

I Am The Luna Chapter 111-120

By Moonlight Muse

Posted by **NovelHeart**, 872 Views, Released on December 31, 2023

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ATTICUS.

It's hard to stomach, but I also know that it isn't a lie...

Over a decade ago I once learned that my blood type didn't match either Dad or Mom's but when that niggling thought that perhaps Mom cheated on Dad crept into my mind, I shut the entire situation out not wanting to be the reason for their marriage to break up by questioning them on it.

But this wasn't something I ever considered.

Valerie is my sister. It's like I'm seeing her in an entirely new light.

As she bandages Hugh and tends to his injuries, I notice she has the same eye shape and colour, even her hair colour is the same as mine.

We've just returned and she's tending to Hugh in the safe house.

He's been quiet since he asked Zaia if what she she really is gone. When Zaia nodded, he simply fell silent... but I wonder how he must be feeling inside.

Zaia is now filling the others in.

"And then... I shot him." Zaia turns away and I hate that the pain in her voice crushes me too.

I'm stunned at her revelation, and so are Valerie and Jai.

Did she shoot Sebastian? How did she manage that? He's fucking fast and powerful.

Jai looks pale. Obviously, his loyalty is to his alpha and friend. I can't blame Zaia for losing her patience with him.

Zaia hugs herself and I hate seeing her in pain and no matter what anyone else says, I move towards her, placing my arms around her, ignoring Jai's frown.

I love her, and nothing can change that.

I give her a gentle squeeze.

"You shot him?" Valerie whispers. Her heart is thundering and there's fear and horror in her eyes, as if Zaia has made a mistake.

Why?

"You had no choice," I say quietly. "What's done is done."

"Of course you will say that, you hate the guy, anyway," Jai says coldly, but I choose to ignore him.

No, I don't hate Sebastian. I saw him as a rival, but hate is not the right word. But I'm fucking angry at him for hurting her all over again.

I know that father always said to keep an eye on her and keep her safe, but then I genuinely fell hard... back when I would sneak into her pack. I wish they told me more, and I wonder if Mom knew my connection to the Blood Born and all of this.

After all, I have told them about the Sable and Sublime, but not once have I got the impression that she's known something.

"Enough Jai," Zaia says quietly as she steps away and brushes her father's hair back,

sadness in her eyes. "I don't know what to think

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when it comes to Sebastian. As for Gerard, he isn't even the true mastermind. I can't believe we never knew that."

"Then who?" Valerie asks.

"My grandfather, Lawrence Walton." Zaia sighs.

Valerie and Jai look stunned as they exchange looks, and Hugh takes over.

He covered everything that happened, leaving out the part about me and Valerie, but he now looks at me as Zaia helps him put a clean shirt

“And I think Atticus can share the final part that we learned on his own terms.” He says with a nod, and I notice that dullness in his eyes remains.

“Come, I’ll show you to a room,” Zaia says.

“I want to see your mother’s body first... if possible. I need to...” He says quietly.

“Tomorrow?” She whispers gently.

He seems to debate it before he nods, and she hugs him gently. There’s a pain in his eyes as he

hugs her back, and his eyes are empty as he gazes into the distance.

To lose a mate...

“And what is it that you need to tell us that you need it on your own terms?” Jai asks the moment Zaia and her father disappear.

I cock a brow. “Not that I feel the need to tell you, actually it has nothing to do with you, so maybe take a hike,” I say, trying to control my annoyance.

“Say that again, I’m fucking-”

“Jai, come on, please quit this. We are one team guys.” Valerie says, but she still seems pale ever since she learned Sebastian was shot, which makes me wonder why has it affected her so much. She isn’t a traitor, is she?

No, fuck why am I thinking that, unless we aren’t related, and this is a game that Lawrence is playing to split us apart?

“I’m not leaving you with him, Babe.” He

mutters.

Babe. I almost forgot that they're fucking dating or something.

"I know, you never listen, but I agree, you do need to know what's going on." She says, smiling up at him.

Do I need to? Now that it's before us, I don't know how to go about it. I run my fingers through my hair.

"Lawrence Walton mentioned that Blood Borns are born into three families. As in how each triquetra has three points and there are two triquetras. Zaia and her brother Zade." I begin.

"Sebastian and his brother Gaultier and I don't know if your family ever told you because mine never told me, but I was adopted and apparently, we are siblings." I finish. 21

I just say it all, not knowing how else to do it or what else to say.

She's staring at me, but I know it's clicked. She just doesn't know how to react.

"Damn... That's..." I'm expecting him to scoff about it, but Jai seems to believe what I just said. "No, I don't think Val..."

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Valerie looks down. "I know... I knew... I was told when I was little before my momma passed away, but it didn't matter." She whispers,

looking up at me.

Her eyes are

glistening with unshed tears before
she turns and almost hesitates, as if not
knowing whether she should run or not.

“No, it doesn’t matter. We were lucky to have good parents.” I say quietly.

There’s a sudden tension in the room as Jai remains silent, and no one speaks. “Well, I’m going to head home. It’s been a long night. The remainder of assigning everyone their roles. should be done tomorrow.” I say, thinking I need to talk to Mom too. Why was I never told I was adopted?

“It’s late, and risky to be out there alone. You should stay until morning, even if you do have guards.” Valerie says, suddenly stepping forward.

Jai cocks a brow as Valerie looks between us before she walks over to me.

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“Should I?” I ask, smiling slightly at Jai’s
annoyance.

She looks up at me and gives me a small smile. I’ve always known she’s been a no-nonsense person, but she’s trying.

“I think I wouldn’t mind, actually.”

“Well, great... you can share a room with Jai.” She says. 1

“No. I’m coming to yours then.” Jai retorts.

Of course, that’s what he wants.

She simply smiles and shrugs. She might not be showing how she’s truly feeling, but I’m sure she could use someone’s comfort tonight...

do need to speak to Mom, but I need to do it with a clear mind. Maybe staying and clearing

my head will help.

I feel like I've lived a lie my entire life...

It's late, and I can't sleep. I glance over at the digital alarm clock; 2:47 a.m....

I sigh heavily as I sit up and stare at the far wall, a thought had crept into my mind not long ago but now that it's in my mind it's not leaving.

Is Zaia awake?

I pick up my phone and text her.

ATTICUS: Hey, you awake?

I stare at my phone and I'm about to give up when the screen lights up.

RED: Yeah, can't sleep. Why are you awake?

ATTICUS: I'd say thinking about you but not exactly. Mind if I come over? There's something I wanted to talk to you about.

There's a pause.

RED: Sure.

Getting up, I don't bother grabbing a shirt and leaving my room, I shut the door quietly behind me before that asshole kicks up a fucking storm about me going to her room like we aren't fucking adults.

Before I knock on her door, it's pulled open and

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I'm not expecting her to look so... fucking hot.

Her hair is wet, and her makeup free face, with her pouty pink lips and that glowing skin makes me want to run my fingers through her hair and kiss her...

She's wearing a satin cami without a bra with matching satin pyjama bottoms and it's taking a lot not to stare at her breasts.

Bad idea to come to her room.

Fuck.

“I didn’t want anyone to know you’re here,” she says, closing the door.

“Yeah, or Jai will throw a fit. It’s’ pretty much all he’s good at.” I reply mockingly.

She tilts her head, and that’s when I realise her eyes are bloodshot red. She’s been crying...

“He’s just... protective of his friend.” She says, now looking down as she plays with the string tie of her pants.

“Yeah...” I say as I scan the room. “Something crossed my mind, Red, and I really wish I was

not the one saying this but...”

I turn towards her, crossing my arms as she looks at me, concerned.

“What is it?” she asks, almost as if she’s ready to hear something rough again.

I close the gap between us and cup her face, not caring if I’m overstepping.

“It might be a little rough, but hear me out,” I say, softly caressing her cheeks.

She nods, but she doesn’t push me away.

“Since everything that’s happened with Sebastian, I don’t know. Something has felt off.” I hate that I’m the one who’s going to fucking maybe back him, but if there’s some truth in what I’m about to say, then I’m all for it

Her eyes flash with hurt and I continue knowing I have to finish what I want to say, even if it isn’t easy.

“After tonight, I really felt like I might be right. Don’t get me wrong, you are incredibly strong Zaia, but Sebastian is a skilled fighter, there is

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no way you would have won in a match with him unless- unless he let you.”

There I said it.

Her face drops, and she pulls away. “What are you trying to say?” she asks, almost accusingly.

She’s fucking hurting and I hate that bastard for not being here for her. She’s always fucking left alone.

I rake my hand through my hair.

“I don’t really know, fuck I don’t know. I just... maybe there’s a reason that he joined them, or that he’s there. He warned us about not going anywhere with the rogues... and the fact he didn’t come with us. I feel there might be more. I mean, maybe there’s an incentive, something he’ll get out of going to their side. I don’t know

“The antidote.” She murmurs.

“What?” I say as she now looks around the room unseeing, her breasts heaving as if something has just hit her.

“The antidote, for Sia. I think he went for Sia.”

Her voice is shaking as she clamps a hand over her mouth before she turns and rushes to the bathroom, slamming the door behind her.

“Zaia...” I say as I approach the door, but all I hear is the stifled sobs of a broken-hearted woman...

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on December 31, 2023

A Lead or I Am The Luna Chapter 112 By Moonlight Muse
ZAIA.

A week has passed, and I feel... empty.

The moment Atticus mentioned it, there were so many emotions that I was left to deal with.

Anger, betrayal, regret, pain, guilt and sadness.

My emotions became an ocean I was drowning in, struggling to stay afloat... but I let go, allowing the emotions to consume me... until I no longer felt anything.

When your emotions are no longer blinding you, things become clearer. Just as I now paid attention to what Sebastian had said before he left. That he had something to do. If I paid.

enough attention, I would have realised before I overrode security. He had already locked himself out of the pack.

He had warned us too about the rogues, just as Atticus had mentioned. The cryptic remarks, the way he looked at me, the fear that something would happen it was all valid.

And then, our little Sia, I should have realised he'd do anything for her. I just wish he told me so I would understand. Did breaking my heart help him?

