

The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 46 -

10–12 minutes

The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 46

46 – Murder W.hore

(Caspian)

We pulled up before the dust fully settled from the last car, and I hoped it was one of ours. Griffen pulled the woman out, she was definitely different again. Her hair was longer, shinier, and her face seemed tighter.

Being around her unnerved me. She smelled like a wolf, but I didn't trust her. I saw how she was changing, moving within her skin and I didn't know what else she could have faked. Silver seemed to contain her though, seemed to.

"This way," I nodded to the treeline as our car pulled away.

"Make a move and you die," The woman glared at him and I did respect it, but the more she moved the deeper the knife dug in. I gave Griffen a glare, and he pulled the knife back a bit. I didn't want her fresh blood, her scent, spilled before we needed it if we did.

"Come on," he whispered, tugging her shoulder. The knife resumed its place on her throat and she tried to pull away but Griffen held firm.

I led them through the trees, quietly and slowly, painstakingly slow. The five minutes that I gave Cali were gone, and with every step we took, I could feel waves of anxiety churn through me.

If something happened, Holden would never live it down, he would never forgive me, nor would Willa. I shook my head trying to push that away. I focused on my footing, keeping my feet light and my eyes between the GPS and the dense forest floor.

A twig snapped, somewhere near but not from us. I held up my hand, and Griffen slowed; the woman started to make her muffled scream, and she was silenced; I didn't care how.

I focused on my surroundings. I saw nothing.

It was almost as that twig was an animal, but I knew it wasn't. It was intentional, loud. It seemed like a signal.

I held my breath, tension filled the air, or maybe my aura was coming out of my carefully leashed grip.

Another sound, another snap, and my attention shifted to the right.

A lone man strode towards us on feet too silent for what was littering the ground. I studied him, and he met me with impassive eyes. He scanned me quickly, but his head barely moved, his jaw set in a hard line and I waited for him to come closer.

“Prince,” he breathed; it was so faint I thought I might have imagined it.

He inclined his head slightly and turned, leaving us, not acknowledging the woman or Griffen I tried to keep hidden behind me.

What was that? He didn't mindlink anyone Griffen asked

That doesn't mean he's not going for help

We would never let intruders go, never leave them unattended. I wondered if this was one of Ezra's 'brothers' but I wouldn't believe in that coincidence. I wouldn't hope for that.

I looked back down at the GPS, we were almost on top of the glowing dot. I nodded my head toward Griffen, indicating for us to move forward. I didn't need to tell him to keep an eye out.

Cali's voice came softly in the distance as we edged closer to thick trees a moment later, and I held up my hand, trying to get a good vantage point through the thick trees.

“I don't need you either, and I never insinuated that you did. This is to decide if this is mutually beneficial.” Cali said, her voice clear and unwavering.

She was good at this, really f.ucking good.

Cali was standing across from him, The Silent Assassin.

It was just two of them in a clearing. I strained to listen to their words, Griffen had to pick up the woman who was struggling and trying to kick.

The Silent Assassin's Gray eyes seemed to bore into mine, “Who followed you?” He asked Cali, and I held his stare.

Wait – I linked Griffen – Update Holden

Done

I walked out through the trees, having to push myself through. I internally frowned at the picture I was painting, struggling to get through those trees. Cali offered a smile, and I could tell she was trying not to laugh, but she slid into an impassive face before the assassin looked back at her.

“A friend of yours?” His gaze hardened as he looked at Cali. Cali tilted her head, looking me over, and shrugged.

“Define friend,” I said, taking a step towards them, Cali gave me a deadpan stare and the assassin king looked between us, his jaw hardened.

“You’re not leaving alive,” His voice was soft and hard at the same time.

I took another step, “You can’t touch me,”

“F.uck the oath,”

“I need to know who took out a hit on Emmett Balfour,” His brows tugged together slightly.

“Why do you think I know that?”

“I don’t have time for you acting s.tupid. We both know you’re not that incompetent or would trust anyone else to handle all of your accounts.”

A smile curled on one side of his face, “I have a lot of contracts, what’s he to you?”

“He’s my heir,” the assassin blanched, he kept his face composed. Besides a slight parting of his lips, but all of the color drained from his face.

“I didn’t know,” His voice was a whisper.

“You didn’t do your research,” I said, taking another step, “However, I did,” His gray eyes flicked to mine, curiosity pushed past his shock.

“If I would have known-” He trailed off.

“I don’t fully believe that. I need to know who took out that hit,”

“You know I can’t give you that,” His dark playfulness returned.

“You’re going to have to.”

“I have a code,”

Cali laughed once, “You just said you didn’t.”

“I have a code with my clients.” He explained.

“Murder w.hore,” She whispered, and he scowled.

“Nice try, really nice actually, but this won’t work.” The assassin laughed once, “I didn’t take The Alpha Prince to be such a fool.”

I raised an eyebrow and couldn’t help the small smile that tugged at my lips.

Bring her

I held his gaze. He broke his away from mine when there was a rustling behind us. Cali followed his gaze and seemed appreciative as the woman was tugged next to Griffen. I studied The Silent Assassin’s face, fear flashed across it for a second, and he swallowed before plastering on a too-wide smile.

“You took my barkeep,” He frowned, “That’s going to be annoying to replace; so hard to find trustworthy help these days.”

I nodded once, “I agree,”

“I have to commend you for even being able to do that,” He jutted his chin slightly toward Griffen, who came to stand next to me, “How?”

“When you foster loyalty, that can be bought, it can be bought by anyone,” I said.

“Nice try,” he shrugged.

“Kill her,” I commanded.

I was met by a muffled scream and sounds of Griffen fighting with the woman, but I didn’t move my stare from him. He opened his mouth and closed it, seeming to fight within himself, his dark brows bunched and unfurled again and again.

“Wait,” he said. I held up my hand knowing Griffen would pause, “There is no need to kill her, I cannot provide the information you want, but I can promise to never come after him or others you love again.” His words seemed to strain him.

“That won’t be enough, and you know that.” The assassin’s eyes didn’t leave the woman.

“Nice to see you again,” Cali stepped closer to us, directing her attention at our prisoner, “Looking well might I add,” Cali flashed a wicked smile.

“Remove the tape,” I commanded, and Griffen ripped it off.

“You f.ucking son of w.hores, all of you.” She shouted, “What the actual f.uck is wrong with you?” She sounded like she was crying, her voice cracked, but I didn’t dare take my eyes off him. He relaxed a bit and gave her a look I couldn’t decipher.

“Tell us who took out the hit, and I want proof, or she’s not leaving.”

His gaze turned to mine and hardened, “I cannot do that, that would not only ruin my reputation but the careful balance I created.”

Cali snorted, “A balance that involves kidnapping children.” Her voice held nothing but pure anger.

“This doesn’t involve you,” He shot Cali a deathly stare that would have sent others running, but she held her ground crossing her arms and staring him down. I wonder if this was an act or if she was really this unphased.

“Actually it does,” She told him, “You f.ucked with my family.”

“Ah,” He paused, “So you are sentimental.”

She shrugged, “My name is Cali, by the way,” She fixed him with a smile, but her eyes were fiery, “Figured I could tell you since you’re not coming out of here alive.”

He laughed once and his eyes clouded over. I stole a glance towards Griffen and saw his were doing the same.

It was game time.

“Come here,” I commanded Cali, and for once she listened standing next to me.

I took a half step in front of her shielding her. I gave her a look telling her this wasn’t up for debate,

I would protect her as Holden’s mate, my mate’s best friend, my Gamma female, and my friend, my family.

Men dressed in black stepped in behind the assassin from the other side of the clearing. They did it a h.ell of a lot more eloquently than I did. I moved my face away from the assassins for a second to appraise the new group. I recognized one of them that we ran into earlier, and I let out a breath.

Ezra.

I hoped he stood by his word, but I realized this could be a trap. There were ten of them, but there could be more hiding. I mentally did a calculation against our men. We were almost eventually matched even though our numbers were larger. I knew one assassin could take out multiple men, but the ones with us were highly trained.

“The Silent Pack only answers to me,” He held up his arms, staring at Cali, “You wanted proof,”

“I thought they were going by another name these days,” I countered, and his icy stare snapped to mine, his eyes squinted slightly.

“I just want the name, that’s it.” I lied.

We have visuals on you, waiting for your command – Holden came into my mind.

The assassin shook his head, a half smile playing on his face, “You don’t understand, Prince darling, you are not in a position to make requests. These are my top men, one can take down twenty of yours,” I scoffed, “Fine, let’s say ten, even five, the ten waiting behind you will be no match. I don’t want to kill you, too much red tape,” He frowned, “But you can leave now, give me the girl and never try something this stupid again.”

I studied him, not saying anything else.

“Your funeral,” He went on shrugging, “Last chance to leave with your life,” He smiled, and a long moment passed, “Okay then,” He held up a hand and flicked his fingers. The assassins moved in a unit, converging in on us.

