

# The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 21 -

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## The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 21

### 21 – Penthouse Sick Beds

(Willa)

Despite being on edge, I found that being anxious about something besides the exam helped me. I was worried for Emmett instead of myself and found that even though it distracted me, it took the pressure off, and I realized that I did know this.

Cali's words and jokes about these terms came rushing back to me, and I think I did an okay job. If I could make it through the summer term, I knew the next one would be easier and not at such a rapid pace.

Cali was leaning on the wall outside my exam room she fell into step with me as soon as I came out.

"I already know; I talked to the sitter; what can I do?" She asked, chewing on her lip.

I grabbed my phone; I saw a text from the sitter saying that Emmett was okay and another saying that Caspien had come to take him.

Caspien texted me once, saying that he had it under control and not to worry. I sighed, slipping my phone back into my pocket.

"I'm going to get him," I headed toward the door, "Sorry about our lunch."

"Stop; your kid is sick; lunch can wait." She shrugged, "Do you want me to get you a taxi?"

"Caspien sent a car,"

"Of course he did," She smiled at me.

A black SUV was waiting on the curb, and as soon as we walked out, the air felt charged.

"Looks like a storm," Cali sighed, "Maybe best we didn't get lunch. Fate, destiny, whatever you want to call it," She nudged me.

"Let me give you a ride," She started to protest, "It's on the way." I grabbed her hand and pulled her to the car.

Vicious dark clouds dotted the horizon; it was the least I could do for her.

“How did it go?” I asked.

“Good, I think, you?”

“Not as bad as I thought.”

“I don’t want to say I told you so..”

“But you do want to say that.”

“I do,” She gave me her wry smile as we slid into the car.

I let Caspien know we were on the way, and he told me that Holden would meet me and show me up. Up, of course, because he probably lived in a penthouse in the clouds. I felt guilty leaving Emmett with a stranger. I had no idea how Caspien and he would get along.

Caspien didn’t seem like the kid type, but we had to breach this somehow. I just wish I could have been there when they met.

(Caspien)

“Get some child things; I’m going to get him,” I stood up, passing Holden, who was sitting across from my desk at my office.

“What do children even?”

I shrugged, “I’m not sure,”

“How old is it?”

“He,”

“How old is he?”

“Four, she said, almost five.”

“He talks, right?”

“I think?”

“Does he walk?”

“He’s not a f.ucking infant; Google it, I don’t know,”

“Okay, on it, boss man.” He saluted me and leaned back in his chair.

“Out of my office,” He frowned, “Now.”

I didn’t wait to see if he followed I had a few calls to make to get everything ready.

I buzzed the door to Cali’s apartment, and it opened. I wish Willa had something like this; anyone could just walk in. I would have to get one installed immediately.

I knocked, and a slightly older woman opened the door; she took a step back when she saw me and looked me over incredulously.

“Hi, I’m Mr- I’m Caspien,” I held out a hand, and she stared at it for a moment before taking it, “Willa sent me to pick up Emmett.”

“One moment,” The door closed at the lock clicked.

I pinched my brow. Was I even at the right house?

The door opened again, and she took a step back, “Come in,”

I raised my eyebrows, “Everything okay?”

“I had to double-check with Cali,” She wore a smile now but still looked a bit nervous, “Just to confirm.”

“What did Cali say?”

“She said if you were tall, brooding, and looked like you should lead some special forces then you’re the right person.” She gave me a genuine smile, “Her words,”

“Sounds about right.” I tried to smile at her.

“I’ll go get Emmett,” She went down a small hallway, and nerves coursed through me.

Before, I was focused on getting things ready; now, I was going to meet my mate’s child. I didn’t know what to do with kids. If he didn’t like me, then that would surely ruin things with Willa; he was her world, the reason she did everything.

A child with rosy cheeks came out holding the sitter’s hand; he had tousled brown hair and eyes that were almost the same green as Willa’s.

“This nice man is going to take you to a doctor, okay?”

Emmett looked up at me.

“Hi,” I said after a few moments.

“Hi,” He tilted his head, studying me.