But I can't be selfish. My feelings are not important in comparison to our daughter's health. I would do anything for her and if he succeeds in getting that cure, I will be forever in his debt.

Sebastian's and my trust have never been perfect and I realise that we are just not compatible. Our relationship just isn't at that level where we could not live without one another.

Perhaps I was too stupid, but to Sebastian, this was just a relationship, not his world. I thought this time around I wasn't so clingy, but I clearly don't love right.

Where do I lack?

That is a question I'll always ask myself, but never voice.

For our children, I hope he makes it and that he accomplishes what I have never been able to do. Heal Sia... that thought brings me hope.

Even the moon cannot heal things that are man made. I glance up as a sharp wind blows and observe Dad, who now turns away from Mom's grave.

Mom's funeral was held a few days ago and seeing Dad's state, the way he's hiding what he's truly feeling breaks me a little more.

He was cheated on by Mom... but he still loved her, just as Sebastian has hurt me, yet I can't help but love him. But that doesn't mean I can't forgive him, it just means I will never be able to accept him back into my life.

But I can relate to Dad in a way. The pain our mates caused us would always remain, despite the love we feel too.

If we make it out of this alive...

"Dad... come," I say gently, holding my hand out to him.

He looks at me and once again I'm hit with the painful reminder that he looks aged.

I need you, Dad...

I can't lose him.

"Do you think burying her here was ideal?" he asks, glancing around the graveyard of The Dark Hollow Falls Pack.

"She lived here for some years. I think she'll be fine... besides, she's closest to the children here ...she wanted that." I say quietly.

Not telling him that Mom once told me, she wished to be buried away from The Crystal Shadow Pack. That she refuses to be buried in a pack where her mate's mistress is Luna.

I'm not sure what stood any longer, but I couldn't ignore that order of hers from long ago.

Dad nods. "Well, what next?"

I look around, but don't reply. There is still a way that the Sable are listening in on our conversations. We have been intercepted twice on trips and I've grown tired of watching my back.

But it's not all a disappointment. Atticus has found something, and I am going to meet him later since neither of us trusted discussing it.

over the phone.

I hate to admit it, but I barely trust anyone.

“You should rest, and head to the safe house.

Valerie has made a yummy stew. I have some work to attend to.” I say, kissing his cheek.

“You’re treating me as if I’m old.” He says.

I smile and shake my head.

“No, just that you need to take care of your mental and physical health.” I remind him,

“And are you doing that?” Dad asks me.

I have no answer to that, and I motion for my guards to take him home.

I have been training with Justin, Jai and Atticus depending on who was available and although I am getting better, I also know it’s not enough time to become a master of the arts, but every little thing helps.

As for Valerie, finding out that Atticus is her brother made her warm up to him a little more, much to Jai’s dismay.

I still haven’t told them about Sebastian, but I also can’t tell anyone openly in case we’re being watched, even inside our homes.

Atticus risked it that day, and I hope Sebastian is alive- no I know he’s alive. He wouldn’t die so easily, not when he had a mission to accomplish. I hope he’s safe and that we have not given him away.

I get into my car telling my driver to take me to the Toussaint business headquarters as I need to attend to some business work!

I sit here, talking politely to Harrison. This act of mine is a painful reminder that the world carries on even when things are rough. For those on the outside, no one knows what one might be going through.

He’s happy with the final draft and wants to give us the go-ahead. Yet again another reminder that I have to keep my chin up.

I close the file after we have both signed the papers, and he’s ready for the official proposal to go ahead.

“I am happy that I gave this project to you, Ms Toussaint, and I will look forward to the work getting underway.”

“Thank you, Mr Harrison. I do appreciate it. We will not disappoint.” I reply gracefully, as we both stand up.

“Well, this now is what I call the hard part. Bringing the project to life.”

“Oh no, now that we have all the details finalised, I think this part will be fairly smooth and if there are any blips, then that is my job to handle,” I say as I walk him to the door.

He chuckles. “I do like your confidence! Ah, before I forget, the files... Here.” He rummages in his briefcase and takes out a brown envelope.

Files? He didn't need to give me any files...

“Well, have a good day Ms Toussaint!” He fastens the button of his suit jacket and slips out of the room before I can ask him, leaving me with the brown envelope.

I glance around the empty office. I'm in the Toussaint building, but we all agreed it would be the safest place for a meeting considering all that has happened before, like the shooting.

Closing the door, I walk back to the desk and open the file, scanning it swiftly.

It's... Sebastian's old proposal for this project. Why would he give me this?

Feeling uneasy, I flip through it.

How strange...

I stare down at the file, thinking there has to be more to it. Did someone put him up to this and why?

Is there poison on the paper?

I sniff it but there's nothing.

Is it a warning?

Just then, there's a knock on the door.

“Enter!” I say, looking up to see the door open to reveal Atticus standing there, briefcase in hand. “Ah, perfect.” My secretary knew to let him in.

From the confident, smug expression on his face, I am certain that the briefcase he is carrying contains some answers.

“Afternoon Ms Toussaint.”

“Afternoon Mr Payne,” I reply as I sit back.

“I like it when you call me that.” He says, sauntering over to my desk as the door slowly thuds shut behind him.

“Keep at that and people will think we are together.”

“That’s not a bad thing.” He winks at me.

I shake my head as I stand up. “Mr Harrison gave me these and I don’t know what to make of them. It’s Sebastian’s plan for Mr Harrison’s project. Why would Mr Harrison give it to me?”

“Unless someone told him to give it to you... have you handled these with bare hands?”

“Yeah...”

He frowns. “Go wash your hands and I need some gloves. It could be poisoned...”

I nod, quickly doing as he says before I retrieve some latex gloves from the first aid box, and pass them to him.

“So, did you find anything?” I ask as he begins examining the file.”

“Yes, and I think we might know who it was that Annalise met in my pack.” He answers, his

brows furrowed as he examines the file.

“Who?” I ask, my heart skipping a beat.

“Check it out.”

He motions at his briefcase, and I pick it up, opening it quickly as he continues examining the paper.

There's a laptop inside and I flip it open and instantly recognise the lavender-themed décor from that New Year's Ball.

My heart is racing as I watch intently,

"The man in the dark brown," Atticus says. "

Keep observing him."

I notice him after a few seconds. He blends in well and I don't know why, but his posture feels familiar...

Almost like an itch, you can't quite reach....

I watch as he disappears through those doors and then the camera switches to that very corridor, where I had heard Annalise talking to someone in one of the rooms. It's dark and you can't see his face as he walks swiftly down the hall.

"I feel like I recognise him..." I murmur.

"We couldn't get it any clearer, but when he leaves, there's a clearer shot, and I think I've seen him around here." He says, now leaning over me as he speeds it up a little.

"It's like he knows where the cameras are. He hides away well." I say, not once is his face at a clear angle.

"I think it's on purpose because in the shot that I'm talking about, he seems a little startled and it's like he looked up on reflex," he replies.

I watch as the man disappears into a room, and then I see myself coming down the hallway.

"Still as beautiful as you were back then." He murmurs.

I look up at him, but it's a mistake as our eyes meet and he's a little too close. His gaze dips to my lips before I quickly turn away and look back at the screen.

He chuckles lightly, brushing it off, but I know him better than that.

I hate that I'm hurting him too...

too...

He speeds up the video a little before he stops.

"Around here..." he says, and that's when I suddenly sit forward, my heart thundering as the man turns his head sharply and at that moment I catch a glimpse of none other than- "Ethan..." 1

"You know who it is?" Atticus asks sharply as we both stare at the now frozen image of the man on the screen.

I nod. There's no doubt about it... now that I recognise him, I'm all the more confident it's him.

"Yes! That's Ethan. He was and still is one of the most loyal drivers for the Kings."

Our eyes meet, both of our hearts racing knowing that we have just found a new lead and maybe just maybe the mole.

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on December 31, 2023

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I lean back in my office seat, moving my chair slightly from side to side as I stare at the ceiling.

Atticus is working on the file. We both were certain there must be a clue in it, and he thinks Sebastian somehow sent it. As much as the thought of him stings, if he is there for Sia, then maybe he does want to help us.

Who knows?

I turn as the door opens and Justin and another, guard bring in the man I have been waiting for.

“What is this!?” Ethan asks as he is forced into the seat opposite my desk, his wrists shackled. “What have I done wrong, alpha?” Confusion is clear on his face, but there’s a nervousness in his eyes, too.

“Relax, if you haven’t done anything wrong, nothing will happen to you,” I reassure him emotionlessly. “I just have some questions that you have the answers to.”

“They injected me with something and I feel sick,” Ethan says, his face pale as he tugs at his cuffs.

“It was just a precaution. Who knows how connected you are to your wolf? Or what abilities you might have that you have kept hidden? It will not harm you.

The mind link.

I don’t want to risk it when I can’t trust anyone, I wonder if it was being used as a means of communication from within the pack for those who are in cahoots with one another.

I look across at Ethan. Since Atticus showed me that video and I was able to identify him, my mind has been ridden with thoughts and questions.

And they are questions that Ethan will have to answer; willingly, or through the alpha command, the choice is his.

“Ok, Alpha Zaia, please tell me what is wrong? What have I done?” he asks imploringly, as his gaze flits to his cuffs, then back to me.

The guards test the cuffs, yanking at them before they give me a nod.

“Leave us,” I order.

“Are you alright to be alone, Alpha?” Justin asks.

I cock a brow. “Yes, I can handle myself. Thank you, Justin. Please shut the door on your way out.” I say. “1

He lowers his head before checking the cuffs and leaving the room.

“I have some questions, Ethan, and you will answer them truthfully. You will speak nothing but the truth. Do you understand?” I ask, my alpha command rippling through my voice.

I see his eyes flicker as his wolf surfaces, and he is forced to submit to me.

“Yes... Alpha,” he swallows, and I sit back in my seat, crossing my legs.

“Then I will cut to the chase and start at the beginning. Why did you meet Annalise at Atticus’s pack on New Year’s Eve, when you shouldn’t have been there?” I ask.

It didn’t make sense to me. Annalise and Ethan were both from this pack and why would an ordinary driver be at the party that was for VIP guests only? What if Sebastian spotted him? Or Jai or Valerie?