The Rejected Luna’s Prince Chapter 47 -

5–7 minutes

The Rejected Luna’s Prince Chapter 47

47 – Indebted to No One

(Caspian)

I looked toward Griffen who had the woman in a tight hold, the knife against her throat, she was shaking her head and it only brought blood pooling against the knife.

“Please, John, please,” She muttered.

“Shut up,” He growled at her, his anger rising to the surface, cracking his cool mask.

The men formed a ring around us and John met my stare, a full smile on his face.

“The Alpha Prince, pity you had to die at my hands, but I can’t say I won’t love adding you to my roster,”

“Kill her,” I said to Griffen.

“Stop,” He shouted, he seemed surprised at himself.

“So she does mean something,” I turned to the woman who was looking decades younger now, “Who are you to him?” I tilted my head towards the assassin. Her lips met in a defiant line, I shrugged, turning back.

I knew too well not to drag these things out. A bit of surprise did wonders honestly.

“Kill her,” I repeated.

Do it

A shriek was cut off by choking, the soft gurgling of blood.

The assassin’s eyes went wide, he clutched his heart and wobbled, reaching out for something, anything.

“Your mate?” I asked.

Guilt started to flicker through me but then I remembered he would be meeting her in the afterlife. His pained face confirmed my suspicions.

I closed the space between us, “Challenge me as a man, wolf to wolf, or you can die right here.” His face contorted holding nothing but rage.

“Kill him,” he whispered.

The assassins glanced at each other but didn’t make a move.

Now – I linked Holden and heard rustling immediately behind us.

“You went after my son,” I looked down into his face still contorted with pain, “You went after a child. There is no redemption for your kind.”

I held out my hand and Griffen placed the dagger in it, slick with the blood of my target’s mate.

I looked up and met Ezra’s cool stare, his blue and brown eyes stared back at me, and he gave me one nod.

“I hate to do it this way, it feels cheap,” I sighed, “But you came after what is mine,” I let the rage fully come up, it lapped at me, and overcame every sense.

I settled into the person I was going to become before I met Willa. I embraced the facade that everyone thought was me. I became him, the cold, cruel Alpha Prince, and I savored it.

He looked around, confused why no one was killing us, before looking up at me.

I grabbed his head in both my hands and looked into his flickering gray eyes that held hate and passion, and something that I might have thought was longing.

I snapped his neck and watched his bright eyes flicker into nothing.

No emotion, no feeling, nothing.

I took the dagger and pushed it into his artery and twisted it. Warm blood spurted out of the wound in thick gushes. I removed the dagger, and he slumped to the floor after I released him.

I took a step back. I didn't like how that happened. It was undignified, but it was justified. It was for Emmett, and I would never let anyone pose a threat to my family and life.

Ezra stepped forward, his jaw hard as he looked at this assassin. A mix of hurt and steely resolve crossed his face. He wanted his freedom, but at the cost of someone who must have raised him. I couldn't imagine that.

He leaned down and put two fingers on his neck, nodding once.

"Our master is dead."

"Kinky," Cali scoffed, and I shot her a backward glare.

He rose and stood in front of me, pulling a bag over his shoulder, and handed me a thick leather file, "The jobs for the past month, you'll find what you're looking for there," I took the file and passed it to Griffen.

"We owe you," he said, he and his new pack bowed their heads, their hands over their hearts, "You gave us our freedom."

"No," I replied, "You helped us too, you made this happen for yourself, let's call it even. You are indebted to no one anymore." I nodded back to them,

Ezra's head lifted, and he met my eyes with something so deep and raw it made my breath catch.

"Thank you, Prince," He said; a real smile danced across his face, lighting up his features, "We will deal with the aftermath and the bodies."

"No," I cut in, "We will deal with the bodies."

"Noted," He nodded once, "See you around," He said. Tension seemed to leave his body,

Him and The Packless turned to each other and walked away with such ease. They were louder on their feet; each step sounded in my ears.

I was grateful to them. If they hadn't stood by, I knew we wouldn't have made it out of here alive.

I looked at the ground. The Silent Assassin laying eyes opened wide, covered in his own fresh blood. The man that struck fear in so many was no more.

I don't want to call it luck; I didn't believe in such a silly notion. But something worked out in our favor, something aligned, and I threw a prayer and thanks to The Moon Goddess.

"Get rid of them," I nodded toward Griffen and opened my hand for the folder.

I turned my back on the clearing and took a deep breath, happy that was over and longing for my mate and our child. I needed to get back to my real phone to fill them in.

I opened the binder and flipped through the pages, so many names, so many deaths.

I stopped when I saw Emmett's name.

My heart clenched, and all the air left me. I was shaking, fighting to hold onto the folder as I scanned the page until I found the monster's name who was behind trying to steal my son.

I roared, dropping the folder when I found it.

The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 48 -

11–13 minutes

The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 48

48 – Dad

(Caspian)

We shifted faster than I ever had, that f.ucking bastard. I had a hunch we all did, but some small part of me didn't realize he would have been this s.tupid.

I took off running, pushing through the thick trees that hindered us. I would run until I found him and rip his throat out.

I thought I felt anger before, but this was all-consuming. My vision was blurred, darkness seemed to pulse around the edges. The only thing I heard was my heartbeat and the sound of my rushing blood. Everything inside of me was consumed by anger, hatred, and a need for his blood.

A light brown world jumped in front of me snarling. I growled back at Holden. I forgot how fast that f.ucker was. I pushed past him and he nipped at my heel. I turned to him growling again and he cowered under my aura.

Stand down I commanded

He stood, on shaky legs, fighting me.

You know this isn't the right way. You will f.uck everything up, and there will be a s.hit storm in your wake

I don't care! – I yelled through the link, snarling at him.

You have to. You could start a war

Good – I snarled, but he had a point.

This isn't the leader Emmett needs to see

I froze, that f.ucker.

I know that was low, but

I took a deep breath, still shaking, my anger wasn't subdued, only leashed a bit.

I'm not leaving until you shift back

Holden was the only person that could get to me when I was like this. Griffen still questioned his role; he was too compliant.

Come on, man. – He pleaded once I didn't shift – Alpha Jasper isn't in our jurisdiction. We need to speak to The Council and The Elders. Then he's all yours.

I snarled at the mention of that bastard's name, I wanted to run to him now and gut him in front of his pack.

Also, you're running the wrong way

I sighed. Atlas, my usually puppy-like wolf, was fighting me. He didn't want to give me back control, he demanded blood.

Fine

I promised Atlas that he would pay. Publicly. But it did little to calm him down.

I shifted back, but my body wouldn't stop shaking. Holden shifted after me and looked relieved.

"You know I hate being the rational one," He slung his arm around me and started leading us back to the clearing.

"I want the council on the phone in the car on the way back and a meeting with The Elders. Today. Tell them I won't take no for an answer." It was dangerous to make demands of The Elders, but that was the least of my concerns.

Holden nodded, "I'll make it happen. The cars are waiting for us. Griffen will meet us back when it's done."

Cali appeared out of nowhere and Holden wrapped his other arm around her, "I have some duties to deal with, we have come to deal with," He whispered into her hair, "But after, we are marking each other, and you are not leaving my sight for a minute."

She laughed once, it was almost a giggle, and it was so unexpected for her. She was relieved, I couldn't share that feeling. I wondered if I could feel anything besides anger or if this was it, that this would consume me completely with no way back.

"I think that went well," Cali said and Holden agreed letting out a long sigh.

"Now, onto the next step." Holden said nuzzling his mate.

"Which is?" She asked.

"Challenging an Alpha, to the death," Holden said and Cali froze for a second but then kept going.

"Legal bullshit," I growled. Holden patted me on the back.

"The cars are this way," Holden led us out.

The Council, or the ones that could take a call this last minute, agreed with what I already knew. We should talk to The Elders before challenging another Alpha outside our territory. They weren't sure about the protocols as it hasn't happened in their time but they thought we needed some kind of permission. I already knew that no matter if The Elders told me no I was going to challenge him.

All my respect for protocols would go out the window. This was just a formality, in my mind Alpha Jasper was already good as dead. Atlas growled in my mind in agreement.

"The Elders can take a call when we're back," Holden said. The car felt like it was crawling through the city.

“Let me out,” I commanded the driver, “Now,” He pulled over and I jumped out, we were a few blocks away and I needed to do something, to move instead of sit there.

I didn't care that I was barefoot only wearing sweatpants, I let my aura out, just a bit, and anyone on the sidewalk steered clear of me.

I stalked into the packhouse and took the elevator, debating taking the steps to get some energy out but I needed to see them.

Ignoring the guards outside my door I walked in, my eyes scanning the apartment until they fell on Willa. She was sitting on the floor, her midnight hair reflecting the soft light, it was falling over her shoulder as she bent over to pick something up and hand it to Emmett. She froze when she sensed me, her green eyes meeting mine and a wide smile tugged up her full lips.

