

I Am The Luna Chapter 131-140

By Moonlight Muse

Posted by **NovelHeart**, 841 Views, Released on January 7, 2024

53. A Moment to Reminisce or I Am The Luna Chapter 131 By Moonlight Muse

SEBASTIAN.

ONE MONTH LATER...

“What exactly does this mean for the world and for yourself, now that your real identity is no longer hidden?” The TV host asks Zaia who is sitting on the couch opposite, her legs gracefully crossed, showing off the smooth creamy skin of her leg.

She looks as breathtaking as ever, her hair is up in a sleek bun, and she is wearing a black fitted dress that only emphasises her sexy curves.

Black is all she’s worn for the last month as we buried countless people.

Jai...

It still doesn’t feel real, almost as if I’m waiting for him to walk through the door and say, ‘Did you really think you could get rid of me so easily? I don’t think so.’

Losing him, felt like I had lost a part of me... I regretted a lot, not telling him everything, putting him through so much...

I focus on the TV again, not wanting to delve in that dark train of thought.

“We were never hidden from the world. Many people who run this country and around the globe know of our kind and as long as we live by the rules like any other law-abiding citizen, then there is nothing wrong. My identity is more than the fact that I am a werewolf. I am still the same person,” Zaia replies politely.

For many, what happened was bizarre and traumatic, to witness the streets being torn apart like that, fighting and death in an otherwise peaceful town had caused a lot of tension between those same government officials and the leading alphas of surrounding packs who were meant to make sure everything ran smoothly.

Not to mention that there had been a few human casualties, too. But now that the world has become aware of us, it is our duty to make sure that things run smoothly from here on. Especially since we all know what fear and the unknown can drive a person to do.

“Do you feel that there is a risk that what happened might occur again? Many people lost their homes and lives. Can we really believe that werewolves are safe to have around us?”

I frown at the host’s question, but the red-head queen smiles gracefully and tilts her head, looking at the other woman, calm and collected as always.

“I don’t think there is a risk of it happening again, however, you ask if it’s safe for us to live amongst you, why not? I mean, there are killers, rapists, and terrorists who are human, but they do not define the majority of humans. Why are we any different?” Zaia counters.

The woman nods. “Fair point. However, the intense level of the battle that took place was not something small. The president said he will be rethinking the laws and perhaps werewolves will have to have a special identity tag.” 1

“Well, that is up for discussion. I am meeting with him next week...” Zaia continues.

I look down at the newspapers in front of me, frowning deeply at the headlines that are splashed across every page.

BEASTS LIVING AMONG US! ARE WE SAFE

GENETIC MUTATION? WILL WE SURVIVE?

KEITH HARRISON SPEAKS OUT – I WAS ATTACKED BY ONE OF THOSE MONSTERS

BILLIONAIRE BUSINESSWOMAN DAHLIA EL NAZARI FACES BACKLASH AS SHE CONDEMS DISCRIMINATION AGAINST WEREWOLVES.

I pick up the paper, skimming over the image that shows the powerful businesswoman trying to avoid the paparazzi. Sighing heavily, I toss the paper on the table. We may have ended the war amongst us, but the world is in an uproar.

Even Harrison was ready to drop out, but unlike his son, he had decided to go through with it, saying what Zaia did was for the good of all and he was willing to give her a chance – but he was lowering the promised amount. Although this angered me, Zaia had accepted it, saying we weren't in the position to argue right now.

Zaia has been busy speaking out at press conferences, meeting with government officials and trying to come to an agreement where we don't end up being treated like fucking criminals.

Whilst she tries to sort things with the humans, I'm dealing with more supernatural matters. The rogues needed assessing and assigning into packs. The pack in France was without an heir.

There were things that needed discussing. Zaia was currently the Alpha of three packs, but something she said last night keeps getting to me.

'I will hand this pack back to you before I leave.'

Leave... she's leaving...

But what more could I expect?

I run my fingers through my hair, my heart clenching.

Why is life so painful? Even though the threats are gone, there's still so much left that needs tending to.

The Goddess's words from that night echo in my mind, and I know I'll hold them in my memories until the end.

'Sebastian... you have done well, despite the path I forced you upon. Fight for her, wait for her and let her heal... A mate bond is sacred, and one that is between two strong wolves, it cannot waver... Heal child, you will see better times.'

I want Zaia, with everything I have, I want her in my life, in my arms until the end of fucking time but I also know I hurt her far too many times to ever think that it is possible, but then why do I keep hoping and why am I unable to control myself in her presence?

I run my fingers through my hair, watching as she counters the TV host's questions with her own. She is the perfect person for this job. With her patience, kindness and confidence, she is able to control herself even when the questions become rough.

She kept going, from that day when it all ended...

Zade Toussaint is in prison. He hasn't said a word since, and even when Zaia tried to get him to talk to her or during his trial, he said nothing. Simply sitting there in silence. Unreadable, emotionless, and simply silent.

I don't know what he's fucking playing at, but he will remain in prison for his crimes, Zaia had tried to get him to talk, she didn't say it but I felt she wanted him to see that he was wrong but instead he has not cooperated.

Valerie is quiet. Even during Jai's funeral, she didn't say much aside from her farewell speech, keeping it short, yet it hit deep.

'We will forever remember you. You were my hero, our hero and I don't need to remind anyone of who you were because you were part of everyone's life and now that you're gone, we will all feel your loss...' 2

We will, Jai was always there, by my side, and even when I went to the Sable it was hard not having him around. That one person you can trust and know will always have your back.

You will be missed, Jai...

I have yet to visit Agatha, and it is something I know I have been putting off, but honestly, I have nothing more to say to her, but what she did to my little princess-that's something that makes my blood boil.

The best thing that came out of all of this is that my princess, Sia, is almost like another child. Of course, she's still that loving sweet angel, but she now loves to run around, skip, dance, and sing.

Her face is always alight with the energy that she was once robbed of.

Zion? Well, that little sneaky one seems to know more than he lets on, but I am proud of him.

Although letting Zade live was something I am not happy about, it made sense... his men stood down the moment he was taken and the few who fought were arrested or killed.

Zaia and Valerie had a bigger heart than I did, and even though I know Valerie is hurting, the Goddess pairing her to Zade was sick. Even if she felt it's the right thing to do, I wish it wasn't so.

Atticus has been there for Valerie, and I have to admit, despite never liking him, he has done a lot for Zaia.

Dad and Hugh are both healing in their own ways. Hugh has divorced Annette and although she threw a big tantrum, she had no choice but to accept it. As for Annalise, she will remain in prison, and her child will be given to her mother until Annalise has completed her sentence.

And my child? As much as I yearn to touch her stomach and hear his heartbeat, Zaia has kept me at arm's length. We only discuss work, and she has kept her walls up and I miss looking into her amethyst eyes that no longer meet mine...

"What are you doing, Daddy?!" Zion's voice snaps me from my reverie, and I switch the TV off, flipping over the newspapers as his eyes fall on them.

He smiles at me almost as if he knows what they're about and I cock a brow. "I'm not doing much. What are you doing?" I ask as Sia peeps her head through the door. She giggles seeing me.

"We weren't doing anything." She says a little too quickly as Zion pokes his eyes out motioning with them at me.

"No, we weren't. Mommy will be home soon, and we need to help her!" he says before he runs off. I frown, sitting back. Help her with what?

I know Zaia mentioned a dinner. I'm assuming that. She had asked if we could all be there. I'm not sure what the purpose is but I can't deny that I wish if she had time for a dinner that she would also have time to talk things out with me.

Where exactly do we go from here? Now that the kids aren't constantly being targeted, where will they attend school? She has mentioned making me Alpha of this pack once more, but the way she said it... I can't deny that it sounded like she's leaving and just the thought messes me up.

Sighing, I stare at the phone. The date sticks out and I realise why exactly she's having this dinner... Even when she's so damn busy, she's thinking of others...

Well then, whether she likes it or not, I am going to have to be the one to get her to talk. No matter how hard that will be.

Tonight is the night.

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on January 7, 2024

54. An Afternoon of Preparations or I Am The Luna Chapter 132 By Moonlight Muse

ZAIA.

I stare out at the passing streetlights as I make my way to the safe house, one of the few places that remained untouched after the final battle.

How am I supposed to feel after living life hurdle after hurdle, heartbreak after heartbreak? It feels surreal, even with the weeks having gone by...

But although the threat is over, it's been replaced with other obstacles and the reminder of our losses remains, like an open wound healing slowly.

I close my eyes, reminiscing on the moment that Sebastian had turned to Zion and asked if we could bring Jai back...

(FLASHBACK)

"Son... Uncle Jai is hurt, let's heal him as we did Sia," Sebastian says as he kneels in front of Zion, who looks up at me before turning to Jai's body.