Why did he risk meeting her there that night of all nights?

These are questions that only he will have answers to. His face drains of colour and he moves his hand only for the cuff to stop him.

“I want an answer,” I say coldly- “I just...” his face is pale as he fights the command.

“ANSWER ME!” I shout, slamming my hand on the table, and making him jump. My own heart

is thumping as I glare across at him.

“I was never meant to meet her! She motioned that she wanted to speak to me.”

“Oh?” I hate how he thinks he can get away

with this. “Why, when she could have just

spoken to you here, although you two have no business to talk to one another? Considering the situation and your position as a driver of the King family.”

“She was concerned about some things and Sebastian was watching everyone,” he says. He’s broken out in cold sweat but it’s only irritating me further.

“And what exactly were you doing at Atticus’s pack that night and how did you get inside?” I ask sharply. “Answer me!”

He flinches. "I had a pass! I was there to deliver the poison! She demanded to meet me!" He blurts, his face full of panic as he realises what he's just said.

The poison...

"Poison. Who did you deliver the poison to?" I snarl.

"I don't know their name, believe me! My duty was to deliver it, that's it!" He says, he's shaking now, but I do believe him. He cannot lie under the alpha command.

"Poison that you knew would harm me and my unborn pups. You knew that."

"I had to obey my master," he says quietly.

"And who is your master?"

He opens his mouth, but nothing comes out.

Not that again!

"Tell me!" I snarl, not caring about the consequences.

His eyes fill with horror as he opens his mouth.

My own thoughts make me tense and I raise my hand. "You can't say, but you can tell me every single thing that you have done. Involving the Sable, Annalise, your betrayal. Even if you cannot tell me your master's name, I want to know everything." I command, my eyes blazing orange.

I still can't believe that someone so ordinary, who could blend into his surroundings, was a traitor.

"Please forgive me, my queen. I didn't mean you so much pain or ill will-"

I slam my hand into the table, making him jump as he swallows.

"But I was only doing what I was commanded to," he whispers. "I was the one who helped Annalise stage her kidnapping, and I was the one. The one who made sure that your food and water supply was being contaminated with the drug."

He lowers his head like a man defeated, knowing he will be punished for his crimes.

“At someone’s request, was it Gerard King?” I ask coldly.

“No,” he says, and I tilt my head, wondering if I might have just found a loophole...

“Lawrence Walton?”

“No.”

“Zade Toussaint?”

“No! Please have mercy on me. I only did what I was told I had no choice.” He pleads.

“Atticus Payne?”

“No, please Alpha.”

Someone from this pack...

“Aran King?”

“No, please.”

“You have sealed your fate, Ethan, the moment you did those wrongs.”

“I had no choice. Please believe me!”

“You could have come to me,” I reply coldly. ”

Or Sebastian.”

“Jai O’Dell?”-

“No, please forgive me, Alpha. They could hurt my family-”

“You have no family, Ethan. Your mother died a few years ago, did she not?” I ask icily.

“But she was alive...” he mumbles.

He's scared and as much as I want to unleash my wrath on him, I also know that he seems to have been coerced into helping...

I know how those things work. First, they blackmail you with a loved one or money... and then they have enough dirt on you to destroy you.

No matter how angry I am, there's a calm clarity in my mind. I've run on my emotions for long enough.

"Things can be easier for you, Ethan, if you speak the truth," I say quietly. "I am in charge here, and we are getting so close to finding those enemies. Pick your side carefully."

He gulps, his jaw hard as he nods: "I can't say."

He pleads.

"Hmm, you've said..."

Think Zaia...

The boy in the woods... A...

"Have you heard the phrase 'the boy in the woods' from anyone?" I ask.

He frowns. "No, I have not."

I nod slowly.

"Was it Annette Toussaint..." I trail off as a sudden thought comes to me.

Ethan is a driver for the Kings... and... there is indeed a female whose name begins with A... I sit forward, clasping my hands in front of me.

Someone I never would question, but the one thing I have learned is anyone can be a traitor, and anyone can play the victim. Mom was proof of that...

Standing up, I walk around and lean against my desk, crossing my legs as I stare down at the man before me.

Leaning forward, I force his head up by the chin. Our eyes lock and mine simmer a burning orange as I ask him my final question.

“Tell me, Ethan, do you answer to Agatha King?”

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on December 31, 2023

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Silence.

One that is an answer louder than any word could possibly be.

I stand up and he looks up at me, pale.

“I said nothing,” He says, his heart thumping. I said nothing!”

“Your silence was enough,” I say quietly as I walk around my desk and open my drawer.

I take out my gun, seeing his face drain.

“Please no! Please, forgive me! Have mercy!”

I ignore him and slide in a fully loaded cartridge, hearing the satisfying click as it locks in place – my heart clenching as I look at the door.

Agatha...

“Don’t do this! They’ll kill me, please!”

“Well, lucky for you, you’re going to be placed in a prison cell in isolation. You might just live, even if you don’t see the light of another day again.” I say coldly as I close the door.

Her smile, her bubbly persona, her concern for the children. I don’t want it to be her, I can’t take any more betrayal.

I feel like I have the strength to go on, but then something else hits me and I wonder how much more will I be able to handle.

I’m losing myself, losing control of everything.

“Alpha, please forgive me. I did everything because I had no choice. Please show compassion!”

“Silence,” I command, my voice shaking despite the power it holds as I walk to the door, pulling it open.

Justin and another guard are standing there. ” Keep him drugged and put him in a cell. I swear if he somehow goes missing, everyone will be held accountable. I have something to do. I’ll be back.”

“Understood! Where are you going, Alpha?

Shall I come with you?”

“No. I’m fine alone.” I answer Justin firmly.

I can’t even trust my own pack. I’m walking on edge, ready to be stabbed in the back at any

moment by one of my own.

They ask me nothing more and I quietly walk out through the pack hall. I can hear the rain pouring down and it feels as dreary as I go inside.

I push open the entrance door and stare at the downpour. It’s almost dark, and it’s gotten considerably colder too.

I’m about to step out when my phone rings. I look down at it.

Atticus?

My heart leaps with a little glimmer of hope as I answer it.

“Any leads?” I ask.

“Fuck yes, he- are you alone?” he asks. I look around.

“Yeah,”

“He came through Red. As much as I fucking hate to admit it, he fucking did.” His voice is low, but I can hear the barely masked

excitement in his voice. “It’s a damn clever blueprint of the pack, one that pinpoints dozens of secret cameras installed around that pack.”

Sebastian...

I feel a little lighter and I nod, although he can't see me. "Perfect, remove them all. Let's show them that we are not to be underestimated."

say.

"Yeah, definitely. We've begun on the first set, and we're making our way through the grounds. Jai, your father and myself are going to handle them just so we know we have gotten each one."

He replies.

"Excellent, make sure not to mention his name."

"We won't, rest assured."

"Alright bye, I have something to handle," I say quietly, cutting the call.

I stare down at my phone, wondering if Sebastian has healed. Regardless of whether he has or not, it could still cost him a lot if they learn he's betraying them.

I hate how you always invoke something inside. of me, Bastien... I hate it.

I step out into the rain, and it drenches me instantly. A few tears manage to escape as I gaze up at the sky. Almost as if it's crying the tears that I wish to cry but cannot...

I grip the door, refusing to let my emotions weaken me as I look over the wall that separates the pack hall from the King's mansion.

It made sense... to an extent... She must have been the one behind the cameras...

She would have easily been able to access my bank accounts to make that payment from my account since we never locked our doors.

Why would we, when it was an only family home and a handful of trusted staff?

Ethan... he was always around. Agatha herself told me if I needed to go anywhere, Ethan would take me. Of course... keep an eye on me...

She pretended to hate Annalise and was so happy when I became her daughter-in-law.

Lies.

All part of a greater plan, although I don't understand why she would pretend to like me and then split me from her son.

Was it because she knew I'd choose the sublime? I don't know...

Setting my phone on record, I slip it back into my pocket, making sure not to cover the speakers.

I enter the gates of the King's mansion; the guards allowing me through, and I walk to the front door. I ring the bell, feeling my stomach twist once again.

Agatha... it's hard to believe.

I brush my dripping hair back as the door is opened. "Alpha Zaia, welcome home." The butler says, lowering his head to me.

"Thank you. Is anyone home?" I ask, smiling gracefully.

"Yes ma'am, Madam is home."

I see.

"Excellent. I'll go wait for her. I better grab a towel first, though."

He smiles. "Of course, allow me to-"

"Oh no, I'll be fine. I'll grab one." I reassure him before I walk down the hallway as if heading to the laundry room, but the moment I'm out of sight, I scan the hall, trying to pick up Agatha's location.

I can't hear anyone downstairs... I glance towards the stairs and swiftly make my way upstairs. She always retreated to her room when she had free time.

The carpet beneath my feet completely silences my footsteps.

Despite Ethan's silent confirmation, I'm still in denial. Trying to wrap my head around the fact that Agatha is indeed a part of this, despite having enough pointing at her for it to make sense.

I walk down the hall and knock on the closed door of her and Aran's bedroom. Not waiting for an answer, I open it and step inside.

Agatha looks startled as she stands at the door.

of her little lounge, shutting the door behind herself a little too quickly. That was the place that she retreated to for some reading and relaxing time.

"Zaia! You startled me! How are you? Oh my, you are soaking wet. Sit down, I'll fetch you a towel!" But the way she had been standing there was as if she was expecting-me.

I force a smile on my face. "Thank you," I say quietly, the words making me sick.

Her eyes widen before they glisten with tears.

"Come sit dear," she says as she walks over to me touching my cheek when I don't move. Our eyes meet and once again, it feels like it can't be true.

Did you really poison your own grandchild?

My heart aches at just the thought of that. How can one be so cruel?

She guides me to the bed, and I sit down. "Are you alright, dear?"

"I'm tired. I just wanted to come see you." I say softly, masking my inner turmoil.

"Oh, child... wait here. I'll go get you a towel before you catch a cold and then we can talk all

about it over some hot drinks."

