

The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 76 -

12–15 minutes

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76 – The Royals

(Willa)

Thankfully, our bathroom mirror covered almost the entirety of one of the walls, or else Rachel, Lola, Cali, Nora, and I wouldn't have been able to fit. The large white marble bathroom felt cozy because they filled it.

We had a team come in to do our hair and makeup, and they just left. We got ready early so that we could enjoy some girl time and have some champagne and do our touch-ups without any stress.

“Jack has texted me three times already,” Rachel rolled her eyes, but she was wearing the widest smile I had ever seen on her.

“And they call us needy,” Cali scoffed, checking her eyeshadow in the mirror.

“Griffen has agreed to let my parents watch Olivia,” Nora said, “So this will be the first time we both leave the house together alone.”

“But we're literally going downstairs. It's the same packhouse.” Cali looked at Nora in the mirror.

“Try telling that to Griffen.” She shook her head, smiling.

Rachel and Jack were set to return to Italy the next week. Jack had a few things to wrap up at Blue Ridge and didn't want to leave the pack in complete disarray. Caspien offered them a position as ambassadors between Blue Ridge and Crescent Moon, we needed someone to check in there that we could trust, and Jack knew the place well.

They wanted some time before they took over that role, but Jack was talking about kids, and Rachel wanted to be close to her parents when that happened. I hoped they got some time to themselves in Italy, but I knew they would probably be back sooner rather than later. I selfishly wanted that. To have them both here not just as trusted ambassadors but as friends.

Lola was looking around at it all, bouncing up and down and interjecting into the conversations. She was in her element, but I think seeing all this shocked her. It was a lot more than even she was used to.

“A little different than when you used to help me at Blue Ridge,” I mentioned to her while the others were talking.

I thought of all the times during that year she would come over and help me get dressed. How nervous I felt without Nolan there and how excited and anxious I was to look good for him, to pretend to be the Luna he wanted. No stress was attached to this now, none that Caspien added anyway.

“Definitely an upgrade.” Lola said, “I always knew you were destined for something great.”

“Bullshit,” Cali cut in, smiling, placing a hand on Lola’s shoulder.

“Okay, maybe not a princess,” Lola amended, laughing, “But I thought she might get into a great college or something.”

“I never would have thought,” I looked around the room, shaking my head.

There were moments when it still felt like a dream, but I knew I was meant to be here. This was my pack; this was home.

Caspien was home.

“I’m happy to be here,” Lola said seriously.

“I’m happy you’re here.” I pulled her into a quick hug, trying not to mess our makeup up.

“We have to go soon,” Cali frowned into her empty glass.

“Let’s get dressed.” I stood up.

I don’t know why I felt nervous about tonight. I was the Luna, the pack accepted me, and I was Caspien’s in every way. Maybe part of me felt like I didn’t deserve this. No one should be allowed to be this happy.

“What?” Cali asked, an eyebrow raised.

“I think I might be too happy.” She laughed loudly, throwing her head back.

“It’s called happily ever after for a reason, baby girl.” She interlaced our arms and led me to the bedroom.

“You first,” Nora said, bringing over a long garment bag. Rachel’s cousin insisted on making me a custom design; he would hear of no one else dressing me.

They helped me step into a floor-length pinkish nude gown. The front was open with a diagonal slit to show off my legs. I loved the asymmetrical top, one sleeve was full, covering my arm with a million sparkles, and the other was completely bare. On that side, the dress looked strapless, while the other side met the full sleeve. It was completely different than anything I had owned, and even in the light of the bedroom, the thousands of clear stones sparkled like the night sky.

“Wow,” Nora breathed, taking a step back.

“Stunning doesn’t cover it,” Cali said.

“Beautiful,” Rachel smiled at me, “I’m glad you finally let us talk to you into an up-do.”

My hair was piled behind my neck in some intricate twists and waves and braids. I let them choose. It didn’t matter that much to me.

Lola just clasped her hands and squealed. It was all the validation and more I needed from my oldest friend.

I took a few steps in bare feet to the floor-length mirror in my room, and my breath caught. The dress was everything. With my hair and makeup done, I didn’t recognize myself. I looked like, well, I looked like royalty.

Let’s go get us our crown

We descended the stairs to our waiting mates. Nora wore a light green dress that was decked out in sparkles but didn’t take away from the color. It was strapless, with one long piece of fabric hanging off one of her shoulders to the floor. It was regal, elegant, it was Nora.

Cali called her ‘snatched’ when she saw it, and even though Nora claimed the boobs were from breastfeeding Cali told her to own it.

Cali went all out, of course, choosing an emerald green dress with long sleeves and intricate embroidered details. Off her shoulders hung a cape that pooled around her tight dress every time she stopped moving.

“I told you, capes are my thing,” She shrugged, frowning at an unruly curl that slipped out.

Rachel wore a simpler gown, but she still made it look stunning. Hers pooled on the floor, a long green satin fabric that hugged her waist and hips. There was a long slit going up past her waist, but it never really showed anything, more of a tease. Thin straps hung off her shoulders, keeping it all in place, but thicker straps from the same material hung off her shoulders.

Nora wore one of Rachel's old dresses even though I insisted on buying her something. She looked stunning in a deep red ballgown and matching lips. She was completely in her element here, and I wished I could muster some of her ease and some of Cali's confidence.

All of our guys' eyes flashed black when they got sight of us. Caspien was immediately by my side; my face was tilted up in his large warm palms. He looked down at me, some of his hair falling over his golden crown. My breath caught at the sight of him, this was the first time I saw him in a crown, and my throat constricted.

He was mine.

Ours

"My Prince," I whispered, a smile playing at my lips.

"My Princess," He whispered, placing a featherlight kiss on my lips. It sent butterflies through me, and I frowned when he pulled away. He offered me his arm, "Let's get our son."

We collected our children and parents from their floor. My mom gushed over my dress, and my dad wiped a tear.

"You're pretty, Mama," Emmett said, and I admired his black tux. Everyone did. Loreli came shoving in with a little dark green dress and a cape similar to Cali's.

Cali smiled down at her, "Gotta start them young," She raised an eyebrow when I looked at her.

"We got a note from Blue Ridge," Caspien whispered as we all descended the elevator, "It just came."

I eyed him. I wasn't expecting that, "What did it say?"

He handed me a folded note.

Unfortunately, Alpha Nolan and I won't be able to attend.

Congratulations, Princess.

Thank you for the second chance.

Camilla

I looked at Caspien, and he shrugged, "Maybe some time in isolation did something for her ego."

"I hope so," I really did. I

thought every day about the decision to let her out alive. I weighed the options of what it could have meant to my future and her sons. I hope I made the right decision, and if the note was honest, I thought I might have.

The packhouse was decorated in royal colors, midnight blue and gold. Pack members held candles around the stage and above us from the balconies. It felt medieval, but that made sense; it was tradition, apparently, to have every pack member hold a candle of their own, their own way of helping the royals transition.

Grace explained the traditions to me in detail, and I think I remembered most of them. Over my dress and Emmett's tux, we wore a sash with their family emblem.

I liked being part of something so ancient, and I loved that Grace let me inject some of my own preferences into the ceremony and after-party. A party that I didn't think I would make it long at anymore, but I was glad that our pack members would get to enjoy it.

The murmurs of the crowd hushed when Caspien and I reached the stage. Rendell was wearing something that resembled a tunic. Intricate gold patterns I recognized from my engagement band circled through his dark blue shirt.

Grace was wearing a floor-length ballgown in the same blue. She explained that once I was crowned, I would wear the colors at all formal royal events.

They both wore burnished gold crowns, and they looked every bit like the royals that they acted on even when the crowns were gone. They both gave me a reassuring smile.

Caspien stood next to them, nodding at me slightly for reassurance. Emmett and I walked up hand in hand and stopped in front of his parents.

Rendell said some words about tradition and generations that I wished I could have remembered, but I was just trying to focus on anything besides my wildly beating heart. I focused on Caspien, his cool, confident gaze that softened when he met my eyes. I focused on Emmett's tiny hand in mine, how he kept shifting from foot to foot.

The crowd around us was almost stifling. I felt I was still getting used to it, but this ceremony was huge.

It felt right despite my nerves. I was happy to be here, next to my son, in front of my mate and his parents. I tried to commit it to memory, but there were so many thoughts and feelings thundering through me.

A chalice was produced, and we cut our hands similar to any other ceremony. Rendell joined his blood with his sons, ushering in a new royal not born to the line. Grace must have done the same ceremony at some point, I looked at her, and she nodded to me, pride shown in her eyes.

“Will you protect these people not as their Luna but as their princess? Uphold not only Crescent Moons values but the royals?”

“I do,” I think I said.

Rendell did the same with Emmett, and he bravely placed his palm up for the little cut, I winced, but he smiled at me, “It’s okay, Mama.” He said. I went to ruffle his hair but thought better of it because he was all dressed up.

Rendell motioned to me, and I knelt before him, the king, my future father-in-law. Emmett followed my lead, and I held his hand tightly in mine.

The experience was surreal. I don’t think I could ever properly process this moment. My son next to me becoming a Prince while I was becoming a Princess. This was beyond any wild fantasies I let my mind run away with in the dark hours of the nights in the cabin. I never let myself wish for anything near this.

It was foreign but familiar. This felt right, even though every part of me didn’t believe it.

“Rise, Wilhelmina Balfour,” Rendell said after saying some ancient words.