Goddess, she was breathtaking, and she was mine.

Emmett turned and stood up, barreling towards me.

“Dad!” He shouted and I melted falling to the floor and embracing him.

Willa came to sit down next to us and laid her head on my shoulder, her soft hand ran along my bare back and I felt like all the wind was knocked out of me, I could cry but I wasn't sure why. I sagged with relief, the anger at bay now that I was with them, they were safe, and one of the threats against my family was nullified.

“You smell bad,” Emmett pulled back, his nose wrinkled, and his green eyes widened, “Is that blood?” He asked, placing a small hand on my face.

“Yes,” I sighed; it didn't even cross my mind how I must look, “Everything is okay now.” I said to them both. Willa sagged, her eyes darted between Emmett and me.

“Emmett honey, can you go play and take care of Nora?” He slipped out of my arms and nodded at his mom.

Willa tugged me up and wrapped her arms around me, settling into my chest. A small sob escaped her as she breathed out, burying her head into me. I embraced her and pressed my head into her hair; enveloped by her scent. All of the emotions of the day coursed through me. I finally felt a bit of relief. One more step, and I would show the world what would happen to anyone that tried to cross me or what was mine.

“Come,” She pulled back, her eyes bright with unshed tears. I wiped them away before they could fall.

I placed a kiss on her forehead, “You're safe, we're safe. Everything is going to be okay.” I promised her.

She pulled me up the stairs and into a bath, washing me in silence, my anger suppressed for a while under the crushing swell of love I had for this woman.

“Prince Dracos,” The Elder started using my formal title, “My name is Elder John, I am here with a small council to listen to your request and provide advice based on our laws. After this call, we will figure out how to best help you and proceed from there. Tell us what is your query?”

“Thank you Elders for taking a call on such a short-notice,” I started trying to remember any sense of protocol and formality, “An Alpha from a neighboring pack, but outside my jurisdiction, hired as assassin to try to take my son, my heir.” The Elder sucked in a breath, “I want permission to challenge him, but I don’t want it to be seen as an act of war. My problem is with Alpha Jasper of The Black Stone pack,” I fought the urge to growl at his name.

“What would you do with his pack?” The Elder asked.

“He doesn’t have much of a pack. They can choose to live here or assign another Alpha. I don’t want nor need his land.” I said.

“Challenging an Alpha without wanting to take over his pack is unheard of.”

“My problem is with Alpha Jasper,” I repeated, “and anyone who knew of this or stood by, I won’t harm his pack members.”

“One moment,” The Elder paused shuffling through something and whispering to the others, “We see Alpha Jasper challenged the previous Alpha for the pack, many of his members moved to your pack after that while your father was Alpha.”

“That is correct. I think he has a grudge against us still.”

“It would seem so, I’m sorry, Alpha Dracos, but we cannot help only advise.”

“What is your advice?” I tried to keep my voice steady and not let the anger or annoyance come up.

“You need the other Alpha’s in your jurisdiction’s approval. At least seventy percent of them must agree for you to do this. It could put your entire territory at risk, and it’s not up to us, it’s up to them.” I took a long breath.

“How?”

“Get it in writing, and have them sign. You just need their approval.” Elder John said, “I’m sorry we can’t be of more help, but I would advise you to have a plan of what will happen to his pack

after. As you said, your fight is not with innocent pack members, I would strongly advise you to have a solid plan in place for this to go smoothly and without retaliation.”

“I will,” I promised, I did need to think of the pack members and past my need for bloodshed. We needed a plan to make sure they were taken care of.

“Good. Best of luck.”

“Thank you,” I hung up.

How many Alphas were there? Could I call them all now?

No, I knew I needed to talk to them in person, I was far more persuasive that way and I couldn't rush this, if they said no I didn't know what I would do. I would still kill the b.astard but that could cause inner-territory conflict if I went against the other Alpha's wishes.

“The conference,” Holden suggested from his seat across from my desk.

I nodded once. S.hit.

“Get some rest Loreli can stay with us,” I said to him. Emmett and Loreli were already long asleep anyways at ours, “It's been a long day,”

“Thanks, Cas.” He stood up smiling, “Time to go find my mate,”

“Will you send Willa down, please?” He nodded once and left.

Griffen was long gone. He came back to inform me the bodies were taken care of, and that he was monitoring what was being said of The Silent Assassins's death. So far, nothing, and I took that as a good sign. I dismissed him early to spend time with Nora; he didn't need to be here for the call.

Willa's soft knock came at the open door. Her long hair was piled high in the bun she donned when she took care of me in the bath. Tendrils fell and curled around her face.

“You need me?” She asked, coming in to sit on the edge of my desk facing me.

I explained to her the conversation with The Elders and what we needed to do. Her brows tugged together, and she chewed her lip as she listened to me thinking it over.

“You want to talk to them in person? How long will that take?”

“There is a conference soon, this weekend actually.” Her eyes widened.

“Why don't we go then? You never mentioned it.”

“I meant to actually. I rarely go in person; I send someone on my behalf. This one is at Blue Ridge, and I was going to give you the option to go even if I wasn’t planning on it.” She froze under the name of her previous pack, the one she was on track to be Luna of, “You don’t have to come, but I think I need to. I know I need to go.” I met her stare.

“I’m coming,” Her green eyes were full of resolve, she jutted her chin slightly.

“Good,” I smiled at her taking her small hand in mine.

I needed her by my side more than she knew.

The Rejected Luna’s Prince Chapter 49 -

32–41 minutes

The Rejected Luna’s Prince Chapter 49

49 – The Dress

(Wille)

Waiting for him to come back, for them all to, were some of the hardest few hours of my life. I tried to put on a smile for Emmett but I knew it probably looked as hollow as it felt. Fear tightened my stomach into knots. Even Nore’s steady presence did nothing to detract me.

I got infrequent updates, they couldn’t risk updating more. Every time my phone pinged my fear tightened its iron grip on me, worried that it would be bad news.

It wasn’t until I got a call from Cespien that I felt like I could breathe. He sounded distant, his voice was clipped, harsh. I knew he would tell me what happened when he was ready, but as long as everyone was okay then that’s all that mattered for now.

He came in, his icy eyes seemed to flicker between black and churning blue. He was wearing only sweats that hung off his waist and his black hair was hanging over his forehead.

Blood splattered his bare chest and was smudged on his face. I scanned him for injuries but there were not, none visible at least.

“Dad!” Emmett shouted and his mouth hung open as he slumped to the floor wrapping Emmett in his arms.

I melted, it was the first time I could remember that he called him that. I sunk to the floor next to them and wrapped my arms around them.

I took him and let him sit in silence in the warm bath, making sure to get all the blood, sweat, and dirt off of him. He visibly relaxed under my touch and the hunger that I felt through our bond seemed to ebb a bit.

I wanted him to know that I saw him. I saw him for who he was, who he could sometimes be, and I loved every part of him.

I was exhausted, not just because it was approaching midnight when Cespien and Holden finished with The Elders, but because of the mental and emotional weight of the past few days. I felt relieved, even with knowing Alphe Jesper was still alive, there were fewer variables in the mix with The Silent Assassin gone for good.

I still couldn't believe they had done it. Maybe The Moon Goddess was watching over us, them. Maybe she felt guilty for using me as the vessel for her blessed wolf. I didn't care, but we did get lucky, or everything aligned. If the Peckless stayed loyal to their leader then – I stifled the sob, it would have been a completely different outcome.

I knocked on his open office door and came to sit next to him, leaning on the edge of his desk. He looked as tired as I felt. His hair was unkempt like he had been running his hand through it for hours, and even though his eyes softened when I sat next to him, the tension made his movements stiff.

Even if I wasn't able to feel his unease and hunger through the bond, I could sense it, see it in him.

The Elders needed us to get agreement from the other Alphas; that was something we could do. I just hoped we could do it soon before Alphe Jesper had the chance to do anything else stupid.

“There is a conference soon, this weekend.”

Well, that was perfect timing. I wondered why he didn't bring it up, or maybe he did and I was too distracted these past days.

“I rarely go in person,” I remembered that from my past life, Lune Netelie mentioned how big of a deal it was for The Prince to show up, and then we had to redo an entire party in a few hours. My lips curled into a smile at the memory, surprising myself. So much has changed since that time.

“This one is at Blue Ridge.”

I froze, did I hear him correctly?

Of course, it had to be there. My hands felt clammy and my skin seemed to prickle, crawling with suppressed emotions. It didn't matter where it was, I was going, but why did it have to be there?

"I'm coming,"

—

The next day I was practically dragged out of bed by Celi laden with Cespien's credit cards. Celi snatched them even though I protested against it.

"You need this," Celi insisted, "And with our wages, you might be able to afford the new shirt," She gave me her signature wry smile that told me that this conversation was over.

"I want you to buy anything that you want, seriously. What's mine is yours," Cespien shrugged, I tried to protest but he brushed his soft lips against mine, sending sparks across my lips and settling into my core. He pulled back his eyes bright, "Seriously, you need the bellgown and then clothes for the conference."