She's about to go to her bathroom before she slaps her forehead. "I'll be right back. I had them clean the entire place and they took the towels. Besides, I'll tell them to get some tea..." she explains as she leaves the room.

The moment she does, my eyes harden, and I stand up, wondering if she's clicked. She might know or she might not... but do I put her under the alpha command?

I glance towards the bedroom door that stands ajar and swiftly cross the room and try to open the door to her lounge, only for it to not budge.

Automatic lock? Must be since she didn't lock it with a key.

It's one room I have never seen, as it was her haven. A place even Aran wasn't allowed, and that makes me even more curious about it.

Hearing her footsteps, I quickly walk back to the bed and sit down.

"Here we are!" she says as she comes over holding a towel. I take it from her before she can try to help me, not trusting her in case she's put something on it. 1

"Thank you," I say, placing the towel down on the bed. Seeing her glance towards her lounge door I stand up.

She looks surprised as she glances at the towel. "Are you alright, Zaia? You will catch a cold!"

"A cold is nothing compared to everything I've been put through," I say quietly, my eyes hardening as I look at her. "Tell me, how long have you been plotting against me?"

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on December 31, 2023

37 Another Betrayal or I Am The Luna Chapter 115 By Moonlight Muse ZAIA.

She's not expecting me to say that. All colour drains from her face and her heart thumps.

harder as she looks at me and our eyes meet before she looks away, trying to compose herself, but it's futile.

"Z-Zaia! Sit down dear, you are just confused-"

"I'm not Agatha. I'm not. I know the truth, and for someone who pretended to love her grandchildren... you sure did ruin Sia's life!" I snap, my eyes blazing.

"How can you blame me? Zaia, are you out of your mind!" she exclaims, her gaze flitting to her lounge door.

“Am I? I know everything. Your game is over Agatha.” I don’t have time for this. I just don’t.

“Ok ok let’s go downstairs, we can talk about this, ok, let’s talk about this.” she fumbles, but it’s the glance towards the lounge door again that makes me uneasy.

“Open that door,” I order.

“So, you can ruin my safe place? You are unhinged, I’m worried for you Zaia, Let-”

Alright fine.

I push past her, slamming my shoulder into the door, putting all my strength and power into it.

“Zaia!”

The sound of splintering wood fills the air before I push the door open, ripping the frame off from one side.

“ZAIA ENOUGH!” Agatha growls. She grabs my arm, her grip surprisingly strong as she tries to stop me.

I pull away, step into the room, and look around.

It has shelves around the room, most holding ornaments and books, as well as a few pictures. There’s a lounge chair to the side and what

doesn’t exactly fit in the room is the small desk that sits in the corner with a closed laptop in the very Centre.

“Zaia! How dare you act so rudely and disrespectfully? Don’t forget that I am your mother-in-law!”

I ignore her as I walk over to the desk. There’s also a printer, headphones, a pot of pens, a cardholder and-“Zaia!”

But I’m unable to look away from the cardholder. My heart thumps as I pick one of the square cards up, staring down at it. It’s a plain card but that distinct finish... one I have seen so many times. One that always created a sickening threat.

My stomach sinks as I pull open the laptop and there it is.

The screen shows several cameras around the pack all live and I turn sharply; staring at Agatha, who rushes to my side, pulling me away as she slams the laptop shut, but I don't move.

"You were the one behind the notes and the cameras. You were the one close enough to do it all..."

Her face drops, and she looks at me. "You are making a grave mistake, Zaia," she warns.

"Am I? The proof is before me, and now is the time for you to give me answers. Although I think I can easily connect the dots. You really are excellent at playing innocent." I say, glaring down at the card in my hand before I toss it at her.

My eyes are blazing as I grab her arm and take out the little syringe of wolfsbane I had put in my pocket. It contains enough to stop her from mind-linking and jabbing it into her arm.

"You..."

"The question is why? Why would you do this?" I ask, ignoring her anger as she's realised what I've done.

"I've heard enough! I'm going to call security!" She snaps about to leave the room when I block the door with a blazing, glowing wall of aura.

"You..." she turns towards me, anger flitting through her eyes. Agatha turns to the door. "Security! Security! Help!"

"Silence!" I snarl, my aura command bleeding through my voice.

"Security!" she screams, and I hear running footsteps. Surprise flits through me, so she can defy my command.

"You are not my alpha!" she says with a sneer before turning towards the door, fear in her eyes. My alpha command would still work to an extent, but I had just underestimated her.

“But I am the alpha of your men, “I say, my burning gaze turning to the door just as three men appear rushing towards us. “Stop,” I command, making the men come to an abrupt halt beyond the glowing barrier. “Keep watch.”

“Alpha...”

“Agatha King is a traitor, and I am simply questioning her.” I say coldly.

“Am I? There is no proof! These men are witnesses to that!” she scoffs.

I glance at the guards, and I suddenly realise they are not on my side, even if my command has stopped them.

Of course, you would have allies around... but I’m prepared.

“Let’s try that again. Why did you try to poison my children when they were still in the womb?” I ask, my voice ringing through the small room.

My command is intense, as it seeps through every word that I speak and I can tell she’s angry, but then she suddenly relaxes, almost as if she’s given up.

“How?”

“How what?” I ask.

“How did you find out?” she asks, now looking directly into my eyes.

I frown slightly. “Ethan. He may not have been able to tell me, but the loophole in that pathetic magic or whatever you use is there. If they don’t speak when asked certain questions, it means a yes. All I had to do was ask him the right questions. I told all of you, Sable, that I’ll find you.” I say venomously.

“I see...” she laughs softly before folding her arms. “It took you long enough, but it doesn’t matter. No one will believe you. Sebastian has chosen us.”

“You underestimate me, and I really don’t care if...” No, I’m not alone. “If some don’t believe me, because those who are behind me will.” I finish.

“I am here for answers, Agatha, and I plan to get them. You must feel proud, thinking you’re so smart. You are only a small player in a game bigger than you.” I say, knowing that antagonising her would possibly get me more answers.

“Small? I don’t think so.” She says coldly.

“You right, maybe not... since you go right back. You are the one who made that payment from my card to Annalise’s apparent kidnappers. Pretended you hated her and liked me. You kept me close... well played. But I want you to answer me, why you tried to kill my son in the womb?”

I’m ready for her to deny it or not speak, but she shakes her head. “You are selfish Zaia, this is above us all. None of these werewolves deserve to live when they don’t even acknowledge our roots.”

“I’ve heard it before. I’m asking you about my son. Why did you try to have him killed?” I ask quietly, my command enforcing my words.

She clenches her jaw, refusing to speak.

“As for the cameras, we’ve discovered them. Smart trick you had up your sleeve, but not smart enough.” I say with a cold, mocking smirk. 1

For the first time, I see a glimmer of fear in her eyes.

“How?”

“That’s for me to know. It can’t be a coincidence that Gerard was chosen as the sperm donor for Sebastian. I can understand wanting an alpha-blooded child, but for you two to be on the same side. A bit too much of a coincidence, isn’t it? Does Aran know?” I ask.

“You seem to know all the answers, so figure it out.” She shoots back, glancing at the guards who are standing there looking unnerved.

I frown, but I don’t have time for this. I walk over to her and take out my gun.’

“I’ll get those answers from you in an interrogation. So, let’s stop wasting time and get back to the one question. Why? Why did you try to kill Zion?” I growl.

“You won’t get anything from me! You say you’re good and yet you are the one pointing a gun at me.” She clenches her jaw and I’ve had enough. Slamming the barrel of my gun against her forehead and cocking the trigger.

“Answer me! Why!” I scream.

“Because he is the key!” she screeches, pushing me away as she shields her head as the sound of a gunshot rings through the room...

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on December 31, 2023

38 A Verdict or I Am The Luna Chapter 116 By Moonlight Muse

ZAIA.

Pain sears through my waist, spreading like fire through my entire body.

I look down, realising I've been shot. In my shock at Agatha's words, I ended up lowering my guard and losing control of the barrier on the door.

My ears ring with a shrill whistling sound just as Agatha lunges at me. In a flash I react, kicking Agatha back and sending her flying.

I raise my gun and shoot at the three guards who are almost on top of me, the one on the left who had shot me raising the gun again, but I pull the trigger, firing a shot square through his head.

My eyes blaze as he drops to the floor, dead.

The other two are alive, but they won't be getting up for a while. I kick the gun into the corner of the room just as I spot Agatha running to the door. She isn't getting away, not when I need answers.

I see the butler's body slumped on the ground in the hall and I don't sense a heartbeat... did one of the guards kill him?

“Agatha!” I shout as I chase after her. She's fast but not faster than me. I reach her just as she reaches the stairs and I grab her shoulder. “We aren't done!” I growl.

“I am!” Agatha hisses as she grabs my arm and yanks me roughly, trying to push me down the stairs. The tug makes a sharp spasm of pain rush through me again and I feel nauseous. I grab the bannister, yanking free from her hold as I grab her arm.

“Enough!” I shout, glaring at the woman I have a hold on. My aura flares around me, rushing off me like a tidal wave, making the chandeliers.

tremble and the lights flicker.

She tenses as she looks around and I think I see a glimmer of fear in her eyes as I regain my balance fully and yank her closer.

“I am not the woman you knew. I am ready to fill the rivers of the underworld with the souls of your people. Push me further, Agatha, and I swear on the lives of my beloved children that I will kill you.” I snarl, my heart thundering hard.

I can smell the fear from her and it's as if she's seeing me for the first time.

“I never believed it, but I see it now...” she murmurs to herself, but there's an understanding in her eyes.

“Believed what?”

“Someone once was adamant that you would choose Sable because you had the fire within you to wreak havoc upon this earth... I see it now ” she says quietly.

“I have the fire to wreak havoc upon those who have done nothing but cause discord.” I correct her, my eyes burning with the hunger for vengeance. “What is Zion the key to?”

She knows I'm not playing.

“The triquetra.” She says, her jaws clenched.

“The triquetra? Not enough, try again.” I snarl, my command burning through my voice as I press the barrel of my gun against her neck.

“Th- the Sublime Triquetra... the key to turn back time and give everyone a second chance!” she spits.

