

I Am The Luna Chapter 31 By Moonlight Muse

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A Storm

ZAIA. He unbuckles his belt sexily. Slow and teasingly. The thin strip of hair that travels from his belly button down past his belt and into his pants makes me swallow hard. His defined V and his abs are all drool-worthy.

He's watching me with a hunger that I never thought I'd ever see again... One that makes me light-headed, but he's playing on my emotions. I am not going to throw away everything I built for one taste of heaven and sin.

I twirl around, turning my back to him as my heart pounds. "You really lack common courtesy, Sebastian," I scold icily as I stare out through the gaps in the blinds at the violent storm.

The fact that my babies are home alone without me is making me uneasy. I do need to return... if I set off- I gasp when his arm reaches past me, and he parts the blind, peering out.

"It's bad." He murmurs. "We might just have to wait it out." "No," I say, my gaze dipping down before I can stop myself, but he's put on the sweatpants.

Thank the Goddess! My cheeks burn at the fact I had a look down. "Disappointed?" he asks in a husky growl. I roll my eyes.

"No, keep dreaming," I reply before I look into those startling blue eyes, becoming serious. "I can't wait it out. The children are home and with everything I've learned, I'm even more scared for them."

He frowns and glances at the door. "I understand completely, with the Scotts back, perhaps you might have to use the window to get out..." He says, looking me over. I tilt my head, rather surprised at how fast he has agreed, but I'm grateful. I nod, hesitating as I look down.

"Think I could give you my number, so we can keep in touch? We need to figure this out without any secrets. I'll get a second phone so we can't be traced."

He tilts his head as he crosses his arms, leaning against the wall, as his muscles flex.

“Is that even a question? However, I came prepared,” he says before he moves away from the window and walks to the briefcase that’s on the table and takes out a small simple phone. “My number is in there, and just keep it switched off when not using it,” he finishes, holding it out to me.

I nod, my gaze falling to how dangerously low those sweatpants are sitting. Goddess, does he have to torture me like that? He coughs, a glint of amusement in his eyes, and I frown, snatching the phone haughtily from him.

“This’ll do,” I say. I’m about to move past him to put the phone into my bag, when he grabs hold of my wrist, tugging me close. I glare up at him, but that amusement in his eyes remains.

“If you want to touch or look, feel free to do so,” he says, pulling my hand against his hard abs. Oh, goddess...

My heart thuds as I feel his firm skin beneath my fingers. Tingles of pleasure rush through me as he moves my hand slowly lower over the plains of his god-like body.

I can’t deny, no matter how foolish, or an idiot Sebastian is, he is built like a god and one that you would willingly worship.

Focus, Zaia. That cocky, infuriating yet sexy smirk of his is growing and I think it’s high time I remind him that I am not falling for him.

I soften my expression, pouting slightly as I slowly toss the phone. He passes me onto the bed and steps closer. My heart is going crazy and his scent is driving me nuts, I rake my eyes over him and for a moment I’m distracted by one of the necklaces that hang around his neck. A necklace I had purchased for him... years ago...

I look down, letting my hands run down, precariously close to the band of his sweatpants. His muscles tense and I bite my lip.

“Are you enjoying that... Alpha?”

He's about to reply when he narrows his eyes, a flicker of suspicion in them and I can't help but smile deviously as I suddenly grab onto a few of the hairs that travel downwards and yank on them hard.

"Fuck!" He hisses, cursing as he tries to keep his voice down as he pulls back. I cock a brow as I raise my hand level to my face, looking at the few hairs I managed to pluck between my fingertips.

"Oh dear, I think I was a little rough." I pout, before I look at him, smirking at the deathly glare he's giving me.

I let the hair go, dusting my fingers off as I pick up the phone and shove it into my bag. "Don't overstep Sebastian... from here on we are simply partners to find out who is behind all of this and why. Aside from that... we are nothing." I say quietly.

The pain of a broken heart doesn't vanish overnight, and I am not going to lower my walls to simply be hurt all over again. He doesn't reply and I twist my hair back, putting my wig back on.