"But... Daddy... Uncle Jai isn't hurt... he's gone." Zion says, his eyes sparkling with tears as he hangs his head. "I'm sorry."

Sebastian looks broken as he shakes his head and pulls Zion into his arms. "No, son, I'm sorry for asking."

"I didn't know... but I can undo the pain ." he whispers, looking at his Dad.

I frown as I hurry over and kneel beside him. "What do you mean, Zion?"

“I can undo all the pain, then no one has to remember this,” he says, spreading his arms. “Only me.” The smile that follows breaks my heart.

“No, my love, we won’t forget what happened because everything that has happened is a lesson that we all needed to learn. Even if it was the hard way.” I respond, cupping his cheeks and knowing that I will stand by that.

(END OF FLASHBACK)

It was a decision that not everyone agreed on at first... Valerie had asked if time was reversed, what would happen to Jai, to which Zion had sadly shaken his head and said uncle would have had to go home to the goddess, anyway. But it would be a different way.

Aran had asked that if that was possible, how would the ones who had committed crimes be punished, to which my little brave hero had replied that they would be punished and that the goddess would make it make sense!

It was enough. He was a child who was saying he had the gift to make people forget, but it could also be a curse... I don’t want anyone to ever learn of his ability. I want him to live the life he deserves, just like any other child. He does not deserve the weight on his tiny shoulders until he is old enough to carry it.

“We’re home Alpha.” My new driver, Simon, says as he parks up and walks around to open the door.

I get out, my hand naturally going to my stomach for a moment before I walk towards the house, as he unloads the groceries from the trunk.

Today is Aran’s birthday, which either no one remembers, or no one cares about, however, I thought it was the perfect excuse for everyone to gather and perhaps make amends. Heal the damaged relations between one another.

Once, long ago, Dad and Aran were friends-now without their manipulative wives in their lives, perhaps that is something they can work on.

Valerie could use Atticus here, and I am so grateful that he has been making an effort with her. He truly is a gem.

The children could use some happiness around them too.

Taking off my heels, I slip my feet into some slippers and straight away head to the kitchen, ready to prepare for the evening. I have a few hours before everyone arrives.

“Now, where are my little helpers?” I ask, planting my hands on my hips, and glancing around. I hear their little giggles as they jump out from behind the counter.

“Here we are!” they shout before bursting into giggles. Sia is even more hyper than Zion, just proving how much her health had been affecting her.

I feign surprise as I step back, making them giggle again.

“We scared you Mommy, didn’t we!”. Zion says.

“You both did! Now here is...” I rummage in one of the grocery bags and pull out a few packets of balloons. ” Your first job.”

They both stare at me with excitement, hurrying over and grabbing them from me.

“Oh balloons...” Zion says with approval.

“Yes, we blow them all!” Sia says. “I can huff and puff like a strong wolf now!”

My little angel.

“Yes, you can, so how about you both go blow these up?” I suggest, handing them two small pumps.

“But Mommy, we don’t know how to tie the balloons,” Zion says, a little disheartened.

“It doesn’t matter. I’m sure your father is lurking around somewhere. He’ll help and maybe it’ll keep him out of the kitchen.” I say. That man needed an excuse to be around, and I can’t deny that it is hard when he is.

They nod fervently, bundling their items in their arms, and hurry out of the room.

I smile at their excitement and hope it keeps Sebastian busy, too. I know what I need to do, and what I have to do, but I can’t deny that facing it won’t be easy.

I switch on some instrumental music, wash my hands and get down to work, hearing the children laughing in the other room.

Life will still throw us many hurdles. We will face many challenges, but the normalcy of living without fear of something happening feels like a dream come true.

I'm ready, ready to play with my children, send them to school, be here when they arrive home, cook for them, and put them to bed every night.

I'm ready to be there for Valerie, to help her heal and move on from the pain of losing Jai. Something that will always remain with all of us. I'm ready to be there for when she's able to move on, go out with her, be silly, maybe spa nights, or movie nights. Anything she wants. I'm ready to be there for her.

I'm ready to see Dad become free and be himself instead of being forced to do things by another.

I'm ready to help Aran and Sebastian mend the broken bridge between them, to become closer than ever and to understand one another wholeheartedly by respecting one another.

I'm ready to see everyone around me live their best lives.

I'm ready for it all.

One moment, one step, and one day at a time.

Staring in the mirror, I look at my reflection. I've applied some makeup tonight, a touch of glitter on my eyes and some gloss on my lips. I've pinned my loose curls back and put on some earrings.

I don't remember the last time I've just been able to take a moment to relax and get dressed up. Doing something so normal is relaxing.

I close my bedroom door after me and almost bump into Valerie. She's wearing a dusky cerise-coloured dress, like myself, it's the first time she's stepped away from black.

We stare at one another before I hug her tightly.

"You look beautiful." I compliment her with a small smile.

My beautiful Val... you will live on and thrive.

“Thanks, you too Zaia... you will have everyone’s attention tonight,” she teases, as she moves back and gives me a small smile.

Sebastian has made no attempt to mask his emotions and I’m very aware of the way he’s always looking at me...

I’m ok... as long as he keeps his distance and respects my decision. Deep down my emotions are a storm. I know I love him, but at the same time, he has hurt me regardless of the situations he was in.

“Shall we go?” she says, “the children have been impatient for a while.”

“Yes, let’s,” I say, I had gotten them ready before myself and they were downstairs with Sebastian and Atticus. I had heard him reply not long ago.

Valerie leads the way down and once again I wonder what the goddess’s words to her were. She had spoken to us all that night, even though we have kept what she said to ourselves.

I have a strong feeling, even Zade was spoken to.

“Val, you look beautiful,” Atticus says, as he takes her hand before she reaches the bottom and gives her a warm hug.

She hugs him back, and it makes me so happy to see the bond they have formed.

“No point in saying you look good, don’t you always?” Valerie says, making him smirk before his gaze flicks to me.

He smiles faintly, “Hey Red, you look beautiful, but that’s no surprise.” He says while Valerie smiles as she steps away.

“Thanks. You look great too,” I reply. He’s dressed in tan pants, with a belt and a white shirt.

“I’ll go check on the... cake!” she says. Cake? The cake is ready and set to go...

‘Really? Is that all you could come up with?’ I say through the mind link, amused.

'Well, the sexual tension from my brother was suffocating, and it's ick soooo. I can't help but smile at that, and Atticus cocks a brow as he offers me his hand.

I'm glad she's addressing him as her brother now. I love the bond they have created.

"The mind link feels like a blessing and a torment," Atticus says.

"Well, some things aren't for you men to hear," I respond as he pulls me in for a hug. He gives me a gentle squeeze before he lets go of me after a moment.

That's another thing... Since that night, I feel we've all changed in a way, and I see it in Atticus too. The way he smiles at me, despite the emotions in his eyes, I also see acceptance. Acceptance that we will never be.

"So does the birthday boy know this is all for him?" Atticus asks.

"Birthday boy?" Sebastian's deep, sexy voice comes.

Atticus moves back, and we both turn to Sebastian who is standing there all in black, looking drop-dead gorgeous, the sleeves of his black shirt are pushed up, and he has a few buttons open that show off two chains.

His gaze snaps to me and he makes no attempt to hide the way his eyes rake over me. It feels like he's undressing me with them, and I suddenly feel extremely exposed under that burning gaze...

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on January 10, 2024

55. A Surprise ZAIA. or I Am The Luna Chapter 133 By Moonlight Muse

I press my lips together for a moment before looking towards the front door.

"Your father's. It's his birthday today, remember?" I explain, glancing back at him.

He cocks a brow.

"Right... don't really remember celebrating it..." he remarks as he frowns, as if thinking over what I just said for a second.

I'm relieved when the doorbell rings and I break the extreme tension between us and hurry over to the door.

"Fuck." I hear Sebastian mutter, about to turn questioningly but decide against it and instead pull open the door.

Mr King is standing there, looking surprisingly casual. He's traded in his usual suit for pinstripe pants and a white shirt.

"Hello Zaia, good evening." he holds out some flowers, making my eyes widen in surprise.

"Oh, thank you!" I exclaim, accepting the white roses. He has two other bundles and I smile, knowing instantly that one is for Valerie and the smaller bouquet is for Sia. "This is so sweet."

He gives me a curt nod in response as I step aside, allowing him in.

"It's nothing."

'He's here! Stay ready guys.' I tell Valerie.

'On it.' she replies.

I hear a giggle from Sia, and I smile, closing the door and turning around to see Atticus has gone into the lounge too, but Sebastian is still standing there leaning against the wall as he gives his father a nod when he passes him by.