It doesn't make full sense, but it's clear he holds the power of something that the Sable did not want to become a reality.

“And so you tried to kill him...”

“I tried before that! I made sure you didn't get pregnant! And that stupid trip Aran planned took me away from here. Those I relied on clearly failed to make sure you were taking the correct dose of drugs to stop you from conceiving!” she snarls, trying to free herself, but her gaze keeps returning to the gun.

That revelation hits me hard.

Before I even got pregnant, I was being poisoned “So, all that about loving me like a daughter was all fake, was it?” I ask quietly.

Agatha smiles, a smile that no longer looks innocent.

“Of course, you served me better than a servant and since Sebastian did not give up on you, I had to tolerate you anyway! I have sacrificed so much in life for the right cause, so much! We are doing this for the world! I wanted you to choose the Sublime because I knew if you did, my son would become the rightful Sable Blood Born. You bent over backwards to make others happy, so I simply took advantage of it!”

Her words hit hard, but I’m unable to process exactly how I feel so I simply stare at her, unbothered.

“Gaultier, who is he?” I ask. Wondering if his mother was also part of the Sable. She tenses at that before she glares at me. “How do I know the answer to that?”

“The truth, Agatha.”

My eyes blaze as my command weighs down on her.

She seems to contemplate what I asked, and I clench my jaw.

My patience is gone, and I pull the trigger, making her scream as the bullet zooms past her ear, grazing her cheek in the process. It didn’t touch her, but it was millimetres away. The extreme proximity making her flinch.

“I am not playing,” I answer the unspoken question that I know is on her mind.

She glances down the stairs, almost as if she wants to scream for help, but I can already hear the sound of backup approaching.

“Gaultier, is he your son, Agatha?” I ask, wondering if my sudden assumption might be true. After all, the rest of us were full siblings...

Her eyes flash as she glares at me. I did not cheat on Aran if that is what you are trying to insinuate!” She snarls.

“So, the answer is yes. Does Aran know? Or is he part of this all? Were you disloyal to him?”

“I did nothing but be loyal to him!” she sneers. “ But I picked the wrong King...for I knew that I would be the one blessed to birth two of the most important people for the future of the world.”

I have not heard anywhere that she had ever been pregnant aside from with Sebastian...

I frown. “Are you and Gerard mates?” I ask, narrowing my eyes.

“Like I said, I have been loyal,” she hisses, her gaze dipping to the gun in my hand.

I frown deeply. “But I am correct, am I not? So only true mates can birth the members of the Triquetras... Well, that answers something.” I say coldly.

“But you have no way to prove anything, and I am still the elder Luna. I hold power here...” she says quietly before her eyes brim with tears just as the front door is brought down and several guards rush inside.

“She doesn’t need to prove anything when I have heard enough.”

We both turn to see Aran standing behind us. Agatha’s heart thumps as she begins shaking; this woman was an excellent actress.

The guards come to a halt, looking at me for their next order.

“Aran, don’t believe her!” she whispers, but despite her best efforts, she’s unable to hide the fear in her voice. “She tried to kill me!”

“And yet... she is the one who is bleeding. What is going-”

“Aran, she’s lost her mind!” she cuts him off.

“I said, what is going on?! And I want Zaia to answer that question!” His eyes blaze as he raises his hand as several of the guards rush through the door.

“Zaia!” Jai is at the front, his heart thundering as he looks up at me.

“Stand down, Zaia, let’s talk this out,” Aran says.

“How about I show you instead?” I say as I reach into my pocket, keeping my gun pointing at Agatha as I pull out my phone, stopping the audio and playing it from the beginning.

I forward it to the moment we entered her private lounge, letting every single person here hear our entire conversation, only skipping the part where she tells the reason why she was targeting Zion. That is something everyone doesn't need to know.

Silence falls as Agatha stares at Aran as if trying to deduce his reaction and, with every passing minute, I can sense his anger building.

I let go of Agatha moving back as I clutch at my waist. I'm bleeding, but it would be far worse if the bullet wasn't still lodged inside of me.

“Aran please, it's not true, there's more to it.

Let me explain.”

“You have been on Sebastian's side even after his departure! This is the final straw, I have had enough!” His words are cold, and I just wish I could tell him that Sebastian only did what he did to protect our daughter.

“Agatha King, on the charges of liaising with the enemy: Poisoning an unborn child, poisoning me, so I could not conceive. Framing me for a false kidnapping by making a fake transfer from my bank. Endangering the pack and its people by placing cameras for the enemy and for being a traitor. You are found guilty and will be tried and punished for every single crime you have committed.” I say, my voice strong in the silent hall as I lean back against the rail.

Another traitor caught...

Agatha stares at me, but I have no remorse for her.

“You can't do that...”

“Oh, I can, and I have. You will never be free.

Not for what you have done.” I reply coldly.

“Aran! No! Tell her. You know me!”

“The Alpha has spoken. It is up to her, Agatha...

but I wish I knew why. Did I ever really know the real you? Seems not.” Aran says. I see the pain in his eyes before he turns his back on us.

“Take her away, Jai, and make sure she is given more wolfsbane just in case she tries to mind link.”

“You got it Alpha, but you need to go to the hospital, alright?” he says, glancing at my hand, which is now covered in blood.

“I’ll be fine. I’ll shift, it’ll push the bullet out and I’ll heal faster,” I say quietly. “Mr King, may I have a word?”

Aran glances at me and nods. “I think it’s high time we have a proper talk.”

“I think so too.”

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on January 4, 2024

I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 117

An Untended Wound
ZAIA.

Agatha had to be knocked unconscious because she refused to go silently and until the cameras were all found, I did not trust her trying to alert someone on the way out, but I wouldn’t be surprised if they had already gotten wind of what had happened.

Aran and I are now in Agatha’s room as he looks at the items around the room. Some of which I had commanded two of my guards to pack into a box; including the cards and some memory sticks, whilst I had Jai take her laptop to pass to Atticus to see if there is anything else on it.

Aran has not said a word and I am waiting for him to start the conversation, and as important as this is, I am losing a lot of blood, but he looks too distracted to notice.

“It’s hard to believe,” he finally says, as he sighs heavily.

“It is... even I didn’t want to believe it,” I reply quietly.

“It has become exhausting. I knew Sebastian was a bad egg from the start.”
He says

contemptuously. “Who knows how long he and Agatha were planning this, or if he was the one who manipulated his mother to do this?”

“I don’t think so. She was clearly in on this before Sebastian was even born, and she is also Gaultier’s biological mother. I’m assuming it was probably via surrogacy unless she has been pregnant more than once?”

“Another child... No, I think surrogacy makes sense. She has not been pregnant aside from with Sebastian. But she has been sick for a while. I would never have thought she’d be doing anything but enjoying her life and living in peace...”

“What exactly is she suffering with?” I ask.

“The doctors aren’t sure of the cause, but she was told to take it easy and not to take any pressure.” He says.

“Hmm, it might be true, but she definitely used it to appear more vulnerable,” I reply.

He nods as he looks around the room. “In all my years, this is the first time I am seeing this place. It was her space and I respected that, but to think she was sitting here and plotting...”

He sighs again as he takes a book off the shelf.

“Will you win this, Zaia?” he asks quietly as he turns back to me.

“Yes, I will,” I say, and I don’t doubt it. I plan to win.

He nods before looking down at the book.

“Disappointing... End this once and for all. If you need anything from me, I am Kere. But I will understand if you’d rather I not be involved. Get your injuries checked.” With those curt words, he leaves the room.

I look around the room, deciding to go through the shelves just in case we missed anything. I take off my jacket and pull up my top, looking at the wound. It’s just on the side of my waist...

Stepping into the bedroom, I go to the closet and pull out a bedsheet. They're still kept where they always used to be. I tear a long strip and

I'm about to wrap it around my waist when my vision spins, but I need to get it checked...

I can't put it off any longer... I glance at the lounge and take out my phone, dialling Jai's number.

"Hey." He says.

"Jai, I want you to scour through every inch of Agatha's lounge right now. I feel we might find something more in there." I say, pressing the fabric to my waist.

"Got it, Zaia, are you still there?"

"Yes... I'm going to try to shift now, and then I'll be home." I reply.

"Ok... but please let Val check it over too."

"I will. See if Justin can get anything else out of Agatha, but I want it recorded." I say.

"Understood... Zaia, are you ok? I mean aside from being shot..."

"Yeah, I'm good..."

"I feel like you're beginning to isolate everyone

... am I imagining it?" His voice is hesitant, but he knows the answer to that.

"Do you blame me? So many people have betrayed me. I can't rely on blind faith now, can I?"

"I get that, but keep trusting in good. It's going to get better. We're finding the answers we need, Zaia. We will win."

"We will. I have no doubt about that," I say with fierce confidence as I make my way down the stairs slowly. "I have worked too hard to fail. We have suffered enough."

I clutch my waist. I'm in pain, and it's just getting worse...

I reach the front door. There are a few guards still around, and Aran is talking to one of them.

I give him a nod as I step out and one of the men asks me if I need a lift.

I shake my head, telling them I'm fine.

I leave the mansion grounds, slipping into the shadows and dropping to my knees, groaning at the pain that is throbbing through me.

Fuck...

Ok, shift Zaia, focus...

I concentrate but nothing happens, frowning I try again. I can feel my aura surge forward, but I'm not shifting! 1

Damn, is it because I'm too weak? No, I have enough energy...

I cough the taste of blood in my mouth and look down at my stomach. I need to let Valerie take care of me. I've wasted enough time. It's definitely poisoned or it wouldn't be getting worse.

I stagger to my feet, picking up my phone, I walk out onto the road and call my guard, asking them to bring the car. I stand as straight as possible, refusing to show anyone how weak I'm suddenly feeling as I wait for my ride to get here....

... Alpha?"

Huh?

So tired...

Why is it cold? So cold...

Someone is shaking me... I think...

"Zaia!"

"Dad?"

I try to open my eyes, but I can't... I feel someone lift me from the car.

"Valerie, she's unconscious!"

Dad...

I'm not, I'm here... just tired...

I can feel myself being rushed inside and placed on something firm...

The operating table that Valerie was adamant she needed...

I can hear Valerie giving orders to Dad before telling him to take care of the children...

Good...

I'm in good hands too...

I can rest...

I relax, allowing myself to succumb to my exhaustion.

VALERIE.

"... your gross hands off her," Jai growls at Atticus.

"Hmm, I don't really want to." Atticus counters arrogantly.

"Shush you two," I whisper as enter the room, looking across at Atticus, who is sitting beside Zaia. Jai is pissed because he's caressing Zaia's hair, but I can't blame him. He does love her... 3

"I'm awake." Zaia hums, her voice hoarse, although her eyes remain closed.

"Fuck," Jai mutters.

"I heard everything. Be nice." Zaia says. "Did I faint?"

She now opens her eyes and looks at me. She's pale, but she's recovering.

I nod, my heart thumping at what I need to say.

“Yeah, and you lost a lot of blood. But you’re ok ... that’s the important thing... can I have a word with you alone?” I whisper.

“Just mind link, since you have figured out how,” Jai grumbles.

I frown at him. “The bullet was poisoned. She can’t mind link right now.”

“So that’s why I couldn’t shift.” She sighs.

“I’m not sure...” I say, looking between them.

“Hmm?” Zaia now frowns.

“What is it, Valerie?” Atticus asks, concerned.

“Like I said, I want to speak to Zaia alone,” I repeat.

“It’s ok, Val, they can hear it, or Jai will not be pleased.” She jokes lightly. She’s still in pain,

but she’s so brave.

I close the door behind me, glancing over at Atticus. I need to somehow tell Zaia the truth about Sebastian... but at the same time... I know

I’m just going to hurt my brother too...

But after what I just discovered, she needs to know Sebastian isn’t who she thinks.

I take a deep breath as I look at her.

“I have some news. You’re pregnant.”

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on January 4, 2024

I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 118

A Secret
ZAIA.

I’m pregnant.

I stare across at Valerie, trying to digest something I thought could never happen again as Jai Whistles in surprise.

“You said I can never get pregnant. My body can’t handle it.” I say, my mind screaming that once again, I’m alone. Once again, I learn I’m pregnant, but he isn’t here by my side.

“I did think that, but clearly your body has strengthened since you have no longer been consuming poison and I think with you coming into power and shifting, it has also helped... maybe.” She says with a small smile, although I can see the emotional conflict in her eyes. “It’s a miracle, but a good one...” 2

I nod as I slowly place my hand on my stomach, very aware of Atticus’s hand on my hair. I don’t deserve his concern...

There’s a life inside of me, meaning I need to be careful. When there’s a war before us, how do I do that?

This just makes me even more vulnerable.

“No one must know,” I murmur.

They nod in unison, and I stare vacantly at the wall.

I’m pregnant...

“Zaia, are you alright?” Atticus’s voice is full of concern as I look over at him and try to sit up.

His hand instantly slips under my head as he grips my shoulders and slips his other hand under my thighs lifting me and placing me in an upright position against the headboard.

“Thanks. Yeah, I’m ok” I reply.

“Any time.” He responds with a small smile. 1

It shouldn’t be any time... you have a life...

“I wish there was a way to tell Seb.” Jai sighs.

“Jai,” Valerie warns quietly.

“He needs to know,” Jai says quietly.

“Now is not the time,” Atticus warns him.

He lowers his hand and sighs heavily. “Believe what you want, but he wouldn’t do this- betray us. He loves you, Zaia, and he loves his kids.” He stands up, and walking to the door, pulls it open.

“Jai, come on.” Valerie tries.

“Jai,” I say, making him stop in his tracks.

“Yeah?” he says and when he looks at me, I see the pain in his eyes.

“Sit down, let’s talk.”

“I’m beginning to fear those words,” Atticus says lightly as Valerie smiles and walks over to Jai.

“Come on...” she murmurs. He sighs again, brushing her hair back, and when she hugs him, he hugs her back tightly.

“Alright, I’m cool. What is it?” he asks when they part, and he kisses her cheek before dropping into the chair he was previously sitting in.

I sigh heavily and look at Atticus. He needs to know so he can at least stop defending Sebastian.

“We found the location of the cameras in the pack because of him... and we’re pretty certain that he joined them, for the antidote for Sia,” I say.

Although it feels right telling him, my heart squeezes with an unspoken panic, realising that as I spoke those words, fear crept into my mind.

I’m scared... Scared that one of them is a traitor and this gets back to the Sable...

I hug myself, pushing the thought away.

I’m becoming too paranoid.

Jai looks up sharply, his heart racing before he exhales, a huge grin breaking out on his face as he jumps up and rushes over to me. “See, I knew it! He

wouldn't betray you!" he says, taking my hand. He gives it a gentle squeeze. "He loves you, Zaia!"

He still didn't tell me the truth...

He still broke my trust...

He still left me....

"He is on our side and when the time to end this comes... I know he'll be the wildcard we need to win this war." Valerie says, looking relieved.

Atticus nods. "But it's something we can't tell anyone, just in case. Anyway, the cameras have been taken care of, but they've tried to break into my pack twice, but they failed. Unlike this pack, we weren't at as much of a risk, but we are still trying to weed out the doctor or nurse or multiple persons who administered the poison to you. Everyone who took care of you in your pregnancy is being held in isolation just to be sure..."

"That's..." I begin, a frown furrowing my brows. "Isn't it extreme?"

"It's fair," Valerie says. "Until the answers are found."

"And they are being held in good conditions," Atticus reassures me.

"I understand... and no one has yet to say anything?" I ask. 1

"No. I need to return and question them under the Alpha command, but I think right now, with everything going on, that I need to stay here." He says, our eyes meet, and I know it's because of me more than anything else.

"I see... And was anything else found in Agatha's room, Jai?" I ask, turning to him.

"No, but the wall at the back felt hollow when I banged on it. I'm having Justin pull the shelves out as we speak. Looking at the house design, there are chances there's more behind that wall. Maybe a vault or some kind of hidden nook." He says.

I nod. "Excellent. And did he question Agatha?"

"He did..." Jai trails off, glancing up at Valerie, who places a hand on his shoulder.

“What is it?” I ask.

“There wasn’t too much more. You can listen to it when you have a moment. Nothing more on Zion, but she did say something to me when I went to talk to Justin...”

“What?” I ask.

Whatever it is, Valerie knows, and she looks upset. She squeezes his shoulder before she looks directly at me.

“Back then, when Jai... cheated on me... it was because Agatha had put something in his drink. She was trying to cause a rift between you and Sebastian by breaking up your friends, knowing you would take my side and Sebastian would take Jai’s.” She says as Jai looks down, clearly ashamed.

Because of us?

I hate that we were the reason for them being torn apart...

I can’t believe it, how Agatha had dropped so low makes me sick, and the fact she’s been at this for so long!

“I’m sorry...”

“Zaia! It wasn’t your fault.” Valerie scolds. firmly.

“Exactly.” Atticus frowns.

“So... it was all planned,” I say.

Valerie nods, her eyes glittering with tears.

“Meaning, he didn’t cheat on me, he was set up.” She says, and although they are together again, I can tell just how much relief this has brought her. To know that her man didn’t cheat on her. She may have forgiven him, but it was not something she could forget.

She sits on the armrest and Jai pulls her into his.

arms, and she hugs him tightly.

“And a woman just happened to be there to seduce him? Who was the woman?” Atticus asks, and I look at him sharply.

“They might be working with Agatha,” I say, understanding what he is insinuating.

“Cara,” Valerie says, looking at me.

I stare at her in disbelief, remembering her with Sebastian at the hotel back at that time...

I scoff. Someone we once considered a friend.

“Has she been apprehended?”

“No,” Jai says.

“Then get to it. I don’t care if she’s innocent or not,” I say, frowning deeply. “Just put her on house arrest but remove all technology devices.

I trust no one.”

“You trust us, right?” Valerie asks softly.

“Of course...” I reply.

She smiles and glances at the boys. “Alright, out. I want to talk to Zaia about her pregnancy, and we don’t need you two here.”

“Why not?” Jai says as Atticus stands up with a smirk.

“Well, make sure you let her rest, too. You need to be careful, Red.” He says as he caresses my cheek, and leaning down he kisses my cheek.

Jai rolls his eyes, but I force a small smile. He knows my stance on his affection and that won’t change, but I really wish he stopped loving me...

“I will,” Valerie promises.

“Would you like anything to eat or drink, Zaia? You have been unconscious for a few hours and did lose a lot of blood. You need to keep your energy up for the both of you,” Atticus asks, pausing at the door.

“That’s not a question. She obviously needs food. Let’s go find some...” Jai grumbles as he yanks the door shut before I can even reply.

I chuckle lightly as I glance over at Valerie, who is no longer smiling.

“Zaia...”

“Mhmm?” I murmur, touching my waist as I sit up straight. The dull pain is there, but it’s not so bad...

“There’s something I have to tell you,” she whispers.

My heart sinks. I can sense the guilt radiating off her, and I’m already dreading what she’s about to say.

“What is it?” I ask.

She looks down before taking my hand, which is hooked up to an IV drip, and takes a deep breath. “Before he left, he- Sebastian, told me he’ll get the antidote for Sia. I begged him to think of you, but he said he had no other choice and to not mention it to anyone.”

A pang of pain hits me deep in my chest as I realise once more, that one of my closest had kept something so important from me.

“He used his Alpha command-”

“Val... you’re a member of the Sublime. You are not so weak that you couldn’t defy him. If you really wanted to tell me, you could have.” I whisper. The hurt I’m feeling is intense and I know it is showing through the crack of my armour.

“I know, I tried, but the pressure was intense, and I understood his reasoning-”

“Yeah... I might just have suffered a little less if I knew... you once said to me it was sisters before misters... You should have told me Val...”

I say quietly.

“I know... and I’m sorry. I didn’t even tell Jai, I promise... I am truly so sorry.”

Everyone always is...

But I still nod, signalling that it’s fine... even though it’s not. 1

She's saying something but I can't focus anymore, all I can think of is the fact that she hid it from me.

Just another betrayal added to the ever-growing mountain...

When will it stop?

And then there's the fear that claws at my insides.

Who will betray me next?

"Thank you, Valerie, for telling me. I'm a little tired. Can you leave?" I ask.

"I am sorry, Zaia. He didn't want to risk it." She tries again.

I nod slightly, the ghost of a smile crossing my face. It feels foreign, but it'll do...

"Yeah. Good night, Valerie."

She nods. "Umm, I'll make sure Atticus brings some food, and then get some rest.

"No need, I'm not hungry," I reply.

"Zaia..."

"I'm fine, really. Just go." I end the conversation and even she knows this is it.

She stands, switching off the light before leaving the room, and I am left alone with my thoughts. I look down at my stomach and place a hand on it.

I will protect you, little one...

I stare out through the crack in the curtains and stare at the moon.

The time is nearing...

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on January 4, 2024

I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 119

An Exchange
SEBASTIAN.

All I see is the look in her eyes as she raised the gun and shot me.

I've lost her.

She will never forgive me, and why should she?

I brought this on myself...

The same thoughts circle my mind, slamming me with the brutal truth of what I have done.

Spinning, screaming, and shouting as they whirl around my head; and there's nothing I can do but accept it.

I was close to death after she shot me, but Gerard refused to let me die, although both Gaultier and Zade didn't mind if I did.

All I remember was Gerard saying he would not let me die and if anything happened, they would all suffer the consequences.

I now stare out at the moon through the skylight. Night has fallen, but it's just another painful day gone. Another day that I am haunted by the memories of the Alpha Queen shooting me without any hesitation.

I deserved that.

There was a moment she was shocked... but it was just a secondary reaction. She didn't turn back as she left the room, but I shouldn't be expecting anything, anyway. When the one who pushed her to this was none other than me.

How many times have I betrayed her trust? Far too many times.

I know that... but then why do I sit here thinking of her day and night? With every day that passed I realised that, that I don't think I could live without her. Which doesn't matter anyway, this isn't about me...

The guilt of every fucking stupid decision I've made, the regret of every fucking time I've caused her pain, claws at me. Ripping me apart with guilt and regret from the inside.

She deserves so much fucking better. Yet I know that she loved me, and I destroyed her faith in me repeatedly. I can feel my wolf's agony inside of me, his anguish at the fact I do not have her nearby. 1

I don't deserve her, not anymore... she was too good for me from the start... and although I thought I did good, all I did was fucking hurt her.

I'll never forget the way her lavender eyes were full of pain.

My head drops as I feel the stinging in my eyes as my vision blurs.

Why did I always fuck up even when all I want is the best for those I love?

"What is going on?!" Gaultier's distant snarl makes me look towards the doors. Something must have happened...

I stand up, silently making my way to the door and open it. They're probably watching me in this room, anyway.

I try to be careful, but I also know they will never fully trust me, regardless. Gaultier slams his fist into the wall as Zade growls at him.

"Calm the fuck down. We can't let..." he trails off when he sees me.

"We can't what?" I ask, walking over to them, and shoving my hands into the pockets of my pants.

"You don't need to fucking know. Aren't you meant to be resting?" he says sarcastically.

"I'm healed," I reply coldly, although due to the poison in the bullet, I am still not fully recovered, but I am getting there.

"Good, so fuck off." Gaultier snarls.

"Alright, I'll just go ask Gerard what the fuck is going on," I shoot back coldly, about to turn away when Zade grabs my forearm.

"Hey... listen, this doesn't involve you," Zade warns.

"Or it does. Don't you think it's strangely fucking coincidental that now of all fucking times they figured out the cameras?" He spits, now looking at me accusingly.

I don't react, cocking a brow. "Cameras? What are we talking about?"

So, they understood the message. Excellent.

This will help them get a step ahead instead of being spied on all the damn time. 1

"The cameras in your shitty pack!" Gaultier snarls about to shove me when Zade intercepts.

him.

"Hey... man, calm the fuck down." He warns him and I'm doing my fucking all to stop myself from bashing his fucking face in.

That's when I hear it, the extremely silent footsteps of Lawrence. He was freaking silent, even more than me, able to mask his scent and heartbeat efficiently and I don't think he even realises I can sense him and that is something I don't plan to let on.

"I would listen to him, and have any of you notified Gerard of this? It's no small matter. If something has happened with the cameras, then we need to let him know."

Not that they can do anything.

Lawrence has stopped, he's listening.

"Oh yeah? What are we going to tell him? That somehow, they found out?" Gaultier asks coldly.

"Wait... do you think they've discovered them?" Zade says suddenly.

"What do you mean?" I ask.

"Fuck. I mean our people in that pack. Maybe we do need to tell Gerard and Father right now," Zade says suddenly.

"Not maybe, we do," I say, just as Lawrence begins moving again.

"Sebastian is right, there is no maybe to it." his voice comes from to the left, making both men tense as he steps into the light.

“Yes, of course...” Zade says, lowering his head.

“Now what’s happened?” he asks them coldly.

You got this, Zaia... destroy them.

“They have possibly discovered Ms Agatha. All the cameras have been pulled.” Zade says, making my blood run cold.

Agatha?

I look up sharply, my heart thudding as I stare at him.

Mom?

No, it must be some other....

My mind is spinning as Lawrence sighs heavily.

“Gaultier, go to the borders of the pack. See if you can mind link her.” He commands, and he nods before he walks off.

“What do you mean mind link her, and is this my mother?” I ask. The words are like poison in my mouth.

Lawrence looks at me.

“Yes, she is and Gaultier’s so he can mind link her as they are family.” He says, almost as if wanting to see how I react to it.

What?

“Is that a surprise to you, Sebastian?” Lawrence asks keenly.

I shake my head, although her betrayal feels like a punch in the gut. “No, I mean- yes, about Gaultier, but Mom belongs on our side. She’s always been my greatest cheerleader, to know that even now I am making her proud feels...

good.”

No, it fucking doesn’t. How could she do this? Everything was a fucking lie...

My mind is a fucking storm as I try to keep myself together.

Zaia let her near the children. She's been in the safe house. My stomach churns and it's taking my all not to react. I fucking pray she has been caught. I can't risk her near the children or around Zaia.

"It's all for a good cause," Lawrence says as he walks over to me and places his hands on my shoulder. "Now. How about the two of us have a little chat..."
1

"Sure," I say. "I do have a question. If Mom is captured, then what? Will she be safe?"

He smiles.

"As safe as Gaspard's woman is. Your woman may have shot you, but I don't think she will kill your mother," he smiles.

"She isn't my woman." I correct him and I fucking mean it because I don't fucking deserve her. The memory of her touch, her body against mine, the feel of her lips... her scent...

No, I don't deserve her.

His smile only widens as he pats my back, a move that irks me deeply.

"Well, regardless, she is the mother of your children, and you must respect her, right?"

"We are on opposite sides, and we are nothing to one another," I reassure him.

"Well... I hope you can see that here. We have a goal that is right, the true way... And you have proven yourself, Sebastian. I think with the

approaching battle, I have no doubt of what you are capable of and that you will lead our people diligently."

I listen as we walk down the endless dark tunnels of this place.

"Ah, Gerard did tell me about the antidote you wanted for your daughter, and I can understand that. She suffered... unnecessarily." He says, smiling at me. There's no remorse and obviously, there wouldn't be. He doesn't give a fuck.

The temptation to rip him to shreds right here consumes me, but instead, with every ounce of willpower I have, I simply nod.

“She is a child, and I am certain I will have my children on my side when the battle is over. We will teach them what is right and our ways.”

“Children...” he nods. “Hmm, what if we take them from her sooner? I mean, we can give your daughter the antidote ourselves. Besides, if they’re here, we’ll be able to make sure they are not harmed when the battle occurs.”

No. Fuck no.

“And if we are unable to bring them here? Then what? I mean, Zaia has kept them locked away and my daughter is getting worse.”

“Yes, we saw that, but I was curious about one thing before you left the pack, Sebastian. I saw you go to all the security centres, even the prison facility... why? I don’t want to be

accusing you, but when we had you, try to hack into those you were locked out. I’m assuming Zaia did that, but.... Are you sure it was not you?”

He is quick-witted and this time I’m unable to stop the thump of my heartbeat. That is exactly what I had done...

“I feel insulted,” I say coldly, in an attempt to cover up my emotions.

“Is it not why you went to those places?” he asks, his obvious accusation barely hidden, and I now look him dead in the eye.

“No, in fact, I went to get us some intel,” I say coldly. I feel fucking relieved I had thought of a reason in case the enemy saw what I did before leaving.

“He is correct, Lawrence. Let him off.” Gerard says as he walks over to us. “He got us some blueprints and information on the pack, as well as some very important statistics about their number of assault and defence power. Guards, warriors, and security.”

Lawrence nods slowly. “Then forgive me. I have just learned to be extremely careful. I do not trust easily.”

“No need. I understand where you are coming from. It’s good to be on the safe side.” I reply with a small, brisk smile.

Gerard chuckles. "Yes.. well, I think we can give him the promised antidote, don't you think, Lawrence?"

"Is it safe? I mean, that was his incentive to join us, wasn't it?" The older man says keenly.

He has no heart; he wasn't fazed about Melanie's death, and he wouldn't care if anything happened to my little Sia.

"I can assure you, my loyalty lies here, but I do care for my children," I say.

They look up a little too quickly for my liking, and it makes me uneasy.

"Of course, we all care for our children," Lawrence says, increasing the feeling of foreboding I'm getting because he didn't care when he learned his daughter was dead.

"I will give you the antidote, Sebastian, for little Sia but in return... We need proof that you are ready to go to any extent to win this battle for us," Gerard says, with another glance at Lawrence.

"Like I said, I will do anything," I say.

Gerard smiles. "Then I want you to kill Atticus Payne's family." 5

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on January 4, 2024

I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 120

A Stance
SEBASTIAN.

My eyes flash and I'm fucking done with their twisted blackmail. I turn in a flash with blazing eyes, my hands slipping into their pockets where I know both men keep their guns. Cocking the trigger, I tilt my head.

"I'm done listening to your fucking blackmail, the both of you. Keep at it and I won't hold back from blowing your fucking heads off. I'm here, and I know exactly how much you fucking need me. Keep antagonising me and I will not hesitate to kill either of you," I say coldly. 2

I've had enough of their fucking games, but I also know how much value I fucking hold to them.

There's a glimmer of surprise in Gerard's eyes and even unease in Lawrence's.

"Sebastian... we just wanted to make sure that you are-" Lawrence begins. He's angry, but I really don't give a fuck.

"Are we fucking clear?" I growl, my anger rippling through the halls.

"Are you forgetting who is in charge, Sebastian?" Lawrence says, his eyes cold.

"Last I checked... it's no longer you," I say, turning both guns on him and pulling the trigger just as Gerard shouts out. Blood splatters everywhere from the close impact of the bullet as his brains spill out of his head and his body falls to the ground – dead. 19

The sound of the bullets ringing in the hall as I empty body guns, pouring my rage into those shots. Gerard drops to his knees, visibly pale as he realises there's nothing he can do.

"Congratulations, you're in charge now," I say coldly.

"Sebastian that was-"

"I hope you learn that I am not going to let anyone fuck me over. I accepted your condition to join on one single fucking term and that was that Sia will be healed. I'm warning you, I will ruin you all if anything happens to her!" I snarl, my eyes blazing as I glare at him. He's exuding his aura, but it is nothing compared to mine and even he fucking knows that.

"Sebastian..."

As much as I want to fucking behead him, too, I need that antidote...

"And it's only right that the Kings' hold the title of leader considering there are three of us here and only one Toussaint," I say, holding his gun out to him.

He takes it slowly, a frown on his face, but I know his hunger for power will overpower any doubts he has.

"That was a reckless move, Sebastian..." he sighs heavily.

"I don't really care. One more time that I'm questioned on my fucking intentions, I'm done. I don't care about this entire fucking war, or who is on what side. I've made that clear. All I want is for my daughter to be healed. Blackmail me one more time and you will end up just like him." I say quietly, my threat unmasked, backed with a promise he knows I will keep.

He forces a smirk, and though he's trying to look relaxed, he's anything but that.

I knew Lawrence was the mastermind behind them, and taking him out would ultimately make this easier for me, too...

"Spoken like a true King. You are indeed mine."

Gerard smirks as he stands up and wipes his hands on his pants.

Not that I fucking want to be.

"Glad we're on the same page... now that antidote," I say, my eyes cold. /

"I will give it to you as promised, but how do you plan to deliver it? And to whom?" Gerard asks quietly.

I frown, "I haven't thought so far. Especially since I don't want anyone to know... perhaps I could sneak in. There's got to be a way in where they won't see me."

"It would be risky." He replies, looking down at Lawrence's dead body.

"Is there a way that you might know?"

"There's one, but the chances are they have discovered it since Agatha's truth has been revealed."

"So, she knows a way in or out?" I ask, masking the anger that is bubbling inside of me. Her betrayal is something that is still fucking with my mind.

"Yes, that is correct... an entrance right into the King mansion itself, but it is a risk. I'm sure they've figured it out or will soon. Do you also think you can still access the safe house as Zaia seems to have shut you out from all 'security access, correct?"

Good point...

"I'll find a way once I'm there," I say, "But you do understand this is risky, don't you?"

"That you have just killed one of our leaders and that will cause unrest amongst our people," Gerard says just as Zade and Gaultier come into view.

They both look at Lawrence's body on the floor as Zade snarls, running over to him.

"And you trust him?! Look what he's fucking done!" he shouts, looking at Gerard.

Gaultier is observing me intently but remains silent.

"Silence Zade. We have to do what is right for Lawrence's vision and it's better our people don't learn of this. Not before the war.

Gerard sighs, "It is a mess..."

"A mess? It's fucking betrayal?! You are siding with him because he is a fucking King!"

"Lawrence is-was a very important person in our team! I am not siding with anyone Zade! Killing him comes with repercussions and that is a price that Sebastian will pay!" Gerard warns.

If you are all fucking alive for that.

"I will wait for it." Zade spits.

"Then we make our move the day you give your daughter the antidote. You will sneak in, administer the antidote and then join us to destroy the triquetra..." Gerard says, his eyes now on me.

"I want to be the one to handle my sister

because I don't think Sebastian can do that," Zade says, his good eye filled with hatred as he glares at me. Gaultier puts a hand on his shoulder, but Zade shrugs it off.

"I think that's fair..." Gerard agrees. "I think it's time we move the plans forward. We won't wait for Zaia to come to us, we will go to her."

Fuck, that's not what I wanted. I wanted to make sure Sia was alright before I even turned on them...

"I think that's a good idea. After all, we no longer have surveillance on the territory, but we know the place inside out..." Gaultier says, cracking his knuckles.

"It's time to make those bitches pay." Zade spits, glaring at me. If it was up to him, he'd happily kill me too and the feeling is fucking mutual.

"Then it sounds like a plan, let's end this. I'm looking forward to reclaiming my pack." I say, not that I deserve it in any fucking way, but I've pushed them enough.

"Then let's tell our members that Lawrence is dead... and move the plan forward for tomorrow night. Sebastian, I will hand you the antidote..."

but as you can understand with everything that has happened, I will need to take precautions."

"Of course," I reply. I wasn't expecting anything else.

"Good... you will be under surveillance the entire time that you go into the pack and administer the antidote. Is that fair?"

"Absolutely," I say. "Besides, you have that poison mist set up around the pack."

He frowns. "Those were added to the camera devices..." He mutters, my heart skips a beat, and he looks at me sharply.

"Fuck. Won't that affect our battle plans?" I ask, trying to cover the excitement and relief I'm feeling.

"No, we will be fine." He replies, but I also know I can't just rely on his word, that poison might still be out there...

"I still want to know how they learned the location of every fucking camera." Gaultier remarks, his voice sinister, and I can feel his eyes on me, but I ignore him.

All I need to do is make sure my angel lives...

The three exchange looks and once again I know I'm being left out, but it doesn't matter. They don't realise that the Scarlet Beast is not someone they can take on. She might be a woman, she might not be a seasoned fighter like the three of us, but she is more than that.

So much fucking more.

Now all I need to do is make sure that the antidote is in fact real. I turn to Gerard, looking him dead in the eye.

"Then let's see that antidote and get this plan into action."

The night and the following day passes quickly, yet at the same time extremely slowly...

The antidote is now finally in my grasp, but at the same time, it is time for war...

Plans for the attack are discussed and I will be given the map to the entrance to the pack grounds, too. I just hope I manage to mind link either Zaia or Dad. I needed to warn them...

Dad might be my best bet as Zaia seems to have blocked me out, but is he completely trustworthy? From what I can tell, he is not part of the Sable.

"Here."

I look at the vial that Gerard passes to me.

"Is this it?" I ask.

"There's enough in there to heal five people. Sia was given a poison consisting of a special type of wolfsbane, ashbane, lead, omega blood and a sprinkle of Moon Dust, which is lethal to all who consume it. It damages and weakens the body's organs and they will end up failing. She is strong. I guess it's the powerful blood that made her or by now most would have died."
He says.

So that was what it was made of...

"Moon Dust?" I ask, frowning.

"Yes."

“You were looking for that. I thought Moon Dust only...” I trail off, realisation striking me and I look up at him sharply. “Were you planning to somehow poison the opposition with it?”

Gerard smirks. “Something like that. It was why Lawrence wanted it back... however, we are not sure where it is despite looking for it. We would have added it to the gases around the pack, but

it doesn't matter. We will win without it.”

“So that was why... but he said it was a small sack. How many men could that have killed?”

“Oh, hundreds. This poison given to Sia contained only a pinch, and that poison made a dozen bottles but Zaia... it seems she has some kind of immunity to Moon Dust or the child in the womb who was injected would have died instantly and the second would have been extremely sick.”

She's the saviour of my kids...

“Zaia is powerful, and that is something I don't want any of you to underestimate.” Gerard continues as we leave the vault walking down the hall towards the underground arena where their men are assembled. He looks at both Zade and Gaultier as if wanting them to remember that.

“She's a woman. How powerful can she be?”

Zade sneers.

“Stronger than you.” Gerard counters.

“Then does that mean the Goddess is backing her and not us?” Gaultier asks quietly.

Gerard frowns. “Whether she is or not, Zaia has chosen the wrong side. Kill her.”

“Understood, and that is something I will do willingly,” Zade says, not an ounce of emotion in his voice.

Their words only make the hatred I feel for them grow stronger. These were the people who

ripped me and my family apart. From the very start, they tried to drive a wedge between us, and they succeeded...

I stare down at the bottle. "Why? Why was she given that poison to start with, before she was even born... what was your incentive?" I ask Gerard. That was a question I have always wondered yet never asked.

"Oh, well... to use as something against Zaia... or yourself, I hope you understand that it was necessary for our noble cause."

His words are smooth but there's a change in Gaultier's heart rate.

What are they keeping from me?

"In a not so very noble manner. My rule stands for this war. Children and the unarmed who are not part of the opposition's combat force are not to be touched." I say, pocketing the vial.

"We will try, Sebastian, but remember, this is war." Gerard reminds me as we head into the lift and go down.

I nod. "Indeed, it is."

The lift comes to a stop and the four of us step out and I find myself staring at hundreds and hundreds of men, fully covered and masked with guns in hand. The manpower they possess is far greater than I had ever imagined, making my stomach twist.

"Surprised?" Gerard's sinister whisper comes.

"Impressed," I reply smoothly.

"And this is why we will win. Real werewolves from every corner of the world. Gathered and trained for years."

Fuck...

"Let's cleanse the world of the disbelievers!"

Gerard calls now, turning away from me.

"For the Sable!" Gaultier says, holding his fist out. Zade instantly holds his out and I follow suit, touching mine against theirs. The moment we do, a dark blue

shimmering triangle forms. above us, power zipping through every inch of my body as my eyes blaze.

“Let’s do this,” I whisper, but even that rings loud in the darkness.

It’s time...

We’re coming, Zaia... I know you got this... I’ll be there...

Soon.