"I've been doing my own research over the years and there are things I've discovered. I'll share this with you at another time... however, my first priority is Valerie. We cannot let her die... can you command the Scotts that as they belong to your pack they must obey and not take her off. I know it's unfair, but you know how to be a dick, right?"

"For you, yeah sure. What do you have in mind?" he asks icily, his voice now emotionless.

The sexual tension between us has almost fully disappeared, but in its wake, it has left a painful reminder of the broken bond between us. I have to be selfish and protect my own heart first.

"There's the ancient book of healing that talks of the healing powers of the moon. I know it's possible lore... but we are werewolves. Surely there must be some truth in it. I want you to buy me some time whilst I look into it."

"Got it. Rest assured, I will not allow them to pull the plug."

"Thank you," I say quietly as I slip my jacket.

“Are you leaving?” he asks. I nod. “Yes, I need to get back,” I say quietly as I push the blinds up and slip my shades.

The weather is far worse than I thought. The rain is pouring down so fast that nothing is visible.

I don’t even need my wig, because the amount of rain that is hammering down is intense and no one can see me in this.

If this continues, the roads will become flooded. “I’m coming with you,” he says suddenly. “We shouldn’t be seen together.” I remind him as I unlatch the window ever so quietly.

“No... but I’m not letting you out there like that,” he replies firmly. I glance over my shoulder as I shoulder my bag, seeing him pulling out a hoodie and a jacket of Jai’s before he grabs his briefcase and his own jacket.

“Are you serious?” I whisper.

“Yes, I’ll leave Jai a message. We’ll work on Valerie’s family and decide our next course of action.” He says, pulling the hood up and I have to admit he doesn’t look like himself. He shoves his clothes and briefcase into a gym bag and shoulders it.

Sebastian rarely wore hoodies and sweatpants aside from training and seeing him like this, no one would recognise him, let alone in this rain, anyway.

I lift the window and gasp as the rain hits my face. I quickly climb out and Sebastian is behind me after leaving a quick note for Jai.

“You didn’t leave a name, right?”

“No,” he says quietly as he jumps out silently and pulls the window shut. We’re drenched. This time it’s not only him who is soaking wet, and it’s so cold.

“Come on,” he says quietly. Taking hold of my wrist, he breaks into a run, and we head back to where I left my car.

“We are going to be soaked through!” I call to Sebastian.

The wig I'm wearing is already soaked and so is my natural hair. My pants, my shirt, everything is soaked and I'm not looking forward to getting into the car like this.

Goddess!

"Not much can be done," he replies quietly. The rest of the ten-minute run to the car passes in silence, and I find myself staring at his back.

I know I told him that going forward we are only partners on this mission or whatever you want to call it, but looking at his back now, I know that is going to be hard. He slows as the entrance building comes into view, and I slowly tug out of his grip.

"I'll message you when I'm home," I say, trying not to shiver. I can only see his lips, but he shakes his head.

"I told you I'm not letting you out there like this, but I also can't be seen leaving with you. Get your car, drive out, and once we're a hundred or so yards from the pack borders, I'll flag you down."

"Sebas-

"It's not up for discussion... I let you out there alone once... not again... plus you can't drive in this weather, Zaia, you know that, he replies quietly. I can barely hear him over the downpour and so I don't argue. He isn't wrong.

"Ok, fine," I say, as he remains in the shadows, and I hurry back towards my car.

Twenty minutes later, I'm travelling at 5 miles per hour as I try to make out the road ahead of me. The guard at the entrance had advised me I should sit out the storm, but I had politely refused, saying I must get home to my family.

He reluctantly agreed and told me to drive safely before letting me out. I had half a mind to simply drive away without stopping for Sebastian, but when something bangs on my driver's side.

window, I slam my foot on the brake, my heart hammering until I realise it's him. I pull the window down a little.

"For god's sake! You scared me!"

“Move over.” He says. I don’t argue driving in this is extremely difficult at this rate I’ll get home tomorrow or dead.

Unlocking the car doors, I slide into the passenger side. He gets in, and suddenly the place just seems too tight.

To think I got away from him, from the bedroom to now being cooped into this tight car all alone with him for goddess knows how long.

The rain only gets worse, and even with him driving we are travelling slow. The roads are becoming flooded and at times we have to take a detour.