I stood up and looked into his eye, which held nothing but adoration and pride. He placed a golden crown that radiated power on my head, but the weight was nothing I couldn’t bear with Caspien by my side.

The candles seemed to flicker, and an ancient power called to me, awoken in me. It was warmth and light and earned, not given. I had earned this power bestowed upon me.

It felt good, right, complete.

“Princess, look at your people.” I slowly turned around and gazed at thousands of eyes. These were the people I was responsible for, the people I vowed to protect, and I knew I would do anything for them.

“Emmett Balfour,” Rendell turned to him, but everything sounded muffled, muted, against the sound of my heartbeat.

“I want to have Daddy’s name because Mama said hers will change,” Emmett said, and it took me back to reality. Caspien and I stared at Emmett. “Please.” He said.

I had never seen Caspien smile so wide. I swore it looked like he might almost cry.

“O-okay,” Rendell tripped over his words, shocked as well. Grace clasped her mate’s arm.

The candles flickered, and wind swept through the inside of the packhouse. Hushed gasps filled the air before the lights flickered back on their own accord. Confused chatter filled the room as

everyone looked around at each other's candles and back down at us. I could feel the power radiating through the room. It was warm and bright and light, unlike the ancient power that the royals held. It was new and changed and belonged to Emmett. Made by him and the gifts the Moon Goddess gave him.

"It's my absolute pleasure and honor to present my grandson Prince Emmett Dracos, heir of The Crescent Moon Pack."

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21–26 minutes

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77- Happily Ever After

(Willa)

I was surprised when I didn't want the night to end. It energized me, to have our joined pack celebrate with us, seeing all of their smiling faces and hearing all their warm wishes. We let Emmett stay up to enjoy part of the party, and My dad volunteered to put the kids to bed because my mom and Caspien's parents were having so much fun.

We moved the party to a massive ballroom I had never been in. There were floor-to-ceiling windows, it looked like something out of a modern castle, and now this was my castle. Finger foods were set up, there were too many people to have a sit-down dinner, and that place was already packed, warm, and bright.

The ballroom was decorated with candles, lights, and greenery with long tapestries in dark blue with their royal emblem, my royal emblem now.

After an hour of dancing, chatting, and eating, I was starting to feel the adrenaline wear off. I knew the rest of the party would go on until well after dawn and I was looking forward to the next one when I could stay out all night, but I knew that would be months if not years away after the newborn phase. That was alright though. I wasn't giving anything up, I was excited about bringing this baby into our world and having them be part of these events, well, not the midnight ones.

"My Queen," Caspien said, kissing the back of my hand.

"A vast promotion in a few hours," I raised an eyebrow, "What would your mother say?"

“Fine, my goddess.”

“I’m not sure I’ve always been favored by the Moon Goddess always, I don’t think she would like the competition.”

“There is none.” He wrapped a strong hand around my waist and pulled me against his chest.

“Don’t jinx us,” I scolded.

“Since when have you been superstitious?” He asked into my ear.

“Since I got everything I didn’t dare dream of and more,” I smiled, but I knew it fell flat. I was still a bit worried this was all too good to be true.

“I feel the same,” Caspien said, touching his forehead to mine, “I guess we’re just going to have to be agitated messes together,”

I laughed, “When did you get so loving?”

“I met a girl,” he shrugged, his icy blue eyes sparkled, “And I fell in love with her beyond reason.”

My stomach clenched. Okay, I could deal with a bit of the cheesiness if he said it was such unadulterated adoration and sincerity.

“Shall we?” He pulled back and I felt like I could breathe again. He held his arm out to me and I wrapped mine around his, fitting perfectly into his nook of his.

The crowd parted for us and neither of us looked back as we headed to our private elevator. Caspien wrapped me in his arms and pulled me across his chest so we could both watch the twinkling city lights as they met the inky black night pierced by dancing stars above.

“Your kingdom,” he murmured into my ear, sending a shiver down my body.

We walked back to our room in silence, I went to the closet to take off my shoes and saw the bank envelope in my purse. I almost forgot Cali and my excursion this morning.

I forgot my task and sauntered out, feeling light and confident, “Here,” I handed him the thick envelope.

“What is this?” A dark brow shot up.

“Something I owe you.”

He opened the envelope and dropped it on the bed next to him, “Willa.” He muttered.

“You promised,” I gave him a look.

“I did, but everything changed.”

“Not my promises,” I shook my head.

“Fine,” he sighed, “How?”

“I haven’t really spent any of the money I made since moving in here,” I smiled at him.

I started to save most of what I made for school and then we moved here so my expenses basically went away. Now that graduation was over. I had one last debt to pay. Even though I was his Luna and Princess, I told him I would pay for my school, and I would be a woman of my word.

“Plus, I held up my side of the bargain, going on a weekly date with you. You’re welcome for introducing you to relish, by the way.” His face contorted at the thought, “So now you have to uphold yours.”

“Fine,” He put the envelope in his jacket pocket, “But this is going into savings for Emmett and the new baby, or a trip for us.”

“It’s your money,” I gave him a sweet smile.

“You’re stubborn,” He frowned, “But I appreciate you keeping your promise, it means you’ll keep yours to me too.” He pulled me to the bed next to him, keeping my hand in his.

“Which one?” I asked, genuinely curious.

Did I forget something?

“All of them, the unspoken ones,” He pulled back staring at me with such an intense gaze that it made my mouth dry and my stomach tightened.

“The one you wear on your neck,” He leaned down to kiss my marking spot. My body buckled when he took my mark in his mouth and ran his tongue over it.

“The one you wear on your finger,” he murmured into my neck as he intertwined our fingers where I wore the ring he gave me, brushing his thumb against the ancient band.

“The one you wear on your head,” He brushed a piece of hair behind my ear, looking up at my crown that matched his.

The crown that was the perfect counterpart, the equal to his. His crowns perfect match.

“I wouldn’t break any of those,” My voice came out as a whisper, “This pack, you, our family is everything to me. I hope you know that, and feel that way too.”

He took a deep breath, tangling his hand in my hair at the nape of my neck. “Everything that I am everything that I will become is yours and has been yours since the moment set eyes on you in the diner.”

I swallowed and before I could think, or even open my mouth to say anything, he pulled me to him. His soft lips hit mine with a wave of butterflies erupted under my skin. He explored my mouth and with each kiss I pushed further against his body, needing him.

His hands expertly unzipped my dress and I was reluctant to stand up and take it off, but I needed him, and I needed his nakedness on me.

“Stand up,” He pulled back and I scrambled off of the bed, tugging my dress down over my hips. He stood almost ripping off his suit.

I watched him hungrily, his tanned skin rippled against his muscles and I took a moment to admire my mate, this absolute god of a man that belonged to me and me only.

“Need help?” He asked when he was only in his boxers.

“Yes, er, no.” I shook my head, quickly unhooking my bra and stepping out of my underwear. I didn’t want him to take his time with me. I needed him on a carnal level. It was instinctual.

Get our man – Iris growled and I didn’t even need the push.

He smiled at me approvingly before taking off his boxers, his length sprung the confines and my mouth went dry as he wrapped his hand around his cock his eyes raking over me. I hoped this insane reaction I had to him would never fade.

I moved to take off the crown I almost forgot I was wearing, only remembering when Caspien’s glinted in the moonlight.

“Keep the crown on,” His voice was rough and I nodded.

He closed the space between us. I gasped when he picked me up, but he held me steady against him. I wrapped my arms and legs around him, his length pressed into my stomach, and I grabbed onto his neck so that I could move my core up and down it. I sighed at the slight bit of pressure and the eruption of tingles already.

“What do you want, Willa?” Caspien held me up, one hand digging into my ass while the other tugged at my hair forcing my face towards his, “Tell me and I’ll make it happen.”

“On top, I want you now,” I breathed between soft moans, my nipples pressed against him, rubbing against his hard chest with every one of my movements.

I didn't want him to do anything to me, I needed him, I needed all of him on my terms.

"F.uck, Willa," He grunted into my neck, sending vibrations through me.

I was so lost I didn't realize he was backing us onto the bed. His strong hands held me and kept me on top of him.

I slid over his length one last time before re-adjusting myself over him, positioning his soft tip on my entrance. Caspien sighed at the feeling, and my body lit up in anticipation of the pleasure that was awaiting me.

I lowered myself over him, gasping at the sensation of his hard smooth c.ock filling me up. It was e.cstasy, I sighed in relief. This was everything that I needed.

I pulled up and slowly pushed myself down until he was fully inside me. I clenched around him as my r.elease already started to build.

"Willa," he groaned, and it turned me on further.

I pushed into him rocking back and forth, placing my hands on his firm chest, and taking him in completely.

"Cas," I breathed as he t.hrusted up, lifting me up slightly.

He reached out for my hand, helping me steady myself as I picked up a rhythm that I knew would send us both over the edge.

I wanted to close my eyes and submit to the bliss, but I didn't want to take my eyes off Caspien watching me. He was gorgeous, beyond that. He was everything I never thought could be mine.

But he was there, his midnight hair falling over his golden crown as he eyes me. I knew what I was doing was making him feel good, I knew the sight of me was turning him on, and I reveled in it.

He tugged up the side of his lips, and it was almost my undoing. His hand came to my b.reast and rubbed his thumb over my hardened n.ipple. My head lulled savoring his touch. I opened my eyes and his possessive smirk sent more sparks through me.

I started to wind and wind tighter, he met each of my t.hrusters with his. I grasped at his hand for balance, I wanted this to last, but I couldn't hold off from the rolling sparks p.ulsing through me.