"I have—" I started.

"You have jeans," Celi cut in, "This isn't the woods anymore, baby girl," She shook her head and tugged me away.

Her eyes clouded over and I looked back at Cespien and his were too.

"Stop it," I said to them frowning at their silent conversation.

Celi threw me a smile and pulled us out the door, "Holden is waiting out front," She told me practically bouncing on her feet.

Cespien was catching up with work but sent Holden and the team of warriors with us. Apparently, the mall had already been checked and camera access was granted to the team here to monitor. I would have said it was excessive but after finding out about people that would walk through time and space I welcomed the added protection, at least temporarily.

Celi was out of the elevator before it even opened and I stumbled behind her.

"Shit, sorry," Celi laughed stopping after nearly barreling someone down, "Hi,"

Rechel looked at us and gave us the genuine smile that I returned.

"Sorry," I added, "Celi is excited about shopping, she hasn't been allowed out recently," I explained. Well, besides that whole semi-educating oneself thing I didn't think should be shared.

“No, of course, I get it. Shopping for anything in particular?” She pushed her honey-brown waves behind her back.

“Black and white bell at the Alpha conference,” Celi cut in, “I’m not going but that doesn’t mean I don’t need a bellgown for you know, Mondays.” She shrugged.

“I love that attitude,” Rachel laughed, “You have to go to Anthony Rossi, he is the best designer and a werewolf, also he’s my cousin.”

“Anthony Rossi is your cousin?” Celi’s voice went up an octave I didn’t know was possible for her.

“I’m sorry, who is Anthony Rossi?” I said quietly.

“He’s an incredible designer, he’s known everywhere, even in the human world.” Celi explained, “Even in my neck of the human world,” Her lips tugged in a half smile.

“Oh my gosh, you’re a werewolf,” Rachel’s brown eyes widened, “Welcome,” A brilliant smile flashed across her face and it almost annoyed me how easy she was to like.

“It’s been an insane few days, but I’m adjusting, I didn’t realize how much more you guys saw and smelled and felt,” Celi gushed.

She did seem like a new person. She was always reliable, loving in her own way, but she seemed to be so easy and so relaxed these past few days, weeks even.

“I have nothing to compare it to but I do like being a werewolf,” I added and Rachel nodded.

“Come with us,” Celi said, “We could use the help,” Rachel’s eyes widened slightly and she looked towards me.

“I could genuinely use the advice, I haven’t worn a bellgown in years.” I shrugged offering her a smile.

“O-okey,” Rachel said and Celi turned on her heel dragging us both now behind her.

We pulled up to the mall in no time.
(Willa)

Waiting for him to come back, for them all to, were some of the hardest few hours of my life. I tried to put on a smile for Emmett but I knew it probably looked as hollow as it felt. Fear tightened my stomach into knots. Even Nora’s steady presence did nothing to detract me.

I got infrequent updates, they couldn’t risk updating more. Every time my phone pinged my fear tightened its iron grip on me, worried that it would be bad news.

It wasn't until I got a call from Caspien that I felt like I could breathe. He sounded distant, his voice was clipped, harsh. I knew he would tell me what happened when he was ready, but as long as everyone was okay then that's all that mattered for now.

He came in, his icy eyes seemed to flicker between black and churning blue. He was wearing only sweatpants that hung off his waist and his black hair was hanging over his forehead.

Blood spattered his bare chest and was smudged on his face. I scanned him for injuries but there were not, none visible at least.

“Dad!” Emmett shouted and his mouth hung open as he slumped to the floor wrapping Emmett in his arms.

I melted, it was the first time I could remember that he called him that. I sunk to the floor next to them and wrapped my arms around them.

I took him and let him sit in silence in a warm bath, making sure to get all the blood, sweat, and dirt off of him. He visibly relaxed under my touch and the hard anger that I felt through our bond seemed to ebb a bit.

I wanted him to know that I saw him. I saw him for who he was, who he could sometimes be, and I loved every part of him.

I was exhausted, not just because it was approaching midnight when Caspien and Holden finished with The Elders, but because of the mental and emotional weight of the past few days. I felt relieved, even with knowing Alpha Jasper was still alive, there were fewer variables in the mix with The Silent Assassin gone for good.

I still couldn't believe they had done it. Maybe The Moon Goddess was watching over us, them. Maybe she felt guilty for using me as a vessel for her blessed wolf. I didn't care, but we did get lucky, or everything aligned. If the Packless stayed loyal to their leader then – I stifled a sob, it would have been a completely different outcome.

I knocked on his open office door and came to sit next to him, leaning on the edge of his desk. He looked as tired as I felt. His hair was unkempt like he had been running his hand through it for hours, and even though his eyes softened when I sat next to him, the tension made his movement stiff.

Even if I wasn't able to feel his unease and anger through the bond, I could sense it, see it in him.

The Elders needed us to get agreeance from the other Alphas; that was something we could do. I just hoped we could do it soon before Alpha Jasper had a chance to do anything else s.tupid.

“There is a conference soon, this weekend.”

Well, that was perfect timing. I wondered why he didn't bring it up, or maybe he did and I was too distracted these past days.

"I rarely go in person," I remembered that from my past life, Luna Natalie mentioned how big of a deal it was for The Prince to show up, and then we had to redo an entire party in a few hours. My lips curled into a smile at the memory, surprising myself. So much has changed since that time.

"This one is at Blue Ridge."

I froze, did I hear him correctly?

Of course, it had to be there. My hands felt clammy and my skin seemed to prickle, crawling with suppressed emotions. It didn't matter where it was, I was going, but why did it have to be there?

"I'm coming,"

The next day I was practically dragged out of bed by Cali laden with Caspien's credit cards. Cali snatched them even though I protested against it.

"You need this," Cali insisted, "And with our wages, you might be able to afford a new shirt," She gave me her signature wry smile that told me that this conversation was over.

"I want you to buy anything that you want, seriously. What's mine is yours," Caspien shrugged, I tried to protest but he brushed his soft lips against mine, sending sparks across my lips and settling into my core. He pulled back his eyes bright, "Seriously, you need a ballgown and then clothes for the conference."

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We pulled up to the mall in no time.

It was almost comical watching our guards try to fit in. Being surrounded by massive men who practically exuded power only brought more attention to us, but I hoped no one would try anything with them around.

I couldn't wait until I could have some semblance of normality, but I would take this protective awkwardness over paralyzing fear any day.

I was exhausted by the third shop, Cali insisted nothing was good enough and wanted me to find the perfect 'revenge dress'. I filled in Rachel about where we were going and who Alpha Nolon was to me.

Her eyes flashed black, “Who the f.uck? When you were pregnant?” her hands clenched and she shook her head, “Come on we're going to Anthony. Now” She turned on her heel and we followed her.

“I didn't think he would have a place here,” Cali said after we walked out of an elevator, squished between guards.

“It's more of a showroom,” Rachel shrugged, “He occasionally meets clients here too I think.”

We stopped outside a store. The only thing in the large windows were four gorgeous dresses lit up on pedestals. The glass door was closed, unlike every other store we passed. The door had something behind it so we couldn't get a glimpse in.

Rachel walked up and pressed a button on an intercom I didn't notice.

“We aren't open for walk-ins,” A woman said dryly.

“Tell Anthony, Rachel is here to see him, he's expecting me.”

“Oh, Rachel, of course, come in,” Her tone turned bright and a buzzing sounded.

Holden opened the door for us, “Ladies,” He flashed us a smile and we followed him in accompanied by our guards.

A short, well, short for werewolves, thin man came out with open arms to Rachel, “You're lucky I happened to be in the city today.”

I felt guilty, he came here just for us to try on dresses? But, I was so grateful to Rachel for making it happen. Even the first glance of the dresses in the window was better than anything we had seen all day, any one of those would be perfect.

“You owe me a few onyways,” Rachel moved her woves over her shoulder.

“Hm,” He smiled at her, “Who are we outfitting today?” He looked behind her at us and Rachel introduced us all.

“Not me this time, unfortunately. Willo needs a dress for a black and white ball for the annual Alpha Conference.”

“Oh, now that, that I can do.” He turned his smile to me and stretched out a hand, I didn’t know what I expected but he was everything but that. He seemed nice and personable, and despite the gorgeous dresses and the custom shopping experience, I felt comfortable.

Chilled champagne was brought out and besides the warriors who were standing with their arms crossed, everyone took seats on couches as I was whisked away to a large dressing room with a pedestal.

“Here, try these first to see what style you want to go for, and then we can narrow it down,” He hung up three dresses and a woman came in to help me step into them.

The first one was white and had a corset top, partially sheer, and a billowing ballgown. I had to admit I loved how it felt but I wasn’t sure if it was right for this event.

The second one was black and had long sleeves with a plunging neckline, the fabric felt cool and pooled behind me with each step, two long slits opened when I walked, showing off almost the entirety of my legs.