“We need to stop for the night.” He voices. The thought that has crossed my own mind for the last half an hour repeatedly, but I didn’t want to suggest it.

I remain silent, staring at the phone. I had tried to get in contact with Mom but to no avail. There just isn’t any signal.

“Look... I tried, Zaia. Trust me, this isn’t some sort of plot to get you alone,” he says, staring out into the darkness. “I know... fine... Let’s stop somewhere.” I say quietly as I clutch my phone/tightly.

“We’ll find a lodge or something. Hopefully, they’ll have a phone or signal so you can call home, alright?” He says, now changing direction as we drive down a path in search of somewhere to stop for the night.

“Ok...” I reply.

I sure hope so.

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on August 17, 2023

I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 32

A Motel Room

ZAIA. “Alright, keep your head down. There are no cameras, but still. I’ll go ask for a room.” We had finally found a dingy motel after driving around for a bit, but it was better than nothing. If it wasn’t for Sebastian’s keen sense of direction, we would still be out in the storm.

“Rooms.” I correct. “Room with twin beds. Besides from the lights on in the windows, I think they are already pretty packed.”

I roll my eyes. “Mhmm, this isn’t a cliché romance novel where they will be out of rooms,” I whisper. “Two rooms.” He gives me a pointed look before he walks off to the desk.

He speaks quietly to the half-asleep man behind the counter before he is given a key.

Wait what?

Key? I’m about to open my mouth when he approaches, but he places his finger on my lips. “They have only one room, it’s that or the car with no shower.” He says, looking down at me. “So, what will it be, feisty pants? Because I’m definitely not taking the car.”

I clench my jaw. This is not possible! “You only asked for one room,” I mutter. Being alone in a room with Sebastian is not wise. Not in any way. “I didn’t but feel free to go ask him yourself

... but it’s obvious you don’t trust yourself to be in a room alone with me.” He whispers, mockingly, as he bends down and smirks. “Correct me if I’m wrong, Ms. Toussaint.”

“Oh please, it is your snoring that gets to me, actually,” I mutter as I glance at the key in his hand. Room 19, second floor...

We make our way up the navy-carpeted stairs and down the hall to room 19. We unlock the door and step inside. I flip the switch on and, to my relief; the room is far better than I was thinking it would be.

Especially with the stains on the walls in the foyer, and the worn-out battered carpet, but it was pretty clean or at least looked it. Right now, I’m grateful for anything. My eyes fall on the narrow double bed that takes up most of the room and Sebastian almost bumps into me.

“Do you plan to move, or are you waiting for me to carry you to the bed?” He asks mockingly. I frown and move forward as he enters and shuts the door. Suddenly, he looks too big in the small room.

“There’s one bed,” I state the obvious. He cocks a brow, tossing the bag onto the small dresser that sits near one wall and begins to undress. 1

“Sebastian!” I say, my heart skipping a beat, when his body comes into view, and I realise the tattoo covers his back too. It’s... s3xy...

He’s about to reply when we hear sounds, and it’s louder than the violent storm outside. “Ah! Harder!” The sounds of faint moans and thudding makes me freeze.

I look up at Sebastian sharply, and by the look on his face, he heard it too. We both turn, glancing at the wall behind the bed.

Oh Goddess... don’t tell me the neighbours are getting it on. The tension in the room thickens, and neither of us speaks for a second, but the moaning simply gets louder.

“Oh baby, fuck my pu\$\$y!”

“I’m going to take a shower, at this rate, we’re going to get ill and since you are too worried about the one bed, I’ll go first,” he replies curtly, brushing past me.

The door slams shut and I sigh heavily.

How mortifying! Feeling cold and sticky, I look down at myself. Wearing wet clothes and being stuck in the car for a few hours in said wet clothes was not a good idea.

The moaning and banging continue and I pat my cheeks. Shaking my head, I walk over to the wall, tempted to knock on it and tell them to keep it down, but I hesitate.

“Don’t be jealous just because you haven’t had any action in ages, Zaia...” I mutter. Trying to drown them out, I take my phone out and dial Mom’s number again. My heart skips a beat when the phone starts ringing!

