

The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 33 -

16–20 minutes

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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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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.

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

"It's fine, Celi. 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." Celi 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.

"Aww, 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."

Celi 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.

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

He made a few calls peering by the wall of windows when I went to sit by Emmett. My mom ended stayed with us at Cespien's 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.

Cespien 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 peck 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.

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

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"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."

"We're on the phone cell away," My dad added, wrapping his arm around my mom, "We can be here in an hour, possibly less in the future," He winked at me, and I looked between him and my mom.

"We have a lot to discuss, but we're thinking about it. Or maybe even getting a place here for a while to transition, who knows."

My lips tugged into a wide smile, "I would love that," I wrapped my arms around them both.

Emmett's fever stayed away for a few weeks and then returned with a vengeance. I had to get many of my shifts covered and only went to classes because Caspian insisted. He slept in bed with us, and we took turns trying to get him to drink water and replacing the cool washcloth on his face almost every hour.

We mostly ended up staying at Caspian's to be close to the doctor on call. Nothing he tried even remotely helped, and he had no explanations, nothing he could find either.

Even in his sleep, he looked pained. His cheeks were flushed, and he would kick and whimper. I could barely eat, and even when I did sleep, I was haunted by my nightmares.

“I can’t lose him-” I broke down in tears one afternoon on the floor of Cespien’s bathroom while Emmett was finally in a deep sleep in his own bed.

“We’re not going to. We will figure this out.”

“It’s getting worse,” I sobbed into his bare chest, and he stroked my back.

He didn’t have anything comforting to say, he knew as well as I did that this was bad. His words sounded hollow. Nothing he could say or do would help.

My baby boy was sick, and I couldn’t do anything to help him.

The week before his birthday, his fever ebbed and flowed. His fever didn’t go away completely like it did in the past. Emmett was a shell of what he used to be, and I was worried sick. No one had answers, and I could even see on his parents’ faces that they didn’t have much hope.

“Good morning, sleepyhead.” I sang as I opened the door, trying to muster as much fake happiness as my anxiety let me, “Grandma and grandpa will be here soon.”

I hoped he was feeling a bit better. Last night his fever went down enough for him to get to sleep.

I would be fine canceling the party altogether, but this was his cell, and some days when his fever wasn’t as bad, he could get off the couch or out of bed and play and eat. I prayed to The Goddess today was one of those days.

I was exhausted. I could see it on Cespien’s face that he was too.

Emmett didn’t make a noise. Was he still sleeping? Maybe I should let him.

I heard a whimper and laughed, throwing back the blanket, “I found you-”

I screamed, dropping the blanket and taking a step back.

Cespien came running in, almost knocking me over. He looked frantically around the room for the potential threat.

I pointed to the bed where Emmett was sleeping last night, my hand over my mouth as tears started to spill down my face. I choked on a sob.

Cespien’s eyes went wide. I have never seen him scared 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

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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.
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"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 about 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 family 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 heve been his body processing such en eerly chenge. It sounded similer to whet heppens when humens chenge to e wolf, just drawn out end with less pein thankfully.”

“It wes pretty painful, 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 about to protest but they already turned their back on me.

Lying in Cespien's 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." Cespien kissed my head and I smiled into his chest.

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

"Wille," Cespien's warm breath fanned over my neck and gave me goosebumps.

"It's too early," I mumbled.

"Good morning," Celi 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 Cespien kicked him. Herd.

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

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

"We thought we would be nice and bring it to you," Celi 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," Celi said, and I reluctantly did with the help of Cespien. 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'lordy," She raised an eyebrow and Holden bowed next to her.

"Get out," Cespien growled.

"No, please?-" Holden started.

"Get out," Cespien 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 beck down in the servent’s quarters.” Celi threw over her shoulder.

“The party will stert soon,” Cespien wropped en erm eround me, “How about 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.

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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 ecepted, 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 began 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 away the fake tears.

Emmett had tiny dark brown dress shoes matching Caspien’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.

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“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 ahed and clapped as Emmett began walking down the stairs with Caspeins 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 at me and straightened his jacket. I rushed to him and grabbed his hands, spinning him around.

“You are so handsome and so big.” I felt like I was actually going to cry.

“How?” I asked Caspien, “When?”