“Holy s.hit,” Coli grabbed the arm of the couch. Rachel smiled approvingly.

“I love this, I just don’t know if it’s a bit too much. I think I would be self-conscious on the night, but I think I like black better.”

They both nodded their agreement, Holden shrugged.

“Let’s try another, if you’re not comfortable now then you definitely won’t be at the party,” Rachel said.

The third dress was a more classic style, a long ballgown made from satin, the thick straps hugged my upper arms and the full ballgown gave way to a slight slit. I felt at ease in this dress, I loved it.

“I like it but it’s a bit plain,” Coli said.

“Plain, I would say elegant,” Anthony crossed his arms and scoffed.

“That’s the word I was looking for,” Coli looked into her drink, avoiding Anthony’s glare and Rachel laughed.

“This is just the first step, so you like the ballgown style, maybe something traditional with a twist,” Rachel said and stood up, she walked behind me to a showroom of gowns.

Anthony and I followed her, “Now out of these what would be your choice? Goddess wait,” She froze and grabbed my wrist. She turned me to look at the most beautiful dress I had ever seen.

“Wow,” I breathed, stepping up to it.

“You have to try it on,” Rachel said looking between me and the dress, “Half up half down with loose curls, maybe a small tiara headband, that would be fitting,” Her eyes seemed to light up at the idea.

“Whoa whoa whoa,” Anthony butted in, “That one has been spoken for, it’s the only one I made and someone claimed it ages ago.”

“We will pay double,” Rachel said crossing her arms staring at her cousin.

“It doesn’t work like that.”

“Fine, I’ll have to tell Prince Cospian that his mate will have to find something off the rock,” Rachel sounded bored but her eyes were glimmering.

Anthony’s eyes widened at me, “You’re serious?” He looked at Rachel.

I shrugged slightly, “I mean yes, but I don’t want to pull rank,” I said.

“I do,” Rachel said.

“No of course I would be honored to outfit the princess for the ball,” He gaped at me bowing lowly.

“Please don’t,” I laughed once, no one has seriously called me that before, “I don’t want to take anyone else’s dress, everything you have here is more than I could have imagined.”

“It’s done,” He said shaking his head, “It’s done, go to the dressing room and I’ll have it sent in.”

“I feel so bad,” I whispered to Rachel.

“Don’t,” She shook her head, “That is your dress.”

The matter was settled apparently. but I couldn’t help but think about the person that claimed this dress as their own for before I set my eyes on it.

When I slipped into it all of those thoughts dissipated. I don’t think someone could ever force me to part from it, I never wanted to take this dress off.

I couldn't stop looking at myself, I felt like it was made for me. It hugged my waist and was skin-tight but still shockingly comfortable. It was almost sheer in places but gave nothing away. Intricate black beading and swirls and patterns down the dress, accentuating my figure. With every movement, the beads shone and glimmered in the light.

It felt like a second skin, there was a slight flare at the bottom so I could move freely. The top was a v-neck and held my breasts perfectly. It didn't show too much, but it showed enough.

Thin straps held the dress to me but it was the train that I adored. I had never seen a train quite like this before. It mixed the ballgown feel I loved with the tight sexy dresses I also adored. A half-train made from a heavier shiny material circled around the front of the dress partially and flared behind me.

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“Are you ready?” Anthony knocked at the door and I nodded, my breath caught in my throat, I didn’t think a piece of clothing could almost bring me to tears.

“Oh, honey,” He looked me over appreciate, “That dress was made for you, there is no one else that could wear it quite like that.” He shook his head, placing a hand over his mouth.

I took his arm and as we walked out the train danced behind me, it was surprisingly lightweight. The tight evening gown was the star of the show until I stood on the pedestal in front of my friends, only then did the train catch up and start to pool around the front.

Holden had his mouth open, Cali was clutching onto the glass and Rachel clapped her hands looking like she might cry.

“I knew it,” Rachel breathed.

“I think I might cry,” Holden said, “D.amn princess.”

“Don’t start,” I shot him a glare but couldn’t help my smile.

“That is, that is it. We’re done here. That dress,” Cali slumped into Holden her hazel eyes wide.

Anthony circled me and made a few notes, “I’ll have to get your exact measurements before you leave, but I think if we bring it up half an inch with heels it will be perfect. Do you like the length of the train?” He met my eyes.

I nodded vehemently.

“It’s perfect, thank you,” I breathed, no words could describe this man’s talent but we all tried. At once.

“Stop I’m blushing,” He held his hands out before turning to me, “Thank you for letting me outfit you for the night, it’s an honor.”

“The honor is all mine,” I nodded at him.

For the first time in my life, I felt like a princess.

(Nolan)

I linked my Mom and Camilla to come into my office, this conference was about to be a bigger deal than I thought.

“Honey, what is it?” My mom came in first taking a seat across from me.

“I need your help,” I sighed and she sat up straighter a wide smile crossed her face, “Wait until Camilla gets here.”

Camilla came in a few long minutes later.

“What took you so long?” I asked her.

“I was on the other side of the packhouse,” She crossed her arms glaring at me.

“Sit,” I commanded.

Her eyes narrowed even further and I met her icy stare.

“Don’t make me command you,” I said my voice even, it was not the day for this.

She made a show of taking the seat next to my mother and my mom frowned at her display.

“I just got notice that The Prince, Alpha Dracos, is attending the conference,” My mom sat forward and Camilla’s eyes went wide, “So there will have to be additional preparations to be made.”

“I wish he would have told us sooner,” My mom frowned.

“He is The Prince, I don’t care if he showed up unannounced we will make it work.” I let out a growl.

“This is a huge honor, we haven’t seen him in ages, no one has,” Camilla twirled the end of her blonde ponytail thinking, “Not since our ceremony,” She offered me a small smile, a peace offering.

“Do whatever you guys need to do, but I need the party to be bigger, better, and worthy of royalty.”

“It already is,” Camilla said and my mom scoffed earning her a glare from my chosen mate.

“You will be working together, we have no time. Make sure they get the best guestroom, I don’t care who you have to move. This shows the other Alpha’s how prestigious our pack is that he’s showing up in person.”

“They?” Camilla repeated.

“He’s bringing someone, apparently he found his mate,” I said, “She hasn’t been seen before either.” My mom’s eyes widened.

This is the first time I was hearing about it at least. This party had to be perfect, once it got around that The Prince and his new mate would be attending, no one would dare not show up. This was going to be great for Blue Ridge.

“This will be a great honor indeed,” My mom’s mouth hung over, “What do you need us to do, honey?” She glanced at Camilla.

“I don’t know, whatever you women do. I want it big, just more, make it happen,” I waved them off, “Work together you need each other’s help,” I added, I was getting annoyed with their bickering.

“Of course, love.” My mom rose first and Camilla nodded once but didn’t look happy.

“Close the door behind you,” I dismissed them both.

I linked my Beta and Gamma to come in, I needed to discuss pack security and other protocols that The Prince asked for. He was bringing along some of his own men and now we needed to house them and figure out how they would fit in and where.

This would be worth it though, the headache would be worth the status boost and the jealousy of every other Alpha in this territory.

The door of my office flung open and Camilla came stomping in her face red.

Did she and my mom get into it already? They just left.

“What?” I demanded icily.

“My dress,” Camilla clutched her hands at her side, “My Anthony Rossi dress, it’s gone.” She wailed.

“Someone stole it?” I asked her, no one would dare.

“The dress I ordered for the ball, I saw it in a magazine six months ago and I had to have it, I planned the entire black and white ball around that dress.” She stomped her foot, her eyes rimmed with tears, “They just called, he gave it to someone else. He can’t do that, you have to talk to him.” She pleaded.

“First off,” I stood up, “It’s just a f.ucking dress.” That name tugged on my memory and then I remembered the inordinately expensive quote she showed me for a dress she would wear once, “Secondly, I told you not to buy that. That thing was like fifteen thousand.”

“More than that,” She whispered.

“You are f.ucking joking me. A dress?” I laughed, “It wasn’t your dress because you were never going to be allowed to keep it. Are you f.ucking s.tupid?” I shouted, “Answer me,” I shook my head, she looked down. My rage matched hers but for a different reason.

“We don’t have that kind of money to be spending on party dresses, things are tight enough as it is.” We had conversations about that, the parties were one thing, but her spending was getting out of hand, enough so that it was making a noticeable dent.

“But The Prince is coming,” She couldn’t stop shaking but she wasn’t as hysterical now, her voice evened a bit.

“With his mate, he’s not going to be looking at your sorry a.ss,” I laughed once and she walked up pulling her hand back but I grabbed it and t.hrust it down.

How dare she?

“Leave now,” I commanded roaring at her.

She had the decency to look scared.

My wolf was pissed too that she would try something so degrading as to slap us. Will would have never, and my wolf would have never gotten angry at her. He couldn't have.