I have connection!

“Zaia!” Mom’s voice comes in a hushed, worried tone. “Hey Mom, I’m so sorry, but the weather. has forced me to stop at a hotel for the night.”

Well, not really a hotel...

“Oh, thank the goddess, at least you are alright. The little ones have been asking about you.” Mom says quietly. Her voice isn’t great, and the connection kept breaking.

Guilt rushes through me, and I tilt my head. “Tell them I’m sorry. Are they awake?” I glance at the time, but I don’t think they will be, it’s way past their bedtime.

“Oh, they’re asleep now, but don’t worry, I told them you are working. I am glad you called Zaia. I was close to alerting the guards and your father. I thought something may have gone wrong.”

My stomach twists at the thought. “No Mom, don’t tell anyone. Even if you can’t reach me, don’t tell anyone.”

“I know, I know, I was worried. How is Valerie?” My heart squeezes and I sigh. “I have a lot to tell you when I get back,” I say quietly.

“Understood. Do you want to see the children on video call?” she asks, her voice breaking up with static. “The connection isn’t great, Mom, but send me a picture?” I say as the howling wind batters against the window.

“I will do that now. Take care of yourself, Zaia.”

We end the call and I hold on to it as I wait for Mom’s picture, but I lose the connection, the small ‘no signal’ sign at the top glaring back at me.

Sighing, I place my phone down and take my charge out to plug it in. My stomach rumbles and I place a hand on it. I haven’t eaten all day. And we don’t have any spare clothes. Just great.

I walk over to the closet and open it. There are a few mix-matched hangers and a few clean towels which I am truly grateful for, but that’s it.

What do I sleep in?!

Fuck!

I’m soaked through! I’m stressing out when the bathroom door opens, and a waft of steam and warmth fills the room that reveals Sebastian in nothing but a towel. Looking damn fine. Damn! If I don’t have clothes, neither does I sigh, turning away and run my fingers through my hair.

“I need clothes,” I say, “I don’t really have any, but I’ve hung my clothes out to dry,” He says as he opens his bag, taking out his clothes from earlier. Oh, how I wish one of us thought about backup clothes!

“Here, it’s the best I have, and it’s partially dry,” he says, holding out the rumpled white shirt he had worn earlier. I want to refuse but I have nothing to wear...

I take it hesitantly, my heart thuds as a stabbing brain rushes through me... 1

He used to always give me his shirt after s3x. The neighbours are still at it, and I quickly look away. My breath hitches and I exhale slowly, watching as he takes out his pants and jacket and hangs them on the hangers in the closet. “Go shower, Zaia, you’re going to catch a cold.”

Our eyes meet, and the concern in his eyes throws me off. I turn away when my stomach rumbles and I feel my cheeks burn. Grabbing a towel, I power walk to the bathroom, slamming the door shut behind me and locking it.

I hear him chuckle and hate how my stomach flip-flops. Closing my eyes for a second before I look around the small steamed-up bathroom. I place the towel down, examining the shirt.

It is pretty dry... I hang it on the broken hook behind the door, before I strip out of my clothes, glancing over at Sebastian’s, which were still dripping water even though he had spread them out. That won’t do anything if the water isn’t drained...

Sighing, I grab them and run some water in the tiny tub before rinsing the clothes with a bit of shampoo.

Once I was satisfied, I wrung them out until I couldn’t squeeze any more water out and hung them over the sink and the shower rail to try, hoping that by tomorrow they’ll be wearable.

I look at my brown lace thong and bra and wondered why I chose to wear this tiny skimpy set today of all days....

I give them a good rub between my towel before hanging them behind the door. There is no way I’m going to go out there without them.

I get into the bath, drawing the worn-out shower curtain and switch it on, letting the hot water run through my hair and over my body. Never has a shower felt so damn good...

I stay under there for far too long. I've washed already but I refuse to step out. My fingers have wrinkled, and the entire bathroom is full of steam. I'm going to have to go out there and face him...

He's only in a towel...

I close my eyes, leaning against the tiled wall and thinking of that small room. Where will we sleep? I mean, the only other place is the narrow entrance in front of the door. I could put two towels on the floor...