I motion with my head to follow his father, but he doesn't move until I reach him. He pushes away from the wall, falling in step with me just as the others shout 'surprise,' making Aran stop in his tracks.

"A bit much, isn't it?" Sebastian remarks as the kids begin laughing.

"Grandad! We made a surprise party for you!" Zion exclaims, gesturing to the grey, black and silver balloons.

"I can see that... this was not necessary, but thank you. Thank you, children." Aran pats their heads and I smile, watching the exchange. There's a faint smile tugging at the corner of Aran's lips.

I'm sure they'll have him smiling soon enough...

I look at the balloons that were put up and smile, glancing at the sexy man beside me. Sebastian did pretty well.

“Didn’t you click that it was your dad’s birthday with the décor?” I ask quietly as Aran greets Dad, Atticus, and Valerie.

“Nowhere did it say happy birthday, and I had a lot on my mind.” He counters arrogantly as he looks down at me.

“Fair enough, I guess,” I say.

“... then Daddy made the knot in the balloons, but he also burst so many.” Zion is explaining to Aran, shaking his head dramatically.

“Even you burst some, Zion.” Sia reminds him, before admiring her small bouquet of roses. “I love these, thank you, grandad.”

Valerie chuckles as she puts on some soft music in the background, making the room feel even more alive.

“Oh, we should dance too!” Zion exclaims.

“These two have a lot of energy.” Aran remarks.

“That they do, but they take after your son, since my daughter is very calm,” Hugh says,

Sebastian scoffs, and I tilt my head as we all turn to him. He stands there, hands in his pockets, cocking a brow.

“What? Do you really think she’s calm?” he remarks.

“Don’t you?” I ask, frowning slightly.

‘Far from it...’ he says through the link, his gaze raking over me and I’m sure he means during s3x...

My cheeks heat up as he runs his fingers through his hair. “No, not really, but I like it.”

Our eyes meet and I give a small smile, looking away.

Why is this so hard?

“Well, that’s just our Zaia, strong, passionate and incredible,” Valerie says with a smile. I walk over to her and take her hands in my own. “And the same can be said for our Valerie,” I say softly.

“Ok, ladies, too many emotions,” Atticus says, making us both chuckle and Valerie pulls away, turning slightly as she brushes a stray tear away.

“Alright, fine! You guys wait here. I’ll help Zaia get those delicious dishes she’s cooked onto the table.” She says briskly.

“Ok! I am starved.” Zion says dramatically.

We leave the room together and head to the kitchen. Most of the things are down already and we only need to take the food to the table.

“Sebastian was really eyeing you up,” Valerie teases. My heart skips a beat as I look down at the roast chicken that I am holding.

“Yeah... I know.” I say quietly, carrying the tray to the table.

“You know the circumstances were against him?” she says softly, placing the stuffed tacos down.

I look up at her, knowing what she’s trying to say.

“I know, but for someone who was hurt in the process, I can’t just forget it all, Valerie.”

“Zaia, I just... I lost Jai... after all these years of holding a grudge against him, hurting myself and him... I regret it. The wasted time, the misunderstandings. I know things aren’t perfect, but if you work on them together, you can heal together,” she tries to reason softly as I turn back to get the veg and potatoes.

“I understand... but call me selfish or unreasonable, but I still feel like I need time. If I try to make this work because I love him or because someone tells me it’s the right thing to do, it will always eat up at me. Just how his and Annalise’s relationship once did.” I answer as I bring the tray to the table.

Valerie sighs softly. “So, you will try again, right?” she asks.

I don’t have an answer to that... deep down, I know I love him, but I also know I need time to understand what I want in life and what I am ready to work on

and what I no longer want. He broke me into such a state although he didn't mean to, but he did.

"I need to assess where I am in life before I even consider the future," I reply quietly. I look up at her as she opens her mouth and gently shake my head signalling the end of the conversation.

She sighs but nods before she goes to call the others to the table, leaving me there standing alone. I look down at the table, realising I will have to talk to Sebastian and Dad soon.

No matter how hard it will be, it is something that I need to do. I look up as everyone enters and smile, even when it's hard to do.

'I want to talk to you after dinner.' Sebastian's voice comes into my head, and I wonder if he had heard our conversation.

'Ok.' I reply as we all sit down.

"Zaia, you didn't need to do this. You made a lot," Aran says as he looks at the table.

"I wanted to," I reply, observing him. I can tell he looks tired.

Regardless of Agatha's truth being exposed and his firm stand on doing the right thing, it was still hard for him. After all, he had loved her.

"Well, it's nice, I won't complain, and it's been a while since I have had your cooking and it always reminds me of home," Aran says, giving me a faint smile as he takes a seat with the children on either side of him.

Dad sits next to Sia, and I take a seat opposite him, with Valerie taking the seat opposite Aran and Sebastian smoothly takes the seat on my left.

He isn't one to express much emotion, but coming from Aran, that meant a lot. Home... The King mansion is now a ghost house, half of it was brought down by Sebastian to stop the Sable from getting in. But with everything that happened there, I don't think anyone wants to fix it. For a good while anyway.

We all tuck into the meal as Aran asks Atticus questions on how he runs his pack, giving him advice. Atticus being the smooth talker he is, listens, agreeing, or disagreeing, but also giving his own input.

I find myself pondering over what Valerie said and sigh softly.

Am I wrong?

Is it wrong to put me first?

If someone loves us, is it our duty to simply accept it?

Don't we have the right to choose if we want it?

Once the meal is over, and everyone compliments the food, I get up to get the cake. Sebastian stands up, picking up a few plates as he follows me to the kitchen.

"What's wrong?" he asks.

"Nothing. Why would you even ask that?" I reply as I get the knife to cut the cake. "Oh, since you're here, I was thinking you should take the title of Alpha soon."

"Why?" he narrows his piercing blue eyes as he turns and looks at me with a burning gaze.

"Because it's yours. I have enough to do. I think you're perfectly capable of running your pack, Sebastian." I say, turning and picking up the glass cake platter only for Sebastian to step up behind me and place his hands over mine, stopping me from picking the cake up. Sparks tingle through me.

"But what if I don't want to run it alone?" he whispers into my ears, making my heart skip a beat at the way his body presses up against mine.

"Sebastian, please, I need to get back to the table," I say, pushing back against him, but his body does not budge.

"And I need you to listen to me," he growls, his hands tightening around mine.

"Later, Sebastian, please," I whisper, my heart pounding.

He steps back, forcing my hands off the platter, and spins me around, pushing my hands behind my back as he presses me up against the counter beside the cake.

“Fine, but this time, no excuses. We’re talking Little Fox, even if I have to break into your bedroom and tie you up, I will,” he warns, his eyes flashing silver.

We stare into one another’s eyes before he moves away, letting go of me and walking back to the table, leaving me standing there alone in the quiet kitchen...

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on January 10, 2024

56. A Heartbreaking Decision or I Am The Luna Chapter 134 By Moonlight Muse

SEBASTIAN.

Ever since I spoke to her in the kitchen, she’s been quieter, although she’s smiling, which lights up those gorgeous eyes of hers. I wish I could change the past, change the decisions I made.

Seeing Sia sick was the last straw. The promise that Gerard had the antidote drove me to get it for her, no matter what.

Watching Zaia crouch down gracefully, yet looking so fucking sexy as she talks to Sia makes me wish I could be the reason behind her smiles...

But instead, I’m the reason behind her tears.

The pain that comes with love is often never spoken of. Two people may love one another immensely, but there are still so many hurdles that they have to overcome... but I think I hurt Zaia one time too many...

And that thought agonises me, torments me.

“Time to cut the cake!” Sia exclaims as Zaia passes Dad the knife.

“Everyone gather around,” Valerie says with a small smile that doesn’t reach her eyes which still hold sadness.

Pain.

Sorrow.

Heartbreak.

So much suffering.

These emotions come in different forms for every person, but we all feel it. The emotions that will bring us to our knees, steal the air from our lungs, the sort of emotions where every part of you aches, yearns and screams for its end. It's brutal and blinding in its pain. It bashes your soul harder and quicker than the most powerful of storms.

I ruined this for us. I understand her point. I fucking see her reason. I just wish it wasn't like this. I ruined what love and trust meant to her.

I've tainted it with heartbreak and betrayal. Now I wish I could protect her heart just to make sure no one else dares hurt it, yet are my hands the place for it because I broke it to begin with?

"Sebastian?" Hugh says, snapping me from my thoughts.

Walking over to them, I step up next to Hugh as they stand gathered around the table and begin singing. I refuse to join in, simply strumming my fingers to the rhythm.

Dad cuts his cake, feeding Zaia first and then the children. He glances at me before I reach over and take the cake from his hand, but instead of eating it; I hold it out to him.

A silent peace offering to mend the bridges that we are trying to resurrect...

