

I Am The Luna Chapter 2 By Moonlight Muse

ZAIA.

The following day dawns as gloomy and dark as the weight on my chest.

Sebastian left last night. I had heard the front door slam shut, and I wonder if he went to Annalise.

I stare at the divorce file in front of me, five million dollars as alimony. It is not a small amount. He really wants me to leave so desperately, doesn't he?

I toss the file onto the bed. I don't need his money. Nothing can make up for the pain of being rejected by my mate. The man I had given everything to.

I push the ruffled bedding back and get out of bed, and stare at my reflection above my vanity.

Staring back at me is the creamy skin with freckles, and long ginger locks which, despite being hard to maintain, I never considered cutting, because Sebastian liked it. My pouty lips aren't anywhere near as big as Annalise's, but the most prominent feature of mine is probably my amethyst-coloured eyes.

There was a time when every man wanted me. At College and University, all the young men wanted to date Zaia Toussaint.

My reputation in my studies and as the daughter of Alpha Hugh Toussaint only added to that, I came from a reputable pack, one whose size is almost as big as this one, however, their reputation is vastly different.

Where my father's pack is known for its social status and influence, the Dark Hollow Falls Pack was known for their power and their control.

No one wants to cross them.

I stare down at the papers in my hand.

Placing a hand on my stomach, I calm myself. Stress is not good for the baby. I will not sit here and weep. I will show him I am fine.

Determined, I ball my fists still holding those hateful papers, before I get ready for the day and make my way downstairs.

“Did the Alpha not return last night?” Emma asks, stepping out of the dining room with the uneaten dishes from last night.

“He came late, and I had fallen asleep,” I reply, forcing a smile as I lead the way to the kitchen.

“You look pale, Luna. Are you alright?” she asks as I make myself some cereal, even though I have no appetite.

Before I can reply, my phone rings.

It’s Valerie Scott, my Doctor and close friend.

“Hello?” I answer, stepping away from the table and leaving the kitchen for privacy.

“Zaia, I’m sorry to bother you so early. I was taking a second look at your reports, and I want you to come back for a few additional checks.”

“Valerie... is everything alright?” I ask nervously.

“Don’t worry, Zaia, just come see me as soon as possible.”

I hang up, fear settling into the pit of my stomach and I quickly hurry to leave, asking Ethan to have the car ready.

Once in the car, I tell him to drive me to the hospital.

He looks at me curiously as he obeys. “Is everything ok, Luna?”

“Oh yes, just going to go meet Valerie for brunch.”

It isn’t a complete lie.

Valerie is the head gynaecologist at the hospital, and I'm glad she is the one who found out about my baby.

We reach the hospital shortly after and I thank Ethan, telling him to wait for me.

The windy weather batters at me and I'm happy to step into the warmth of the hospital entrance.

"Do you have another appointment, Luna?" the lady at the front desk asks.

Gossip will spread like wildfire, knowing I came to the hospital two days in a row.

"Oh no, I-"

"She's here to see me."

We both turn, relieved to see Valerie standing there in her white coat with arms crossed.

"Ah, I see," the prying woman behind the counter says before she smiles and returns to her paperwork. The smell of disinfectant is strong in the halls.

"I think it's best to keep your pregnancy a secret for now," Valerie whispers to me as she strides down the hallway and opens her office door.

"I think so too." I agree, although my reasons are rather different.

Once inside the comfort of her office, she tells me to lie down on the bed so she can do a quick scan of my stomach. Since we are in her office, there is no screen opposite for me to be able to see the scan myself.

However, with the frown on her face deepening, I dare not disturb her as she takes measurements, observing the screen.

Finally, when she wipes the cold gel from my stomach and motions for me to get up, I ask her as I stand up, "Tell me Valerie, what is it?"

"You don't need to worry too much, there is nothing wrong with the pregnancy itself, but..." She begins, but it's too soon to be relieved. "Come, take a seat."

I oblige. Taking a seat, she sighs as she sits down behind her desk.

“But?”

She sighs, tilting her head as she opens up a file on her desk.

“But your health isn’t great. I’m surprised, to be honest. You come from a strong bloodline, and you seem healthy and fit, but after looking through your reports... you are extremely weak and that can affect the growth of the children.” She puts the file down and I frown.

My eyes fly open. “Children?”

“Yes, Zaia, you are having twins, which makes me all the more worried about this pregnancy and your health.”

Twins! I’d be happier if the divorce wasn’t bothering me, but the doctor obviously doesn’t share the excitement with me. She’s worried.

“Will I lose them?” I ask, nervously.

“The chances of miscarrying are extremely high and until you are past your first trimester, I would say you need to rest as much as possible. Perhaps keeping this pregnancy news quiet, for now, will be better. I know the pack members will want to visit you if they find out that an Alpha heir will soon be born.”

I nod in understanding, reaching for the file and scan through it. I may not be a doctor but I had studied medicine alongside business at university.

“How is it possible for my levels to be so low?” I ask.

She shakes her head. “It’s beyond me, but I will give you some multivitamins and we will keep an eye on you.”

“Thanks, Val. Can I ask a weird question? Does a rejection harm an unborn child?” I say quietly.

She looks at me sharply, and I keep my chin up, hoping she doesn't see right through me.

She sits back, pondering over it for a moment before she looks me straight in the eye, a calculating look in them.

“No Zaia, it won't harm the child, but it will surely hurt the Mother and... if the Mother is already weak, for example like yourself, she may never be able to carry another child again.”

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After bidding Valerie farewell, I don't return home. I'm too disturbed and unsettled to think straight. After what she told me, I am no longer sure what I should do.

I have been debating what to do for the last hour. I had dismissed Ethan and decided to walk home, despite the weather.

My mind is still in turmoil and a memory from long ago returns to me, making my heart squeeze.

(Flashback)

“When we have a child, I hope that they look just like you.”

“Me?” I ask, surprised, as he pulls me into his lap and runs his fingers through my hair.

“Yes, my beautiful fire pixie. And I hope they have hair just like you too,” he replies, kissing my neck.

My heart skips a beat as I tilt my head. I didn't really feel confident with my flaming orange hair, but Sebastian loved it, saying it reminded him of a phoenix.

“Zion,” he says as he caresses my cheek, but it's his next word that makes my eyes widen in shock. “That will be the name of our son.”

(End of flashback)

He was looking forward to our children so much. If I had gotten pregnant earlier, would everything have been different?

Although I know he no longer wants me, I think I should at least try, for our children. Perhaps he'll rethink when he knows that we are going to have two beautiful babies. Perhaps he will reconsider the divorce. After all, as the father, he does have a right to know about them.

A glimmer of hope enters my heart and I head towards the Pack Hall. Sebastian would be working in his office at this time.

The Pack Hall sits beside our mansion, separated only by a black gate. Our pack members live across town, and this is the one place where they can gather for meetings and important events.

Making my way inside, I enter the code for the third floor by scanning my fingerprint and make my way up the carpeted stairs. This floor is only for the ranked members of the pack, and no one is allowed up here without a pin.

I muster my courage and square my shoulders, hoping that he might just reconsider throwing me out, when I spot none other than Annalise sitting on Sebastian's desk in an extremely short dress as she laughs at something he just said.

For the first time, I wonder if Sebastian took a liking to me because I reminded him of my half-sister.

Although Annalise is taller and slimmer. With her beautiful blond hair and blue eyes, she is the angelic doll that anyone would be deceived by.

I can't help but look at the ginger hair strands that fall over my shoulder. We are similar, yet different...

"Oh Seb, I can't help but be worried that you are really in love with my sister." Annalise's voice makes me look up sharply.

A sliver of irritation rushes through me. I am still the Luna and his wife and until I have signed those papers; he is still mine... How dare she! I'm unable to hold back the anger I feel as I stride down the carpeted hall.

"Don't be mistaken," Sebastian replies.

I falter as Annalise laughs.

The tinkling sounds like nails scraping down a chalkboard to me and I clench my teeth as I stare through the gap in the door.

"So are you saying in the past three years you never developed any feelings for her?"

There's silence, and I place my hand on the wall, hoping he doesn't shatter my resolve entirely.

"Not at all. It was simply a three-years-late rejection. Something I should have done long ago." His cold reply comes.

My breath hitches and I try not to let the overwhelming rejection squeeze at my heart.

"Oh, that makes me so relieved, especially considering we can finally return to how things used to be before she came between us."

Through the gap in the door, I see Sebastian sitting there silently, a hard expression on his face as he looks distractedly out of the window.

"Are you listening to me, Seb?"

"Sorry, I was just... What did you just say?"

"I said – things will be just the way they were before she took everything from me." She runs her hands along his shoulders.

I press a hand to my chest, wishing the pain away as Annalise continues to prattle on.

"You don't need to worry about anything. I mean, she couldn't even give you a child in these years... I'll have a baby for us. You deserve an heir," she says seductively.

I wish I knew what I did to be treated like this. Memories of our time together fill my mind, and I shake my head.

Yes, we married immediately when we found we were mates, but that's normal. Sebastian's father had been adamant, yes, but I never felt that Sebastian wasn't happy. He doted on me, complimented me, and I know he found me attractive...

Then what happened?

"Sebastian, I was thinking perhaps we can go on a date to one of our old hot spring weekends?" she purrs coquettishly.

My husband sits forward and my stomach churns when he places his hand on her bare thigh. "I think that's an excellent idea."

I step back, my heart screaming in pain, a pain no one will hear. I'm unable to stand here and watch them make a mockery of me.

I can't do it. I can't tell him about my babies. What if he tries to take them away from me?

Turning, I flee back to the steps and run down them, trying to hold back the tears that are threatening to fall, but I fail and the dam wall comes crashing down, just like my life has come collapsing down around me.