I leaned over him, trying to grasp onto his chest slick with sweat. He held onto my waist tighter as a jumble of words left my mouth.

I wasn't able to form a sentence or words. All that I could do was succumb to the waves of intense p.leasure rolling through me and over me. I was consumed by him. By us.

“Willa,” He grunted and flipped me over so that I was facing him, under him.

I squealed but it turned into a moan as he pushed my thigh open for him.

He pressed into me harder and buried his face into my neck. A sharp pain shot through me, momentarily bringing me back. I blinked until I started to see stars. My body felt like starlight as he licked my marking spot he just bit.

Another orgasm started to roll through me and I tugged him to me, claiming to the last shred of sanity. I worked on instincts and bit down on the place where I claimed him. I fought to keep hold of him as he roared, shaking the bed, shaking me under him.

He thrust deeper and faster.

Our power, the royal power that I now had seemed to explode out of me and dance with his. Starlight mixed with shadows and it enveloped us. I screamed his name and he bottomed out into me with a few last deep thrusts and my name a prayer on his lips.

The power settled around us but was still intertwined.

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I woke up with my crown tangled in my hair, Caspien’s was askew across his head.

“Goodmorning, Princess,” Caspien growled placing a kiss on my forehead, “We have a doctor’s appointment.”

I almost forgot, we needed to get Emmett.

“Mama, Dad!” Emmett called from the hallway and I sucked in a breath.

Caspien shot up and threw me a shirt and pulled on some clothes, before he opened the door.

“Emmett, one moment sweetie,” I called out as I felt heat rush to my cheeks.

Caspien looked back making sure I was dressed before he opened the door.

“I have mine too,” Emmett said, pointing to his crown, he brushed past Caspien barreling into our room, “Dad said that I own half of the fallen stars.” He said proudly, pointing to the window over the city.

“You do,” Caspien said, sleep evident in his voice.

Emmett wrinkled his nose, “You guys smell bad, you need a bath.”

“Tell your grandparents we will be right down.” I smiled at him, thankful that I had the shirt on. He slept with us before, especially during his fevers, but I never wanted him to see us like this.

“You need to learn to lock the door,” I grumbled.

“It was, but I’m used to living alone,” Caspien shrugged.

“You can’t use that excuse anymore.” I looked at him, “And I meant the front door.” I laid back down into the pillows that felt like clouds.

“I’m not used to people coming in unexpectedly, I thought they would have kept Emmett.” He amended, “Did you get enough sleep?” Caspien asked, rubbing my shoulders.

I thought I did, but that sent me back into a relaxed, almost sleep-like state. My head lulled forward as he worked out my tired muscles. This was nice, having someone taking care of me like this during the first strange weeks of pregnancy.

“Let me start a bath for you,” Caspien nipped on my ear lobe, “I’ll shower and head down to them, but you need to relax.”

I wanted to protest, but my body didn’t. It sounded too good to pass up.

After the bath that I fully took advantage of, I got dressed and headed down. I knew that I was taking advantage as a Luna. I didn’t know when the appointment was scheduled for, it was Caspien’s doing. I knew that they would still fit us in and I was too groggy still to feel guilty.

I found Emmett and Caspien at the breakfast table alone, I must have been in the bath longer than I thought. Emmett ran up to me, and I scooped him up before setting him on his feet.

“So, Emmett, we have something to share with you.” I knelt down to Emmett’s level, and Caspien followed, “I’m going to have a baby.” I smiled at him, “You’re going to be a big brother.”

Emmett frowned a bit and I cupped his cheek.

“Is Dad going to be mad that you’re having a baby without him?” I tried hard to swallow my laugh.

“No, baby, we’re both having a baby, I’m just growing it for us.” He seemed a little less confused, “Remember the pictures I showed you in the cabin when you were in my belly?” He nodded once, “That’s when I was growing you.”

“Oh,” His eyes lit up and he looked at my stomach.

“They are still growing. Once they get bigger, then my belly will get bigger too.” I explained.

“If Mama makes the baby then what does dad do?” He turned to Caspien.

“Uh,” Caspien opened his mouth seemingly at a loss for words, “I will take care of your mom, make sure that she is healthy and happy so that she can grow your little brother or sister. I have an idea actually,” Caspien leaned down and whispered in Emmett’s ear, “How about we are in charge of the nursery? We can help decorate and build the furniture.”

Emmett pulled back, smiling ferociously nodding his head, “That will be a good surprise,” he whispered back.

“Do you want to come see the baby?” Caspien asked Emmett, and he glanced back at my stomach, furrowing his little brows, “We can see it on the machine at the doctor.” He explained.

“Yes,” Emmett’s eyes lit up, and he bounced up and down, “Can we go now?”

“Yes, we can,” I smiled at him, and Caspien helped me up, despite me being only a few weeks along. I would let him help me, though, as long as he didn’t hover as bad as Griffen, I could accept some help.

We held onto Emmett’s hand, descending back through the city until we got to the first floor. We took another elevator up to the clinic, and I couldn’t wait for Caspien and Emmett to share this with me.

“Welcome back, Luna, welcome Alpha.” The head doctor escorted us to a dark room, “Last time, we weren’t able to see much, but I think we should be able to get a bit of a visual this time.” Caspien helped me up on the bed and took a seat beside me, clasping my hand, Emmett scrambled to sit on his lap.

A few moments later, grainy static flickered on the TV, “Okay, now there we have it,” There was a large black circle that held a tiny moving blur. “Listen,” The doctor said, lowering his voice.

A rapid-paced heartbeat filled the room, it sounded loud and blurred, and it sent me back to when I first heard it when I was pregnant with Emmett. So many mixed emotions flooded through me then, but now, with Emmett by my side, his eyes wide, there was nothing mixed about what I was feeling now.

Caspien’s hand went slack in mine, “It’s just a little flutter,” He said, his voice soft, “That’s our baby,” He swallowed.

“It is,” I squeezed his hand gently.

The doctor moved around a bit and took some measurements. The baby hardly looked like anything at the moment, it was hard to make out besides a small form.

“It’s a bean,” Emmett said, smiling, “I have a little bean sister,” He giggled.

The baby on the screen jumped, and Caspien jumped with it, “It moved,” His voice was full of awe.

“They do that,” I smiled, but my heart burst.

It was nice having someone there for me through this. Not just someone but him, and he wanted to be there for our baby and for me. Being able to experience something so big, so life-changing, and getting to share it all was – I couldn’t put it into words.

“Wow,” Emmett scooted closer.

I watched the awe, shock, and adoration on Caspien and Emmett’s faces. The love that both of them already had for life that grew inside of me.

“Everything looks healthy, Luna. Set up your appointments on the way out; we can find out the gender in a few weeks.”

Caspien’s eyes widened, “It’s going to have a gender.” He breathed, shaking his head, “What if it’s a girl? What if it’s another boy?” His eyes widened.

“I think we will manage,” I rubbed circles on the back of his hand. I knew how overwhelming and consuming this could be.

Your life stopped belonging to only you, and even though I had Emmett, we had Emmett, a new baby was always scary. No matter what, they would come in with their own personality and shift our lives completely.

I looked up, and Caspien was beaming at me; he leaned over to press his lips swiftly on mine and pulled back, wearing his smile that lit up his eyes.

“We’re having a baby,” He said.

We had everyone over for brunch later that afternoon. Our parents were going back to the old pack grounds, and my parents were going to officially start to settle there. Once the baby was born, they promised to come here in shifts, as if it wasn’t a half-hour drive away.

Emmett and Loreli were starting school next week in the pack house, so we had time during the day to deal with pack work, doctor’s appointments, and Caspien could get back into a routine at the office instead of working from home so often.

I was happy to set up a routine again. I think I needed it. Knowing what would happen each day, having Emmett get back into something familiar, was crucial for him too.

Our parents left to take Emmett and Loreli to an afternoon baseball game. They were acting as if they wouldn't see him for months, even though they planned to come to dinner tomorrow night.

The rest of us were finishing the last of our food. Nora had a sleeping Olivia in her arms, and it was nice to have her recovered enough to join in on these things and bring Olivia too.

"Are you going to do a gender reveal?" Griffen asked, his arm around Nora.

"What the h.ell is a gender reveal?" Holden scoffed, almost sounding offended.

"Please don't do a gender reveal," Cali's gold-flecked eyes met mine, "I mean, I'll come, because I love you. H.ell, I'll even help plan the party," She rolled her eyes, "But a text would suffice, or a mindlink whatever."

"Before you guys get any more heated about this," I laughed, "We weren't planning on it."

"What is a gender reveal?" Caspien leaned down and whispered to me.

"Basically a party where we all find out the gender together," I said to him.

"People pop a balloon, open a cake, something with the colors," Cali said, popping a potato into her mouth.

"Why?" Caspien asked; he looked genuinely confused.

I shrugged, "I don't know."

"Community, maybe." Cali suggested, but her face held nothing but horror, "But I would say if you get more presents, then why not?"

"I'll buy the rest of the things we need if we can avoid another party," Caspien said coolly. I agreed with that.

Holden shrugged, going back to the conversation and asking Griffen why he knew so much about gender reveals, and Griffen literally pointed to his infant child in his mate's arms.

I was truly blessed. We were truly blessed, all of us, to have found each other.

It felt surreal, looking around at all of them. Remembering the first time I met Holden and Griffen and how I felt that I was intruding and completely out of my element. I thought of when Cali walked up to me, and we clicked. She helped me find a job, and our kids became fast friends. Her being the Gamma here just made so much sense. It was unexpected but more than welcomed.