“Hi,”

“You said that.”

“Sorry, hi.” I’m a i.diot. I shook my head.

I knelt on the ground, so we were closer to eye level.

“Your mom, mother, mommy?”

“Mama?”

“That one,” I pointed at him, “She sent me to come to pick you up. I’m going to take you to a doctor that can help make your head feel better, okay?”

“Okay,”

“And then your mom, Mama, will come and meet us. Is that okay?”

“Sure,” He shrugged. He seemed a bit tired, maybe dazed. He did seem sick, and it worried me.

I stood back up.

“You’re tall,” He noted.

“Yes,” I replied.

Emmett nodded and walked toward me, reaching out his hand. I took it in mine; it was so small and warm. He definitely had a fever. I’ve heard of some minor illnesses, especially with pups, but this seemed like it could actually be something.

He had to show me how to buckle him into the booster seat, and once we were off, he settled in, leaning back into the seat.

“So,” I started, even Willa didn’t make me this nervous, “What do you like?”

“Dinosaurs, coloring, pasta, blue.”

I nodded, making a note of that assortment, “How are you feeling?”

He shrugged again, “Fuzzy.”

I smiled at that, “Well, the doctor will make you feel less fuzzy.”

“Where are we going?”

“To my pack house, my house. It’s at the top of a building.”

“Like one of those,” He pointed out of the window at a small skyscraper, his eyes lit up.

“Even bigger,” I leaned towards him.

“Wow,”

“I know,” I agreed.

He started to doze off in the car, he was actually adorable, and that word wasn’t something really in my vocabulary.

Emmett was still asleep when we parked outside of the pack building, so I picked him up and carried him to my private elevator. He popped his head up, rubbing his eyes as soon as the doors closed.

“Wow,” He looked at the buildings outside the elevator, “We’re going over them.” He reached for the window, and I took a step closer so he could touch it.

“It’s one of the tallest buildings in the city,” I explained, “And guess what?”

His green eyes turned to me, “What?” He whispered as if it was a secret.

“We’re going to the very top,” I whispered.

His eyes went wide, and he did a little squirm, possibly a dance. He looked back toward the window as we crept closer to the top, leaning forward, both of his hands splayed on the glass.

The elevator stopped, and he looked at me as if he couldn’t believe it. I liked how easily entertained he was and how he was intrigued by simple things. I couldn’t remember the last time I really looked at the cityscape, except on my first date with Willa.

I set him down when we reached my floor. He seemed to feel better as he barreled out of the elevator, looking around.

“This way,”

I lead him to the door and opened it for him. He walked in confidently and spun in a slow circle studying the place. I waited nervously for a kid’s opinion on my interior decor.

“It’s clean,” He noted, and I looked around.

Two stories of windows overlooked my sitting area around a tall steel fireplace. It was clean, modern, and minimal, with primarily black furniture and white walls. I hired an interior decorator and didn't really have much input. I lived here, sure, but I had so much work to do and multiple offices that this didn't really feel like home.

"What's up there," He pointed to the second-floor landing above the sitting area.

"Bedrooms," He nodded, "Do you want to choose one?" I asked hesitantly, "For today?" I added I didn't want to overstep bounds with Willa.

"I just got me own room; it's blue,"

"Your favorite color,"

"How did you know?" His eyes went wide.

"Lucky guess," I smiled, "Also, you told me."

"Oh,"

Emmett bounded up the stairs peeking into the open doors of the guest rooms.

"This one," He ran into one that faced the tallest buildings, "Can I keep it?" He asked and turned back, frowning.

"What's wrong?"

"It's white," I looked around the room, white walls and matching sheets.

"There's that painting," I pointed at a wall, the painting cost me thousands, and he frowned at it, "How about we make a deal?"

"Okay," He walked back toward me; his steps were slower now, his energy gone.

"We ask your mom,"

"Fine," He shrugged, "But she's going to say yes," He gave me a knowing smile.

"Wait here for one moment, okay?" He nodded, and I went to grab some stuff from a closet.

Emmett was fading again and slumped against the bed when I returned.