Her eyes filled with new tears and I dropped her hand, "Never pull that s.hit again," I laughed once dryly, "And your spending is cut off from here on out, wear something you already own." She turned back to say something.

"Shut your mouth," I commanded, "Leave," I waved her away and she was forced to do what she was told. I rarely actually used my Alpha command on her but I couldn't help it. Spending that kind of money on a dress, no one has that kind of money.

The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 50 -

34-43 minutes

The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 50

50 -Distractions

(Wille)

"Mom?" I called my mom as soon as I got out of the shower, I had two missed calls from her, "Everything okay?" I asked too fast.

"Yes, honey, I didn't mean to worry you, I just had something we wanted to talk to you about."

"Go on," I set the phone on speaker and started to towel dry my long hair.

"We were, well your dad and I were hoping to move, to Crescent Moon, if you'll still have us." My eyes widened and my mirror image smiled brightly back at me, "We will work, of course, whatever you need, it's just we miss you, both of you."

"Of course, Mom!" I cut her off, "Anytime, as soon as possible, we can figure it out." I didn't want to tell her that I had been secretly hoping for this moment for a long while.

"Good," She breathed, "We don't want to intrude."

"Stop," I laughed once, "I am ecstatic; we will all be happy to have you," I shook my head at her ridiculousness.

“Okey then,” I could hear the smile in her voice, “Oh end something else,” She leughed, “Everyone is up in erms, the omegas ere running eround, end people I heve never seen before ere crewling eround the peck.” She leughed egein.

“Why?” I releesed my heir from the towel end grebbed e brush sterting to gently de-tengle my heir.

“The Prince is coming to the conference,” I smiled et thet. I tried to push the thought of the conference ewey this week. I thought of nothing but thet dress insteed. Thinking of going beck to Blue Ridge unenounced mede me feel deeply uncomforteble.

“We ere,” I confirmed.

“I wes hoping you would,” She seid, “Stop by end see us?” She esked.

“Of course, Cesprien hes never been to my home before.” Besides my epartment, of course.

I never thought I would get the opportunity to show him where I grew up, end the thought thrilled me. It wes some semblence of normelcy thet would help ground me this weekend.

The thought of showing the derk prince to my humble cottege months ego would heve been terrifying, but I wented him to see it, end I knew he would too. Nothing about myself or my pest emberressed me, end I felt more myself with him then I ever hed.

“C.rep, I heven’t cleened the beseboerds in Goddess knows how long,” My mom seid, I couldn’t help leughing et the penic in her voice.

“It’s just Cesprien, Mom. Celm down,”

“Don’t tell your mom to celm down, honey. It doesn’t work,” My ded celled, end I smiled.

“Hi, ded,” I shouted.

“You’re on speeker now don’t shout,” My mom scolded.

“Don’t worry about the floorboerds, Mom.”

“Beseboerds,” She corrected, end I rolled my eyes.

“Just stert pecking.”

“Pecking?” Cesprien welked in end wrepped his erms eround me, kissing my cheek.

“My perents ere moving here. Thet’s still okey?” I esked, but I knew the enswer. His eyes lit up.

“Of course it is, tell them to send me their preferences, and I can get them in our design team’s hands so they can prepare samples for them. They can have a cottage near the old peckhouse if they want, but I also want them to have an apartment here on my parent’s floor.”

“Did you hear that?” I asked my mom.

“Yes, but no, I mean, that’s too much.” My mom tripped over her words.

Cesprien took the phone from my hand, “You’re family, you’re taking an apartment and wherever cottage you want. They will both be updated to your preferences.” He said his voice a bit cooler but I could see his eyes light up.

“Is this an Alpha commend?” My mom joked, and it took me by surprise.

“Yes, actually,” Cesprien cracked a real smile, “Keep this up, and I’m throwing in a lake house.”

“I apologize; of course, we would take you up on your generous offer,” I could hear the smile in my mom’s voice and I turned to bury myself in my mother’s chest, wrapping my arms around him.

“Let us know when you want us,” My dad said.

“Come back with us this weekend; there’s a big game on Monday I would love to have you join us for.”

“Baseball and hotdogs, and we aren’t even officially part of the peck,” My dad said, “I don’t think I’ve ever gotten so much as one hot dog here.”

I laughed at that; I was so happy. Despite the looming threat, despite the fact I had to come face to face with my ex tonight and the peck I didn’t want to see again, my heart was bursting.

“See you soon,” Cesprien said, nuzzling his head in my hair.

“Love you guys,” I grabbed the phone and hung up.

“You’re happy, princess.” Cesprien kissed one side of my smile and then the other before pulling back. I put my hand in his trimmed beard.

“I am.”

He gave me the smile that was only reserved for me, the one that made his icy blue eyes sparkle.

“I’m glad,” He picked me up, his large hands caressed my bare butt under my robe, and I wrapped my legs around his waist. He put his forehead to mine, and our breathing mingled as he carried us to his bed, my bed, our bed.

The anticipation alone of having him had my body flush. I could feel him hardening in between my legs, and he gripped me harder. I wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled him to me.

We hit the bed as his lips met mine, my tongue thrust into his mouth. There was nothing slow about this, I needed him, now, and we didn't have much time.

He unzipped his jeans and pulled himself out. I positioned myself on top of him, feeling his velvety tip slide over my slick opening.

"Goddess Wille," He grunted against my lips, "You're already so fucking wet for me."

The door opened, and our eyes shot to the intruders; I hoped it wasn't Emmett even though I knew he was already with Cespien's parents.

Holden and Celi were at the door.

"Shut the door," Cespien growled. I was still hovering over him.

"Okay, okay," Holden said.

They walked in, and he shut it behind him.

"Get out and then shut the door," Cespien's voice was low.

"Rachel is here," Celi said, ignoring him, "Downstairs."

"What does she want?" Cespien asked. I was glad the robe was covering his nakedness.

"Not you, pretty boy," Celi smirked, flicking her eyes to me, "She has something for you from Anthony, apparently."

"Who is Anthony?" Cespien asked.

I raised an eyebrow at him, "Really? Was that jealousy?" I leaned forward, whispering in his ear, "Your dick is almost inside of me, and you're jealous that someone else sent something for me?" I teased him.

His grip on me hardened, and he pushed into me a slight bit more. I had to bite down on my lip.

"It was just a question, princess," His voice was soft, playful.

He started to tell me that was a joke, but I didn't hate it as much as I used to.

"Yeah, princess," Holden repeated, and my gaze shot to them. I almost forgot they were there, or I did completely.

Cesprien growled, and I reluctantly pulled myself off of him, “Give me e minute,” I sighed and grabbed e dress from the closet.

Cesprien looked peined but reluctantly let Celi lead me.

“I’m going to m.urder you,” Cesprien lunged et Holden, and Holden ren pest us down the hellwey.

Celi rolled her eyes, and we followed them; I just hoped they didn’t breek anything.

Rechel wes weiting by the front door, fidgeting e bit, which seemed so uncherecteristic of her.

“Hi,” I offered her e werm smile.

“Hi,” She looked relieved, e cresh sounded behind us, and I rolled my eyes, ignoring them.

“Here, this is from Anthony,” She ignored these sounds too and pessed me e long bleck box, “And I thought this might go well with your outfit. I found it in Peris but heven’t worn it yet. I’ve kept it here, and I guess I wes seving it.” She shrugged and held out e velvet box. I pliced both of them on the teble by the door, opening hers first.

(Willa)

“Mom?” I called my mom as soon as I got out of the shower, I had two missed calls from her, “Everything okay?” I asked too fast.

“Yes, honey, I didn’t mean to worry you, I just had something we wanted to talk to you about.”

“Go on,” I set the phone on speaker and started to towel dry my long hair.

“We were, well your dad and I were hoping to move, to Crescent Moon, if you’ll still have us.” My eyes widened and my mirror image smiled brightly back at me, “We will work, of course, whatever you need, it’s just we miss you, both of you.”

“Of course, Mom!” I cut her off, “Anytime, as soon as possible, we can figure it out.” I didn’t want to tell her that I had been secretly hoping for this moment for a long while.

“Good,” She breathed, “We don’t want to intrude.”

“Stop,” I laughed once, “I am ecstatic; we will all be happy to have you,” I shook my head at her ridiculousness.

“Okay then,” I could hear the smile in her voice, “Oh and something else,” She laughed, “Everyone is up in arms, the omegas are running around, and people I have never seen before are crawling around the pack.” She laughed again.

“Why?” I released my hair from the towel and grabbed a brush starting to gently de-tangle my hair.

“The Prince is coming to the conference,” I smiled at that. I tried to push the thought of the conference away this week. I thought of nothing but that dress instead. Thinking of going back to Blue Ridge unannounced made me feel deeply uncomfortable.

“We are,” I confirmed.

“I was hoping you would,” She said, “Stop by and see us?” She asked.

“Of course, Caspien has never been to my home before.” Besides my apartment, of course.