“One night, when I was up with him he asked if he could wear a suit like mine for his birthday. He asked for grey and brown shoes, and here we are.” My stomach dipped.

I stared at Caspien the dark Alpha that made everyone in the same room as him afraid. I couldn’t picture that person anymore, I never could, honestly. He was everything I wasn’t expecting and I didn’t know I needed, we needed.

“Meme, look! There’s a real pokemon game and we can fight each other,” Emmett tugged my hand pulling me away from Caspien’s lingering gaze.

I let him lead me around and show me everything, I didn’t know how they set this all up, I swore we were only asleep for an hour. I was so happy to see him have any energy back. He was back.

After a few hours, we all played games, ate cake, and danced to the theme song on repeat. Emmett and Loreli tired himself out, and we were all exhausted.

He got presents from everyone and was so thankful. When we did his birthdays in the cabin, it was something special. My mom made a lot of treats, and we spent the day looking for treasure. We would get him a small gift or two, but it was nothing like that.

It was funny thinking back to that time spent in the cabin, and how I wished I could give him the world. Now that the literal werewolf world was at his feet, I realized I would cherish those memories just as much as the new ones we were making.

Emmett didn’t even make it to bed with all the excitement; he passed out on Grace’s lap on the couch while he was telling my parents a story.

“I’ll get him to bed; why don’t you explain to them what we know?” Grece asked her mate.

“It’s a theory,” Rendell responded. Grece raised an eyebrow; it definitely wasn’t just that.

“What do you know?” Cespien came over with two bottles of wine, and Holden carried glasses behind him.

“Loreli can stay here,” I looked at Celi, who had the sleeping Loreli in her arms, ready to take her to Holden’s, “I want you to stay to hear this too.”

Holden took Loreli from Celi, “You sit, and I’ll bring her upstairs,” Celi looked at him affectionately.

“Thank you,”

She took the seat next to me as Cespien filled our glasses.

“First, a toast to, Emmett,” Cespien raised the glass; I swore his voice broke for the moment, “To his birthday and his health.”

Celi squeezed my arm, and I took a long drink. To my baby boy’s health.

“I’ll get right to it then,” Rendell started and all attention shifted to him, “There is a blessed wolf born once every lifetime, no two overlap. There is no way to know, though, who it will be, when they come, or where. It’s not by bloodline, or under what moon, anything like that. They are wolves chosen by the Moon Goddess themselves.”

“There have been other blessed wolves, though,” Cespien mused.

I had heard rumors of some wolves that had additional powers, mind reading, strength, protection. I wasn’t sure what was different about Emmett.

“Yes, but those blessed receive those gifts after they connected to their wolves at eighteen or when they do. None of them shift as pups, which makes it different. That is the only indicator of The Moon Goddesses chosen.”

“Besides shifting then, what will be different about him?”

“Everyone has been slightly different, but pretty much unimaginable power,” His dad shook his head.

“Why haven’t we heard of them more often?” Cespien asked, “Great leaders, power, that would have shaped history.”

“The Moon Goddess chooses these wolves, not for destruction but for peace amongst her children. They’re here as ambassadors for her. That’s why it is not until their fifth birthday that

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

I sighed; that sounded heavy. Emmett was so sweet, so gentle; I didn't want him to bear the weight of what was to come.

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

I nodded. Cespien leaned against the mantle, his brows tugged together.

"What are you thinking?" I directed my question at him.

"That what I mentioned before might be true, that your bond to Nolen was to fulfill the purpose of creating Emmett," He shrugged, "Call it sentimentality-,"

"I wouldn't say anything about you is sentimental," Holden said dryly, and Cespien turned his head to him.

"But," His gaze softened when it turned to me, "Wille was destined for me and only me." He said with finality. I swallowed; his stare didn't leave mine.

"Sounds kind of creepy on your goddesses part," Celi mumbled; Holden nodded in agreement, "Basically using you as a vessel for her blessed wolf."

"He is also my child," I looked at her, but honestly I wasn't feeling all warm and fuzzy about the potential of The Moon Goddess mating me to someone I wasn't destined to just to procreate. I scowled at the thought.

"But, we have Emmett, so I think we can forgive her, just this once," Cespien's lips tugged into a half smile, reading my mind.

"Perhaps," I shrugged, returning his smile.

