my undoing.”

With those words, he plunged his tongue deep into me and I jerked at the sudden warm impact. I tried to grab for anything but there was nothing on the desk, nothing to grab besides his jacket beneath me.

“Stay still, Willa. Let me taste you,” He commanded and as much as I tried I couldn’t successfully lay there as he explored every part of my center. His warm tongue dipped in and out of me hungrily.

One of his hands trailed from my thigh and rubbed the length of my entrance as he licked my sensitive bundle of nerves. He inserted a finger slowly, opening me up before finding my most sensitive spot.

“Caspien,” I cried out, one of my hands tangling in his soft hair. Fuck his hair felt better than I could have imagined, his tongue felt better than I could have imagined.

I felt myself wind up tighter and tighter as his tongue and fingers worked me in ways I didn’t know I needed.

His other hand that was still pinning me down moved up to my breast and he gently squeezed my nipple. That was my undoing.

Waves of pure pleasure washed through me, I lost sense of myself and anything that wasn’t his touch and tongue on me, bringing me to the brink of nothingness.

I forgot everything but him and his name.

He kept going, slowing down, working me from the intense high that was that orgasm. He licked me one last time after removing his finger from me. His hands rested gently on my thighs.

I don't know how long it took for my breathing to steady, for me to remember where I was.

Caspien didn't say anything as I found myself again, propping myself up on my elbows his icy gaze met mine. His hair was disheveled from where my hand ran through it. I don't think I have ever seen anything so attractive. A dark angel.

"Well, if that's what I have to look forward to if I became Luna, then you're making it very hard to turn down," I tried to joke, my voice sounding raw.

His gaze was hard and serious and it pinned me to the spot.

"F.uck the titles, Willa," He made sure I was looking at him, his hungry gaze resting between my exposed body made me heat up all over again.

"Luna or not, you are the only person I will ever get on my knees for."