I never thought I would get the opportunity to show him where I grew up, and the thought thrilled me. It was some semblance of normalcy that would help ground me this weekend.

The thought of showing the dark prince to my humble cottage months ago would have been terrifying, but I wanted him to see it, and I knew he would too. Nothing about myself or my past embarrassed me, and I felt more myself with him than I ever had.

“C.rap, I haven’t cleaned the baseboards in Goddess knows how long,” My mom said, I couldn’t help laughing at the panic in her voice.

“It’s just Caspien, Mom. Calm down,”

“Don’t tell your mom to calm down, honey. It doesn’t work,” My dad called, and I smiled.

“Hi, dad,” I shouted.

“You’re on speaker now don’t shout,” My mom scolded.

“Don’t worry about the floorboards, Mom.”

“Baseboards,” She corrected, and I rolled my eyes.

“Just start packing.”

“Packing?” Caspien walked in and wrapped his arms around me, kissing my cheek.

“My parents are moving here. That’s still okay?” I asked, but I knew the answer. His eyes lit up.

“Of course it is, tell them to send me their preferences, and I can get them in our design team’s hands so they can prepare samples for them. They can have a cottage near the old packhouse if they want, but I also want them to have an apartment here on my parent’s floor.”

“Did you hear that?” I asked my mom.

“Yes, but no, I mean, that’s too much.” My mom tripped over her words.

Caspian took the phone from my hand, “You’re family, you’re taking an apartment and whatever cottage you want. They will both be updated to your preferences.” He said his voice a bit cooler but I could see his eyes light up.

“Is this an Alpha command?” My mom joked, and it took me by surprise.

“Yes, actually,” Caspian cracked a real smile, “Keep this up, and I’m throwing in a lake house.”

“I apologize; of course, we would take you up on your generous offer,” I could hear the smile in my mom’s voice and I turned to bury myself in my mate’s chest, wrapping my arms around him.

“Let us know when you want us,” My dad said.

“Come back with us this weekend; there’s a big game on Monday I would love to have you join us for.”

“Baseball and hotdogs, and we aren’t even officially part of the pack,” My dad said, “I don’t think I’ve ever gotten so much as one hot dog here.”

I laughed at that; I was so happy. Despite the looming threat, despite the fact I had to come face to face with my ex tonight and a pack I didn’t want to see again, my heart was bursting.

“See you soon,” Caspian said, nuzzling his head in my hair.

“Love you guys,” I grabbed the phone and hung up.

“You’re happy, princess.” Caspian kissed one side of my smile and then the other before pulling back. I put my hand in his trimmed beard.

“I am.”

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We hit the bed as his lips met mine, my tongue thrust into his mouth. There was nothing slow about this, I needed him, now, and we didn’t have much time.

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“Goddess Willa,” He grunted against my lips, “You’re already so f.ucking wet for me.”

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“What does she want?” Caspien asked. I was glad the robe was covering his n.akedness.

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“It was just a question, princess,” His voice was soft, playful.

He started to call me that as a joke, but I didn’t hate it as much as I used to.

“Yeah, princess,” Holden repeated, and my gaze shot to them. I almost forgot they were there, or I did completely.

Caspien growled, and I reluctantly pulled myself off of him, “Give me a minute,” I sighed and grabbed a dress from the closet.

Caspien looked pained but reluctantly let Cali lead me.

"I'm going to murder you," Caspien lunged at Holden, and Holden ran past us down the hallway.

Cali rolled her eyes, and we followed them; I just hoped they didn't break anything.

Rachel was waiting by the front door, fidgeting a bit, which seemed so uncharacteristic of her.

"Hi," I offered her a warm smile.

"Hi," She looked relieved, a crash sounded behind us, and I rolled my eyes, ignoring them.

"Here, this is from Anthony," She ignored these sounds too and passed me a long black box, "And I thought this might go well with your outfit. I found it in Paris but haven't worn it yet. I've kept it here, and I guess I was saving it." She shrugged and held out a velvet box. I placed both of them on the table by the door, opening hers first.

Inside the box was a beautiful tiara with diamonds woven in between white gold branches. It was thin, understated, and almost looked like a headband. It was perfect.

"You don't have to wear it-" She shrugged.

"I love it," I touched it before meeting her eyes, "Thank you, you're like my fairy godmother." I breathed, and she beamed at me.

In the other box was a pair of long gloves. They were made out of almost sheer, thin, and black material, with the same spirals and whirls on my dress. They matched it perfectly.

"He made them this week, worked on them only himself," Rachel said.

"I don't think I can ever thank him enough," I clutched them to my chest.

"He wants a photo. He also sent this." She grabbed a bag from the floor behind her and pulled out a polaroid camera and a bottle of champagne.

"That's more like it," Cali said, grabbing the champagne, "And it's chilled," She whistled appreciatively, "I'll get some glasses, bring everything up, and I'll meet you there."

"Have fun," Rachel said, eyeing me.

"Do you want to join?" I asked, "I promise I won't make you do my hair. You can just come for a glass of champagne if you want." I gave her a genuine smile.

She paused for a moment, "Okay," I turned towards the steps, and Caspien came out of the kitchen where he must have finally cornered Holden.

"Rachel," He said icily; his demeanor changed when he saw her.

“She’s helping me get ready,” I explained, my voice leaving no room for argument. He still hasn’t fully forgiven her. That much was obvious. But Rochel has helped me multiple times now, “If you don’t mind, we need a bucket of ice and another bottle of champagne,” I stared at him, and his gaze met mine.

You said you forgave her

An assassin came after our kid because of her

Because of something she drunkenly said, some power-hungry deranged man set that up, not her.

She caused it

Not on purpose

Rochel shifted on her feet.

“Welcome,” Cospien said, nodding to her once and raising an eyebrow at me in a challenge.

“The ice bucket,” I said and walked past him up the stairs, “Please,” I called from the top.

Rochel followed me into my room, and Coli was there moments later.

“So, I was thinking obvious smokey eye, maybe a bit of gold to make her eyes pop. Curled hair but now that we have that tiara, maybe half up, pulled back?” Coli crossed her arms and studied my face, a blank canvas for her. Rochel came to her side and tilted her head.

“I like that. Hair off of her face so that the makeup pops, but since her shoulders and arms are bare I think having some down would be nice. Sexy.” Rochel agreed.

“Let’s get to work,” Coli passed out glosses, “Back in your robe, missy.”

“You really don’t have to help; just enjoy the champagne,” I said to Rochel.

“I want to,” Rochel said, holding out her gloss for Coli to fill, “If you do.”

“I would love the help. I’m sure Coli would too. Thanks.” I smiled.

This was a welcome distraction from what would happen in a few hours. The champagne and conversation with them helped to keep my anxiety at bay.

When I looked in the mirror a few hours later, I gasped.

I remembered this person, but instead of shying away from it, I embraced it.

(Cospien)

I had our things packed this morning, and Coli helped go through Willo's new clothes and set aside things for the weekend.

I showered and ensured my beard was trimmed, combing my hair back a bit. That took all of fifteen minutes. I sat with Holden, and we watched some TV to pass the time while I answered some emails on behalf of The Drocus Group.

Dusk was starting to settle, and that was my cue; I put on my tux, and Holden handed me a gloss of red when I came back down.

"Nervous?" Holden asked.

"No," I responded honestly.

What did I have to be nervous about? I was worried about how it would affect Willo, but not for my sake. None of these people had ever intimidated me before, were even second thoughts. Now that I had my perfect mate, my princess, by my side, they mattered even less.

Coli came down and stretched out on Holden's lap, feigning exhaustion. Rochel stood to talk to Willo on the landing but blocked my mate's view. She turned with a timid smile and walked down, and handed me a polaroid camera.

"I already got some for Anthony, but you should take it along," She offered a smile, and I held my hand out for it, "Bye, everyone."

"Goodbye," I mumbled out, trying not to sound angry. I knew some of the anger was misplaced, but I found it hard to forgive anyone that crossed my family intentionally or not.

"Bye," Coli called after her, but I wasn't paying attention to them.

Willo was walking down the steps; even from the side, she was breathtaking. I stood and set down my gloss to meet her at the bottom.

When her eyes met mine, a bright smile tugged at her lips, pointed a dark, alluring red. Her eyes, my favorite color, were big and bright but seductive.

"Holy," I breathed.

I didn't have words to describe this Goddess. Atlas seemed to purr in my mind at the sight of our mate.

I grabbed her hands, enjoying the feeling of the cool material of her gloves against my warm palms, and looked her over.

This dress, Goddess, help me. It hugged her perfectly. Her breasts swelled with her shallow breathing, and a slight blush came over her cheeks at my opprobrious stare.

I brushed my hand over her neck and ran my thumb along her nape. She shuddered under my touch. I just had to make sure that it was real, that she was mine, only mine.

“Willo, you own everything,” Words didn’t describe the range of feelings crashing through me.