Now, I felt more than comfortable with all of them in any room. In the last few months, we have all been through so much together. We have grown, been challenged, and challenged each other. I fit here with these people, and they fit into my life perfectly.

They were everything I didn't know that I needed to ask for.

—

“One more,” Emmett pleaded, but his eyes were tired.

“A short one, then,” I ruffled his hair, wanting to get to bed myself, but I knew it wouldn't be the three of us for much longer.

Caspian sat on the other side of Emmett's bed. We took turns reading stories tonight. Caspian handed me a small book.

A classic fairytale. I read it to Emmett, and his eyes started to droop.

“And then the prince kissed the princess.. The End.” I closed the book looking at Emmett sleeping softly next to me. I bent down to place a kiss on his forehead.

“What happens next?” Emmett asked.

“I don't know; that's where it ended.”

“They lived happily ever after?” Caspian asked.

“I wouldn't rule it out,” I smiled at him.

He grabbed my hand and led me back downstairs, wrapping his arms around my waist and nuzzling my neck. The city twinkled below us.

My city. Our city.

I realized that I could give all of myself to my family while still maintaining my sense of self.

I could be complete alone but make space for others to help me grow and evolve. Caspian and I became something new, outside of who we were as individuals. Emmett fit perfectly in both of our lives. This new baby would expand our family. Nothing would take us away from ourselves. They would only help us expand our life and our love to fit them.

“This is our happily ever after. I can promise you that.” The dark prince, my mate, my future, growled into my marking spot.

“Promise?” I asked.

“I promise.” He said with such sincerity I would never question it again.

The Rejected Luna’s Prince Chapter 78 -

11–14 minutes

The Rejected Luna’s Prince Chapter 78

Epilogue 1

(Caspian)

Willa and Emmett through me through a loop. I felt a different kind of love, a different flavor of protectiveness. I loved my parents and admired them more than anyone.

Holden and Griffen I loved in a way, as well. They were sturdy, always there, and outside of my parents, the only people I could trust to give me their honest opinions. The only ones that weren’t scared of me, at least.

I was protective, and so was Atlas, but I knew that came with the territory of being an Alpha and a royal at that.

I had never felt fear quite like this, though. It was similar to when Emmett was sick, but back then, I held on to some ignorant hope that he would be okay – and he was.

Seeing Willa like this, she looked, she looked close to death. Her hair was damp with sweat; her full pink lips were paler than her skin. She swallowed and her eyes seemed to roll back.

“Breath, baby.” I motioned for the nurse to hand me another cold compress that I pressed to her head, trying in vain to wipe her dark tendrils away from her forehead.

Her head lulled forward, and she gripped my arm, but it was a whisper of the strength she possessed only hours ago. I would take the yelling, the screaming, over this. I would take anything over this. She seemed defeated, so consumed by the pain that I could barely reach her. I wish I could do something, take it away if only a little.

She already yelled that she saw me practically die so I could deal with this. I would have laughed if I hadn’t been so scared. I wanted her to scream to hit me to curse me. Anything that showed me she was still in there, but this just seemed wrong. They all assured me this was normal, but nothing about it seemed natural. Who had the idea of condemning women to torture just to give new life? I would have to talk to them about it.

“Is she okay?” I asked the nurse, scanning her face for any sign of worry, but she just wore a pleasant smile.

“Perfectly normal. She’s close.” She smiled widely and it grated me.

How dare she smile while my mate was in such pain? An older version of myself, before I met Willa, would have snapped at her and banned her from the room, possibly from the pack.

“Baby?” I asked Willa and her head lulled towards me.

A doctor and more nurses came in on cue. I guess she was really close. I just wanted this to be over for her.

“Are you ready, Dad?” The doctor asked, and I looked at him. Ready for what?

S.hit.

Wait. We were going to have another kid. A baby. I didn’t think about that part. I forgot what all of this was for, I was so focused on helping Willa through the anger, the pain, and the slight resentment of me impregnating her that I would ignore in the future, I forgot what we were doing.

We were having another baby.

A baby.

What if I broke it?

s**t.

My heart started to race.

“Are you okay, Alpha?” The doctor’s brows tugged together.

“Y-yes,” I swallowed.

I was not f.ucking okay, but I had to pretend until Willa could regain her senses. We couldn’t both panic. I could wait until she was okay again so that it would be my turn.

“Luna, I’m going to need you to push on your next contraction, do you hear me?” The doctor asked and Willa nodded slightly, it sent relief washing through me, she was in there.

She moved to sit up, and the doctor tried to stop her.

“I’m not giving birth laying on my f*****g back.” She spat, her voice raspy.

I shrugged at the doctor, and he was smart enough not to say anything to her. I helped her position herself on her hands and knees. She told me before that she wanted to squat, that it would help, but she seemed too weak, so this would be an okay compromise.. I hoped, at least.

“Ahhhhh.” She cried, her beautiful face contorting, at least some of the color returned to it. I would take flushed and red over the deathly pale.

I stood and tried to collect her hair, tying it up again in another bun. I kept re-doing it. I didn’t know how many hair ties were stuck in there at this point. I moved to massage her lower back; she leaned down, her teeth clenched.

“Breathe.” The doctor said, and she shot him a look over her shoulder.

“When you have a baby crawling out of your d**k hole you can tell me what to do.” She seethed, “I’m in charge.”

The doctor looked to me, and I shrugged, not bothering to hide my smile.

“She’s in charge,” I said, and the doctor nodded.

“Okay, here we go.” The nurse said, still smiling. I was glad Willa was facing away from her.

Willa cried out again, and her head fell to the pillow. I grabbed another cold compress and patted it against her face.

“I love you; this is almost over. You are doing amazing,” I whispered, hoping none of those things set her off. She nodded once into the pillow.

“One more time,” The peppy nurse said, and I grasped Willa’s hand. She squeezed so tight it hurt, but I let her, I would do anything to ease this pain, even a fraction.

A cry pierced the room, and my heart stopped. Willa smiled and settled onto the bed, breathing deeply for the first time in hours.

“Congrats, Alpha, Luna.” The doctor held up a pink blob with a mass of black hair, “It’s a girl.”

We knew that for months, but the confirmation...

Holy s**t, I had a girl. A boy was one thing, but—a girl.

I felt nauseous. The room spun, and the only thing tethering me here was Willa’s damp almost limp hand to mine.

“Are you okay?” I asked her, a smile spread across her face, her eyes were still closed, but she seemed content.

“Help me flip over,” Her voice was so low I barely heard it.

I helped her adjust herself on her back with the help of a few nurses. They changed the sheets somehow or part of them. It was magic.

“Are you ready to meet her?” Someone came up holding a bundle.

That’s right, the baby.

The baby. Our baby. A baby.

I swallowed. Willa grabbed my hand and squeezed it, “You first,” Her voice was calm and reassuring.

The nurse placed the tiny bundle into my arms. She was barely bigger than my hand.

My entire world shifted again. It grew and expanded and made room for this little thing. She scrunched up her nose and opened her mouth, and my heart shattered. It was one of the sweetest things I’ve ever seen.

Willa sat up and winced. I couldn’t look up, though. Everything I belonged to this tiny red blob.

“She’s adorable,” Willa said from far away. I moved the baby towards Willa so she could see. She ran the back of her finger down the baby’s cheek.

I knew she was pregnant. Goddess did I know. I prepared for this mentally, but nothing could actually prepare me for this moment. This was real, this baby was tangible, our family was growing, and my heart expanded with it.

“You did well,” Willa whispered. It didn’t escape me that she was comforting me even though I had never seen someone in so much pain as when she gave birth to our perfect daughter. I couldn’t speak though, I had no words.

The baby squirmed, and my stomach dropped. I had never seen anything so fragile.

What if I broke her?

We won’t, I think it’s called instincts or something – Atlas said

Shut up

She’s perfect, we have another pup

I can’t argue with that

That’s a first

She blinked once. Bright blue eyes peered out under thick lashes. She closed them shut against the light.

I tentatively put our baby in Willa's arms. She snuggled up onto her mother's chest, and my mate rubbed her back. I leaned forward and put my arm around Willa, my other hand resting on her chest over her steady heartbeat. Our baby reached for my finger and wrapped her tiny hands around it.

Tears pricked my eyes. I had never been part of anything so innocent. This was pure love.

"Welcome to the world, Princess," I whispered, and Willa blinked back tears.

(Willa)

I knew that Caspien would be a great dad. He already was to Emmett. I hated to compare, I really did since I've come so far, but there was a part of me that couldn't shake it.

The comparisons were good, though. They always were. Caspien made me realize from the first day that not everyone that promised love and affection because of the mate bond would leave me. Rachel showed me that not every ex was against me; she ended up being someone I could rely on and trust.

Having Caspien by my side during the pregnancy and labor was shattering in the best possible way.

Once Emmett was born, I thought of nothing but him until I needed to decide on my future, and even that was based on his needs. I never let myself think of a second chance or a chosen mate, and that's why Caspien so thoroughly shocked me when I saw him in the diner.

Part of me always yearned for a doting person by my side. My parents helped a lot, more than they needed to when I was pregnant, of course. But it was so different having Caspien there. He was my partner; he was what Nolan should have been. The complete lack of support the first time around only made me appreciate Caspien more.

He was affectionate and caring. Not just for me, but for our baby. He was, in short, everything that I dreamed of, everything that both of my children, our children, deserved. I couldn't have asked for anyone better, I didn't think anyone this perfect for me existed.