He smiles faintly, biting into it. "Thank you, son."

"Don't thank me, I didn't make it," I say quietly, glancing at Zaia.

She has the smallest curve of a bump already forming, and she looks gorgeous. Although I'm the one who asked for us to talk, I'm not sure what the outcome will be... deep down I'm not sure it will be in my favour, but still, I need to know...

I need to know if there is any hope of fixing what I broke. I destroyed her, and now I suddenly find myself wanting to rebuild her to who she once was, even if the truth is she doesn't need me to rebuild her because she's truly capable of rebuilding herself.

It's a while later and the kids are playing happily with Dad and the others, and despite the fact it is getting quite late neither is tired.

"Are you sure you don't want to go to bed?" Zaia is asking them.

"Yes Mommy, I'm a big boy now, and Sia is stronger now. So, we stay awake," Zion says firmly.

"They deserve to get to break their routine for a day at least." Hugh chuckles as Zion nods vigorously.

"Yes, Granddad is right. We deserve this," he protests as Sia giggles.

"Yes, we big now," she declares.

"Ok then," Zaia says.

'Shall we?' I ask, jerking my thumb towards the door. She stands up slowly smoothing her dress, her face unreadable as the mask that she puts on in front of me slips into place.

"Excuse me..." she says.

"Ok Mommy, you go talk to Daddy. We will look at Granddad's gifts!" Zion says.

"I love this chess set." Valerie compliments the set that Hugh got for Dad.

"It is a fine set, but I wonder if Hugh actually thinks that after all these years, he can somehow beat me. I have not gotten rusty."

"Oh, I am actually pretty confident I would win," Hugh replies.

"I think there's only one solution then, a match? Wouldn't you agree, children?" Atticus remarks as he sits back, his arm around Valerie, who nods along with the twins.

Zaia walks past me, wishing both men good luck before we both head to the garden. The wind blows through our hair the moment I open the door, holding it for Zaia to step out under my arm first.

Her scent is intoxicatingly addictive as it wafts into my nose, like a bout of nicotine or something that I need to satiate my hunger.

The door, clicks shut, and I watch as she stands there staring up at the moon, holding her arm in front of her. The way her hair is blowing softly distracts me and for a blissful moment I am lost in her and her alone – forgetting the reason we are even out here. All I do is stare in awe of her.

“What did you want to say?” she turns to me, not wasting a moment to put the question forward, almost like she can’t bear to be near me.

“You said to me that you would hand me the title of Alpha before you left... why do I feel you’re thinking of leaving soon?” I ask, my voice sounding harsher than I mean it too.

There’s a fear deep inside of me, clawing at me like a monster trying to drag itself out of the pits of hell and grasp on as tight as possible.

I don’t want her to go... even if she doesn’t accept me... I can’t live with myself knowing I am who chased her away.

She sighs softly, but it is one that holds a lot of weight behind it. Like she is exhausted, her reserves depleted, and she has nothing left to give, no time, no patience, no love, nor mercy or forgiveness, I’ve used it all up, and it kills me to know I am the reason for it all.

“Why not stay, even if you don’t want to accept me into your life, at least stay so the kids can have us both close?” I try, when she doesn’t respond.

“I guess that’s what everyone would want me to do, would expect of me, but is it really that wrong to want to take time for me?” she asks softly, as she turns, her eyes filled with pain that mirrors my own – but it’s her words that hit a chord, guilt ripping through me.

“No, it’s not wrong.”

Fuck, I hate this.

“Then please... don’t make it any more difficult than it already is,” she whispers, her voice trembling. I close the gap between us and cup her face, feeling the magic of our connection dance along my fingertips.

“Zaia... Fuck. I know... I know I fucked up, and if I could turn back time, I would... can’t we start over? Please, I swear no matter what, I will not make the mistake again.”

But even as those words leave my mouth, I realise I've said them before... right when she was at her most vulnerable and promised me to open up to her. No more lies, no more misconception but I didn't.

"No. I don't want to do something just because it's what others want. I want to put myself first for once. I want to heal and learn what I truly want from my life because I know this is not it. Please, Sebastian, don't make this harder for me," she whispers, her voice a murmur on the wind.

"Zaia, I fucking love you. I just, I am sorry..." I say, gazing into her amethyst eyes.

"I know and I do love you, but it also hurts far too much."

I hate seeing her like this. She's beautiful, but at the same time, she's vulnerable and hurting.

I had seen the signs, the silent plea for me not to break the promise I made, the warning that if I did, it would break her... but I did, anyway. Even if my heart was in the right place, I did the worst thing I could possibly do to her; betraying her faith that she had put in me once again.

I realise in that moment as she looks at me what I need to do... no matter how hard, or how it'll break me.

If I truly love her, I need to let her go. If she one day finds it in herself to forgive me, then I will wait for it.

If she is meant to be in my life until the end, she will return to me and if not... then our precious moments will be like a passing season that I will never forget.

"I understand, and I am proud that you are putting yourself first. I'm proud of you Little Fox, I truly am." I lean down and kiss her forehead softly, closing my eyes as the pain of what is happening settles in.

I love you, with everything I have, but I just didn't treat you the way I should have and now I will pay the price for it.

I am fucking sorry, even if that word itself is doing nothing but building resentment for myself within me. I messed up and there is no undoing what I did.

Those are the words I want to say to her, but... I can't... I have no right to.

"Thank you... for understanding," she murmurs, her delicate hands wrapping around my wrist, and I sense the slight weight lifting from her.

Even now... I was nothing but a burden upon her and that is not the relationship I want. Not for her. Not for me.

I move back, blue eyes meeting violet... two separate souls, ready to embark on two separate journeys. Perhaps one day we will meet at another crossroad, and maybe, just maybe, from there, our paths may truly become one.

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on January 10, 2024

57. An Understanding ZAIA. or I Am The Luna Chapter 135 By Moonlight Muse

His acceptance of my decision feels like a wave of serenity washing over me. My lungs no longer feel like the air is being squeezed from them.

I can finally breathe, finally try to move on from the torment of my own mind. I need to heal before I can even consider being with another.

His broken promises and betrayal feel like he had cut a wound to the very core of my being.

It's as if the ground beneath me had suddenly given way, leaving me in a state of shock and disbelief. Those were emotions I can't forget, even when I truly want to.

The pain was sharp and unexpected, and when I had clung to the hope that this time, he would not betray me, believing and trusting him implicitly, he broke me.

We now gaze into one another's eyes, and I find myself engulfed in a whirlwind of emotions – hurt, sadness, guilt – but above them all there is a sense of profound peace that is hard to articulate.

I feel guilty, knowing why he did what he did, hurt because despite it I had suffered greatly and the sadness that I feel deep inside that no matter what, in the end, I must always prepare to be alone. That I should never have looked

to another for support and protection because the only person who will not leave you is yourself.

I may love Sebastian, but in the end, when I needed him the most, he cast me aside like I meant nothing more than the clothes he wears. I know he loves me, but love is not always enough. I need to heal the wound that is bleeding within me, and only then can I be happy. 123

Grappling with this new reality, I question my own judgment and the choices that led me here. Trust, once given so freely, now feels like a dangerous gamble, and I can no longer play that game. I'm done being dealt the losing hand.

I'll be deemed selfish, but I'm ok... I know what I have done for others and for everyone around me. I know the love I feel for those important to me, for my packs and my people, but for myself, I am ready to be selfish because they aren't the ones in my shoes. I'm the one living with the constant reminder that I was never enough. When I am. I should be.

A soft wind blows as I gaze into those piercing blue eyes that captured my heart from the first time that I saw him. He had caught me hook, line and sinker from that day and even now I still love him.

But he let me believe I could trust him when I couldn't entirely. Trust is something that is taken for granted until you've lost it, and I gave him all of it, twice...

Just the same as love, that was another thing I gave him willingly, only for him to show me how easily love could break someone.

But if love feels this broken, this pain that it hurts to breathe, is it truly love or just some hope we all have? We all wish desperately for that one person that truly sees past the façades we all put up.

Wishing for that one person who sees through the smile that is pained. Sees past our flaws and still loves us because we are theirs.

I don't know what hurts more, the betrayal of trust broken or losing the hope of a future that he led me to believe could be ours when in reality, it was doomed to end in heartbreak.

Maybe one day I will see things differently, maybe one day it won't hurt so much, maybe one day I will no longer yearn for him or maybe one day I will realise he is my destination... and I will await that day.

"Thank you. Sebastian," I say quietly, knowing that if he continues to chase me, it will only make it harder for me.

"No need to thank me, Alpha Zaia," he replies in that sexy raspy voice.

I smile slightly and he glances down at my stomach, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallows hard. "Will you at least let me see the children and be there when this one is born?" he asks quietly.