Awe of her and her ability to face what she was about to do with her head held high, humbled that The Moon Goddess let me be paired with this perfect woman. Love, so much love for everything that she was and how she helped shape me, and complete and utter pride at being able to stand by her side. And that barely scratched the surface.

Awh

Shut up – I tried to tuck Atlas away.

Willo took a deep breath, not looking away from my gaze.

“We should get going,” She whispered, swallowing.

“I cannot wait to peel this off of you later.” I lowered my voice.

“Very gently,” Coli called from the couch, “That dress is expensive. Damn, werewolf hearing really is great.”

Willo closed her eyes and smiled, shaking her head once.

“We got everything here. You guys have a good time.” Holden said, “You look fantastic, Willo. Go give them hell.”

“You guys have an apartment, you know,” I looked at them, cuddled up on my couch.

“I’m comfy, and it smells like you,” Holden settled in.

“Lock it up when you leave. Go to your place tonight.” My voice didn’t leave room for question, and even Holden wasn’t dumb enough to go up against my requests.

This was my family house now.

I dropped my hand around Willo’s waist, savoring her steady warmth. We went downstairs to say our goodbyes to Emmett before we left for the weekend.

“A limo really?” She raised a brow.

“I like to arrive in style, also fashionably on time.” I helped her in, “I also like to make an entrance.”

“That I know,” She responded.

I could feel her nerves through the bond. I took her hand in mine and rubbed the back of her soft knuckles with my thumb.

With each passing mile, she seemed to get more fidgety.

“Do you want to talk about it?” I finally asked.

Inside the box was a beautiful tiara with diamonds woven in between white gold branches. It was thin, understated, and almost looked like a headband. It was perfect.

“You don’t have to wear it-” She shrugged.

“I love it,” I touched it before meeting her eyes, “Thank you, you’re like my fairy godmother.” I breathed, and she beamed at me.

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“If you don’t mind, we need a bucket of ice and another bottle of champagne,” I stared at him, and his gaze met mine.

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Rachel shifted on her feet.

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“You really don’t have to help; just enjoy the champagne,” I said to Rachel.

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“I would love the help. I’m sure Cali would too. Thanks.” I smiled.

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"Nervous?" Holden asked.

"No," I responded honestly.

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“That I know,” She responded.

I could feel her nerves through the bond. I took her hand in mine and rubbed the back of her soft knuckles with my thumb.

With each passing mile, she seemed to get more fidgety.

“Do you want to talk about it?” I finally asked.

I realized that usually, once I gave her some time to sort through things, if I gave her an opening, then she would be ready to talk about it. She was willing to share her thoughts and feelings, but I often had to prompt her.

She opened her mouth and then closed it again, “Nothing that you don’t already know. No matter how we approach it it’s going to make a big scene, something I usually try to avoid,” She shrugged, looking at me, “I want this weekend to go well, and I don’t want drama to loom over the reason why we are going and it will.”

“This weekend will go well,” I promised.

I would bribe, threaten or coerce any Alpha to agree to my challenge, if they didn’t agree in the first place, that is. I wouldn’t say I was desperate, but I was willing to do anything to get this behind us this week.

“Willa, it will go well.” I looked into her wide green eyes; even in the dark of the car, they seemed luminous.

She nodded once, “Okay,” But she chewed on her lip and didn’t seem confident.

“Anything else you want to talk about?” I placed a hand on her thigh.

“Not really,” She shrugged, “Just crippling anxiety,” She tried to give me a small smile.

“Now that I can help with.” I shifted in my seat and pulled an open bottle of champagne and filled a flute for her, “Don’t spill this,” I looked at her seriously.

“I wasn’t planning on it.” Her brows bunched.

I got on the floor of the car, thankful for the amount of room there. I planned on being here for as long as she could handle.

Grabbing her ankle, I looked at her black stilettos appreciatively before meeting her gaze.

“More comfortable than you think,” She shrugged, but her eyes were hungry, and her breathing was already quickening. I loved that I was the one that could make her feel like this; all of her orgasms from here to eternity belonged to me.

You think she’s never going to masturbate?

Go away – I shook my head, smiling at my i.diot wolf.

“Drink, princess,” I met her hungry stare, “You make sure that doesn’t spill, and I’ll make sure nothing down here does.” She swallowed.

I slowly pushed up her dress, readjusting her so that the skirt fanned next to her; I was thankful that the part that hugged her perfect body was able to push up enough to right under her belly button.

“I didn’t think this dress could get prettier, but this view, you half n.aked ready and wanting, is definitely an upgrade.”

Her cheeks flushed under my gaze, and she took a long sip.

“Good,” I reached over to top up her glass, and she frowned, “Can’t make it too easy on you, can we?”

I ran a finger on the back of her cheek, down over the soft skin of her neck, she shuddered when I reached her marking spot, and the scent of her sweet arousal filled the air.

I took a deep breath and settled back down on my knees between my mate’s legs where I really wanted to be.

My palms pushed her legs gently wider. I made sure that the dress wouldn’t rip.

“Try not to move. We don’t want to rip this gorgeous dress, not yet, at least.”

“You wouldn’t dare, Caspien, I swear-”

Her breath hitched as I dipped a finger under black lace u.nderwear, and hooked it, pulling it aside, leaving her bare. I ran my nose along her entrance, inhaling my mate’s scent. My d.ick t.witched against my pants, and I tried to ignore it. This was all about her. I would get my turn later.

My thumbs ran circles on her thighs; I wanted her to calm down as much as I wanted to give her a distraction.

H.ell, that was b.ullshit, I wanted my mate to finish on my t.ongue, to taste her sweet r.elease. This was just as much for me as it was for her.

I pulled back, and she whimpered. I heard her take a sip, and I smiled. I ran a thumb up along her wet entrance, barely dipping it into her opening.

She let out a sweet soft moan as I lightly massaged her. I felt up and down her entrance before allowing myself the p.leasure of dipping my thumb further to feel her warm softness. I circled my thumb lazily inside her, and she responded, lifting herself to meet me.

“Stay still,” I growled.

I wanted this to build for her, slow and sweet.

I removed my thumb covered in her and ran it around her sensitive bud. Her thighs tensed, and she breathed in. I knew she wanted friction.

I pushed down lightly, rubbing small circles. Her breathing sped up. I was barely touching her and seeing her start to come undone made me feel.

Warm and fuzzy

Something like that

“Hold onto your glass.” I ignored my wolf.

I dipped my head, licked my tongue over her opening, keeping up my slow motion with my thumb on her clit. Goddess, she tasted so good. I growled in approval earning me a moan as Willa fought to keep still beneath me.

I mimicked the same slow motions I did with my thumb with my tongue. Slightly dipping into her and then circling her tight entrance. Up and down, in and out.

It was hard; all I wanted to do was bury my tongue deep inside her.

“Caspien,” She sighed.

She entangled her hand in my hair and thrust her hips forward, trying to ride my tongue. I smiled against her opening.

“Please,” Her voice was breathless. Goddess, I loved when she begged for me.

I plunged my tongue deep inside her, and she cried out, grabbing my hair in a tight fist. I growled into her, my dick was almost painfully hard, straining against its confines.

“Caspien,” She breathed.

Her soft moans and breathless panting were almost as delicious as she was.

I reluctantly pulled away, knowing what she really needed. I replaced my tongue with a finger and flicked it inside her; she writhed at the contact she was craving.

“Stay still,” I reminded her, and she stilled a bit.

I took her bud in my mouth and sucked it gently, grazing it with my teeth as I added another finger to her tight warmth.

I built her up slowly. Pulling my fingers out to the tips before plunging them back in, increasing my pace with every dip until I built to a steady rhythm that I knew would be her undoing.

Her grip on my hair tightened as I continued to drink in my mate's pleasure at my hands.

Her moans strung together as her inner walls clenched around my fingers. I drove my fingers in deep and curled them, and she exploded on me.

Satisfaction coursed through me as her hands clenched and unclenched my hair, and her body because taunt as her pleasure ripped through her in steady waves. I held her as still as possible, feeling her thigh muscles tense under my palm. My name was back on her lips, making my stomach flip.

I helped her come down, slowing my movements inside her before I made good on my promise and made sure none of her sweetness spilled onto her dress. When I left the only thing left on her, I replaced her underwear and sat back, helping her pull down her dress.

I sat beside her and noticed a half-full champagne glass in her hands.

"You didn't drink it," I frowned, but internally I loved that she was so focused on nothing but me.

"I didn't spill," She gave me a languid smile, no tension left in it.

"Touche," I took the glass from her so she could adjust the rest of her dress before taking a long sip myself.

"Sir, we're five minutes away," The driver slightly lowered the partition to announce.

"Perfect timing," I smiled at Willa, but she tensed a bit under my gaze.

We pulled past the gates and down a short drive before stopping outside the packhouse.

"Ready, princess?" I held out my hand to her.

Her brilliant smile didn't falter as she put her gloved hand in mine.