My stomach rumbles again when there's a knock on the door. "Yeah!" I shout, flinching at my own loud voice. "You have been in there a while, are you ok?"

"Yes," I reply. Turning the tap off, I step out and wrap my towel around myself.

"Alright." I sigh softly, knowing I'm going to have to face this one way or another. Drying myself, I slip my damp lingerie back on and his shirt on top.

It smells like him...

I lift the fabric and raise it to my nose, inhaling softly. My favourite scent. I glance at the door, still hesitating to get out there.

I wipe the steam away from the small mirror that hangs above the sink and run my fingers through my hair. Alright, get out there....

Taking one final breath, I re-enter the bedroom, towelling my hair as I try to act as normal as possible, but the sight before me is not one I was expecting...

Sebastian is leaning against the headboard, sprawled across the bed, one leg raised, yet the towel is covering anything from showing, with his phone in hand.

The room suddenly feels too hot as my eyes snap to him. He saw me looking. Fuck.

"You can have the bed," I state, as I walk to the closet and grab another towel, tossing it on the floor quickly before I grab a pillow.

This shirt isn't long enough, and I want to quickly cover up. He's silent for far too long. I glance over at him, to see his eyes are pure silver and they're fixed on me...

Raking over me as if he's mentally undressing me. I tug at the hem of the shirt, pressing my thighs together.

"What's in that bag?" I ask, looking anywhere but at him. Spotting the white paper bags that sit on the bedside table. "I managed to get some food for us." He says as he sits up. "Come on over. Let's dine."

His choice of words unsettles me, and as much as I don't trust us on the same bed, I can't say no to food.

On the plus side at least, the neighbours have stopped their nighttime activities! I sit down gingerly, making sure my shirt keeps me covered and begin opening the bag.

My stomach rumbles and takes out the deli wraps, the smell inviting. "Oh, I am starving." I moan as I pass him one packet and tear into the second. I bite into it without waiting for him.

He's oddly quiet, but I really don't mind. I pick up my phone and my heart skips a beat when I see the notification that Mom has sent two images.

"My babies..." I whisper as I unlock the phone and look down at the pictures. Zion is asleep, his mouth hanging open, with the bedding a mess, whilst Sia is sleeping with her hand tucked under her face, her other arm around her teddy.

I can feel him watching me, and I slowly look up and then back down at my phone.

"Can I see?" He asks quietly, his eyes now blue. I nod slowly and hold my phone out. "Zion and Sia," I whisper, feeling my eyes sting with tears, watching him carefully. "Our babies."

His heart is racing as he stares down at the picture of Zion.

"You named him Zion..." He murmurs.

I don't reply, there's no excuse. That was the name he had chosen for our future son... and there was no other name that suited our little boy. He scrolls to Sia's image, and his grip on the phone tightens.

"Sia... they're beautiful names... Z and S... just like us," he says quietly. We could have been a perfect family...

"I ruined everything. I'm so fucking sorry, Zaia." But it's not his words that hit me hard, but the emotions in his eyes when he finally looks up and meets my gaze. Emotions of a man who truly regrets his actions.

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on August 17, 2023

I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 33

A Restless Night

SEBASTIAN. There's sadness and regret in her eyes before she looks down, taking her phone. back from me. There's no way to explain the pain in my chest.

Ashbane or not, I fucked it all up. I should have been there when she was pregnant and going through heartbreak when she was poisoned, when she was in labour, for my pups, but I couldn't be.

So many years have passed and despite my every chance to find the one behind it, he's slipped out of my grasp, to the point when he realised I was onto him, he'd threaten Mainly, it was in the form of trying to harm Zaia as a warning. I had to tread carefully, and I really have been, but the stealthy approach has made the process slower. However, I have found clues and no matter how many times he escapes my grasp, he won't be able to do so forever.

She passes the phone back to me. "You can scroll through."

My heart races as I stare down at the image of Zaia in a hospital bed, she looks tired yet breathtaking as she holds the babies to her breasts, clearly just having given birth. There's more... them in their first outfits...

them in their Moses baskets..., their name plaques... There are many, and with each passing image, I can see how they grow. Zion is a mini-me, and seeing that really makes me feel even more emotional, and

Sia, she's a mini-Zaia, even if her hair and eyes are not the same colour.