"I don't-

"I missed the other's births... I don't want to do the same with this one."

"You can be in the hall outside the birthing room when the time comes," I say with a small smile. 7

"Excellent. Then it's a date."

I cock a brow, and he smirks. "Ok, not a date."

"Better." I smile as a sharp wind whips my hair across my face, he's about to reach for it before swiftly moving his hand back and shoving it in his pocket and I slowly move mine back.

"I did have a question, it doesn't really mean much, but it's always niggling in my mind. It's regarding you and Annalise."

He cocks a brow. "Go for it."

"How serious was your relationship, she made it seem like you two were practically ready to get married... but you never really said anything."

Now that I've asked it, I feel uncomfortable and feel it's something so small it's not even important.

"I never said anything because there was never anything to say. I took her to a few work meetings, but that was about it. There was nothing beyond a few kisses and even those were initiated by her," he replies, his voice cold.

And all these years I thought there was more... “And this is why speaking and sharing your thoughts is so vital,” I murmur, sighing as I gaze up at the sky.

I feel content and at peace. Maybe when I leave, I will have days where I will miss him. There are days when I wonder if this is what I want, but it is the right decision for me.

Turning, I smile up at him. “Well, thank you. Shall we get back inside and see whose dad is kicking whose butt?” I laugh softly.

He smirks. “Dad is good at chess. Us Kings are.”

“Oh?” I tease as we walk to the door. Opening it, he holds it open for me.

“Yes,” he replies in the same mocking tone.

“Well then, you have not met a Toussaint,” I counter, gasping when he grasps my arm and spins me around.

“Actually, I have... and she’s the king of kings. You’re right... A Toussaint will always trump a King.”

My heart thuds as I gaze into those eyes.

Yes. This is the Sebastian I fell for and who knows, maybe one day... one day we might just rejoin our broken bond.

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on January 10, 2024

58. A Doctor’s Duty or I Am The Luna Chapter 136 By Moonlight Muse

VALERIE.

Zaia has made her decision.

It wasn’t what I expected or wanted for them, but just the way she respected and had my back when it came to Jai, I will do the same. It’s been three days since and she’s handed the title back to Sebastian.

I’ve chosen to remain here. I know it’s what Jai would have wanted me to do, help rebuild this pack and its homes.

The people here would need me too, especially those who lost loved ones. Zaia will move back to The Crystal Shadow Pack, with the rogue pack being hers she planned to make good use of the lands.

Those rogues who were innocent enough were assigned into packs, and some who wanted to leave were allowed to do so of their own free will.

A few who seemed pretty unhinged were put in isolation for questioning and imprisonment, if need be, including the few who had refused to stand down.

Most of Gerard's men were captured, and although some killed themselves rather than let themselves be caught, a few were still put into imprisonment.

Talking about imprisonment, Sebastian wanted to give Annalise a proper sentencing, but Zaia had said having her exiled and banishment from any pack in this state was more fitting.

So, after her baby's birth, she would have to leave, but there was a catch. She would have to wear a tracker for the next three years and would have to report bi-weekly.

Then there was Cara... well, Sebastian had her locked up for coercing someone into sex when they were not of sound mind and also for working with the enemy. She will spend a minimum of five years in imprisonment and if she's lucky, she might just get to walk away after that.

Turns out she was the illegitimate daughter of Rufus Santoni, someone who had embezzled money from the Toussaint Enterprise many years ago. Well, the apple sure didn't fall far from the tree.

The car stops and I see Atticus walk over and open the door for me before I can. To think once I found him annoying, I now feel like a lucky girl to have a brother like him.

"Welcome to our pack, Val," he says, hugging me.

I hug him back. "Thanks. It sure feels weird visiting now." I chuckle.

"Well, I hope this will be a visit you truly enjoy," he says. Stepping back, he turns to the two women standing there. The previous Luna, Shelby, his mother and his sister Linette.

Both women are watching me. Shelby is smiling, and Linette simply looks observant. Something tells me she won't like me so much.

"Mom, Linette, this is Valerie," Atticus introduces me as I step closer and offer Shelby my hand.

"Valerie! Welcome to The Whispering Mountain Pack!" she exclaims, enveloping me in a powerful hug.

"Thank you, Ms Payne," I reply, slowly pulling away from her iron grip with a smile. "Linette. Hello." I offer her my hand, which she takes and smiles.

"Hi, just to let you know, I'm his favourite sister."

I can't help but laugh at that. "I'll remember," I promise with a chuckle. I look at Atticus, who is smirking in amusement as he watches us.

But I don't need to be his favourite. What he has done for me is more than I could have hoped for, and he has been there through the rough times.

I truly appreciate him, and I hope one day soon he'll find a woman who will love him with all her heart.

"Well, I can have more than one favourite, can't I?" Atticus teases before he puts an arm around both of us, making Linette smile.

"Ok fine, but I'm the better favourite." Linette persists.

"I'm cool with that," I reply before Atticus can answer. She smiles at me and although it doesn't mean much to me, to her, that title does.

Maybe she felt threatened by me? I'm not sure, but if her wanting the title of favourite would help our relationship, I am fine with that.

"Ok, enough of this silliness, come let's go inside. I have prepared plenty of delicious dishes." Shelby says, shaking her head at her daughter.

"You or the cook?" Atticus asks, cocking a brow. Linette snickers and I hide a smile as Shelby pouts. "Well, it's the same thing!" she scolds him.

I think I'm going to like this family. Speaking of, I did talk to Dad about everything, and he was pretty much honest with me, I just wish they had told me earlier...

“Anyway, Valerie, Atticus tells me you are a doctor, so are you like a doctor, doctor? Fully qualified?” Shelby asks me.

“Yes, fully qualified and definitely a doctor, doctor,” I answer with a smile.

“I told you that, Mom,” Atticus adds.

“I’m making conversation. Shush you.” Shelby counters, waving her hand.

I chuckle as I look at Atticus, who is almost pouting and I feel light. Even when we are faced with pain and tragedy, there are moments that lift that burden, and this is one of those.

‘Thank you.’

Atticus looks down at me, that trademark smirk on his face.

‘No need to thank me. That’s what brothers are for.’

I don’t respond, but I don’t think he realises that not all brothers are... just like Zade.

He is nothing to Zaia like Atticus is to me...

(FLASHBACK – TWO DAYS AGO)

“Doctor, he isn’t eating.” One of the men says holding out none other than Zade Toussaint’s file card.

I purse my lips, refusing to let my emotions take over.

“Then let him continue to starve,” I reply, turning away.

“Doctor...”

I close my eyes, not wanting to bother with the one who killed Jai, but a doctor’s duty is to heal all.

“I’ll be there later tonight or tomorrow,” I reply curtly before walking away.

Night had fallen, but I had not gone to check on Zade even though I had the time. Who cares if he dies of starvation? I throw the bag I’m holding to the ground angrily.

He does nothing but invoke rage and hatred within me. I have never hated someone so deeply and passionately as I do Zade. Why did Jai have to die?! Why not Zade?!

Why did the Goddess do this?!

I fall to my knees, my heart breaking all over again. I sit there, trying to control the pain in my chest.

Jai... I didn't deserve your love...

His blue eyes and his smile come to my mind, making tears burn my eyes.

I don't know how much time passes before I stand up. Deciding to get this over with and grabbing my coat, I head towards the prison facility.

I flash my badge before I am allowed in.

"Are you here to see prisoner 186?" The Head Guard asks.

I nod, and he leads us through. Zade's prison isn't like Gerard's, nor is it like the one any other prisoner is kept in. It is a cage surrounded by electric wires. Anyone who tries to step through it would be instantly dead, werewolf or not.¹

There, in the middle, slumped in the chair, bound with chains, his head hanging back, is Zade.

His body is pure muscle, every ridge and every groove of his abs is carved deep. Chiselled to perfection, but he is far from perfect.

I'm not sure if he's even awake as he remains unmoving and only when the door is unlocked, and I'm allowed in, do I realise he's awake.

"If you don't eat, it shows how much of a coward you are. You wouldn't be serving your punishment if you died so soon, right?" I say coldly, staring down at the man in the chair. He slowly raises his head and cocks a brow, but like always, he says nothing.

He simply stares at me, his face unreadable, his pale eye creeping me out, and I quickly take out the injection of vital vitamins that would keep him alive even if he is not hungry.

I don't like the way those eyes are watching me, and my heart begins racing as I approach him.

Stop looking at me!

He blinks almost as if he can sense my rage as I jab the syringe into his neck, in the most tender spot, but he doesn't flinch, simply continuing to observe me.

My heart clenches. I hate this... I hate seeing him.

I back away from him, but his eyes don't leave me. I turn, stepping out of the cell, but even then, those eyes follow me...

(END OF FLASHBACK)

I push the painful thought away, not wanting to think of the man who did not accept my rejection. The monster who is my mate.

"Oh, this does smell good," Atticus says, drawing me from my dark train of thoughts, and those dark thoughts of mine are not for today...

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on January 11, 2024

59. A Snowy Day or I Am The Luna Chapter 137 By Moonlight Muse

FIVE YEARS LATER –

ZAIA.

"Thank you, Alpha Cole, I appreciate it. We'll speak after the holidays then?" I answer, smiling at the man on the screen.

He beams and gives me a nod. "You are most welcome, Alpha Zaia, that sounds great. We will meet two full moons from now then."

"I will look forward to it," I reply before bidding him farewell and ending the video call. I exhale in relief, unable to stop the smile from crossing my lips.

"Yes!" I exclaim, excitement coursing through me as I spin around in my office chair and gaze out at the snow that fills the skies outside the floor-to-ceiling windows.

The view itself is breathtaking, away from the city and the skyscrapers. It's winter, and snow fills the white skies, covering the mountain and homes in blankets of white.

This place looks like heaven, and it makes me feel at peace.

This is our temporary home, here in the mountains. I've been working on a project for the last three months and it was much easier to simply move here to overlook it for a period of time. I'm almost ready to return home, and although Christmas is just around the corner, I can't afford to leave right now.

The children will be heading back though. Dad is also spending Christmas over at Sebastian's pack. Over the last few years, he and Aran have mended their relationship, and Dad is seeing someone now, too. Although he wants to officially introduce me to her when we return.

I am excited for him. For once he seems genuinely happy in a relationship, and it's not one where he's being cheated on or one made by the goddess. As long as he's happy, I am happy for him.

I am hoping to be able to get back home two nights after Christmas and I can be there for New Year's.

"Mom? Is it okay for me to come inside or are you working?" Zion's quiet voice comes.

"I'm done. You come on in."

The door opens and there he stands, my ten-year-old prince, who is now slightly taller than me. With every passing year, he has taken on Sebastian's features more and more. Even the way he walks is like his father's.

He comes over and hugs me from behind my chair, kissing the side of my head.

"Then come on down. Dad will arrive real soon," he says.

My heart skips a beat, it's the first time in a while that I'll be in such close proximity to Sebastian. Of course, he won't really be coming inside as he had called earlier, saying there won't be much time between the flights. But it's the first time I'll be seeing him face-to-face in years. 3

“Of course, then let’s go and spend what time there is left together before he does. Is your brother behaving?” I ask.

Zion smirks. “Nope, but Sia’s put him on time out right now. He keeps sticking his tongue out at her.”

Hmm, that one is a little devil... I don’t know what I did differently. I raised all three of them the same way...

I smile at Zion before I stand up. “Come on then, I hope your dad can handle him for a full two weeks.”

“He’ll have to,” he chuckles.

Since I left the pack five years ago, Sebastian visited the kids almost every other day, and would have them for weekends at times or when I was on a business trip.

It was the same with Sebastian. If he had a business trip, then of course he could visit but would video call them, just like he did every single evening, when he wasn’t around them.

Even if it was for a few minutes. It became a core part of the children’s lives and when they were with him, they’d call me daily or I’d call them.

Sebastian has respected the decision I made all those years ago. The only time he broke it was when I was in labour...

(FLASHBACK)

“Push Alpha. The baby is bigger than we predicted. You have to keep pushing.”

“We should have done a C-section,” Valerie growls.

I can sense her frustration and concern, but there’s determination in her eyes as I breathe deeply and steadily through the pain.

A scream leaves my lips, my vision darkening. I have been in active labour for far too long... everyone around me is exhausted and so am I...

Birthing my prince is so much harder than the twins. The door flies open and Sebastian rushes inside, his hair is a mess from having run his hand through it countless times. His eyes are red, almost as if he can feel the pain that I'm in.

"I don't care if you hate me more. I'm not letting you do this alone," he whispers, taking my bloody hand from where I've dug my nails into my skin countless times.

Strength.

That's what his touch feels like.

The sparks that course through me make me frown as I focus on my breathing and pushing. His fingers comb through my hair, softly yet with enough pressure that it feels soothing and satisfying.

I still love him...

I close my eyes as tears of pain trickle from my eyes.

"That's it, Foxy... you're almost there. You are the strongest person I have ever known. There is nothing that can bring you down."

Except you.

You are the lifeline I so desperately wanted.

The one to rely on.

"Push when I say, focus on me, Zaia, nothing else." His deep voice is soothing yet powerful, his command something that instantly makes me obey. The effect that he always has on me...

I zone everything out, focusing on Sebastian alone and I realise that's exactly what's happening now... I'm placing all my trust in him and relying on his guidance.

He's still trying...

I let out a gasp of pain, as I push one final time, giving it my all. My head drops back onto the pillow behind me as the room is filled with the strong cry of a baby.

“Good girl, you did incredibly...” Sebastian whispers, not even turning to see our child as he looks deep into my eyes. Raw admiration, love, and pride in them.

“Thank you...” I say softly.

I’m not thanking him for his compliment... but for being there...

I’m not sure if he knows that... but... it’s ok...

He kisses my hand softly as Valerie walks over.

“A healthy baby boy,” she says, holding him out to us.

Sebastian smiles, an expression I rarely see on his face as he adjusts my sheet and sits back to let Valerie pass me our son.

“Let Sebastian carry him first. It’s only fair.” I whisper, gazing at the gorgeous boy in Valerie’s arms. He wasn’t there for the twin’s birth after all.

“Skin to skin then, Dad,” Valerie says, making Sebastian look a little confused before I reach over and tug open the buttons of his shirt. His eyes meet mine, flashing silver as my fingertips accidentally graze down his chest.

I look away as Valerie places him against Sebastian’s chest.

“What name?” I ask Sebastian, as his heart races as he gazes down at our child.

“I... You can choose,” he whispers, kissing his head softly.

“No, this time I want you to choose,” I say quietly, despite how exhausted I am, I feel so alive.

“I think...”

He trails off before he looks up at me and I know whatever name he is about to say will be the name that we will keep

(END OF FLASHBACK)

And I am grateful he broke that promise that day...

We walk down the steps and I hear Sia sigh in frustration.

“I’m not done! Come back here!”

A mischievous laugh follows, ringing off the walls in the huge hall, and that’s when I see him, my almost five-year- old little mischief-maker.

His tousled black hair flops across his forehead. He has pale skin like me with a touch of freckles along his nose.

“Oh, hey Mama,” he says innocently as he stops in front of me and gazes up at me with huge amethyst eyes rimmed with thick lashes.

I can’t help but smile down at him.

Yes. My little one has his father’s hair, but he has my eyes. 2

I cock a brow, crossing my arms. ”

Xander, now how have you made your sister angry?”

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on January 11, 2024

60. A Father or I Am The Luna Chapter 138 By Moonlight Muse

ZAIA.

He shrugs, looking at me as if I had just accused him wrongly.

“I don’t know,” he says, feigning innocence as he turns when Sia comes into view. “Sia is causing problems.”

Mhmm, I’m sure that is as far from the truth as possible.

Her long auburn hair is in a high ponytail, and she’s all dressed and ready for the journey. She’s wearing a tweed white dress with black collars and tights. On top of it, she’s wearing a white fur coat with a matching hat.

“Mommy, he real-” she begins, but just then the doorbell rings, interrupting her. “Dad!” Sia turns her eyes, lighting up with excitement.

She runs to the door and so does Xander and I smile at Zion, who remains in his spot, despite the excitement in his eyes.

“I’ll go get your bags.”

He takes hold of my arm and tilts his head. “It’s Christmas. You should say hi at least, Mom.”

My heart skips a beat as I look into his piercing blue eyes, and I nod. “True, I will, don’t you worry.”

I don’t avoid him, but I need a moment to gather my emotions.

It’s hard though. Looking at Sebastian makes my heart become a frenzy, surging with powerful and intense emotions. I haven’t seen him in a while, but I’ve noticed over the last two years, that every time I see him, the pain and the bad memories no longer come to mind and that scares me because I don’t know how to react to that.

I know what it means... I have forgiven him, forgiven him for the broken trust.

It took me a lot of time to get to where I am now. After what happened, I was more closed off and was always on edge. Far more paranoid than I thought I would be.

Even sending the children to school made me so anxious, although they had trusted guards on the school premises throughout the day. Yet, I was still panicking and counting the hours until they got home in the evening.

I would check if Zade was indeed still locked up, always double-checking the locks and the windows several times before bed. The entire thing took a toll on me, but as the years passed, it became easier and I began to relax.

Remembering better times when things were safe. We are safe, despite the issues with the humans, we are doing ok. With the passing years, I began to remember the things I loved and the hobbies I had cast aside.

Watching movies, reading, late-night walks... playing the violin, dancing...

I found myself and despite the fact that I missed the man who has kept my heart captive all these years; I have found the me that I can be proud of. The door is pulled open by Sia and the biting cold of the blizzard hits me hard. The howling of the wind fills the room as Sia shrieks in excitement, hugging her dad.

“Daddy! I missed you!”

“I missed you too, Princess,” Sebastian’s deep husky voice responds. My stomach flutters and I dare look up at the man in the doorway.

Goddess, can a person get more handsome with every passing year? His black hair is brushed back, with a single strand falling in front of his face. There are a few streaks of grey which were there the last time I saw him, but they only add to his deadly charm. There’s a dusting of snowflakes over his shoulders and head, too.

His eyes snap to mine, those piercing blue eyes take my breath away. They flash silver as they look me over, head to toe, then back up until he’s gazing into my eyes once more.

There it is, that burning fire that makes me feel weak. I swallow hard, trying to remain composed, but it’s hard.

He’s wearing a black coat with grey fur around the hood. I can see he’s in black pants and black boots underneath.

“Dad! My bags are all packed!” Xander says, not wasting any time, eagerly wanting to leave as Sebastian looks away from me, smiling faintly at our youngest. He kisses Sia’s forehead then kneels down beside him, giving him a hug.

“Hold your horses’ son, we will leave soon, but the flight has been delayed.”

“Hey, Dad,” Zion says as he walks over to his father.

“Zion, hello son.” Sebastian pulls him in for a tight hug and I can’t help but smile, seeing the three look up at their dad with adoration and love.

The children love him, and he does a lot for them. I am so proud of the fact they have that strong bond with him. “How did your ice-skating gig go?”

“Oh, piece of cake.” Zion winks, “I did ok.”

He had spontaneously joined in on a winter competition last week and placed first.

“More than okay, he placed first,” I say, making them all turn to me.

My heart thuds, wishing I didn't speak as Sebastian tilts his head, walking past the children.

"I wouldn't expect anything less from our son," he says, his voice dropping a few octaves. "How have you been, Zaia?"

I try to smile, but my lips tremble slightly, trying not to focus on the fact he's closing the distance between us.

"I've been great. How about yourself?" I ask, internally kicking myself at how breathless I sound. Sia giggles as Xander gags, crouching down by the door and scooping up snow.

Sebastian smirks arrogantly, almost as if he knows exactly how he affects me. Who am I kidding? Of course, he does.

"Even better now," he responds.

I wrap my arms around my waist and try to squash the sizzling tension between us. "You said the flight is delayed?"

He takes out his phone and nods. "I'm afraid so, but there's a snowstorm. I don't even know if the flight will be taking off tonight," he frowns.

"What?!" Xander exclaims, looking appalled.

"Let's stay positive," Sebastian says. "We will be updated soon."

Sia smiles, "Well, either way, it's ok, maybe we'll get to celebrate Christmas together, here." She winks at Zion, who nods his agreement.

"That is, of course, if the snow just gets worse," he adds.

These two...

"We'll work something out," Sebastian says.

If that happened, does that mean Sebastian will stay here? Panic rises in me, and I run my fingers through my hair. How will I survive a few days in his presence?

Why am I acting like a giddy teenager? It's going to be fine, it will be fine...

But I haven't been alone with just the kids with him...

Goddess Zaia, you are a grown woman.

"Well, why don't you guys go to the lounge? I will get some hot drinks. I don't have any extra clothes, but do you want to dry off?" I ask.

"I'll be fine, unless you're ok with me walking around in a towel?" he responds.

My cheeks burn as the image in my head only makes me even more flustered. Xander gags again. "I don't want to see Daddy's hairy legs," he grumbles, making the rest of us laugh.

Sebastian smirks as he cocks a brow, looking at our youngest.

"You will be hairy one day too," he replies as he walks over to him, picking up some snow, rolling it into a small ball and tossing it at his head.

"No, I won't!" Xander replies with utmost confidence as he grabs the snow and tosses it at Sebastian.

"Keep the snowball fight outside," I warn as Xander tosses some inside and I step back, and it narrowly misses me.

"Understood," Sebastian says as he steps outside. "Who's up for a snowball fight?"

"I am!" Sia says as Zion nods. He looks at me, but I shake my head.

"You all enjoy, I'll go make some hot drinks for when you're done."

He smiles, giving me a small nod. " Sure."

That boy... Sometimes it's like he knows something, or he's up to something!

I make my way into the kitchen and close the door behind me, placing a hand to my chest, not realising just how much it was pounding.

Goddess...

I close my eyes but only Sebastian's face remains, and I sigh, opening my eyes again.,

Well, I should put together a quick snack.

When is the flight delayed until, anyway?

Turning on the coffee machine, I take my phone out, checking the flights, but the moment I click on the local airport website, a large message on a red banner glares back at me from the top of the page.

ALL OUTBOUND AND INBOUND FLIGHTS CANCELLED DUE TO STORM CLARA UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

My eyes fly open, my heart thundering as I stare at the message. Storm Clara... Has it reached us already? There's no chance that they'll be leaving for at least a few days...

I stare out of the kitchen window, looking at the wind that is getting worse, cooking up a blizzard, but I'm more concerned with what this means...

Sebastian will be around for a few days. How am I going to cope with being around him for so long?

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on January 11, 2024

61. An Unplanned Turn of Events or I Am The Luna Chapter 139 By Moonlight Muse

SEBASTIAN.

I duck another snowball as the boys pair off against me and Sia and I can't help but chuckle when Xander falls into the snow, but it does not deter him as he clammers to his feet, almost growling in annoyance.

But even as I enjoy this time with the kids, I can't get the image of Zaia out of my head.

Why does she look sexier every time I see her? Those fitted black pants only emphasised her narrow waist and curvy hips even more. The lace ivory top showed off enough cleavage to mess with my head and become a struggle to keep my gaze on her face.

Although even her face is a fine treat too, and those lips.

She's cut her hair, and it now falls just below her shoulders, which I like even more considering when she walks away I get to enjoy the view of her sexy ass and the sway of her hips.

Every time I see her, it's so fucking hard. I still love her. Every day I think about her, but I'm waiting, giving her the time that she needs and wants... even if that means another decade or two. I'll wait right here because she is the only woman I want.

The only woman I love and the one I want in my arms.

I want to make a move, but I promised her long ago I wouldn't...

Even today, I knew the chances of me getting stuck here were high, but I wanted to... if I am meant to fly back I will... but if not, and she allows me to stay here in this house then I'm not going to refuse.

A large ball of snow hits my face, bringing me from my thoughts as Sia giggles.

"I thought you were on my side?"

"Sorry." She replies, failing to stifle her giggle.

I smirk as I wipe my face and grab some snow. "I'm going to have to get revenge for that one!" I call, just as Zion, who had thrown that snowball, runs for cover.

"Watch your back, Dad, you're the target here!" Sia chuckles and I turn as a small ball hits my back.

Xander stands there with a smug smile on his face. The wind does not bother him at all, although it is getting harder to see out here.

"Daddy is not good at this," he declares, his rosy cheeks red from the cold.

"Oh, yeah?" I counter, observing Zion as I pretend to focus on Xander and the moment he steps out from behind the low hedge, I throw the ball at him, making him gasp as it hits his shoulder.

But it doesn't phase him, having made a few balls of snow when he was hiding and starts throwing them at Sia and me. Sia laughs as she throws a

few back, one hitting Zion's head. She really is a different child since getting better. Wild, energetic, and ready to take on the world.

We continue our game and Xander the tornado really has it out for me tonight; I guess the delayed flight has fuelled his annoyance but it's rather amusing seeing his confidence as if he can take both Sia and me single-handed, but I got to give it to the kid, he doesn't back down.

I throw another snowball at him just as Zaia opens the front door.

"Come on in now, hot drinks are ready."

"Not yet, Mommy! Daddy is bullying me, I am going to bury him in the snow, where no one will find him" Xander says, glaring at me, his chubby cheeks making him look even cuter and his pouty lips pursed as he throws another snowball at me.

"Let's call it a draw?" Zaia suggests, the wind blowing her hair. The urge to go over and brush it back is strong, but instead, I raise my hands.

"I give up."

Xander frowns. "This is not over." He warns, throwing the last snowball he was holding at Sia who ducks.

"Ok!" she laughs as Xander huffs, stalking to the door and walking past Zaia.

"Shoes and coats off here." She orders, holding out her hand for his coat as she helps him take his hat off. We all step inside, and I bring up the rear, casting one glance around at the blizzard.

It's getting worse...

"Do you have the groceries and everything you need for the coming week?" I ask Zaia, especially if me and the kids are going to be here. She'll need a lot more...

She looks at me before glancing out the window.

"If all of you end up having to stay for longer, then I would need to do some shopping... I don't think we can drive in this blizzard," she remarks.

"Let me know what you need. I'll go later and get whatever we need." I offer.

She smiles, one that does something to me and nods.

“Thanks.” She holds out her hand for my coat and I take it off slowly, shaking off the snow before holding it out to her.

Our eyes meet as she takes it, our hands brush and I hear her breath hitch as sharp electrifying sparks rush through us.

“Thanks,” I say smoothly as she jerks her hand away. She nods, her heart thumping. I turn away, walking past her and heading the way the children have gone.

The table is laden with hot chocolate for the children, coffee for both Zaia and me and there’s a tray full of cakes. The fire is roaring in the hearth and after the cold outside, it’s a pleasant welcome.

Zion switches the TV on as I sit down, putting the news on, and Zaia passes me a towel. I cock a brow before she motions with her gorgeous eyes at my hair.

“All flights have been cancelled,” Zaia says, staring at the screen as the news reporter reports on the storm.

“Are they?” Sia asks, her eyes wide, as Xander frowns.

“No, they aren’t. I’m going to go with Daddy,” he states unhappily.

“I’m afraid even I can’t go anywhere unless the weather changes drastically and I don’t think that’s going to happen,” I reply, trying to calm him down by ruffling his hair.

He frowns deeply. “Then what about my presents if we can’t go by Christmas?” he asks gloomily.

“Don’t worry, you’ll get them,” I say, but it gets me thinking. I look at the large tree that stands in the corner of the room.

“I’m sure we can figure something out to make Christmas memorable if that happens,” Zaia says as she cups his face, tugging on his cheeks.

He smiles slightly and nods. “Yes, and that means I can have both Mommy and Daddy together for Christmas!”

Zaia and I look at one another before she looks away first.

Well, I think I like the sound of that...

'I'll pop down to town and grab some gifts and groceries.' I say to Zaia through the mind link, it feels strange using it with her, but at the same time, it feels so right.

'Are you sure? I mean, I could go instead. You had a long flight.' She replies, concern clear in those gorgeous lavender-coloured eyes.

'I don't get tired so fast.' I respond arrogantly. 'I'm not old yet.'

'I can see that.' She replies, a smile tugging at the corner of her lips as her eyes dip down before she looks away quickly.

I can't help but smirk as I cock a brow.

'Oh yeah?'

A faint blush tints her creamy skin, and she tucks a strand of her hair behind her ear.

'Yes.' She doesn't look at me as she says that one word, but it really does make me feel good.

'Then let's make this a Christmas the kids won't forget.'

Or us...

She looks over at me and smiles, nodding.

'Sounds like a plan. She responds, her eyes locking with mine and deep down, I pray that the blizzard only gets worse I want to spend Christmas here.

With her.

A/N: Hi everyone! Just want to say a big welcome to all my new readers! You can find more of my work and update schedules on my social page. I* – Author.Muse F*. Author Muse. Please don't forget to vote if you enjoyed this chapter.

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on January 11, 2024

62. A Moment or I Am The Luna Chapter 140 By Moonlight Muse

ZAIA.

Sebastian left for town despite my worry that the weather looks extremely rough, but I'm sure he'll be fine. He is a big boy.

Big indeed.

A very dirty image flashes through my head of Sebastian naked with his hand around his cock and the wooden platter I'm holding slips from my fingers when I realise what I had just pictured.

Goddess!

My cheeks burn as I kneel down, picking it up as Sia and Zion rush inside, worry clear on their face.

Zion reaches me first as Sia picks up the platter.

"Are you ok Mom?" he asks worriedly, taking my hands and checking for injuries.

"I'm fine. I was just a little clumsy," I reply sheepishly.

"Oh, that's not like you Mommy!" Sia tilts her head, observing me with concern. I blush as I stand up. "I was a little distracted."

The twins look at one another before nodding slowly.

"Oh... now we get it. Cool." Zion grins before taking Sia's hand and both leave the room. I watch them suspiciously. What does that even mean?

I exhale deeply, placing a hand on my chest.

No more thinking of Sebastian... I need to get to work on dinner. I initially thought I'd be alone and would have had leftovers, but now I need to make sure I do have food for the evening.

There's not much to work with but I have potatoes and... I open the freezer door smiling when I see the breaded cod fish.

I think we can have fish and chips for dinner.

I get to work, peeling and slicing the potatoes, wondering when Sebastian will get back. Time seems to be passing by slowly and I'm feeling restless as I keep glancing at the time.

Is Sebastian ok?

Should I try to reach out to him via the link?

No, he might think I'm worried.

Sighing, I rinse the potatoes slowly. I had told the chef to have the rest of the holidays off, so it's just me. I place the washed potato down, picking up two more.

I rinse them off, frowning as I notice the water isn't draining as fast as it should. Is something stuck in the sink? I place the potatoes down as I prod a barbecue stick down one of the drain holes.

Hmm, the water's still clogged, what is wrong with it? I place the stick down and open the cabinet beneath the sink, looking at the pipes.

Nothing seems off.

Oh well, there's not much I can do now. Putting the oil on the cooker, I get back to washing the potatoes and slicing them up, wondering once again if he's alright...

An hour has gone by and the smell of freshly cooked chips and fish fills the kitchen and I'm no longer able to stop myself from mind linking him.

'Sebastian? Can you hear me?'

'Always.'

I smile faintly as I sprinkle some salt and pepper over the chips.

'Are you alright, when are you getting back?' I ask worriedly. Has he even gotten there? What if the weather was too difficult to travel in? 'If you aren't able to get there, just turn around.'

'I'm almost home. I have a lot of bags, so that held me up a little.'

'Oh, perfect.' I reply, feeling a weight I didn't even know lift off my chest.

'Were you worried about me?'

I'm not expecting that, and I brush my hair back, glad he can't hear my racing heart. There's a moment's silence, I guess I surprised him as much as I did myself at my honesty.

'Then I'll try to get there sooner.'

I don't reply, my heart fluttering. I look down at the basket of chips, trying to calm my emotions. He still has such a strong effect on me...

"Is Dad not back?" Xander asks unhappily, tapping my arm.

"Seems not." Zion sighs as I shake my head in response as Xander pouts.

"I did say moving your flight forward so close to Christmas was a bad idea." I remind him it was Zion wanting to participate in the ice-skating contest that had been the reason for delaying their leaving.

Zion smiles. "Whatever the Goddess wills, I guess. Maybe this was meant to be."

"I totally agree." Sia chimes in.

I smile at them. "That's true. Well set the table, your father will be here soon, and then we can get-" I stop mid sentence as the kids begin helping themselves to the chips.

"Sorry Mom, they looked good. We'll take them to the table." Zion says apologetically.

"It's quite alright, just set the table first."

"Ok!" Xander says as he grabs the ketchup bottle.

Sia and Zion take the rest whilst I begin cleaning up, waiting for the last batch to be done when I sense someone approaching.

Sebastian?

I place the cloth down and hurry to the front door, pulling it open before he can even knock and find myself face to face with a snow-covered Sebastian.

“Goddess, look at you!” I exclaim as he places the large bags down as I look around for something to dust the snow off him with, but see nothing.

If he wasn’t freezing before, he must be now.

“I’m fine.” He reassures as he shakes his hair off. A few flecks of snow fall on me and I step back. “Sorry.”

“It’s ok,” I say as he reaches over, brushing the flecks of snow from my neck. My heart thunders as his thumb brushes across my collarbone, his gaze dipping to my neck.

For a moment, his gaze flickers to my breasts before snapping back to my neck. His hand lingers for a moment. I don’t move, trying to calm my thumping heart.

A faint smile crosses his lips as his eyes meet mine.

“You didn’t move.”

“Hmm?” I quickly move back, blushing in embarrassment.

“Don’t...” he murmurs, stepping closer, his hand still on my neck. “I just meant you weren’t repulsed by my touch...”

My eyes widen as his words sink in.

No, I never meant for him to think that ever.

“I’ve never been repulsed by your touch, Sebastian.”

I was just hurt... but it doesn’t hurt anymore.

“Then let me rephrase...” His voice is deep and low, but even then, it’s the only thing I hear as he looks down at me.

But I’m not prepared for his next words, not at all.

He leans closer, his lips almost brushing my ear as he whispers. “If you keep behaving like such a good girl, you are only going to make me want to grab this pretty little throat and kiss you fucking senseless.” 5

My eyes fly open as his hand wraps around my throat, my blazing orange eyes meeting sharp silver...