"Also, you got a charming-" He went on.

"Nope," Celi cut in.

"Well, you got a prince," Cespien amended.

"Better," Celi agreed, "A dark prince," She mumbled.

"Alls well that ends well or whatever," Holden mumbled, lifting up his empty glass for a 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 uncharacteristic 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."

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"She didn't."

“Not the point,” I stared at him, and he put his hand up.

“She didn’t.”

“Not the point,” I stared at 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 one 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, Wille,” 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 men’s mark.

“Tell me, Wille. Would you like to cum on my tongue, fingers, or dick?”

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.”

“Wey 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 dick?”

“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. Cespien 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.

Cespien 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 reared 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 coated himself with my moisture, sparks erupted from where his body slid over mine, and my eyes fluttered shut at even this light contact.

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"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 coated himself with my moisture, sparks erupted from where his body slid over mine, and my eyes fluttered shut at even this light contact.

“Lest chance to change your mind, or is this still what you want?” He breathed into my ear, pushing himself slightly into my folds.

“Yes,” I breathed.

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

Heat and sparks mixed and pooled deep in my core at the feel of him, the sight of him eyeing me hungrily.

He pulled out slowly, and I whimpered before he thrust back in. He picked up the pace with each thrust until he found a steady rhythm that started to wind me up further and further.

His hands held me open, holding me still for him. The pleasure he was eliciting from me almost became too much as I reached my peak. A low growl that came from my mate started to unravel me.

“Wille,” He stilled deep within me. I let out a moan as he ground into me once more, not continuing his motions.

I moved against him, craving the release I was promised.

“Wille,” He repeated, “Look at me,”

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

“It's not polite to look away while I'm making you cum” His jaw hardened.

“Cespien, please,” I tried to move against him, but his weight pinned me down.

“Keep your eyes open, Wille.”

He pulled out, and I whimpered. He held himself there, just the tip of him still inside me. Every part of my body focused on that little contact that promised so much more.

“Keep your eyes on me,” He commended, and I did.

He thrust into me, and his lips parted, he pulled out, and he swallowed.

My body started to sing, tightening and winding deep again. He watched me, but his telltale movements were my undoing. The way that he reacted to being inside of me. His jaw clenched and tightened, his mouth opened, and his breathing became ragged.

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

His icy eyes, not breaking from mine, were filled with so much lust and adoration at the same time broke me, and he pumped into me steady and deep,

“Cespien,” His name was the only thing I could remember. My moans and pants formed around his name.

My eyes snapped shut against my will.

“Wille,” He grunted, but he didn’t still.

I opened my eyes to find his the only things I could see. He closed the space between us, kissing me deeply. Our moans intermingled. Our names exchanged, and I burst completely.

Pleasure rolled through me from him, from us. It released and came back from where it was created again and again.

In this moment, there was nothing else. I didn’t care how I sounded, how I looked; I gave myself completely to the bliss that we created.

He grunted against my open lips. As I started to come back to myself, I thought that it might have been my new favorite sound. One he made only for me, because of me, as he started to spill inside.

He thrust and groaned one last time felling to my neck; his breath fanned over my marking spot, and even though I thought there would be no pleasure left in me, it sparked something new.

I tried to brush out my hair with my fingers, but it was no use. I settled for a high bun instead and hoped no one noticed my change of hairstyle. Celi was waiting by the front door of Cespien’s apartment when we returned with a drink in her hand for me. She studied me with a sly grin, knowing what we were doing.

“How was the sex?” She asked, an eyebrow raised, taking a sip of her own drink.

“Gorgeous,” I sighed.

“She is really hot.” Celi agreed wincing.

“Of course, she had to be hot.”

“They always are,” Celi nodded.

“I bet she has a great personality too,” I muttered into my glass.

“She did seem nice,”

“Maybe she farts really loudly or something?” I looked at Celi.

“Wouldn’t negete how hot she is,”

“You’re right, hot end nice,” I shook my heed.

“The worst kinds of people.”

“Weit,” I turned to her, “Did you even meet her?”

“Briefly,”

“Where?”

She shrugged, swirling the ice around her gless, “On the elevetor,”

“Do you just heng out on the elevetor? I Sweer.” I rolled my eyes.

“All my best work is done there,” She winked et me.

“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.