My kids are beautiful. Our kids.

There are a few random pictures between, of a hot drink or some scenery, but most of the gallery is of the children.

There's the occasional precious shot of Zaia, and each time I can't help but admire her breathtaking beauty. Not wanting her to take the phone back, I continued to skim through the photos of our children.

It's like I'm watching them in slow motion, like a reel going through the years. I click on the video, where the kids are playing with slime and laughing.

"Give me some Mommy!"

"Sia! Look at mine." The emotions become too much, and I place the phone down and stand up. My throat is dry and although I want to say something, I can't.

I walk to the bathroom and shut the door behind me. Leaning against it, I close my eyes. I have nothing. She was my everything, and I lost her and our two treasures too...

I can't face her, not like this. I squeeze my eyes shut, taking a deep breath. Trying to steady my racing heart. It's a few minutes later when she knocks on the door.

"Sebastian?"

"I'll be out soon," I say, my voice coming out rougher than I meant it to.

"Ok." I hear her move away from the door and I massage my temples.

How do I justify to myself that I deserve another chance? After I rejected her and pretended to like someone else, to protect her, I was ready to let her go. I let her go, and she built herself up, so why do I think I should try to win her back?

Why am I falling weak now?

I stare at the tiny window with the frosted glass, staring at the flowers in the glass. The rain is hammering against it violently; the sound soothing to the story within my own mind.

It's a good while later. I'm not sure how long I have been in here, when I finally bravely step back into the bedroom. The light is off, and the bed is empty. I look sharply at the floor where she had placed the towels on the ground, fast asleep with one of the pillows from the bed.

I frown as I silently walk over to her. She's asleep. I can hear the steady rhythm of her heartbeat. I crouch down beside her, my heart clenching when I notice the teardrop at the corner of her eye.

I keep hurting you. Slowly I slip my hands under her, ever so slowly, ready to move her to bed, when her eyes fly open. She slams me back onto the floor. My head hits the corner of the wall, sending pain rushing through my head.

She then pins me to the ground straddling me, one hand tight around my neck. She raises her other hand, her claws coming out.

Surprise flashes through me as I stare at her. Her eyes flicker from orange back to amethyst and she relaxes, letting out a breath of relief.

Big mistake. Her pussy is now pressed against my lower abdomen and the feel of it sends pleasure south, awakening the dormant beast within Fuck.

"What were you doing?" she asks, releasing my throat. She sits back, looking the vision of perfection. Raising her hand, she brushes her hair back as she scans the room as if trying to remember where we are. "Trying to move you to the bed. You should move... unless you want me to take you." I growl.

She swallows hard, jumping off me quickly. Her gaze dips to the tent in my towel, which is still tucked in firmly and I stand up.

"You..." she begins with a glare. "Dirty-"

"Hey, you are the one who pressed your pussy right on me," I growl, making her cheeks turn a bright shade of pink.

"I did not! I thought you were an attacker! I nh!" I clamp my hand over her mouth, placing the other finger on my lips.

“Hush, you don’t want to disturb anyone, do you?” I ask huskily. Her heart is thumping as she slowly nods, and I let go of her. I’m about to turn away when she speaks.

“Dirty dog.”

I tilt my head, giving her a murderous glare, but she’s standing there, fists clenched, cheeks flushed and a pout on her plump lips looking cute as hell.

“Well, you used to enjoy riding this dirty dog.” I taunt, before I open my towel cockily, giving her a full-on view of my hard -on, making her eyes widen before she covers her face. Gasping in mortification.

I chuckle, wrapping my towel around myself once more, trying not to admire how her bare legs look so inviting...

“No need to be shy. If memory serves, you are anything but shy and you did get pretty down and dirty yourself... I remember exactly how you played and took this cock.”

“Sebastian!” She growls, pushing me. “You are a shameless pig!” “Pig, dog... the list of insults sure is growing,” I say, frowning as she storms to the bed.

“You wanted to give me the bed, then fine! Sleep on the floor.” She retorts as she gets 33 A Restless Nigh into the bed. She always did hate being disturbed when sleeping. I smirk and drop to the floor.

Although I was planning to sleep beside her, I can’t. I wouldn’t be able to sleep and all I’d be able to think about is the way she looks in that shirt. The way her breasts press against the fabric, the outline of her nipples...

Focus Sebastian. I internally groan as I lay back and place my arms under my head, closing my eyes.

Sleep? Sleep didn’t come so easily, with the thunder outside and the emotions I feel, spending time with her... seeing our kids... it’s a lot...

“Sebastian!”

I frown as I crack my eyes open, feeling extremely cold and clammy. My body is aching, and I have a pounding headache.

I look into the eyes of none other than Zaia before I glance around.

“What is it?” I ask, my voice sounding rough.

“You’re shivering... and you’re burning up ...” She murmurs, touching my forehead. Her hand feels cool, and I welcome the touch. “Get up, get on the bed.”

“I’m fine, you sleep.” I groan.

“Don’t argue with me. Get up.” She says, standing up, and it takes all my self-control not to stare at her sexy legs as she holds a hand out to me. I get up on my own and only then do I realise I really feel fucking bad.

“Fuck.” I stagger to the bed and I’m about to lie down when she quickly puts the pillow down for me.

“Here’s some water from last night. Drink it if you need to.” She says placing the bottle down in the covered bag that contains the wraps I never ate.

I can’t help but smile. Maybe it’s good I got ill... if it meant her looking after me.

My head is pounding, and I feel her getting into the bed behind me as she pulls the sheet over us, bringing memories of the past to the forefront of my mind.

Love is painful... beautiful, irreplaceable, but with it the pain you are ready to let the other person inflict on you is deadly...

I’m truly sorry Zaia...

She’s tossing and turning, and I slowly turn onto my back and look at her. Her eyes meet mine and I roll onto my side to face her.

“Why aren’t you sleeping?” I ask quietly. She shakes her head, placing her hand under her cheek. I observe her, my beautiful little vixen...

“He proposed to you... you didn’t agree.” I say, taking her hand in mine and staring at her ring finger. She tugs free and looks down. “How did you know?” she asks. “I saw you both at the fountain that night,’ I admit hoarsely.

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She nods in understanding. “I’ve never liked him that way.” She says quietly.

“Mm... after Valerie went into a coma, I visited his pack. I think it was about a week or less later. He apparently called you to ask if you would come to see me when I pleaded to have one word with you.” I begin, remembering the emotions I felt back then.

She’s frowning as she listens to me.

“It was your name on the screen when she showed me the messages... You didn’t want to see me, although I told him your friend was in hospital. I know you both wanted me gone, but did he really never mention that to you?” I ask quietly.

There is disappointment in her eyes, and I regret disappointing her, knowing they were close.

“No, but I want to ask him, and I will. I mean, he doesn’t know we met, but I can say I went to see Valerie and Jai mentioned it to me. I consider him my friend...” she sighs, turning her back to me. “Men really are disappointing...” she murmurs, hurt clear in her voice....

The following morning, I woke to find her missing from the bed. She had’stepped out of the bathroom shortly after, fully dressed, but there was something wrong. She is far more closed off and silent, not looking me in the eye and clearly in a hurry to leave.

I took a quick shower, feeling a bit better despite my body aching, and when I stepped out of the shower, she’s not here. “Zaia?” I call, scanning the room.

I pull open the closet.

Her clothes are gone too.

What the fuck? I stride over to the dresser, about to grab my phone, when I see the money and small card that sits on the dresser.

It’s written in her writing, and I can’t help but stare at it. My share of the cost for the room and food, thank you. I will be in touch regarding other matters.
Good day – Z

She left... 1

I turn, striding to the window and stare out, scanning the parking lot, but the car is gone. A sudden emptiness fills me inside and I shake my head, scoffing lightly.

What did I expect... that after last night, I may somehow have a chance? Once again, she just left.

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on August 17, 2023

I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 34

A Couple of Plans

ZAIA. “Zaia, is everything ok?” I look up at Mom from where I’m slicing the potatoes for the evening meal.

“Of course, why do you ask?” I smile. