

I Am The Luna Chapter 21 By Moonlight Muse

SEBASTIAN

It's pretty late in the evening when I finally head home. I had gone to Valerie's apartment again, but there was nothing more to find other than what the squad had already learned. I took her phone from them, in hopes she'd have Zaia's new number in there, but there is nothing

I wonder if she has another phone and ask the team to bring me all her devices, but there is no sign of a second phone. I'm sure they stayed in contact, but even Jai is not sure on how Valerie didn't tell him much more than what he already knew.

Checking her emails also doesn't bring anything, but there are emails of a conversation with a doctor regarding the poison and Zaia's blood, something I d*****d copies of

I unlock the front door to the mansion, and step inside, pulling open the buttons of my shirt, as I lean against the door and stare down the hall.

The memory of Zaia running down this hall in a rush, looking graceful and sexy all at once as she flings her arms around my neck, kisses me and helps me out of my jacket, returns with a vengeance

Zaia is everything, beautiful, strong, confident, pure and s3xy. I miss her... miss her touch; her smile.... the taste of her....

An image of her naked fills my mind, and I close my eyes.

Not now... I groan internally.

It's been over four months since I've had sex... since she left. The dreams only make it harder and masturbating to her memories is nowhere near the real thing.

I did this... I admit I deserve this. Pushing myself away from the wall, I head upstairs, passing our old bedroom. I pause and stare at the door I can't bring myself to go in there.

Is there any remnant of her scent left behind? Opening the door, I'm instantly I'm hit with a powerful wave of nostalgia. Making me unable to enter "Well, look who decided to return." Dad's crisp voice makes me turn to him. I frown slightly and tilt my head.

"I've been busy with what's been going on," I say quietly I don't want to argue with him. Closing the door, I move past him when he calls me "Sebastian.

I don't respond, waiting for him to continue "This pack is going to the dogs. Fix it or give up your title"

I frown. He's forgetting I'm the one who made this pack better. "I think you got used to the level that I raised this pack to. We're only returning to how it was when you were Alpha." I reply harshly.

Not waiting for a reply, I walk away.

"Sebastian!" I don't have time for his crap. "Do not turn your back on me, Sebastian." He warns menacingly

"No... but I am the Alpha now, and you better not disrespect me." I snarl, my eyes flashing as I turn and glare at him.

"I made you Alpha." He hisses.

"You made me nothing! A fool can be given the title of a king, and unless he proves he is worthy to be called king, he will forever remain a fool. I'm acknowledged as the Alpha for what I have achieved. As for the shit I've messed up, I know what I'm doing, and I don't need to answer to you or anyone "I growl, trying to calm the rising storm within me.

Only Zaia. Because she's the one I wronged. Our eyes meet, both of us raging with anger and before this gets out of hand, I turn and storm down the hall, having had enough of his crap.

I enter the guest room where I've been staying and head straight to the bathroom and pull open the cabinet. Grabbing the pill bottle, I unscrew it and pour some pills into my hands before putting the bottle back.

I'll have these checked. Hearing a knock on the bedroom door, I quickly slip the pills into my pocket before I go to answer it.

I will fix this, Zaia, I promise. A week has passed since that day, and things are still extremely tense at home. The results of the pills came back positive. Each one contained a high level of Ashbane.

The results, combined with the tension, brought me to the decision that I will leave the mansion and move elsewhere.

I now stare up at the gates to the entrance of the Whispering Mountain Pack. After not being able to reach either Atticus or Zaia via phone or email, I decided to come here in person.

I told no one of my visit, save Jai, not wanting it to somehow get to the person watching me and also not knowing who I can trust.

I sigh, leaning against my car as I wait for Atticus. The guard is watching me like a hawk. He has called Atticus and surprisingly Atticus has agreed to come meet the

chose to go to the eastern side of his pack, the private property is entirely blocked off, and no one can enter but it's easier for me to reach Atticus on this side rather than try to enter the pack and be apprehended by security. This way I'm not on his pack territory, just the borders

Several more minutes pass when I hear the sound of footsteps and the door opens and Atticus steps out

"Give us some time alone," he murmurs to his guard. The man bows before walking away and Atticus turns his gaze on me.

"Well, well, well... look what we have here? I'm appalled at your brazen behaviour, Sebastian King. When I specifically told you, you aren't allowed anywhere near my pack, yet you show up at my door..." his voice is sharp, his eyes ice-cold.

"I came alone and I'm here to talk, not to argue." I reply, my eyes flickering from my wolves to my own as I try to control my emotions.

“And that is the only reason you are alive. I don’t need Zaia getting upset with your presence,” he says, his voice lower

“I want to talk to her, it’s why I’m here,” I reply as I cross my arms.

He frowns slightly and sighs heavily

“When will you accept that she’s moved on?” he asks, “and haven’t you? So why are you still trying to hurt her, unless, of course, you don’t really care for the woman on your arms.”

Is he implying that it’s an act? “This is about my kids. I know those babies are mine, no matter if you or she deny that.”

“And here I am seeing them as mine, really... Sebastian, even if somehow you are the father, she doesn’t want anything to do with you.”

Somehow?

They are mine

And I will never tolerate this man to ever be a father figure to my children. Just the thought makes my blood boil. My eyes flash as I push myself away from the car, closing the gap between us, wanting to punch his face.

“Call Zaia,” I growl.

He shakes his head. “Fine, I’ll go ask her if she’s willing to talk to you, rest assured, I know she won’t accept you back, but you have to promise me one thing.”

“What?” I almost snarl.

“After this talk, if she doesn’t want anything to do with you, you will leave her alone and walk away. For good?”

I clench my jaw No because I will keep trying “Fine”.

He nods and takes his phone out and dials a number I can hear it ring but there's no answer

I lean over and look down at the screen, ZAIA...

"Don't trust me?" He snaps, shoving me back, but I refuse to back off

I don't trust him at all.

"Just making sure," I growl. "Pathetic" He mutters as the phone goes to the answering machine.

"Try again," I growl.

But before he can reply, a message comes through. ZAIA. I'm sorry, it's just so loud here I didn't hear your call. Is everything ok, Atticus?

"Let her enjoy herself" He mutters. It's not that I don't want her to be happy. Has she really moved on with him?

ATTICUS I'm sorry to bother you, it's just Sebastian King is here, and he wants to have a word with you one last time. "And tell her that I have something important to tell her regarding Valerie," I say, frowning.

ZAIA. Well, I don't want to talk to him. We had our last talk the last time he was here. I don't want to ruin my day, send him away Atticus.

ATTICUS: I understand, and no one can force you. He said there's something he wants to tell you about your friend Valerie

ZAIA: you can pass a message on to him?

I frown. What do I do? She's obviously angry. ATTICUS Tell me and I'll pass it on

"She doesn't want to talk to you. Sebastian," he states the obvious, making my irritation rise

I snatch the phone from him and hit the call button again. This time it's picked up I can hear the loud sound of talking and laughing in the background. "Zala, listen to me."

Beep.

She hung up.

I stare down at the phone before Atticus takes his phone back, his eyes blazing anything to do with you. Leave.

"Enough! You rejected her and divorced her! She doesn't want Sebastian or there will be war and this time, I fucking mean it!" His anger makes his voice tremble, and I stare down at the phone in his hand.

No come on, just one meeting Zaia I'll tell you everything. "Tell her Valerie was attacked, and she's in a coma. If not for me, tell her to at least come visit her friend," I say quietly.

He shakes his head and types something, and I pray it's enough. She wouldn't refuse her friend. The phone vibrates and Atticus holds it up. to me.

"Here's your answer. Now go."

I stare down at the screen. ATTICUS: Your friend Valerie was attacked, and she's currently in a coma. He wants you to visit her

ZAIA. I didn't think he could fall so low ...send him away Atticus, I'm tired of him. Please don't text again, I'm busy. I'll wait for you tonight. Take care, handsome.

My heart clenches and I feel defeated.

In this cage-like pack, I've lost her....

Handsome..

The last word of the text burns in my head.

She really has moved on...

I turn away and get into my car. Call me selfish, call me fucking arrogant or whatever you want, but this is not the end.

I will find a way to reach you Zaia, because you are my Luna.a

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SEBASTIAN.

Sighing, I strum my fingers on the steering wheel as I drive towards Dark Hollow Falls Pack territory, mulling over everything. Handsome...

Why does that feel off? Then there is the way she texts saying it's too loud for her to talk... Zaia would move away, she's not that person who would have an issue with that. Maybe it's wishful thinking, but I don't think that was Zaia on the other side of the phone.

The more I think about it, the more it makes sense, but again, it could have been her simply behaving that way, knowing it would get to me. Both are possibilities.

Maybe I'm looking too much into it, but the Zaia I know would have had a few choice words to say to me. She isn't the type to let others handle her problems.

The biggest red flag is the fact she didn't even seem a little worried about Valerie. I would presume she would check up on her for peace of mind and if it was a lie, she would then let loose on me.

Anger makes a person blind too, so I can't rule that out either. I'll find a way to get through to you, Zaia. I really will...

My phone rings and I run my fingers through my hair, glancing at the LCD screen in the car. Unknown caller?

Zaia? My heart quickens a little; maybe she did end up being worried about Valerie..

I hit the answer button.

“Sebastian,” I answer.

“I don’t think my warnings were enough.”

I tense and I almost slam my foot on the brakes as the robotic distorted voice fills the car. It’s rough, coarse and aggressive.

“Who is this?”

“Who do you think? I gave you those warnings, but you decided to ignore them. Do you remember the note from July the 13th?”

I frown, my stomach twisting. It’s been a while since the notes stopped...

Since I split from Zaia...

“I do,” I say, trying to keep him talking I need to alert someone to try to trace the call. I lift my hand, ready to press a button on the phone to send a text when a slow chuckle fills the car.

“Really? Do you really think you can catch me? If I were you, SK, I’d look for a way to get out of the car before you crash. I don’t think your brakes are working.”

I frown as I press my foot on the brakes only to realise he’s right. They aren’t working and the car is moving at a pretty fast speed.

But they were a short while ago!

“I am in charge of the programming of your car. Got to love automatic smart cars! Now answer the question before the car poofs. Time is running out SK. Now focus... focus on that July the 13th message!”

July the 13th...

How can I forget? That was the message that specifically told me that as long as she’s with me he’ll never leave her alone... My eyes flash, my hands tightening on the steering wheel.

"I see you remember," he hisses, the crackling in the background rings through the car as I try the car door handle.

Locked!

Fuck.

I try to unlock it, but the car is no longer under my control. "So, what do you want me to do? I only went there to tell her about her friend."

"No, no, NO SK! DON'T LIE! I call the shots here! Remember that! I told you to stay away. You put on a pretty good show by sending her away. But now I wonder, is it all just a game to you?" The voice is almost like a singsong tone despite the distortion to it.

One thing is clear: the person really is unhinged. I grit my teeth. How had I become so relaxed?

"Now... let's try this again SK. Use your brain, use your brain. I am not here to fulfil empty threats! So, you have about two minutes before that car poofs like popcorn!" He cackles and I frown. He's fucking unhinged.

"What do you want?" I snarl. "I will give you one last warning because I am such a good person. See, I'm giving you a chance. I even called to help you understand, you dimwit!" a I frown as I tug at the door, trying to slow the car down but failing.

"Let. Her. GO0000! Do you get it, SK?"

"Let. Her. G00000! Do you get it, SK? Let her go! If you continue to chase her, do you see the position you are in right now? That will be her, and those little cute babies that she's cooking inside of her will get squished if she gets into an accident now, won't she?"

"Hey!" I snarl. "Don't you dare touch her! Your issue is with me, target me, not her!" He cackles, sounding choked as if it's so fucking funny he can't breathe.

"You are a joker SK, oh god you are so funny... but I am serious." His voice drops the sick playfulness as it returns to deeper and darker. "Now. This is the final warning:

Leave her alone or she will die, and you won't be burying one but three. Stay away and she stays safe."

I stare ahead. The car is picking up speed and I slam my elbow into the window, shattering the glass, trying the handle from outside as the speed keeps picking up.

Fuck! "Oh yes! Jump jump jump! Time's ticking!" "Listen to me, don't touch her and I'll... I'll stay away," I say, my heart squeezing, but the truth is I did get careless...

So lost in wanting her back that I forgot the threats that were the reasons I sent her away to begin with. I can't risk her for my own selfishness...

"Well.... That depends on you. Stay true to your words, SK, and I will stay away from her and the little cute buns in the over!" He cackles, the sudden smell of something burning reaching my nose.

The brakes aren't working at all, and I grab my phone unplugging it as I place it to my ear.

"I give you my word. I will stay away from her. Don't touch her....do whatever you want to me, but leave her out of this." I say, my voice trembling with rage, but I'm trying to control myself. After all, the ball is in his court.

I can't let my arrogance or rage get the better of me, for the sake of my children and woman. "Then as long as you keep your side of the deal, she is safe!"

The line cuts and I shove my phone into my pocket. Holding onto the steering wheel to keep it steady and with the other I smash out the large shards of glass in the window before hoisting myself up.

The car's moving at a violent speed, and I take a deep breath, holding the wheel as steady as possible as I pull myself out of the window.

The car swerves violently and I flip in the air, before I hit the ground. Landing on my feet but unable to keep my balance, jarring pain rushes through my knees and I suck in a breath.

The impact makes me groan as I fall to my knees before I hit the ground, rolling over as I watch the car swivel ahead.

With no one steering, it flips over and I shield my face as it smashes into the corner of the mountain. An ear-shattering explosion fills the air and the car erupts into flames.

The huge explosion causes debris to fly everywhere. I pull myself against the nearest tree, the taste of blood is strong in my mouth as I breathe heavily.

His words replay in my mind, and I feel guilty, regretful, and fucking useless.

“Zaia...”

I’ve failed her, failed my pups and above all failed to keep her safe. I need to stop chasing her... I need to find the person behind this first. Before I even consider winning her back.

I flinch as I reach into my pocket. Pain rushes up my arm and neck as I take out my phone. The screen has a crack, but it’s working. I breathe heavily as the pain in my side gets worse and I dial Jai’s number.

“Hey Seb, where are you?”

“On the way back from Atticus’s pack. I “Yeah... ok, listen. You need to get back here as soon as possible, Valerie’s family is trying to get her out of here. They don’t want to stay anymore. Someone tried to break into the hospital Seb,” his voice is full of worry and I take a slow breath.

Right now, my own situation is not important, my pack needs me.

“Calm down, Jai. I’m coming. We’ll figure this out and tell the Scotts to wait for me. I will do everything in my power to keep her safe.”

“Ok... be quick man... we need you here.”

“Coming.”

I hang up and force myself to shift into my wolf. The agony of my broken bones reshaping and reforming makes me groan, but the pain is soon dulled. I gather up my phone in my mouth before breaking into a run.

With every passing second, I feel as if I'm losing Zaia a little more as I put distance between us. This may be a hindrance to us, but I promise I won't give up. I just need to do better... and I will.

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SEBASTIAN.

"I understand," I say quietly. It's not something I want, but I have to respect that this is what he wants. "Are you sure?" there's guilt in his eyes as he stands opposite me. We are on the back patio of the packhouse.

The weather is warm, but a soothing breeze rustles the grass, yet it does nothing to soothe the storm in my mind.

"I am. I need someone to keep her safe, Jai, and who better than yourself? Something tells me she has some answers that may help us. We need her to wake up." I say quietly.

It's going to be a great loss to have him gone, but... it's the right thing. "Thank you, Seb... I promise I'll do what I can from over there. I'll gather what information I can too..."

I nod. It's been three days since the crash and although I made it back before I ended up dropping unconscious, I'm healing well.

I also have learned that Zaia has moved to her father's pack. One of my men was able to dig that up, and it only strengthens my opinion that it may not have been Zaia on the other side of that call that day.

Although I need to stay away, it gives me a glimmer of hope. It means she's not with him.

“Seb?” “Sorry, I got distracted... go, Jai, she needs you more than I do.”

“And who will you assign as your Beta?” Jai asks. I shove my Hanus to my pocket as glance out at the sky. “I have a few options, but I think I’ll be going with Justin Seagrave.”

Jai tilts his head and nods thoughtfully. “Didn’t the Seagraves initially belong to the Crystal Shadow Pack?”

I nod, “Actually, yes. They moved to this pack over twenty years ago, but still have ties with that pack.” “And that’s where she is...” he murmurs.

I don’t respond, and he grins. “Well, glad you got things sorted, I think you’ll be fine Seb, and once Val is awake, we’ll be back because I know she will want to come home.”

I nod as our eyes meet and although deep down a part of me wonders if she’ll ever wake up, I will not shatter his hopes, for his and Zaia’s sake I wish she wakes up.

“Then I’ll await the day,” I respond quietly. He nods before giving me a hug and slaps my back, sending a pang of pain rushing through my shoulder.

“I’m going to miss your arrogant dumb ass,” he says, making me chuckle. “Same,” I grunt massaging my shoulder. “Sorry man, I forgot,” he grins and I can’t help but smirk back. It is a while later when there’s a knock on the office door and I look up.

“Enter,” I call. The door opens and Justin steps inside. “Alpha Sebastian, you called for me?” “Yes, I did, Justin, sit down.”

Justin is a few years younger than me. He’s from a middle-class family and is of warrior rank. However, he is extremely intelligent and has a knack for strategy and battle.

“I hope I have not upset you, Alpha.”

“Not at all, actually due to certain factors, Beta Jai O’Dell will be stepping down from his position as Beta of this pack and I want you to take his place.”

He looks up at me, surprised, "Alpha... me? Are you certain? I mean, I don't come from a ranked family... nor do I have an influential family..." he trails off, bowing his head.

"I don't need power or money Justin, I need a Beta with a good head on his shoulders. You will be my Beta." I say with finality.

He gives a slow, hesitant nod. "Of course, it would be my greatest honour. That's a position I never dreamed of... but... there are so many people who hold far more power and wealth.... I

understand you don't need it nor want it."

I nod. "Exactly, the initiation will take place next Monday. You are going to be my Beta and are the next best for the position," I say, dismissing him.

He bows his head as he stands up. "Thank you, Alpha. I will not disappoint."

Once the door shuts after him, I stand up and walk to the window. He may think he's got nothing... but he has ties with the Crystal Shadow Pack that will come in use... I may not be able to approach her, but I will have a way to keep an eye on her.

Zaia... I promise I'll find him.

Somehow.

ONE MONTH LATER...

ZAIA.

"I don't feel too well." I sigh as I enter our new home.

We moved to The Crystal Shadow Pack two days after I had talked to Dad, telling Atticus that I needed to leave. To my surprise, he didn't argue and although he wanted me to stay; he understood and respected my decision and hoped we could stay friends.

I accepted. It was the least I could do, considering everything I had lied to him about. He had been nothing but helpful and said he'll keep it quiet where I had gone.

I am truly grateful for his help and despite certain actions of his not being to my liking; I understand he was still trying to help me.

Valerie never got back to me, and the only thing I got from her was one email a week later, saying Sebastian found out and she can't stay in touch with me and she's sorry.

I respect that, after all, I can understand Sebastian's temper. Sometimes he did lose it. I can only hope that in a few weeks or months, he'll calm down.

"Maybe you overdid it at the office. Did that witch irritate you?" Mom asks, referring to Dad's wife.

"I didn't see her today, and she can't bother me," I say confidently, feeling a spasm of pain rush through my stomach.

The doctor said I was getting Braxton Hicks contractions, as my body prepares for the birth and that it can happen for months before birth. They aren't pleasant and today they've been worse.

Mom and I are getting better. The antidote helped, and I had given one to the lab to make a new batch and I can see Mom looking better too.

As for my pregnancy, there are complications, the poison and the rejection have done their damage. I have many hospital appointments and checkups to make sure everything is going smoothly.

Dad has been true to his word and has given us a home, security, and protection. In turn, I have got down to work and am doing my best to help and assist my father.

The start has been bumpy, with him running things so differently than how Sebastian and I did, but he's beginning to take my opinions on board.

"Zaia! What's wrong?" Mom shouts as she rushes over to me. Sharp pain rushes through my stomach, and I gasp, clutching my belly. I don't know what happened. One second, I'm talking to Mom, the next I'm experiencing intense pain.

“The doctor! We need a doctor!” Mom shouts as she grabs her phone. “Madam! I’ll have the driver ready. She should go to the hospital!” The maid exclaims as she rushes from the room.

My head feels dizzy as Mom calls someone on the phone. What’s happening? It’s too early to go into labour. I’m not even anywhere near full-term!

Something wet trickles down my legs and I can’t even look down with my belly in the way. Have my waters broken?!

“You’re bleeding... Goddess, Zaia!” Mom’s voice is full of horror as she drops the phone in her panic and runs to my side, “We need to get you to the hospital immediately!”

Terror, like never before, rushes through me. Nothing can happen to my babies... Fuck, please. I’ll do anything, goddess, please... protect these children....

My heart is thudding violently as I’m rushed out and into the car. Blood covers my legs and the amount is horrifying. My vision darkens as another powerful wave of pain rushes through me.

“Mom... It hurts.” I say, feeling a powerful contraction rip through me and there’s a sharp stabbing pain in my chest, one that reminds me of how I felt when he had rejected me.

The dreadful thought that now comes to the forefront of my mind is undeniable. I’m in labour, at only twenty-eight weeks.

Goddess...

“... Intensive care.”

“...Oxygen immediately...”

“The heart rate is dropping...”

Beep. Beep. Beep.

“What’s going on...” I mumble, it takes great energy and as I look around, my vision is blurry. The last thing I remember is getting to the hospital before falling unconscious.

There’s pain in my lower abdomen and I touch my stomach. “My babies!” I gasp, my eyes flying open as fear envelopes me feeling my flattened stomach.

“Calm down Zaia, everything is alright .” I turn my head to see Mom standing weeks.

Goddess...

“... Intensive care.”

“...Oxygen immediately...”

“The heart rate is dropping...”

Beep. Beep. Beep.

“What’s going on...” I mumble, it takes great energy and as I look around, my vision is blurry. The last thing I remember is getting to the hospital before falling unconscious.

There’s pain in my lower abdomen and I touch my stomach. “My babies!” I gasp, my eyes flying open as fear envelopes me feeling my flattened stomach.

“Calm down Zaia, everything is alright .” I turn my head to see Mom standing there, a small smile on her face, but it’s not reaching her eyes. Something is wrong!

“The babies, where are my babies!” I shout.

“Ms Toussaint, you have given birth to a baby boy and girl. Congratulations.” The doctor’s voice is vague and distant as I struggle in and out of consciousness, trying to clear my head.

There are too many people here... are the babies ok?

“Where are they!” I say, trying to sit up.

“They are in intensive care, but we are trying out best.”

My heart thuds as I stare at the doctor fearfully.

“Will they be ok?” I whisper, horrified Silence.

“Tell me!” I say, my voice breaking. They are all I have. I can’t let them die. I can’t let anything happen to them! “We are trying our best.” Comes the quiet reply.

In other words, they don’t hold much hope...

“Be strong Zaia, it’s going to be ok,” Mom says soothingly as she strokes my hair, but the truth is, I’ve failed them.

I should have been strong enough to bring them into this world, but I wasn’t. I’m so sorry...

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ZAIA.

THREE YEARS LATER...

I lace my fingers together, resting my elbows on the sleek marble of my top- floor executive office. Scoffing as the man before me rambles on.

Cocking a brow, I finally intervene. “Mr Santoni, time is precious, and I have places to be, deals to close, and money to make. So, shall we get to the proof that these company records show?”

His face pales as he presses his lips into a tight line. “You are gravely mistaken, Ms Toussaint! I can assure you the miners’ project was something that we handled correctly! Those poor folk are trying to con the company! They are snakes!”

My eyes flash as I slam my hand on top of the file, making him flinch as I stand up.

“Mr Santoni. I will not tolerate you antagonising me. You embezzled millions of dollars from this company, which was set aside for the family of the deceased miners abroad after the accident two years ago! Did you really think that I would not look into it?” I ask

sharply, my voice dripping with authority and warning him to dare deny the truth that is laid before us.

He lowers his head, swallowing hard. A drop of sweat trickles down his face and he takes out his handkerchief, wiping it away nervously.

“P-please Ms Toussaint... the th-thing ... I mean I have served this company for over twenty years, my father before me worked for the Toussaint enterprises, how can you let that all be cast aside so qu-quickly...” he mumbles his eyes darting around the office as if looking for a way to escape.

We are on the thirty-seventh floor of Toussaint Enterprises, a building that sits in the centre of the business district. There is nowhere to escape with security on every floor and at every exit.

That does not excuse the fact you took money that was not yours.” I say coldly, “Those families needed it far more than you, and when they raised those concerns, you tried to silence them.”

The scandal had rocked the empire, and it had cost the company a lot, despite the fact the manager put in charge had been careless and Mr Santoni here had only made matters worse. But ultimately the company must take responsibility for the mistakes made, and the lives lost.

I try to calm my wolf's emotions by taking a deep breath. Although I've only shifted once in my life, lately her emotions have only gotten stronger, I guess being surrounded by idiots does that.

“I... I know Ms Toussaint... but I... I'm sorry! And I will pay it back, p-please please don't press charges!” he pleads as he suddenly holds his hands up pleadingly as he rushes to the table, and gets into my personal space.

I move back, my eyes flashing as I press a button under the table. “I need security. I'm afraid you will have to take the consequences for your actions, Mr Santoni.”

He freezes as if unable to comprehend those words before he tilts his head and shakes it vigorously.

“I will never accept it!” he shouts as the door opens and two security guards come in. “I-I did nothing! I’m being framed.”

I raise an eyebrow, motioning at them to take him out. “Your confession is caught on tape, Mr Santoni. Anything and everything can and will be held against you.”

“You lied! You tricked me! No no! I will not accept it!”

I fold my arms under my breasts and turn away from the shouting man as he’s dragged from my office.

“Are you alright, Boss?”

“Of course, please close the door after you, Carlisle.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

The door shuts and I sigh as I walk towards the windows that run across the entire wall, from floor to ceiling, behind my desk. I look out at the city that is mapped with sky-high buildings in modern sleek designs.

Cars queue along the roads and the faint sound of horns blaring can be heard from drivers impatient to get to their destinations

My eyes flick to a building far across the business district. A building that towers several storeys higher than ours. The biggest here.... the exterior is full glass, with words in matt black running along the side that you can read from miles away, set against a silver background.

ARAN KING

I look away, the pain that would once clench at my heart as a reminder of my ex, a pain that would claw at me like poison is almost non-existent.....

Almost.

I stare at my reflection in the glass. Before me is a woman with hair styled into a high sophisticated updo, a few tendrils of red hair frame her face. Sharp eyes that are winged with black eyeliner, and bold red lipstick covers her lips.

A woman who is the image of control and composure.

I'm wearing a white satin blouse that is emphasised around my breasts. I've gained weight there since I had the little ones. The blouse is tucked into my beige pencil skirt, that hugs my hips and waist.

Zaia Toussaint, the Managing Director of Toussaint Enterprises.

It has taken me three years to get to this position with only my father and the CEO above me. In three years, I achieved what many take decades to attain.

I fought with everything I had to get to where I am, proving myself at every corner, fighting against those who tried to thwart me and pin me with false accusations..

Annalise may have ruined my past but

not my future... Though the pain remained for years, I realised that if we had truly been strong enough, nothing would have been able to ruin what we had.

I lived in a world of delusion and fallacy, but now, now, I live in a world of wit, deceit, and power. I prefer the latter because, in this world, no one can break my heart. A knock on the door makes my breath hitch, bringing me out of my thoughts.

Turning, I walk over to the desk; I click stop on the audio recording I had been making on my laptop and look towards the door.

"Enter," I say clearly. The moment the door opens, and the scent hits me, I realise it's father before he even comes into view.

I sit down in my seat and cross my legs. We may still not agree on everything, and we may not be close, but we have formed a pleasant working relationship.

"Zaia," he says, closing the door behind him. He opens his suit jacket button and takes a seat on one of the chairs opposite me. "I hear you had Santoni reported to law

enforcement, and you are charging him with multiple accounts of embezzlement, abuse of power, and defamation.”

I nod, twirling a strand of my hair around my fingers.

“Yes. As well as presenting misleading and false information to the law. I understand that Santoni has been a part of this company for many years and even the board of directors are rather concerned about my decision, but this is not about loyalty, but betrayal. And I, for one, will not tolerate it.” “You are playing a dangerous game, Zaia. You do know that the Santoni family is powerful.”

“I know, and you don’t need to worry about me, father. I know what I’m doing. Santoni’s arrest will be an example for the rest. A warning that the Toussaint empire will not tolerate criminal activities.”

Dad smiles and nods slowly.” Impressive, you really are born to be a businesswoman, Zaia... or I should say a boss. I wish I had seen it sooner, but then, you are only twenty-four years old, you have your life in front of you. I wasn’t too late.”

“Thanks to me.” I say lightly.

He chuckles and nods in agreement before he glances up at me.

He’s observing me, but seems a bit lost in thought before he shakes his head and taps his knee. “Well, I have arranged a business dinner party in your honour. Make sure the weekend is free,” he says.

Weekends... I made it clear that weekends were not work time, although yes, I did work from home every week, but I didn’t like to leave the house for work.

But I don’t refuse, it’s a one-off... so instead, I simply nod. “And why are you throwing a dinner in my honour?” I ask instead.

“You will see.” He stands up and so do I as we make our way to the door.

“I look forward to it, I reply with a smile.

Dad is about to reach for the door handle when there is a knock on it and Dad pulls it open to reveal my secretary, holding a tray of hot drinks."Oh, I'm sorry Mr Toussaint! Ms Toussaint..." She trails off meekly and I shake my head.

"It's alright Nancy, Dad is leaving." I say as I take my mug from the tray.

"Yes, but thank you," Dad says to her politely before he leaves, and I return to my desk.

Now, what's next on the agenda?

I Am The Luna Chapter 25 By Moonlight Muse

ZAIA

I press my foot on the brake as I wait for the security guards to unlock the large gates that leads to the entrance of our home. Once the large gates swing open, I drive through.

"Good evening Madam," the night security guard says, tipping his hat to me. "Good evening, Aaron," I reply, sliding my car window up.

I glance up at the house when it comes into view. The upstairs window lights are on and due to the warmth, a few of the windows are open.

The sound of a child's laughter reaches my ears, and it's like music. I park up in the driveway and turning the ignition off, I get out and shut the door quietly, wanting to surprise them.

I lock the car doors and make my way up the three steps that lead to the large four-bedroom home. Dad did not hold back. He gave us this when we first arrived.

Not only is it in a private area, but it's extremely secure on all sides. The property itself has large walls topped with spikes surrounding it.

"Come on, time for bed!" Mom's voice rings in the air. Oh, he's being a handful again!

I shake my head, unable to stop the smile from spreading on my face. I step inside and lock the door behind me. Putting my bag and keys down, I kick my heels off and stretch. Goddess, it's been a long day...

I cross the large square hallway and hurry up the carpeted stairs, glad I made it home before they fall asleep. The door to their bedroom stands open, there're toys and towels strewn across the carpeted floor, and I pick them up. I massage the back of my neck as I stop in the doorway and peer inside.

Mom is sitting on one of the two beds that are against one wall with a chest of three drawers standing between the two beds.

"Mommy is home!" I gasp when my three-year-old son barrels into me, wrapping his arms around my thighs." Mommy! I made an airplane!"

I smile down at my little Zion, and he stares back at me with bright blue eyes and black hair. A spitting image of his father, right down to the dimples in his cheeks.

I crouch down and pull him in for a hug. "Hey Superman, show me this plane," I say when I move back and tug his cheeks lightly. "Ok, Mommy!" He runs off, and I slowly stand up as I scan the room for my little Tinkerbell.

I notice her in the bed, hidden behind Mom, I walk over to them and kiss Mom's forehead softly as she beams up at me. "Ah Zaia, you're home, thank the goddess."

She always worries until I'm home and safe. That's what mothers do. She gets up and I sit down as the girl in the bed stirs. She's already asleep....

I brush back her dark copper-coloured hair, my heart clenching slightly.

My princess almost never made it... she spent six months after her birth in hospital until she was deemed strong enough to leave... despite being three years old, she is extremely small, unlike Zion, who looks older than his age.

They both are of Alpha blood, but my Tinkerbell doesn't have much weight and is quite petite in size, but she's no less bright than her brother.

“Mommy...” she whispers, her eyes fluttering open. Grey eyes stare back at me, and I nod. “Yes, my darling, I’m right here,” I whisper, kissing her forehead. “I’m happy...” she says with a gigantic yawn. “Will you tell us a story?”

I nod before I turn around.

“Zion! Do you want a bedtime story?” I ask the boy who is gathering up the airplane he has built with Legos. “Yes, please, but look at my plane. Sia helped me,” he says, glancing at his sister in bed.

“Oh, did she now... that is incredible, you two are incredible and so clever! Look at this amazing plane!”

I see Mom slip out of the room, leaving me with my two dew drops as we all shuggle into the bed, and I read them a story of a young boy who goes on an adventure to discover lost treasure.

Soon they are both fast asleep, but I continue the story, letting them drift into a deep sleep. Only then do I slowly lift Zion up and put him into his own bed.

“Goodnight, Mommy...” he murmurs sleepily. “Goodnight my Superman,” I reply, kissing his cheek softly before pulling the bedsheet over him.

I turn back to Sia and fix the sheet around her. I feel her pulse in her wrist, frowning slightly. Irregular...

I kiss her forehead softly, trying to soften the pain in my chest..

My little Sia... until this day, the doctors don’t know what’s wrong with her. But we aren’t giving up. We will find a way for her to get better.

I sit there for a while, gently caressing her hair before I pick up the toys that lie around the bed and place them aside before dimming the light. I make sure the monitor is turned on before I leave the room.

I leave the door open a crack as I take out a few pins from my hair and shake it loose just as Mom comes down the hallway.

“Long day?” she asks sympathetically. I nod. “Yes, but it was a good day,” I reply. She smiles with understanding, “Then come, let’s go have some tea. You can tell me all about it.”

The dim hallway lighting makes her face glow, and I can’t help but smile as I walk over to her and give her a hug. Thank you, Mom. That would be amazing.”

“What else are mothers for?” she replies. I hug her tightly. She’s right. Without her, I wouldn’t have been able to do all of this...

“Thank you, Mom,” I whisper before I move back. “Now come on, let’s go get that tea.” Mom nods as we both make our way downstairs. She puts on the kettle and I take a seat at the kitchen counter.

“Any update with the doctors Sia flew out to see?” Mom asks after a moment. “They are being analysed by a doctor currently, hopefully soon,” I whisper as I stare at the glitter in the black granite counter, trying to mask my guilt.

Mom nods. “This is not your fault, Zaia, she will be ok. I can feel it, in my bones,” she says determinedly. I look up at her, our eyes meeting, and I slowly nod.

I will believe it too and I will make sure my little princess gets the right treatment that she needs. 2

No matter what. Because she is my daughter, and she is a fighter.

I Am The Luna Chapter 26 By Moonlight Muse

I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 26

A Scatter of Pearls

ZAIA. “Have I already told you that you look beautiful tonight?” Someone whispers in my ear. My breath hitches, not sensing him coming closer and I almost turn when a hand touches my waist, stopping me.

His scent fills my nose and I smile, tilting my head and poking my eyes out playfully at Atticus. "Twice actually," I say softly, sipping the champagne from my glass. He smirks. "I guess I just can't express it enough."

I am about to reply when Dad taps the microphone, capturing my attention. "Ladies and gentlemen, all esteemed guests, may I have your attention," Dad says, making the chatter die through the hall.

We are in one of the lavish five-star hotels not far outside of the Crystal Shadow Pack territory for Dad's dinner party he is hosting in my honour.

The night has been a blur of meeting people and making small talk, and not all of them are werewolves, hence Dad's use of a microphone.

Atticus raises his eyebrows playfully at me as we both give Dad our full attention. Atticus's pack and our pack became allies thanks to the friendship between Atticus and

Although Atticus still makes it clear that I am the one he wants, we are simply friends, but I won't deny that I appreciate having him in my life. Even the children like having him around and call him Uncle too.

It's nice having a friend. I never heard back from Valerie and, for some reason, the emails that I sent returned to my outbox with a 'failed' notification.

"As everyone knows, my Daughter Zaia Toussaint has been a great asset to my company for the last few years. Being voted in as managing director of the company last year by the board itself. I can assure you that had nothing to do with me!" He chuckles and others do, too.

He takes a moment, allowing the rush to die down before he slips his free hand into his pocket and looks at me.

"Well, it's the truth. She has proven herself greatly and not only to me but to our company. Her hands-on approach to handling every hurdle, as well as her work ethic and professionalism towards our clients, have not only been appreciated by others, but above all by myself." Dad continues.

I watch him, as I adjust the pearl strap of my ivory-fitted dress that reaches the floor. My hair is pulled up in a stylish updo with a small pearl hair ornament. A few small items of pearl jewellery adorn my ears and hands. Winged liner and glossy lips finish off my look.

I can sense many eyes on me as Dad continues and a few whispers, which I don't bother with. "It has been a while since Mr. Simmons has been contemplating retiring from his position and tonight, not only will I be announcing the new CEO of Toussaint.

Enterprises but also the heir to the majority of this empire! It is with my greatest pleasure to announce none other than my daughter, Ms Zaia Toussaint!) Dad says and everyone begins clapping as the cameras pan on me.

My eyes widen in surprise. Yes, I have aimed to grow, to do better every single day, but I never expected Dad to name me his heir this soon.

"Congratulations, Red," Atticus whispers in my ear, taking my glass from me as Dad holds his hand out to me, motioning me to step onto the stage. I look up at Atticus, my heart skipping a beat. He knew...

He winks at me, and I take a deep breath, smiling for the cameras as I make my way over to Father, and allow him to help me up the steps to the stage. I glance out at everyone gathered here, waiting for the clapping to die down. Right... a speech...

How do you do that when you are not expecting it?

"I am speechless," I begin, rewarded by light laughter, and I smile. "I want to thank everyone for attending tonight and being a part of this beautiful moment. I want to thank my father for believing in me, the board members for always supporting and guiding me and above all, I want to thank my mother, Melanie Walton for standing by

my side through thick and thin... last but not least, I want to thank Atticus Payne for always being an incredible friend, and for always supporting me. Thank you."

I brush a strand of my hair back, tucking it behind my ear, only for it to slip out again. Everyone claps and Dad gives me a hug, congratulating me as the camera flashes blind me from all directions.

Soon, an influx of people are surrounding me, and I'm lost in the sea of faces as I try to remember everyone's names. I'm almost out of the crowd when I suddenly feel as if I'm being watched.

An intense gaze that reminds me of one person and it makes my heart pound. I close my eyes, my heart thumping, goddess why does it feel like...

I spin around, my eyes darting around the hall before I find the doors on the far end, but all I see is the back of a man in a black suit, but it's only for a second before he disappears from view...

Dinner is over and I'm glad that the hard part is over. I'm exhausted mentally from all the socialising, and I just want to head home and curl up with my babies. I have just gotten off the phone with Mom, having excused myself to go to the ladies' room.

I had bid the kids goodnight before ending the call. I know I need to return... the quietness of the hotel hall is pleasant...

"Come on, Zaia, just a few hours left. Get back in there." I tell myself as I look in the mirror at my reflection.

I adjust the strap of my dress, pulling a face. I know my personal assistant picked it out, but this single pearl strap just doesn't feel enough to support my breasts. Well, I've made it through more than half of the evening. Just another hour or so to go. I'm sure I'll be fine.

I sigh heavily, before pasting a small smile on my face and exit the ladies' room, almost tripping over the hem of my skirt. I frown, bending down as I tug it free and smooth it out.

Not looking where I'm going, my arm knocks into someone, making me gasp as something catches on my pearl strap and to my horror, the violent tug breaks the string, making pearls go flying everywhere.

I feel my dress come loose and my hands instantly go to my dress, my heart thundering.

"I do apologise, I..."

My heart thuds as the husky voice behind me trails off.

A voice I recognise...

"It's alright," I say quietly, refusing to turn. I scan the hall, my eyes darting back to the bathroom door as I clutch my dress to my breasts.

"Allow me," his seductive voice comes, still making goosebumps rise on my skin as he reaches over and pulls the door open. His intoxicating scent hits me and I'm about to rush into one of the stalls when his fingers go to the side of my waist.

"What are you..." I trail off, as his fingers brush the satin until he grabs a hold of the string that once held the pearl's- in his fingers, and he tugs it.

My heart is pounding as he steps closer, and I step away, but it's a mistake because I now see him in the mirror before me. However, I refuse to look at his face. If I don't see it, it's not true...

"Let go," He commands in his deep voice that for some strange reason still has an effect on me. I spent years trying to get rid of those emotions... I don't need him back in my life!

Why did this have to happen? "I said let go," he repeats, yanking at the string and I gasp, loosening my hold a little. Deftly, he pulls the strings tight, yanking me against him.

My heart thunders, my breasts heaving as the heat of his body envelops me, and his knuckles graze down my back, making my core clench and awakening a terrifying desire I never knew still existed within me.

His heart is racing too as he ties the two ends of the string, yanking on the dress a few times. He finally lets go, but my heart is still thudding.

“There,” he says quietly. Swiftly pulling out the pins from my hair and allowing it to cascade down my back. “Easy fix.”

I’m no longer able to stop myself from looking up at our reflection and my heart thuds. It’s him. The same black hair that I loved to run my fingers through... the same piercing blue eyes that seem to see right through me, that chiselled jaw and....

“You look even more beautiful than I remember...” he says, shocking me. My eyes widen as I remain frozen.

He runs his fingers through my hair, but it’s then when I remember the faint scar that his mark left on my neck after his rejection that I am brought back to the present. I step away from him and turn, glaring up at him.

“This is the ladies’ room, Mr King. Do you need me to show you to the door?” I ask quietly. He doesn’t respond, his eyes raking over me shamelessly, but what shakes me the most is the carnal hunger that’s clear in them.

Why are you looking at me like that, Sebastian? “I wouldn’t mind you showing me a lot more than that..”

“Excuse me?” I ask sharply.

He looks away frowning, and it’s then the slight scent of alcohol hits me. Is he drunk?

“Three years... Who would have thought that a business deal I want to reject would bring me to the same place as you...”

I don’t respond. Tonight is my night, and I will not let anyone destroy it. “You look good... You’re doing incredibly for yourself. CEO of Toussaint Empires... I commend you. Congratulations.”

“Excuse me,” I say emotionlessly. Three years may have passed, but I have not forgotten what he has done to me. I move towards the door, when he speaks, making me freeze, my hand on the door handle. “How are they?” he asks quietly.

My heart thuds as I stare ahead.

“Good,” I reply, keeping it short. I push open the door when he suddenly grabs my arm, yanking me back inside and kicking the door shut with his foot. He pins me against the door, making my eyes widen as my back hits the door.

“I know I’m the last person you want to see right now... but... I think you deserve to know that Valerie’s family have decided to pull the plug. If you want to see her one last time, then you should do so now.”

My heart thunders as those words sink in, and I stare up at him, my body filling with dread. “What do you mean, pull the plug?” I ask. My throat feels dry and my stomach churns.

“Three years, Zaia... She’s been in a coma for three years. There’s nothing more we can do. The doctors and her family have given up.”

I Am The Luna Chapter 27 By Moonlight Muse

SEBASTIAN.

I watch as her face changes from surprise to realisation to devastation. Her heart is thumping wildly as she stares at me, her gorgeous violet eyes wide.

She didn’t know, just as I presumed, and I wish I had somehow found a way to let her know that Valerie needed her. Well, no surprise there, fucking up is my forte and I keep doing that.

She used to be the voice of logic and reason in my life, and why my father truly approved of her. Although he never liked her father, he had always held Zaia in high regard. That is a relationship that is still not the way it used to be before I divorced her.

Looking at her, I know that she deserves that position as CEO. I won't ever say it, but I'm proud of her.

"I... How?" she asks softly. "We never caught the attacker. It's a long story and... I shouldn't be seen here with you. Can we meet somewhere else, maybe tomorrow?" I ask, swallowing as I try not to look at her tempting, glossy lips.

"Meet? You want to meet now? No. Tell me what happened to Valerie. I need to meet her. I need to, I'm an awful friend," she whispers the end part as she turns her head away.

"No. I should have tried harder to get the message through to you. Look, here's Jai's number. He moved to Valerie's mother's original pack with the Scotts' after it happened. Call him, and he'll tell you the rest of the details and give you the full address," I say, taking out my own business card and adding Jai's number to the bottom. I can't risk being seen with her, just in case.

She reaches for the card, her fingertips brushing my finger as she takes it. There's no mate bond, but the tingles of her touch rush through me, strong. My eyes flicker silver for a second before she turns away from me.

"Thank you," she says, turning her back to me and reaching for the door handle. I hate that she has to leave. Why can't this moment last longer?

"Zaia,"

She pauses but doesn't turn back to me, waiting for me to speak. "How are my pups?" I ask quietly. Her heart thuds, but instead of replying, she pulls open the door and steps out.

My own heart squeezes but I don't fight it. I can't risk us being seen together. Even if I'm getting closer to learning who they are, I can't ruin it all when I've come so far...

Just a little longer, Zaia... Then I'll come for you.

"Zaia?"

Fuck. "Cara? Oh... it's been ages. How are you?" Zaia asks, her voice sounding far warmer than it was when she spoke to me. "It has been! Wow... babe, you look... gorgeous. I see you're doing well. Not what we hear." Cara laughs.

Not wanting to risk being seen by Cara, I stay hidden. Dad had asked me to bring her to the meeting, but right now I wish I hadn't.

"Thanks, I'm sure the rumours are colourful, but I'm happy. Truly. How are you?" Zaia asks her, not missing a beat and clearly not fazed by Cara's remark.

"Oh, I'm good, actually I was here on a dinner date..." Cara trails off and I narrow my eyes. No part of this was a date, and for her to insinuate that it is, is pissing me off.

"Oh, I see, well have fun, and good night," Zaia says. I exhale slowly, hearing the sound of heels. "Oh, Zaia! You haven't seen Sebastian, have you?" Cara asks, and I clench my jaw.

"No." Zaia's reply comes.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be insensitive." Cara apologises. "I've just been looking for him. He left the table a while ago. "Not at all. He's long forgotten, Cara. Enjoy your date together."

"Oh, thank you, we will... I'm sorry." Cara mumbles. I cock a brow.

Really? "Don't be. A man like him is not worth crying over. I've moved on." Zaia's words sting but I can't blame her when I'm just standing here. Silent. Once again.

"Congratulations."

"Thank you. Send Annalise my greetings."

Zaia's voice comes before I hear her walk off. "Where has he gone..." I hear Cara mutter as she walks down the corridor and I take the first chance I can to slip out.

I'll alert Jai because I'm sure Zaia will want to meet Valerie. As for Atticus, that idiot should have told her about Valerie... why didn't he? I walk down the hall, returning

to our private room and walking over to our table where the client is waiting with his wife. She is the only reason I agreed to bring Cara.

“I do apologise for the delay. Now where were we...” I say as I sit down.

Where I had felt pissed off about coming here, I’m now relieved that I did. And no matter how hard I try, I’m unable to remove her image from my mind. My little fox...

This has got to be a sign... meeting her again after all these years has to mean something...

An hour later, we’re finally done, and the deal is sealed. We part ways and I’m ready to head home and let Jai know.

“That was so good you were so on it, after the break!” Cara says, about to hold on to my arm when I move it away, giving her a cold look.

“Don’t overstep, remember I am your Alpha, nothing more,” I say quietly. She blushes, clearly humiliated, and nods, tucking a strand of her black hair behind her ear.

“Sorry Alpha Sebastian... Umm... You know I saw Zaia earlier...” she mutters, fiddling with her sleeve. “I don’t really care,” I reply coldly, ending the conversation right there.

We head through the large front lawn of the hotel. It’s mainly empty, considering the time, though it’s understandable. The gushing sound of the large stone fountain is the only thing you can hear.

The Valet hands me my car keys and we get in and I put the car in drive. Cara rolls the window down, fanning herself.

“Gosh, it’s so hot.” She says, I’m about to reply, telling her the car has air conditioning when Zaia’s voice reaches me. “Atticus! What are you doing!”,

I freeze, turning my head sharply towards the large fountain at the centre of the front lawn. Her voice is full of surprise and amusement. A flash of irritation and jealousy rushes through me.

When I learned she had gone to her father's pack, I didn't expect Atticus to still be a part of her life. Especially to the point that they're laughing together.

"Atticus..." She sounds shocked now and I can't help but silently turn to look in that direction. What I see is not something I was expecting. Atticus is down on one knee in front of her, in a position that is far too familiar.

"Zaia... I know that this is a big step... but I want to ask you... will you, my beautiful, feisty queen, marry me?" s

I swallow hard, feeling Cara's eyes on me and I turn my gaze ahead, sliding the windows up, not wanting to hear her answer.

So she's moved on....

Three years.... It's not a short time. I knew the risk of it happening was there, even if I don't like it.

The ride home passes in silence, and although Cara tries to make small talk, I'm not interested. I drop her off at home before I drive to the mansion and park the car inside the underground garage.

Switching the ignition off, I sit there, the image of Zaia looking down at Atticus fucking replaying in my mind. My eyes flash with irritation and I clench my jaw.

The smile on her lips, the way he was looking up at her... I clench the steering wheel, my eyes flashing, and I get out. No, I'm not losing her. Fuck, not this time.

I make my way up to the mansion and step inside, loosening my tie and head up the stairs only for Mom to call me when I'm halfway up.

"Sebastian!"

She's awake...

"Hmm?"

"Come here!"

I turn and walk to the lounge instead, where she and Dad are cuddled on the sofa. Mom has a blanket over her, her head resting on Dad's chest as he drinks his glass of scotch.

"Evening," I say curtly. Mom may have forgiven me, but it took her several months and when there's an opportunity to bring Zaia into the conversation, she will.

After everything had happened and she had publicly shamed Annalise and called her a homewrecker she was hell-bent on contacting Zaia but both Dad and I had surprisingly agreed on the fact she shouldn't. Although Dad's logic was that I'm the one who should be bringing her back, no one else.

"How was the dinner?" Dad asks not moving his eyes from the television screen.

"It was good," I reply curtly.

"I'm glad you took Cara," he adds. "You told me to, since it'll give her experience," I say, frowning. He nods slowly. "Of course. Perhaps you need to look into taking a wife, this pack needs an heir."

"Or bring back my grandchildren. We have heirs!" Mom adds frowning. "I doubt they're his. Only a fool wouldn't go after his own pups," Dad says coldly.

"Mm," I reply. He doesn't know my reasons, and there were enough threats through the years to keep me away. But I'm not taking a wife. He can keep dreaming. It's obvious that was his reason for sending Cara with me.

"Toussaint Enterprises' stock shares just soared, the value has gone up. I hear Hugh Toussaint has made her his heir, and it's obvious the business world approves.

Rumours are that Atticus Payne and she may even be engaged. They will become a powerhouse." Dad says icily. Now turning his gaze on me as if ready to analyse my reaction. "Good for them," I say quietly.

"Indeed, but not for us, when there's not even an heir." He counters. "And you are clearly more worried about the business and status than the fact that groups of rogue wolves have been teeming into our cities without even being questioned."

“You are the Alpha.”

“Yet you like to interfere,” I reply icily. “Well, I try not to. I’m trying to simply stop you from burning this pack and city to the ground.”

My eyes blaze silver, but I try to control myself. “Goodnight,” I say before turning and heading upstairs. Entering my room, I lock the door after me and shutting the blinds I head to the safe.

Taking out my burner phone, I switch it on and ring Jai’s secret number, hoping his burner phone is switched on.

He picks up after a few rings. “Hey there Batman, Robin speaking.” Jai’s voice comes. I resist the urge to pinch the bridge of my nose. “Ok Robin, how are you holding up?”

I hear a soft sigh before he speaks. “I’m ok... trying to fight them not to do this... they say they want to end her suffering,” he murmurs.

It is a complicated situation, but I know Jai held on to hope... for him I wish she’d wake up, but the chances are next to none. “I’m sorry... if there’s anything I can do, let me know. You know I’m always here.” I reply quietly.

“Yeah... I know... thanks.” He replies. There’s a pause before he speaks again. “So ... how come you rang?” “I ran into Zaia earlier tonight and told her about Valerie... she’ll probably be calling you.”

“Oh... cool, I’m sure Valerie will like that, although she didn’t bother sooner,” he replies, a hint of bitterness in his voice.

“Jai...” I begin.

“No, it’s fine. I just think her friend could have been there for her.” “I know, but I also didn’t try hard enough to get through to her. You know I gave up after that visit to Atticus’ pack.”

“Yeah, I know, but you had no choice,” he says, sighing heavily. “I’m just I have a lot on my mind. So, she’ll probably want to visit, I’m assuming?”

“Yes...”

“Sure, got it. What is it? Something is bothering you.” He questions. Got to admit he knows me. “Well... Tonight that Payne in the ass proposed to her and I’m not letting her marry him.”

“Ah... So when she comes to see Val, you’ll want to coincidentally happen to be here, correct?” he asks, sounding a little better. I smirk slightly. “Now we’re on the same page.” He chuckles lightly and the mood lifts. Perfect. So what do you have in mind?”

I lean back against the headboard, swinging my legs onto the bed and crossing them at the ankles. I can’t help but smirk as I begin telling him my plan...

I Am The Luna Chapter 28 By Moonlight Muse

I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 28

A Secret Visit

ZAIA.

The Moonlight Waterfall Pack. This pack used to be the home of Valerie’s mother before she met her father. Growing up, although Valerie and I were from different packs, attending the same college brought us together.

Valerie had wanted to get away from everything after her mother’s death, wanting to just be in a new place so she could heal.

The Moonlight Waterfall Pack is small, and it usually avoids making enemies. It took me over three hours to drive from my pack to get here. I’ve come alone, not wanting anyone to know, aside from Mom. Telling her I’ll be back late in the evening.

No one, including my guards, knew I’ll be leaving the pack territory. I’ve donned a wig and am driving a rental car that I booked in the name of one of our staff. I’m now waiting for someone to go collect Jai, as I wait at pack borders.

I have parked my car in the visitors' parking lot. I'm now waiting by the side of the building where the guard is watching me with interest. I sigh heavily, remembering Atticus' proposal last night.

(FLASHBACK)

"Zaia... I know that this is a big step... but I want to ask you... will you, my beautiful, feisty queen, marry me?"

He is down on one knee, holding up a ring with a stunning diamond sparkling under the night sky. Time seems to slow as I find myself questioning if I ever led him on? I'm certain I made it clear... 2

I know my smile has faded and I see the glimmer of disappointment in his grey eyes as I ruin the ray of hope that he held without even saying a word. "Atticus..." I say, reaching for his hand. I wrap mine around it.

I see the flash of a camera go off to the side and suddenly I realise I need to be careful about how I react. I have just become the CEO, and I can't let a scandal tarnish my name so soon. Everyone will be observing my reactions and decisions going forward. I can already see the headlines; Zaia Toussaint, the divorcee, rejects an excellent proposal.

"Walk me to my car?" I ask him. He looks up at me and nods before forcing a smile that doesn't reach his eyes as he slowly stands up. "It's a no, isn't it." He states quietly as we fall into step with one another.

"I'm sorry Atticus... I truly am. You have given me so much... despite everything I have gone through, and even when I kept secrets from you, you stayed by my side and supported me. But... I'm not ready for marriage or a relationship." I whisper regretfully.

Not when I just saw the man who somehow still has a hold on me. But I also know it's not the same, it's just pain that I'm unable to forget, a deep wound that will never heal fully.

“You are simply letting me down slowly. Don’t worry, I won’t break,” he says jokingly, placing his arm around my shoulders and kissing my forehead.

“I’m sorry,” I say, looking up at him. He snaps the ring box shut and slips it into his pocket and deep down I wonder if Sebastian hadn’t shown up, would I have accepted it for the sake of it?

Atticus is excellent with the kids, and they love him too. Mom has taken a liking to him. despite how uncertain she had been of him, to begin with. Also, Dad approved, and even Atticus’s mom likes me.

Although initially, it boggled my mind how he could even be interested in a woman who was pregnant, I can’t deny that after I had the babies, even I noticed the way he’d look at me. The flirting... the teasing... the hunger.

“I’ll still wait for you Zaia... because I swear, you are the Luna I want,” he whispers, cupping my face. I’m about to speak when he bends down and brushes his lips against mine. My heart thumps and I’m about to pull back, but he beats me to it.

“I’m going to wait, even if you tell me not to.”

(END OF FLASHBACK)

The cold droplets of water that fall on my face make me blink and I look up at the darkening sky.

A storm is coming...

The weather has been gloomy since early this morning, but it’s clearly going to only get worse. The smell of rain is growing in the air and I wrap my arms around myself. I’m wearing a tan-coloured leather jacket, denim skinnies, with a white fitted tee and tan coloured heels.

“Luna. You finally came.” My heart skips a beat as I’m brought out of my reminiscing by Jai’s voice. I haven’t been called that in years...

I turn and although I have a black wig on and I'm wearing a cap and sunglasses, he still recognised me, probably by my scent.

He looks the same, perhaps a little more rugged, but there's also a tiredness in his eyes. He's been here with Valerie all these years. It must have been so hard. "Jai... I'm so sorry I wasn't here," I whisper, knowing that my absence hurt him, too.

I had called him last night, and he had replied back an hour later asking how soon I wanted to come, but this is regarding Valerie, and I asked if I could come today. He agreed, for which I am grateful.

"I wish you were here for her," he replies quietly, making my heart clench as he wraps his arms around me, pulling me in for a hug.

That is the sad truth. I should have been here, but I wasn't.

"Come on... I'm sure she'll be happy to see you," he says, moving back and turning away from me, leading me to his red car. He truly loves her...

He motions to me to get in, opening the passenger door for me before he gets in. The pack is pretty quiet, much to my relief, and we reach the Scott home soon enough. It's an ornate home set on a slight hill, and

surrounded by many trees. Jai mentions he also lives with them. He's been by her side for the last three years and it only makes sense.

I wish she would wake up and see how much he's done for her. That he's been right here and deserves a chance. And me, I'm the worst friend ever.

"It's so silent. Are the Scotts not in?" I ask. "No, I made sure they aren't around as Sebastian made it clear you being here should be kept a secret. They'll be home late tonight."

"Sebastian? He knew I will be coming today?" I ask sharply.

Why did he want it kept a secret? He curses under his breath and looks at me apologetically, rubbing the back of his neck.

“Uh, just that you would message me, nothing more. He has his reasons to be careful Zaia... trust me, he’s only keeping an eye out for you,” he mutters.

I frown but don’t reply. The urge to ask him why Sebastian even cares is on the tip of my tongue but I don’t say anything further. “Here.” He says quietly as he slowly pushes open the door to one of the rooms.

My heart thuds as I peer inside. Pale wallpaper that contains sunflowers is the first thing I notice, the steady beep of a machine loud in the silent room. The door opens wider and my eyes fall on the hospital bed that sits to the left of the room.

Valerie is on her side, her back to the door, the bed sheet over her and Jai instantly goes over to the bed, moving her onto her back and putting the bed slightly up.

Being in a coma means she needed constant care for the last three years of her life. Which would include her body being exercised to keep her body muscles trained, being cleaned, changed, and fed. Things that can take up to several hours. Seeing Jai now made it even clearer how much he has done for her, and my heart breaks for the couple before me.

They both loved one another. I just hope that they can still have their happily ever after. I can’t let them pull the plug on her. Not like this. She deserves a chance to live.

“Val, guess who’s come to see you?” Jai asks as he steps back and motions me forward.

My heart thumps as I slowly make my way over to the bed and I lay my eyes upon my best friend. She’s lost weight, her hair has lost its lustre and in those moments, I feel my heart crumbling.

Goddess...

“Val...” I whisper as I walk to her side, my vision blurring as I take hold of her limp hand. My heart is breaking at the fact I have not been by her side, that not once have I visited her. Through the intense emotions I’m feeling, I remember the email reply and those that bounced back...

What is going on?

Val...

“Fuck!” Jai’s voice brings me from my thoughts. “There’s brain activity. Look!” I look up, my heart thumping as I stare at the bis monitor. I gasp, even if it’s small, it’s something!

“Val, can you hear me?” I whisper. “We can’t let them pull the plug,” Jai says quietly and although I’m too overwhelmed to speak, I agree, wholeheartedly.

“That night....” I place my head in my hands as I sit beside Valerie. The guilt that eats up at me is ever-growing, and I wish I could turn back time and fix this.

It’s almost an hour later and Jai is filling me in on exactly what went down that night. Valerie was attacked on New Year’s three years ago. Right after that ball. I look up sharply, glancing out of the window as thunder cracks in the sky.

The weather is getting worse; I dislike driving in a storm, especially since I have had a few chilling experiences over the last few year.

“I... something isn’t right Jai, I received an email from Valerie following that night...” I say, taking out my phone. I go into my email and find it, a message I’ve stared at thousands of times. I pass him my phone, not missing the concerned look in his eyes when he reads it.

“Fuck... Zaia, I don’t know what this is, but Seb never would have said that. In fact, he went to the Whispering Mountain Pack to-

“-To let you know that Valerie was critical, but apparently you didn’t want to believe me. Or so I was told by Payne.”

My heart thuds as I look up at the man standing in the doorway of the room. So lost in conversation, I didn’t even notice him.

He’s completely drenched by the rain. His soaking black hair falls in front of his eyes. His wet white shirt is sticking to him, emphasising his incredible abs and his firm chest.

It's almost see-through, and through it, I can see the new tattoo that covers the side of his left flank and his arm.

My gaze dips to the front of his black pants, and I knew it was a mistake. They are soaked through, but I can't help but notice the definition of his cock.

My stomach does a flip and my throat suddenly feels dry. He raises his arm, brushing his wet hair back, and I can't help but swallow as his muscles flex.

"Eyes up here." He says cockily. Oh fuck, I was shamelessly checking him out ... accidentally!

My cheeks burn in embarrassment before I turn my attention to Jai, who is snickering, and I glare at him. I stand up and send another scathing glare in Sebastian's direction.

"Why are you here, Se- Mr King?" I ask sharply as I step away from the bed. "You two planned this, correct? Did you two use Valerie to get me here?"

Jai shakes his head, and my eyes flash dangerously, seeing the guilt in his eyes. How dare they!

Sebastian walks over to me, tossing his jacket onto the seat where I had just been sitting moments earlier before he takes hold of my chin. My breath hitches, his proximity and scent dizzying.

My heart is pounding, but all I can do is stare up at the man who cast me aside and try to understand the look in those brilliant blue eyes of his.

"I'm here to do something I should have done three years ago. There was no way for me to get you alone, Zaia... I'm sorry it's taken me so long, but I need you to listen to me."

He's cold, but the heat between us is overpowering the cold. I open my mouth to refuse him, but he presses his thumb to my lips, making my core clench with desire.

“Hush, Little Fox, I want you to listen.” He whispers that name, and I almost can’t refuse him... that is until the idiot opens his mouth again. “Be a good girl for me?”

My eyes narrow and I push him away from me, raising my hand. I’m unable to stop myself from slapping him across his damn face.

“Don’t you dare touch me!”

I Am The Luna Chapter 29 By Moonlight Muse

I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 29

A Single Question

ZAIA. Jai tries to cover his surprised snicker as I glare at Sebastian, seeing the flicker of irritation, humiliation and anger in his eyes as he glares at me.

“What was that for?” He growls menacingly, touching his jaw. “That was for overstepping your boundaries, Mr King. If you don’t wish to be slapped again, remember personal space exists,” I reply icily.

My eyes flash orange as I glare up at the man that is now looking down at me with dangerously cold eyes. “You were checking me out when I entered.” He snarls, menacingly. I scoff and look at him scornfully.

“Really? So just because I was surprised at the fact that you’re not as buff as you were several years ago, you thought you could just say, and do as you wish?” I reply in disbelief, hoping he bought my lie.

He cocks a brow as he slams his hand against the wall, caging me in between his arms. My heart thumps and I hate how my pussy clenches.

Focus, Zaia. “We both know that’s a lie.” He replies arrogantly. “Oh please, don’t get ahead of yourself.” I shoot back. I cannot let him know he’s getting to me!

—

He smirks, "So tell me, what bothered you was it that I called you a good girl... correct, then are you a bad girl, Zaia?" My cheeks burn, remembering Jai is right there, listening to us.

"No, but if you keep stepping into my personal space, you will end up becoming a girl too, good girl or bad girl. That will be your choice."

He cocks a brow, and I frown. "Since you'll be lacking a dick when I'm done with you?" I explain myself, speaking extremely slowly, making Jai burst into laughter.

"Damn, what's the plan, cutting his dick off or ripping it off?" He says through his laughter. "I might let Sebastian choose. I reply, pushing the soaking man away from me.

It already feels hot in here and I hate how my heart is feeling funny about his close proximity. I become serious, waiting for Jai to stop laughing before I look between them.

"Why are you here, Sebastian?" I ask quietly. "I want the truth, nothing more, nothing less. Stop playing games, it's been three years... let me live."

His gaze dips to my hand and he frowns deeply before he nods.

"As I said, I wanted to talk to you," he says. Without anyone knowing I'm here, everyone believes I've gone to another state for a business meeting, and I want to keep it that way."

"Why the secrecy?" I ask, crossing my arms and turning away from him. His intense gaze is becoming too much. My arm brushes his chest, but I refuse to look at him.

"Because I was and still am, being blackmailed." I can't help but look at him sharply at those words, my heart thumping a little faster.

His brilliant blue eyes meet mine and I open my mouth, not even sure what I am going to say when my gaze flits to the bed. It can't all be a coincidence. The way Jai explained seeing someone in Valerie's room, and then the email...

“Let’s take this to my room. Let’s give Val a break from all the shouting,” Jai says, motioning for us to follow him.

I look at her lying on the bed and, walking over; adjust her position, placing her hand straight. I hope she isn’t uncomfortable. I give her hand a gentle squeeze.

I promise you, Val, I am going to find a way to wake you up. I will. Sebastian picks up his jacket, brushing his wet hair back and I hate that he looks even sexier now. I wasn’t wrong for thinking that at the hotel last night.

I look away quickly, not wanting to be caught checking him out again, and after grabbing my wig and bag, I follow Jai to the room next door and step inside.

It’s fairly clean, a large bed sits against one wall. There’s a two-seater sofa with a television and a PlayStation by the window. A door leads off to what I can see is a bathroom.

I perch against the dresser as Sebastian walks in and Jai throws him a towel. “You’re going to catch a cold man.”

“No, I won’t,” Sebastian says, wiping his face and tossing the towel onto the sofa.

I cock a brow about to speak when a blinding flash of lightning makes me look out of the window instead. The room instantly becomes darker.

“Ah, the weather got worse...” Jai grumbles. “You will get ill, because you’re an alpha doesn’t mean you won’t,” I say curtly, tossing my hair.

“Are you worried for me?” comes his cocky reply. “Not at all. I won’t mind seeing you dead.” I say, instantly remembering my little ones.

No, I don’t wish you dead... I hope one day you’ll be able to acknowledge them, and I’ll be able to accept that, too. Even if you hurt me, you are their father. I look away as a tense silence falls between us, and Jai clears his throat.

“Sebastian... Why don’t you start at the very beginning?” He suggests.

Sebastian nods before he walks over to a briefcase that sits on the table, one I hadn't even noticed when I entered and unlocks it.

"It all started back when we were still together, in the form of messages." He says, taking out a few cards and holding them out to me. I frown as I take them from him.

HOW WOULD YOU FEEL IF YOUR LUNA'S

GUTS ARE STREWN ACROSS THE ENTIRE

PACK TERRITORY? UNPLEASANT RIGHT?

THEN GET RID OF HER.

My stomach drops ominously as I skim through the rest. Some were less disturbing, and others spoke of something about my truth, whatever that was and others were threats to Sebastian to get rid of me or they will do it for Sebastian and then some promising not to touch me if he divorced me....

My head is spinning as I flip through the messages, faster and faster. There are photographs, several of my birthmark. What is its significance?

What on earth....

My heart keeps thumping as I see pictures of me and the kids. Even though these are blurrier, they are clear warnings to Sebastian.

JUST POPPING IN TO TELL YOU I HAVEN'T

SHREDDED THOSE KIDS INTO MINCE MEAT

YET! THEY STAY ALIVE AS LONG AS YOU

KEEP YOUR DISTANCE!

Another picture of Zion eating ice cream, and I recognise it, it's only from a few months ago. Again, the image is extremely blurry and clearly taken from afar, but even I know that there are long-range weapons.

He could be harmed from far too.

DOESN'T THAT LITTLE CUTIE LOOK LIKE

YOU? HE'S CUTE EATING THAT ICE CREAM,

ABIDE BY MY RULES SK AND THERE WON'T

BE ANY EXPLOSION OF BLOOD AND GUTS!

I turn away, tossing the cards at him. My head is squeezing, and my stomach is twisting. I feel sick.

"My children are being threatened, and I didn't know?" I whisper. "What if they get harmed because we are meeting!"

I'm terrified. What if something happens to them today? "They are safe. I know for a fact we have managed to pull one over him. He has no idea I'm here." Sebastian says quietly yet firmly as he places the cards and photographs back in the briefcase.

He begins telling me exactly how the messages started, and how he didn't know what to do. How he didn't think much of the first couple, ignoring them at first, but then when they became more disturbing, how he tried to find out who was behind it and failed.

Then when the threats became worse, and Annalise had returned, he decided to use her as a pretence and decided to orchestrate our divorce only for me to accept it. Something he didn't expect me to do.

I scoff, looking at him in the dark room as Jai pulls the blinds shut and switches the light on. The storm is pounding against the window, and I shake my head..

"Sebastian. You chose Annalise before you knew we were mates. It was her that you picked, remember? Of course, if you take your ex back and also accuse me of having her taken care of, I will reject you. Do you think I have no pride? That I was going to simply stand by and take it?" I ask, pulling my jacket off. I feel hot and irritated, and my anger is only rising at the idiocy of the man before me.

“We were mates. One would presume you would care enough to try to stick around.” He says icily, and I close my eyes. Men are dumb. I don’t know if it’s his ego, arrogance, or plain stupidity.

Honestly, when the goddess made Alphas, she gifted them with amazing looks, incredible sex drives, and power. But in the brain cell department? They are lacking greatly!

“The goddess didn’t make Lunas to be the other half of their Alphas... She gifted them Lunas to make up for their rice grain-sized brains!” I snap. “The only thing I’m getting from this entire mess is one question,” I say, my eyes flashing.

Sebastian frowns as he stares at me arrogantly. “And what may that be? Since you’re oh so smart, I’d have assumed you’d know the answer to everything.” He retorts. The urge to smack him across the head is tempting, but instead, I ball my fists and glare at him.

“I’m afraid my brain doesn’t process stupidity.’ My question is: why didn’t you tell me? I get that someone was watching us, but surely you had at least a moment alone where you could have whispered the truth to me!” I exclaim.

The pain in my chest is growing and a thousand emotions are consuming me, but above all, all I can think of is my babies.

“Zaia...”

“Don’t Zaia me! if we didn’t reject one another, my little Sia would not be going through what she is today!” I say, my sharp voice breaking, the words spilling from my lips before I can stop them. I regret it.

Because he is now looking at me with a deadly look that makes me shiver. He now stands up, but before he can even speak, a flash of lightning seeps through the blinds.

Suddenly the lights go off as the resounding crack of thunder fills the now silent room as he advances on me like a predator ready to kill... 3

I Am The Luna Chapter 30 By Moonlight Muse

I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 30

A Heated Moment

SEBASTIAN. Her words echo in my mind as I advance on her. “The power! Val!” Zaia says suddenly, trying to push me back as she looks at Jai.

He shakes his head, smiling slightly, but I can see he doesn’t want to be here, looking a tad awkward. I don’t blame him, this has just got personal...

“We have a generator, but due to the number of storms we get around here, it’s only Val’s room that’s powered by it. I’m going to go check on her. There are candles over there... if you want to put them on, feel free to do so.” He says with a smirk as he pushes himself away from the wall and leaves the room. Clearly relieved to be away from the both of us.

The moment the door shuts, I close the remaining distance between us, not missing the way her heart is beating faster than normal. I still have an effect on her, no matter how much she tries to deny it. I can see the same look of desire in her eyes that I’m trying so hard to mask from mine...

Three years apart from her has only made it harder. The dreams and memories are nothing compared to the real thing. And even when she’s mocking me, it only makes me want her more... because that attitude reminds me of the woman I fell for.

Back when I first saw her... even then, I knew she liked me, but she still had to act like the sassy redhead she was. But right now, as much as I want to tease her, kiss her, and fuck her right into next week, I want to know what she meant about our daughter...

Sia.

My daughter, Sia. No matter how hard I tried, I never learned their names. The Toussaints kept their identities extremely secret. And I am

grateful for the extreme measures that Hugh Toussaint put in place for the children and Zaia. It has kept them safe. He did better than I could have... which had been one of the major clues for me that the enemy was not from his pack.

“What is wrong with our daughter?” I ask quietly. She looks away, her hair falling in front of her face, shielding her face from my view. I reach down, brush her hair back and force her to look at me. There’s guilt in her eyes, and frown.

“I... I’m sorry... for what I said, I can’t blame you... The rejection wasn’t the root cause... I mean it weakened me and I was told I will most likely not be able to have any more children but...”

I stare at her as she speaks quietly. The rejection did that. Guilt eats up at me and I feel as if someone just punched me in the guts. I ruined her...

“But it was the poison that left lasting damage to Sia... but she’s strong, she’s fighting, and she is an Alpha blood born,” she says now looking up at me. I frown, “Wait, what? Poison?”

She nods. “Valerie figured out I was being poisoned. The day you asked for the divorce I found out I was pregnant and the following day, she called me to tell me that my body was weak... and it is possibly the reason why I wasn’t getting pregnant... but even after I moved to the Whispering Mountain Pack, I was still weak.” She says, sighing

“She then had some tests run on my blood and found out I was being poisoned and so that night at the New Year’s Eve Ball, she gave me an antidote from a friend of hers and it helped.” She explains, with each word, the emotions that are spinning in my mind are just becoming harder to contain.

She was going through so much, and I will bet my entire pack that the poisoning and the messages were linked...

“Mom was affected by the poison too and she was getting ill, but luckily the antidote helped and once we were at Dad’s pack, I had more created, using Val’s as the prototype. I owe Valerie so much. I want to help her now.” She whispers, brushing her silky hair back only for it to fall in front of her face again as she now looks into my eyes.

Fuck... not only was she pregnant but also handling so many things by herself. I let go of her chin and grab her elbows, pulling her against me. She gasps, her gorgeous amethyst-coloured eyes widening.

“Sebastian...” she whispers, breathlessly.

A memory of me pounding into her as she breathlessly moans my name fills my mind and I push it away, despite the fact the memory has already sent blood rushing south and my cock is hardening.

“Don’t use that tone, Little Fox, because you know it makes me fucking crazy,” I growl, tugging her closer, so she can feel what she’s doing to me.

She gasps, and my gaze dips to her breasts as they rise and fall rapidly, making my eyes flicker to silver.

Fuck yes...

“Seb... uh...” She clears her throat, her pounding heart only fuelling the fire that burns within.

“I’m sorry... but they are useless words that will do nothing to fix this mess... or take back the pain that I put you through... Physically... mentally. Leaving you to handle the birth of our children alone, I am sorry,

Zaia, for all of it.” I say quietly, my gaze dipping to where she’s biting her lower lip. Another blinding flash of lightning rips through the sky, followed by the roar of thunder and I gaze into her eyes. “Can I have one chance?”

She closes her eyes, taking a shuddering breath as she firmly pulls away from me and turns her back on me.

“We need to find out who is behind everything... in fact, I thought it was Annalise, I do feel she has a part to play but there’s also someone else... perhaps when it’s all over, you can be a part of the children’s lives. But... We are over Sebastian, there’s no return, because even if you were trying to trick or show this person that you were truly ending it with me you still hurt me...”

I know she's right, that I have hurt her far more than I should have...

"You blamed me for Annalise's so-called fake kidnapping. Also, she practically admitted having lied about and then at Atticus's pack, she was talking to someone too." She adds quietly.

Yeah, I never trusted Annalise. There were far too many discrepancies in her stories. Who was she talking to at Atticus's pack, Atticus? But I know for a fact that Ashbane was also clouding my judgement at the time. However, I won't mention it, because it's simply an excuse for my poor behaviour.

"I know... I know I hurt you, and I won't try to reason with you... instead, I will show you that Zaia Toussaint is the only woman I want and have ever loved."

Her heart thunders and I take her elbow, spinning her around to face me. Not missing the look of shock and conflict on her face.

Raising my hand, I brush knuckles over her cheek and neck. Satisfied to see her eyelids flutter shut for a moment, but when she tries to pull away, parting her plush lips to speak, I cut her off.

"Because I know... you're still affected by me," I add with a small, cocky smirk. I know the reaction she's going to give me but I'm ready for it, I'll rather have her anger than her calm rejection telling to hold hope me not

Her eyes snap open and she narrows her eyes and opens her mouth, but I push her up against the wall, my thigh forcing her legs. apart as I press my body to hers.

"In your nh!" I cut her off, smashing my lips against hers. Pleasure rushes through me as I use my fucking all not to plunge my tongue into her mouth, instead devouring her lips in a bruising kiss.

The scent of her arousal hits me, and I feel her body react to mine. She arches her back. involuntarily. A soft moan escapes her lips. as I throb against her stomach and for a split second her lips caress mine before she pushes me back, reality hitting her.

Her eyes widen, her heart pounding as she stands there looking so fucking s3xy.

“You...”

“That was revenge for slapping me earlier,” I reply, trying to calm my mind which is already in overdrive. She narrows her eyes. “Don’t make excuses. Next time, I might just bite your tongue off.”

“Ah... that’s why I made sure there was no tongue play,” I reply, cocking an eyebrow. Besides... I considered spanking your ass as revenge, but then I remembered you actually enjoy that...”

Her cheeks burn and she glares at me, about to reply, when there’s a light knock on the door and it opens.

“Wow...”

Jai looks between us, his eyes dipping to my hard cock, before he sniffs the air and pulls a face. I suddenly feel a little protective. That scent is only for me.

“Fuck guys, I didn’t expect you to be moving so damn fast.” He mutters, glancing out the hallway. He’s agitated. “Look, the Scotts are back. You two need to lie low in here until the storm calms.”

Shit. No one is meant to know we’re here.

“Weren’t they supposed to be gone for the entire day?” I ask sharply.

He nods worriedly. “Yeah, but they headed back the moment the first signs of the storm showed in case they were trapped. Keep it down in here. Seb, lock the door, I’ll make sure your scents are not left lingering-”

He cuts off when we hear the sound of a car door shutting. “Got it,” I say as he quickly grabs a perfume bottle from his dresser and hurries from the room.

I walk to the door swiftly and lock it. Zaia and I are both quiet as we hear the Scotts enter and Jai greets them faintly.

“How are we going to get out of here?” Zaia replies, hugging herself as she stares at the window. “I need to get back to the children.”

“We wait,” I reply quietly, pulling at my collar.

My clothes are beginning to dry, but they’re beginning to itch. She looks worried as I cross the room and pull open Jai’s drawers, searching for some clothes to wear.

Taking out some sweatpants, I toss them onto the bed as I begin unbuttoning my shirt. “What are you doing?” she asks sharply, staring at me.

I raise an eyebrow. “I thought it was men who have the pea-size brains-”

“Rice. Rice is smaller than peas. Don’t kid yourself,” she corrects. I frown, giving her a pointed glare. “Whichever, but since you’re clueless as to what I’m doing, I’ll tell you, I’m changing, since I’m soaking wet.”

“I know you are! But go to the bathroom!” she says in a hushed, furious whisper as she points at the bathroom door. I raise an eyebrow, unable to stop myself from smirking slightly.

“Oh? Why though? I mean... you’ve seen me naked before... or is it that it’s been far too long since you’ve seen a naked man?” I taunt her huskily and with those words I pull my shirt off, slowly tossing it aside as I keep my eyes on her and reach for my belt...