"Let's go back downstairs." I motioned towards the door and he walked towards me.

He reached his arms up, and it took me by surprise. I lifted him into my arms, and he nuzzled into me. It made me feel really nice, actually.

I sat him on a chair and put the sheets and pillow I grabbed on the couch. My mom used to make me a couch bed when I was sick, which basically consisted of my favorite sheets and cartoons all day.

“There,” I lifted him onto to couch, “This is your bed for the day, and we can watch whatever you want. The doctor will be here too. Are you hungry?”

“I don’t know,” He settled into the pillow, and I covered him with a blanket.

I put my palm on his head, and he felt hot, I needed to check in with the doctor to make sure he was on his way.

His eyes were closed before I even turned on the TV.

The door opened, and I knew who it was immediately. Only Holden would feel comfortable enough to barge in here.

I walked to the front door, “Be quiet; he’s sleeping,”

Holden dropped the bags he was carrying on the floor, “How about a thank you, nice to see you?”

“That too,” I raised an eyebrow looking at the bags he had.

“Toys mostly, plastic kid plates and cups, and clothes.”

“Okay then,”

“Was that not right?” He looked frustrated.

“I don’t know,” I shook my head, “Did you Google it?”

“Yes, and Google said kids need clothes and food, so I bought clothes and things to eat from.” He shrugged.

“Thanks,” I carried the bags toward the kitchen and went to make some chicken and rice, something my mom made for me every time my stomach was upset.

“I never thought I would see you like this,” Holden followed me, leaning against the kitchen counter.

“Out,” I pointed toward the door.

“So pushy; I’ll send you the bill for today.”

“Do,” I ignored him, trying to find the chicken broth; when was the last time I even cooked for myself?

“Wait,” I turned toward Holden’s back.

“Finally, you’re going to fall on your knees in appreciation for me,” He gave me a smile running his hand through his hair.

“I need you to get some groceries, have them ordered, whatever,”

“You have someone for that,” He scoffed.

“But you’re here,” I studied him, “Please,” I added.

“Well, just because you finally found manners, I will. Text me what you want,”

The rice was almost done when the doctor finally arrived. I led him to Emmett on the couch and gently placed my hand on his arm and wake him up. He rubbed his eyes, blinking at me.

“The doctor is here; he just wants to look you over,” I gave him a smile, trying to soothe any worries.

I sat next to him on the couch as the head pack doctor asked him questions and examined him.

“Well done, Emmett, was it?” The doctor asked, and Emmett nodded proudly.

I led the doctor to the kitchen that opened on the other side of the open area.

“What’s wrong?”

“Seems to be a cold, a bad one.” The doctor shook his head, “But I haven’t seen any kid with a fever like that, not a full werewolf at least. You said he’s from Alpha blood?”

“His dad,” I replied dryly.

“It doesn’t make sense. I want to come back tomorrow. I’ll give him some antibiotics, but they won’t do much but might ease some discomfort. Lots of liquids and sleep; try to see if he will eat.” I nodded I could do that all.

“I appreciate your care; I’ll see you tomorrow,” I ushered him out.

Emmett was sitting up on the couch when I got back.

“Hungry? I made some rice,” Saying that out loud sounded so boring, so dull, “My mom used to make it for me when I was sick.” I added.



“Yes, please,” He smiled at me, going to get off the couch.

“I’ll bring it to you,”

“Mama doesn’t let me eat anywhere besides the table.”

“It’s a special occasion. Do you want cheese?”

His eyes lit up, “Yes, lots and lots of cheese.” I laughed, going to bring him some food from one of the plates Holden bought.

“What do you want to watch?” He shrugged.

“I don’t really watch TV,”

“Okay then, I have a few suggestions,”

## **The Rejected Luna’s Prince Chapter 22 -**

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### **The Rejected Luna’s Prince Chapter 22**

22 – New Normal

(Willa)

“Hi,” Holden gave me a two-finger wave as soon as he opened the car door. I thanked the driver and got out.

“Hi, thanks for meeting me,” I knew I sounded anxious.

“He’s okay, the doctor already came,”

“Good, and?” I let the question hang.

“Caspien and him haven’t burnt anything down so,” Holden shrugged.

Well, that was something.

We walked into a large building, a bustle of activity hummed as soon as I walked in the door; it seemed like a shopping center of some sort. I was too nervous to really pay much attention.

Holden led me to an elevator that was almost hidden and swiped a card and his finger.

“Pretty important,” He adjusted his suit and smiled, gesturing for me to go first.

I watched the city go by in a daze, but it still took my breath away. The city didn’t seem so big being on the street but watching the buildings sprawl below us, showed its sheer vastness.

Holden pressed another button, and we finally stopped at what had to be the top of this massive building.

“After you,” Holden let me go first; I liked that he didn’t push me to talk, even though he seemed like a talker.

I didn’t know why I was so anxious. I knew it was a mix of was about him being sick and worried he would be upset that I didn’t pick him up, guilty that I didn’t, and fearful that they wouldn’t like each other.

Caspian and Emmett were so different, and I wasn’t sure who I was worried more for. Maybe neither of them would like the other.

Holden opened the door to a sprawling apartment with two-story windows, his open sitting room was larger than the entirety of my apartment.

I heard Emmett’s giggle and it sent relief through me. Caspian and Emmett were sitting on the couch. Caspian looked back at me and my heart lurched, he was wearing a plain white shirt that hugged his muscles. I had never seen him so casual.

“Hi,” He gave me a genuine smile, one of his broadest, “Emmett hasn’t seen Pokemon, so we’re starting from the beginning.”

“Its’ great, Mama! There are so many different pets.” He bounced up and down. I rushed toward him cupping his flushed cheeks in my hands.

“How are you feeling?” I already felt better seeing that he was in good spirits and not upset that I wasn’t there.

“Good,” He frowned, “I think. I feel hot sometimes,” He gave me a lopsided smile and I ruffled his hair.

“What did the doctor say?” I asked Caspian.

“He wasn’t sure,” His mouth was set in a thin line, “He suggested a bad cold and gave him some antibiotics, those will be here soon, by the way.”

“A cold?” I mused.

I’d heard of some pups getting sick but not anything like this. More of our injuries were physical, a broken bone or something, not a common cold.

“He’s coming back tomorrow, if that’s okay,” He suddenly looked a bit worried.

A flash of lightning lit up the room, followed by a crack of thunder that made me jump. Emmett let out a little squeal and cuddled into Casper’s side. Caspien hesitated for a second in surprise before he wrapped his arm around Emmett.

“Do you want your water?” Caspien asked when Emmett sat up a bit.

Emmett nodded, and Caspien reached to the table to give him a cup with some cartoon on it I didn’t recognize.

“Holden’s choice,” He explained.

“Hey, I was given little instruction,” Holden called out, I completely forgot he was there.

“Thank you,” I looked at him, “Why are you still standing there?” He hadn’t moved from the front entrance.

“Waiting to be dismissed by his highness,”

Caspien rolled his eyes, “You may leave.”

“Your groceries are about to be here,” Holden crossed his arms, “Do you want me to unload those for you, as well?”

“That would be great, thanks,” Caspien ignored the sarcasm dripping from Holden’s question.

Another flash of lightning lit up the sky and Emmett hid his face in Caspien’s side bracing for the thunder. Caspien tightened his arm around him.

“I was going to make some dinner if you were hungry,” He turned his gaze to me, “How did your exam go?”

“Pretty well, all things considered,” I smiled, “I hope at least,”

“Good,”

“I didn’t know you cooked,”

“I have a few talents,”

“That was the most modest I’ve ever heard him,” Holden called from the kitchen.

“You’re right, it wouldn’t be like me to downplay my accomplishments. I’m good at most things, and the things I’m not good at, I practice until I am,” There was no joking in his voice, his eyes held a level of sincerity but I couldn’t quite figure out what it was about.

“Well, that is very modest of you,”

“Modesty isn’t something I’m used to,” He paused, “But I’m learning, a lot of things, actually.” His eyes didn’t leave mine.

Emmett poked his chest, “Can we keep watching now?”

“Yes,” Caspien smiled, “I’m going to talk to your mama for a minute, are you going to be okay here?”

Emmett looked at Caspien and paused before shaking his head, “The thunder,” He murmured, looking embarrassed.

“Oh, I almost forgot. Well then, I can wait to talk to her, how about we see if she wants to watch Pokemon with us?”

Emmett’s eyes lit up and he turned to me, “Do you want to? It’s really good, I’ll show you my favorites,”

“Of course, baby.” I took a seat on the other side of them, taking one of his hands in mine.

Warmth coursed through me, at it wasn’t just physical. Sitting in Caspien’s apartment with Emmett between us, both of them seeming to accept each other.

This felt normal. Watching cartoons with them. It felt natural, even in this sprawling penthouse apartment that felt very, I wasn’t sure the word I was looking for, clean maybe?

“Okay, guess that’s my cue,” Holden called from behind us.

“I forgot he was here,” Caspien muttered.

“I heard that,” Holden said, “And I’ve heard from a few people that I was very unforgettable.”

“Your mom doesn’t count,” I called over my shoulder and he had the decency to look offended. I gave him a sweet smile.

“Boo,” Was all he said turning on his heel, “You’re welcome,” He muttered.

“You’re supposed to say thank you,” Emmett whispered to him and Caspien barked a laugh.

“Thank you, Holden,” He called out.

“Wait a second,” Holden walked back in checking for something, “Sorry, just had to look out the window that pigs weren’t flying because you used some manners,”

“Get out,” Caspien pointed toward the door and Holden flashed us a smile before finally leaving.

We settled in comfortably. Emmett asked Caspien a lot of questions about the show.

Caspien reached around Emmett to place his hand on my shoulder and it steadied me. I reached up to put my hand on top of his and squeezed it.

Emmett dozed off after a while after the thunder died down, and Caspien and I moved to the kitchen. He made me a cup of tea and placed it to me as I sat on his kitchen island.

“I want you to stay tonight,” He leaned across the island.

“But-”

“The doctor is coming back and Emmett already picked out a room,” He paused for a second as if he said something wrong, “I told him he could choose a room for the day,” He added.

“Your groceries are about to be here,” Holdan crossed his arms, “Do you want me to unload those for you, as well?”

“That would be great, thanks,” Caspien ignored the sarcasm dripping from Holdan’s question.

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“Pretty well, all things considered,” I smiled, “I hope at least,”

“Good,”

“I didn’t know you cooked,”

“I have a few talents,”

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“Modesty isn’t something I’m used to,” He paused, “But I’m learning, a lot of things, actually.” His eyes didn’t leave mine.

Emmett peeked his chest, “Can we keep watching now?”

“Yas,” Caspian smilad, “I’m going to talk to your mama for a minuta, ara you going to ba okay hara?”

Emmatt lookad at Caspian and pausad bafora shaking his haad, “Tha thundar,” Ha murmurad, looking ambarrassad.

“Oh, I almost forgot. Wall than, I can wait to talk to har, how about wa saa if sha wants to watch Pokamon with us?”

Emmatt’s ayas lit up and ha turnad to ma, “Do you want to? It’s raally good, I’ll show you my favoritas,”

“Of coursas, baby.” I took a saat on tha othar sida of tham, taking ona of his hands in mina.

Warmth coursad through ma, at it wasn’t just physical. Sitting in Caspian’s apartmant with Emmatt batwaan us, both of tham saaming to accapt aach othar.

This falt normal. Watching cartoons with tham. It falt natural, avan in this sprawling panthousa apartmant that falt vary, I wasn’t sura tha word I was looking for, claan mayba?

“Okay, guass that’s my cua,” Holdan callad from bahind us.

“I forgot ha was hara,” Caspian muttarad.

“I haard that,” Holdan said, “And I’ve haard from a faw paopla that I was vary unforgattabla.”

“Your mom doasn’t count,” I callad ovar my shouldar and ha had tha dacancy to look offandad. I gava him a swaat smila.

“Boo,” Was all ha said turning on his haal, “You’ra walcoma,” Ha muttarad.

“You’ra supposad to say thank you,” Emmatt whisparad to him and Caspian barkad a laugh.

“Thank you, Holdan,” Ha callad out.

“Wait a sacond,” Holdan walkad back in chacking for somathing, “Sorry, just had to look out tha window that pigs waran’t flying bacasua you usad soma mannars,”

“Gat out,” Caspian pointad toward tha door and Holdan flashad us a smila bafora finally laaving.

Wa sattlad in comfortably. Emmatt askad Caspian a lot of quastions about tha show.

Caspian raachad around Emmatt to placas his hand on my shouldar and it staadiad ma. I raachad up to put my hand on top of his and squaazad it.

Emmatt dozed off after a while after the thunder died down, and Caspian and I moved to the kitchen. He made me a cup of tea and placed it to me as I sat on his kitchen island.

“I want you to stay tonight,” He leaned across the island.

“But-”

“The doctor is coming back and Emmatt already picked out a room,” He paused for a second as if he said something wrong, “I told him he could choose a room for the day,” He added.

“It’s so soon,”

“Is it?” He raised an eyebrow, “You were destined to me since, I was created for you.”

I sighed, “I-”

“Yes, you were destined to another,” His gaze pierced through me, “But I think that was a fluke. I felt something the first time I saw you, even though you were mated to him. I don’t know if that was because your bond was about to break, who knows, but I don’t think you were ever meant to be with him for long.”

I agreed, the more I was with Caspian the more I saw the parallels between both of my mates. I saw what being an equal was and having someone take care of me without possessing me. I knew for a while that Nolan and I weren’t meant to be, although I don’t think I would have ever realized it if I was still with him. I would have gotten used to the feeling of emptiness, of never feeling seen or heard of attaining accomplishments of my own. Hell, I was already getting used to it the year I was with him.

I was drunk on infatuation and what I thought was love, blinded completely to what our relationship really was.

“I don’t know why you were fated to him, Willa, I really don’t, but I’m glad you were.”

My eyes snapped to him in complete confusion. We rarely talked about Nolan, well he rarely did. Whenever he was mentioned Caspian went stiff for a split second, but I noticed it. He seemed to always get upset, and I knew it was because of what I went through and not out of some possessive Alpha bullshit.

“Emmett wouldn’t have been here if you weren’t with him,” Caspian seemed to soften and my brows tugged together. He was right.

“It was the only thing worth it all,” I admitted and he nodded, he already knew that.

“Emmett is special, he’s different. I know I don’t have many children to compare him to, but I know he’s destined for something I can feel it.”

I studied Caspien, his jaw was set. He was completely serious, not saying it to appease me. I always thought he was destined for something, but I was his mother. Parents always think their kids were special.

“He was meant to be, Willa. The Moon Goddess wanted him on this earth for whatever reason. It sucks what you had to go through to get him, but he was worth it. You were never destined to end up with Nolan, you were destined for me. But I wouldn’t have been able to give you Emmett.”

I thought about it.

“Those are pretty words,” I said.

“They are, and they’re even prettier because they’re true,” He gave me a genuine smile, one of my favorites of his that had a hint of playfulness beneath it.

“You might be right,”

“I am right,” There was no room for argument, “So stay here for the night, you can put Emmett to bed here and I’ll get anything else he needs. I put the toys and clothes Holden got him in his room for you to go through, he wasn’t interested in playing today.”

I nodded and chewed my lip.

“Say yes, Willa. Just one night, plus it’s storming.”

“Okay, I said and his eyes widened slightly, “Just because it’s storming.” I raised my eyebrow and he shook his head.

“But I can’t sleep in your room.”

“I understand, you can choose a room, besides the one that Emmett called dibs on, or you can sleep with him.”

“Thanks,” I tugged at a loose strand of hair, “For everything.”

“That’s what mates are for, right?” He shrugged, “To be partners, to help each other, pick up any slack.”

“I think you might be right.”

“I told you I usually am.” He flashed me another one of those smiles, and it made my stomach tighten.

Goddess, I wanted this man.