"What?" Caspien's brows furrowed, looking into my eyes.

"I'm just happy you're here," I said. I knew I couldn't put into words what I felt, not at this moment anyway. Sleep tugged at me and my body ached.

"I'll have our parents wait to meet her until you get some rest," he said, stroking the side of my face. My eyes fluttered shut, surrounded by the warmth that was Caspien and our new baby sleeping soundly on my chest.

(Caspian)

My parents brought Emmett down to meet his little sister. I convinced them to hold off for almost two hours. Willa's parents were coming later this evening. I think they understood boundaries better, or maybe it was because they already got to do the infant-grandchild phase.

"Where is she?" My mom burst into the room, tugging Emmett behind her.

"Where do you think, love?" My dad said, shaking his head, "Probably with mom or dad." he motioned to us, picking up Emmett.

"May I?" My mom asked, and Willa handed her over with a smile.

Emmett peered down from my dad's arms, and my mom held my daughter up to meet my son.

"Why is she so squished?" Emmett laughed, frowning.

"You looked like that too," Willa said with a smile, "She will look more like a baby in a day or two."

"I like her," Emmett said, reaching a gentle hand towards her. Our daughter wrapped her fingers around one of Emmett's. I always thought Emmett was so small, but seeing this, I couldn't comprehend just how tiny thing little thing was.

"Absolute perfection," my dad breathed, his eyes widened in awe. I had rarely seen that expression on him, even though he showed a much softer side when it was just our family away from his previous Alpha duties.

"Did you decide on a name?" My mom asked, not taking her eyes away from our little bundle.

"Yes," I said.

"Lilith Grace Dracos." Willa looked at my mom, who finally tore her eyes away from the baby.

"Really?" Her lip wavered, "Grace?"

"Emmett got my dad's middle name. It's only fair." Willa shrugged, "And if we have more, I'm sure my mom and Rendell can get some names in there," She gave my dad a tired smile.

"I'm just honored to be here," My dad shook his head, tears pooled in his eyes.

"Thank you," My mom whispered, stroking a finger down Lilith's cheek, "It's an honor, I can't even-"

"You don't have to," I cut in, "We wanted her to have you as her namesake or part of it," I said.

I knew my mom was still a bit touchy about the subject. She was adopted, and even though she was accepted into her new family and, of course, Luna of Crescent Moon, I think there was always a small part of her that felt like she didn't belong.

"Family is stronger than blood," I repeated words I had heard from her ever since I could remember.

My mom grabbed Emmett's hand and gave him a kiss on his cheek, looking back at her first granddaughter.

"It is," She said, tears finally spilling down her cheek.

The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 79 -

23–29 minutes

The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 79

Cali's Wedding

(Cali)

The day that I had been dreaming of was finally here. Well, everything I wanted I already had, but this felt significant in a way; binding in a way that I could comprehend as a human.

Even though I had been a werewolf for months, it didn't negate what I felt was true my entire life. Holden's mark that I wore meant so much to me; being welcomed into this pack changed me in a way that was imprinted on my blood.

Marriage, though, was something that felt even more foreign to me than mixing blood with a werewolf prince into a chalice. It made me more uneasy than changing into a wolf and feeling the wind in my fur being pulled by the moonlight itself.

I never thought that I would get this. I deserved it, hell did I know that I deserved it after the s.hit that I had been through. But this being a reality, having my golden prince charming literally handed to me through some mate bond, you couldn't write this s.hit.

Cold feet? – Holden linked me

Never, you?

I've been waiting for you for years, now you're making me wait down this long a.s.s aisle

I laughed – You said you've been waiting for years, a few more minutes is nothing.

“Ready?” Willa walked back into the bathroom carrying a fresh glass of champagne.

“As ready as I'll ever be,” I looked at my reflection.

My hair was in perfect curls; I let Rachel drag me to a salon that helped tame my unruly locks. Willa found some golden headpiece that wrapped around the back of my head and met in the front adorned with golden leaves.

“I never thought I would be a bride,” I studied myself over the glass

“The big white wedding wasn't for you?” Willa leaned over the counter in the hotel room and studied me.

“I wanted it but never thought I would have it,” I admitted, “Mostly focused on the day-to-day, trying to make enough so that my child didn't starve.”

Willa frowned, “I know,” She said, and she did know, to some extent. I was glad that she didn't have to live like that longer, and even happier that she did have amazing parents she could have fallen back on. There was nothing like having no safety net to burn you out and make you lose sight of building any future.

Risks weren't something that I took once I had Loreli. Going to community college was the boldest thing I'd done since having her. That did pay off, though, in more ways than one. I learned I was great at it, loved it, and I found my mate, my perfect counterpart.

I liked the idea of someone made for me, even though I never believed in that c.rap, but the idea was nice for others. But I got practically handed everything I ever wanted: security, a father for Loreli, a loving devoted partner.

“Ready for this?” Willa asked, studying me under her thick lashes. I knew she was worried I would back out and run like I almost did the first night I met Holden.

“I am,” My voice didn't waver, “My nerves aren't for marrying, and forgive me for saying this, the love of my life.” Willa laughed, “My nerves are because I never envisioned myself as a bride. This feels weird,” I motioned to my white lace bodice and gown.

“White suits you,” Willa smiled.

“Don't lie,” I shook my head but let her help me up, “Shoes, I forgot to put on shoes.” Willa knelt down and helped me slip on the white heels. “Thank you.”

She took my glass and set it on the counter, taking my hands in hers. I swallowed fighting the urge to look away. "I am so happy for you. You deserve and have earned everything that has come and will come to you," She breathed, her green eyes sparkled, "I'm not going to cry. Don't look at me like that," her dark brow shot up; I couldn't help laugh.

"I'll cry if you cry." I tried to smile, but it wavered, "It doesn't matter, I already have the mark, so," I tried to play it off, but this mattered more than I would even admit to myself.

"Cas is linking me again," Willa rolled her eyes, "You look perfect, one last thing." She tugged me gently out of the bathroom and in front of the floor-length mirror of our hotel room.

I studied the white dress that was tailored to fit me perfectly. I still felt like something would feel off, but it didn't.

I ended up with a tight bodice covered in intricate lace and detailed beading that flared out at my knees. A mermaid fit, I think Rachel called it. I was grateful that she flew back to go dress shopping with us, but I knew she had also started missing home more since she found Jack. I think she was more than ready to settle down.

She went to the closet and pulled out a long black box, "I know you didn't want a traditional veil, but we had something made just in case," I looked at her curiously. There was no way I would hide my flawless makeup or let anything cover my hair. I was the d.amed star of the show, Holden too, but I think today was about the bride or whatever.

I took it from her and, as gently as my curiosity allowed, pulled out a long sheer white piece of fabric, "You wouldn't," I looked at her.

"I didn't. Turn around."

I did what she said, and she fastened two golden leaf clips that matched my crown to my shoulders. Behind me hung the sheer fabric that I now noticed had the same lace and bead detailing on my dress on the bottom of it.

"A cape," Willa said, and my mouth hung open before turning into a broad smile, "If you don't want it, we can just--"

"I love it," I pulled it around the side of me, it completed the look, but I didn't realize I was missing anything, "Let's go get me married, make an honest woman out of me or something," I had to move, or I would shed the tears that pricked my eyes, "Holden is already waiting apparently."

"They haven't even walked in yet," Willa shook her head, "Cas said they're still waiting to go in, but most of the guests are there."

"He started our wedding day lying to me?" I gasped, joking.

“I think he’s just excited to see you,” She grabbed my hand, “We can call it off if you want, run into the wilderness.”

“You had me running off and lost me at wilderness.”

Willa smiled, shaking her head, “Come on, they’re about to go in, and you have to get in position.”

Nora and Rachel were downstairs already. They helped me get ready today and then went to help the kids. I couldn’t imagine where I would be without them. Well, I knew where I would be, the same place I was a year ago.

Willa always said that I saved her, her fairy godmother, but I think it was the opposite. I knew from the moment I met her that I liked her, which was rare. Luckily, I followed that feeling. She offered real, honest, genuine friendship, a kind that I don’t think I ever had. Also, the whole introduction to my mate and the life I never let myself dream of was huge. I didn’t want to call it destiny, but there was a reason we met at the time that we did.

“Mommy!” Loreli ran up so fast she almost tripped. Her strawberry curls were tamed under a flower crown. Her white dress swished behind her, and holy c.rap the tears were coming again. I never thought we would get this moment, especially when she was still a kid.

“You look like a fairy princess,” Emmett said, wrapping his little suited arm around Loreleis. They would be the perfect ring bearer and flower girl.

“Thank you for helping me today.” I leaned down and pulled them both into a careful hug, “You both look incredible.” I whispered.

They beamed at me; I stood up, turning to Nora and Rachel, both in sage green dresses similar to Willa’s. I didn’t love the overly matching things, but I agreed it would look better in the photos, “Thank you both for helping them and me, I think we’re all good at going?” That was more of a question.

“The planner just confirmed that they are about to walk in,” Nora said. On cue, the music started, and my stomach clenched. I looked at Willa with wild eyes.

“We can always run to a five-star resort?” She asked.

“There are so many people there watching me,” I said. I didn’t invite them, but apparently, there were other ranked members, pack members, and business partners that made the cut. I didn’t care as long as I got to have an audacious wedding and get married to my literal soulmate.

“And you don’t like that?” Rachel asked, with a wry smile, tilting her head so her signature honey waves slipped over her shoulder.

“You’re right, I do,” I looked at my stomach, “Why am I nervous?”

“I got nervous before the royal ceremony,” Willa shrugged, “No matter how many ceremonies, I think it’s okay to be nervous. And this one is all about you. Want advice?” She asked.

I appreciated that she asked, “Sure.”

“I know I’m not married yet,” She added with a smile, “But focus on Holden. In the end, that’s why we’re here, right? To get you married, tied to each other in every way possible.”

“That thought doesn’t twist my stomach as it would have a year ago,” I smiled. I thought of going down the aisle, walking after my friends and my daughter, “Let’s do it.”

Willa led our kids out. Her parents would be waiting for them after they went down the aisle. I needed to thank Caspien and Willa’s parents for stepping in where mine should have been, but I didn’t know how to put into words how their acceptance and love for my daughter extended past her being Emmett’s friend.

Willa returned smiling, “They did well. Now we’re up.”

A knock at the door, and Willa rushed to it. I knew it was Caspien before she opened the door based on the silly smile on her face.

“Hello, Princess,” He smiled at her. Neither of them said anything for a moment.

I coughed, “Sorry to cut in, I’m just trying to get married.”

Caspien gave me a smile that seemed less forced than the ones he used to try, “You look stunning, Cali. Holden is a lucky man.”

“Thank you, and he is.”

Griffen came in after, “Olivia is with your parents in the front. I checked on Lilith too,” He said before turning back to his mate, “I packed an extra diaper bag that I’ll bring up just in case of an emergency.”

“Thank you,” Nora said.

What kind of emergency would we need two diaper bags within ten feet of each other? She linked me, and I tried not to laugh at Griffen’s sake. Not today at least.

“My love, it has been ages.” Jack went in and scooped Rachel up.

“My hair, I swear,” She lightly hit his shoulder, but her smile was radiant and unbroken.

“Okay, okay, now is time for me to get my mate,” I cut in.

Jack set Rachel down and looked at me, “Thank you for including me.”

“You’re, unfortunately, one of us now,” I waved him off.

“We’re happy you’re here,” Willa said, smiling at her old friend.

“Also, I needed someone to walk me down the aisle,” Rachel joked, looking away from her mate.

“You didn’t want to be away from me for that long, admit it,” Jack pulled her close, and Rachel swatted him away, “Also, I don’t want anyone else to get the honor of walking with the most beautiful, er, one of the most beautiful girls in the room.” Jack amended.

“Good save,” Willa rolled her eyes, “Shall we?”

Nora handed me my flowers as we left the room.

“One last thing from Holden,” Caspien held out a black box. I opened it, finding small furnished gold star charm, “His family doesn’t have too many heirlooms; they are an old line but not in the same way as the royals; these things don’t mean as much to them. This is one of the oldest that he had, and his grandmother insisted you have it.” He took it out and reached for my flowers, “May I?” He asked. I nodded, not exactly sure where he was going with this. I was too preoccupied with owning a family heirloom.

“He pinned it to the ribbon wrapped around the flowers, “Something old,” Willa said, admiring it as Caspien returned it.

“S.hit, I forgot about all that. Do you think I’ll be doomed?” I actually felt nervous.

“Your wedding dress is new, and so is that fabulous cape,” Rachel said, admiring it.

“Something borrowed,” Willa took one of her hairpins out and motioned for me to turn around, “They were from Caspien’s family, not just from the hair stylist, I promise.” She stood behind me, “Perfect,”

“Anyone has something blue?” Nora asked.

“I have a handkerchief,” Capien opened his suit pocket and pulled out a dark blue handkerchief with the royal crest.

“What am I supposed to do with that?” I asked.

“Stuff your bra. I don’t know.” Caspien sounded annoyed, and I raised an eyebrow.

I grabbed it, “Thank you, werewolf king, it would be my honor,” Caspien took a deep breath but didn’t say anything as I stuffed it into the bodice of my dress, having nowhere else to put it.

The music changed again, and it was time. Caspien and Willa walked first, followed by Nora and Griffen with the extra emergency diaper bag, then Rachel and Jack. My heart beat against my chest, but it was more excitement than nerves now. The planner nodded to me, and the double doors swung open.

This was my moment.

I focused on my steps, and once I found my rhythm, I looked up. I didn't notice the flowers we carefully picked or the decorations Caspien's mom suggested. I didn't see anything besides Holden standing there in all of his glory in a black fitted tux, pinning me with a stare that only I could decipher.

We were made for each other, not I him, or him me. We were made to become something greater, build something together.

This was just one step in solidifying it, so the part of me still felt human self could be satisfied. I wanted him in every capacity, and I would never have if it weren't for him. For who he was, what he showed me love could be, how he let me be myself and didn't try to change me or force me into a category like so many others had.

I learned true partnership, friendship, and family, and even though it was just a piece of paper and another ring, it meant so much more. I offered every part of me to him, knowing he would know what to do with it. I wanted him to have me, and I wanted him in equal measure.

His mouth hung open and his eyes watered. Caspien clapped his shoulder and squeezed it for support. When I got to the few stairs that separated us, Willa took my bouquet, and Rachel helped fan my cape around me.

"What took you so long?" Holden asked, grabbing my hands in his. Sparks shot through me at his touch and my breath hitched at the look in his crystal eyes.

I shrugged, "I've been waiting for you actually." I raised an eyebrow, and he rewarded me with a dazzling smile.

I almost forgot to say my dos. I was so encapsulated by Holden.

I wanted to make traditional vows. I said it was because I wanted to do it the human way, but I knew I wouldn't have been able to get them out anyway. Holden told me that it didn't matter, that every vow he said to me he would keep, and it didn't need to be in front of a damn group to make it legitimate.

"Cali Quinn do you take Holden Earheart to be your lawfully wedded husband as long as you both shall live?"

Longer than that – I linked him – I'll find you in the afterlife. You had better not take another lover if I go first.

Holden's smile widened – Is that a vow?

It is

Then same, or I do.

“Cali?” The officiant whispered

“What? Oh, I do.”

“You may now kiss the bride.”

“Or you can kiss me if you want?” Holden winked at me.

I wrapped my arms around him, pulling him close. He encircled my waist, dipping me low, deepening our kiss.

“I now present Mr. and Mrs. Earhart.” Applause sounded around us, and the music started, but I only saw him.

“Did you know I didn't know your last name until a few months ago when I saw it on a contract?” I asked.

“Would it have changed your mind?” He smiled at me.

I shrugged, “No, it's not too bad, but it's yours, so I guess you get extra points.”

“You're stuck with it now,” he whispered into the spot he first claimed me.

After a classic limo ride and expensive champagne that tasted like the stuff I bought from the gas station, we made it to our reception.

The place was huge, with ceilings stories high with old arched windows every few feet. It reminded me of an ancient banquet hall and everything I wanted our celebration to be. Massive chandeliers dangled from the ceiling. The place was decked out in white flowers, everything and it just smelled rich.

I knew money wasn't an object anymore, even though I didn't fully comprehend that. I felt rich when I put an extra \$20 in savings before, and now we were renting out a room that I couldn't even afford to walk past before.

It was decadent, over the top, and my first and last wedding. It reminded me a bit of where he proposed, on those tall steps with candles and flowers. I took that and amplified it more, with the help of Willa, Nora, Rachel, and the parents, and made it something that looked like a fairytale castle.

It was my fairytale d.amnit, I deserved this.

Everyone stood up and cheered when we went in, and even though I didn't know them, I basked in it. Ideally, I would have had more than those in our wedding party to invite, but that was the past. Today wasn't about broken ties and blood family. Today was about new, chosen ties and the family that you made. Today I was celebrating with the people that were there no matter what and didn't judge you and wouldn't disown you for those choices.

Holden led me to the front table up a few stairs. We were looking over everyone else sitting at their round tables. Candles were everywhere, basking the room in an intimate glow.

"This looks good on you," I ran a finger on Holden's gold band.

"You being your husband looks good on me," He countered, pulling me in for a deep kiss.

The night was spent in pure bliss. We ate, drank, and danced in a world of our own. I focused on our family and friends, there was no way we would be able to meet everyone tonight, and I didn't care to share my night.

I was encapsulated in my own fairytale. "I don't think I could ever be happier," I whispered into Holden's neck as the music turned slow, and he wrapped me in his arms.

He pulled back, studying my face, "Who are you, and what have you done with my wife?"

Wife. Foreign, but with Holden it felt right.

Mother, mate, partner, wife, business student, Gamma.

I could do them all.

"It might be the drink talking," I wrapped my arms around his neck.

"Don't backtrack, I know you love me."

"You think I would wear white for anyone?" I raised an eyebrow.

"Wow, you must really like me. Coming on a bit strong there Mrs. Earhart." He winced, but I laughed, pulling myself closer to him.

"I do. I happen to very much love you, Mr. Earhart."

"Wait no!" Holden stopped me from opening our hotel room.

"What?" I scanned the hall, looking for any threat.

I've been training with them in the mornings. Between studying for my business classes online at a university, working on Gamma duties, training, and spending time with Loreli and Holden, I felt completely and utterly fulfilled.

My life had a purpose, a purpose that went past the primal need to care for Loreli. Even going to business school was a choice to help take care of her and set something up for us in the long run.

It was a coincidence, a beautiful coincidence, that I ended up loving my classes and being so damn good them. I hadn't made the choice of business school for my benefit, it seemed safe. I stopped taking risks past survival and what would be best for my daughter.

Even though some Goddess apparently chose Holden for me, fated us from birth or whatever, I still liked to believe that we chose each other. From what Willa told me about her ex s.hit rag of a person, I knew the mate bond was strong, rarely broken, but it wasn't unbreakable.

She finally looked at the past, her past, from a place that wasn't hurt and broken and was able to piece together that they weren't meant for each other. She had a blind infatuation with Nolan but with Caspien, it was partnership, understanding, and love.

I was instantly attracted to Holden in a way it terrified me. Honestly, when they explained they were werewolves and they had this bond, it made more sense than me falling for a stranger. The sex was incredible, the feeling and attraction unlike anything else. But I really got to know him. He got to know Loreli, and after her full approval, I let him mark me. I liked him; he was weird as .fuck, goofy, but also completely loving, confident, competent, and always thinking about Loreli and me. He was my perfect match, and as Willa explained, the bond was just a beacon to find them.

I should thank The Goddess for this. I don't know where I would have ended up without him, without them. I would have made it work but to what end for Loreli? So could she end up like my past self? I didn't want to think about that, and it was no use dwelling on it. She was taken care of, she had a family, a father, and she would have a good life. That I always knew, but Holden made it better, for both of us.

"You good?" Holden asked, "Seems like you were internal monologuing for a second."

"Reflecting, some might call it, and there is no apparent threat, unless you can sense something I can't." I crossed my arms.

"No threat. Well, not unless you want to threaten our marriage. You can't go in walking," He looked horrified before he scooped me up and unlocked the door.

He threw me on the massive bed scattering rose petals everywhere.

"Since we have to put off our official honeymoon for a weekend away, I figured we would go all out." He opened the bottle of champagne and it sprayed everywhere, "A bit premature, but I will say I won't be," He winked at me, filling up our glasses.

I had finals next week, my first finals for official business school, and we would take a long honeymoon after.

He flopped on the bed next to me clinking me glass to his. "I can't believe I convinced you to marry me," He took a sip shaking his head.

"I was the one that said I wanted a wedding." I countered.

"I bought the ring."

I looked down at my oval diamond encircled in smaller diamond rays that reminded me of the sun.

"You're the only person that would ever consider me their sunshine, their sunray whatever." I rolled my eyes, taking a sip.

"You are," he looked serious, shifting to face me, "Yes, you are cold and snarky," He smiled widely, "But you bring so much joy and light to Loreli and my lives, I couldn't think of you as anything else."

I swallowed and then downed my glass, taking his from him.

"Help me," I turned around to the zipper under a few hidden clasps. His warm hands were on my back, brushing the bare skin. He unzipped the dress and ran his hands up my back helping it fall from my shoulders. I turned to him in nothing but my underwear.

"What the fuck is this?" He pulled Caspene's handkerchief from my breast where it was stuck from the sweat after a night of dancing.

"Something blue?"

He shrugged, "Fair enough, but the only brand, the only signet, marking whatever you will be left with tonight is mine."

He lifted me, crashing us against the wall as his hands tangled in the back of my hair, meeting his hungry lips with mine. I grabbed onto him, he was mine, all mine, and I wanted to show him how much that meant, even though he was the only person who I knew fully understood.

He moved us to the bed throwing me down, "Take those off." I removed my underwear as he loosened his tie and unbuttoned his shirt.

He watched me as I wiggled out of them and opened my legs wide. His eyes flashed black as he ripped off his boxers after. He knelt over me, pushing my thigh further with his legs.

"This, all of this, all of you, your mind, body, spirit, smart mouth," He kissed my lips briefly, "It's all mine." He growled.

His length rubbed against my entrance. I was already wet with desire for this man, my husband, my person, in every werewolf and human sense.

“Say it,” He breathed licking my marking spot.

“I-I’m yours.”

With that, he thrust deep inside me, bottoming out. I grabbed at the pillows, and he pulled me to the edge of the bed so that he was standing looking down at me.

“You are mine,” He growled with every thrust.

His eyes were desperate and his motions possessive. I moaned; this was all that I wanted, needed from him: the claiming, the two-sided ownership. I felt a spark ignite between my legs where he met me. He pushed into me in a way he knew I liked, knew would be my quick undoing.

I never slept with people before that actually knew my body. That might have been my fault not being with them for that long, but I knew I didn’t care enough to train them. But Holden...

“Come back to me, baby,” Holden growled and I focused on him as he toyed with a nipple.

My pleasure radiated through me, from my breasts to me weeping core.

“That’s it, I want to see all of you, my Wife,” Holden grumbled, and the flare ignited, coursing through me.

“Holden,” I mumbled. He grasped my butt and held it up as he thrust into me.

“That’s it, baby, cum for me. Cum on me.”

I grabbed the sheets, trying to meet his motions, but I was lost. I was consumed by him and this pleasure that went so far past physical.

This was mental and emotional, a connection that could only be shown by our bodies once everything else aligned.

“You’re mine,” Holden bottomed out as the last waves of my orgasm rushed through me.

“I’m yours,” I breathed, “But you’re mine.”

“I’m yours, all yours.” He mumbled, falling on top of me.

The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 80 -

14–18 minutes

The Rejected Luna's Prince Chapter 80

80 – Rachel & Jack

(Rachel)

“The prince? The werewolf prince? Willa’s mate? The Alpha of our pack? The Alpha that runs our territory?” Jack’s voice climbed higher and higher.

“Anything else to add?” I tried to lighten the mood.

“Prince Alpha Dracos?” His eyes were wide, and his mouth hung open in frozen shock.

“Yes,” I tucked a piece of hair behind my ear, looking down.

I wasn’t keeping it from him. Honestly, it was so long ago or felt like it was at this point. I was around because I was Willa and Cali’s friend, not because I used to share Alpha’s bed occasionally.

“And you never thought to bring it up?” His eyes were still wide.

“No,” I winced.

Honestly, I didn’t. I finally understood how Caspien forgot to mention me. After you find your mate I realized just how insignificant and inconsequential our time together was.

“I’m going to throw up.” He leaned back, putting his hands behind his head and closing his eyes.

We were on the plane back to Italy, bumped up to first class by Caspien, but I knew it was Willa who did that.

“I didn’t mean to keep it from you,” I whispered.

He never asked, not that that was an excuse. We had hours on the plane to talk, and he asked how I got to know Willa and Cali so well, even though I wasn’t mated to a ranked member.

“I’m sorry,” I touched his arm.

“No, don’t be,” He took my hand in his and placed a kiss on the back of it, “I’m not mad at you, it’s your body, I am just feeling extremely insignificant at the moment,” he shook his head, “A werewolf f.ucking prince was your ex-lover,” He ran the hand that wasn’t holding mine through his tousled hair.

“Don’t be,” I relaxed after he told me where his problem lay, “Nothing will ever compare to being with you.”

I didn’t have to lie or inflate his ego. Nothing I ever had compared to what I experienced with Jack. Even those I thought I cared for before. The bond, the depth of our emotions, took every physical aspect to another level.

“A werewolf f.ucking prince,” He breathed shaking his head before looking at me with those familiar eyes.

“Yes, and now you know I enjoy s.ex with you more than I did with royalty,”

That got him to smile, “I’ll choose to believe you.”

“Here it is,” I fished for my key from my purse, I don’t know why I felt nervous, but I felt like the apartment I loved for the past few months wasn’t enough.

He moved to Italy for me – with me. He gave up his title, not only because of me but I knew that was a deciding factor. He gave up everything just so that I wouldn’t have to and I felt un-worthy.

“It’s not much,” I opened the door.

He stepped past me into my apartment, it was big for the area it was in. I loved how old it was with large windows and mismatched tiles. Everywhere else I had lived was more modern, sleek and clean, and I had grown to love this place for its imperfections.

“This is, wow,” He circled around, “You are, I mean, this is perfect. Are you sure I can stay here?” He sounded serious.

“Do you actually like it? We can move, I want you to be comfortable.” I took a few steps towards him trying to read his mood.

“I love it, I love you.” He said before clamping down on his words, his eyes wide.

“I love you too,” I nuzzled into his chest and he let out a sigh of relief.

I was working here, hybrid, so most of my time was spent at home. Jack fell in love with the area quicker than I did but I sensed he was getting restless. At first, it was a vacation for him, but I had to keep reminding myself he came from a place where he was ranked held power, and now he was essentially my house husband.

“I know that look,” Jack came into the bedroom where I was folding laundry offering me a fresh cup of coffee.

“What look?” I asked.

“Your ‘is Jack happy here’ look,” He flopped on the bed studying my over his mug. I pursed my lips, I almost hated how well he knew me, but I didn’t at all.

“They offered us a liaison position over Blue Ridge,” I mentioned.

“I know, and it’s a nice offer. I just don’t know how I feel about babysitting Nolan. Despite everything, he was my Alpha, and good friend for most of my life.” Jack sighed.

I tiptoed around usually tiptoed. From what Willa told me and what I saw myself, he was a complete a.sshat. I didn’t know him like Jack did, and I knew they had a history and a mostly decent friendship, so I wouldn’t get involved with my opinions unless he asked.

“Caspien also offered you a position on his council, and he has jobs around the city in different sectors,”

“I don’t want to get handed a job without qualifications,”

I eyed him, “You were the Gamma, wasn’t that similar?” I teased.

He pursed his lips but didn’t say anything, pinning me with a mock frown.

“Look,” I took his mug and placed it on the bedside table so I could sit in his lap. He encircled his arms around me laying his head on my chest, “We have all the time in the world to decide. I want you to choose something you’re passionate about, you get a choice for once in your life. Do whatever the h.ell you want. Get into pottery, we need new mugs, or try to become an astronaut, whatever you want.”

“I don’t even know what I want to do, I never had to think about it. Since birth, I was going to be Gamma and I trained for that.”

“Do you regret it?”

“Not for one moment.” He said, resolutely, “There is nothing I wouldn’t give up to be with you, and I don’t feel like I gave up anything. That place – I outgrew it. I am infinitely happier.” I ran my fingers through his soft tousled hair. I believed him, “I have no idea what I like, what hobbies I would enjoy outside of what I learned.”

“We can figure it out, we have the rest of our lives,” I buried my head into his hair breathing in his calming scent.

“I know I like you,” He pulled back looking up.

“I have enough money saved, and so do you, we don’t have to do anything for a while. Let’s just enjoy life, the two of us.”

“But we need to save that for the babies,” he grumbled.

“When we choose to have kids-”

Jack’s wide-eyed expression cut me off. He pulled back further and looked between me and my stomach.

“I’m not pregnant,” I laughed.

“Are you sure? My wolf just..” he shook his head.

“What? I’m not.” He just stared at me. I peeled myself off him, “I might have a test somewhere.”

Jack growled.

“Accidents happen,” I raised a brow, “But I’ve never been pregnant.”

I went to the bathroom and checked the cabinets. I fished out a box from the back that had two tests. I think they should still be okay. I panicked too much about getting pregnant before finding a mate so no matter how safe I was, I obsessively took them.

I peed on the stick and set it to dry on the edge of the bathtub before washing my hands. I don’t know what his wolf was telling him, but there was no way. We weren’t careful. I didn’t want to be with Jack. We knew we both wanted kids but didn’t want to be committed to a timeline, especially if we weren’t blessed with one.

“So?” I jumped back, Jack was standing right on the other side of the bathroom door.

“I don’t know,” I pushed him back, lightly, smiling up at him, “It takes a few minutes. But Jack, I don’t think it’s possible. I’m happy to try, I want nothing more than to start a family with you, but I would feel it.” I told him gently, he seemed so excited I didn’t want to break his heart.

“How about now?” I raised an eyebrow.

“It’s been a few seconds.” I grabbed his hands, “If this happened soon, would you want it to? Or wait?”

“Yes,” He didn’t hesitate, almost cutting me off, “Unless, I mean, we can wait. We’ve only had a few months in Italy, and I know we talked about moving back if and when we wanted to try for kids,” he shrugged, but it was too tight of a movement, he was anything but nonchalant.

“Now?” He asked eagerly.

“Sure,” I let out a breath.

He barreled past me, there was a long pause, and I turned. He was studying the test.

“Do you even know what you’re looking for?” I tried to contain my laugh but I couldn’t.

“No,” he smiled sheepishly.

I took a few steps toward him and opened my hand, “One line is negative, and two..” I glanced down. Two red lines stared back at me.

“What?” Jack said, “Are you okay?”

“I guess we’re having a baby,” I didn’t know what to feel, mostly shock, but no trace of fear or apprehension.

“Really?” Jack gave me a broad smile, his eyes brimmed with tears, “Unless, I mean, unless you don’t want to then,” He shrugged.

“I do,”

He took me into his arms and spun me around as much as he could in the bathroom.

“Let’s go make sure that it’s true,” He carried me to the bed and laid me back gently.

“I don’t think that’s how it works,” I laughed.

“Call it insurance then,” He kissed my marking spot, sending shivers through me, “Or calling it making love to my mate, and mother of my kids.”

“Why do you keep saying, kids?”

“There’s three of them,” he said matter of factly.

“Shut up,” I laughed, hitting his shoulder, but his face was still serious.

I ignored that comment, engrossed by my mate’s attention.

Jack's dumb wolf was right. There were three of them. Two little circles on the screen, apparently, one held two of them. I blinked a few times, unable to say anything.

Three?

Three?

Jack's lips formed a line, but his eyes shone bright even in the dimly lit room.

"What?" I asked him.

"I'm waiting for your reaction so I don't blow it." He swallowed, pursing his lips.

"I'm, I mean, three? At one time? Three?"

"We have our parents. That's two of us for one kid," He shrugged, "We got it." He brushed the back of my hand against his lips.

"Okay," I closed my eyes before returning to the screen.

Three. At once. Three.

"Can I react now?" He whispered.

"I never stopped you-"

"We're having three f.ucking babies! Sorry, s.hit shouldn't cuss in front of them," I couldn't help laughing, "Three babies in little tiny baby clothes. They are going to be the most perfect things ever. We need to get home. You can't move. Let's book a flight tomorrow, I'll pack."

"Stop right there," I smiled at him, his excitement was contagious, "We have months, let's not rush anything just yet." He nodded at me and captured my lips in a searing kiss, butterflies erupted, and when he pulled back, I swear the little sacs were dancing.

—

When we got home, there were two boxes and a thick envelope waiting for us outside our place. Jack bent to pick them up.

"For you or me?" I asked, unlocking the door.

"Us," he said, helping me in and placing them on our dining room table.

I reached for the envelope and opened it first.

King Rendell and Queen Grace Dracos invite you to the wedding of their son

Prince Caspien Dracos to Princess Wilhelmina Balfour.

“They’re finally doing it,” I smiled, handing the invitation to Jack. We hadn’t been home since Cali, and Holden got married, even though that was a few months ago, it felt like years. I knew Willa wanted to wait until after they had their little girl. There was no rush anyway, I think Caspien wanted a wedding more than Willa did.

“This one is for you,” Jack handed me a box.

I pulled off the black ribbon and opened it up. Inside was a shoe box, a velvet jewelry box, and one that looked like it would hold earrings.

They were all empty.

“Hell y.eah,” Jack cheered, holding up a bottle of whiskey and glasses that looked like they were made of diamonds themselves.

I found a card at the bottom.

Will you be my bridesmaid? – Willa

P.S. These boxes won’t remain empty, I just need your help choosing.

I smiled, clutching the note to my chest. She knew me so well, and I loved that she wanted me there to help her finalize the wedding and trusted Cali and me enough to decide on our own accessories.

“I guess this is a good reason to head home.” Jack said looking at my stomach.

“Another one,” I agreed.

—

Leaving Italy wasn’t hard.

I would miss my favorite cafes, the few friends I made, and the village I came to know as home. The pack I spent time with there, though, never felt comfortable to me.

I knew my time abroad, mostly spent trying to find my mate in vain, would always mean something to me. I had time exploring but was ready to settle down, return home, and create a home with my mate by my side.

I nuzzled up to him on the flight back, and he wrapped his arm around my placing a soft kiss on my forehead.

—

We picked up the keys to our new apartment. Eventually, we might move out to a pack apartment or house outside the packhouse in the city. For now, my parents were living there, and Jack's were going to move there, as well. His parents followed him to Crescent Moon when he left but opted to stay in a renovated cottage near the old packhouse.

"I'll bring the stuff up in a bit, let's get settled first." Jack wrapped his arm around me.

I mentally thanked whoever it was for getting us an apartment on the floor below my parents. It gave us some semblance of privacy – enough for me to be comfortable, at least.

"This is us," Jack scooped me up, and I stifled a scream, "This is our first home together, well, one that we both started so," He nudged open the door.

"Oh," Willa stood up, from whatever she was doing sitting on our couch.

"Welcome back, b.itch, what took you so long?" Cali sauntered up.

"What?" Jack said, not letting me go.

"We didn't know you were going to be here so soon. We wanted to help you get ready, get some groceries and things." Willa explained.

"I picked a plant," Holden came from the kitchen area and held it up, "It's.. a um.. It's green." He shrugged, setting it on the counter behind him.

"I'm sorry, we meant to be long gone," Willa walked up.

"I was planning on staying here, we have a lot to catch up on," Cali shrugged, flipping her ruby curls over her shoulder. Willa rolled her eyes at her best friend.

Jack gently put me down.

"Welcome home; we're about to get out of your way." Willa threw Cali a look. She came up and gave me a hug, stepping back with wide eyes staring at my stomach.

"We were waiting to tell you in person," I shrugged.

"That's why Jack's parents wanted to move in here," She chewed her lip before meeting my eyes, "Congratulations, I am so happy for you both," she clasped her hands, bouncing up and down a little.

"Don't worry. They should come before the wedding." I told her.

She waved her hand. "No, no, don't even think about that. This is so much more important. You don't even have to-"

“I want to,” I grabbed her hands, meeting her eyes.

Despite how we met and who I might have been to her mate, I was incredibly glad to have her in my life. I felt more than honored to have such a good and genuinely amazing person as a friend.

Willa wrapped me in another hug before Jack scooped her up, stealing her from me, “You’re going to be a dad,” Willa smiled widely at Jack, “You both will be – I just, I am so happy.” Her green eyes sparkled.

“Wait?” Willa’s dark brows creased as she looked at me, “They?” She finally picked that up.

“Oh my, um, Goddess! Oh, my Goddess.” Cali came up, clutching my hands, “Me too,” She pressed her stomach against mine, and I looked down.

“Seriously?” I looked at her, and she nodded her eyes bright.

“A bit over a month, but this thing is growing,” She shook her head, “I almost miss human pregnancies.” Holden came to circle his arms around his mate.

“You do not,” he nuzzled her.

“They?” Willa repeated, eyeing my stomach.

“We’re having three,” Jack said, and all eyes were on us.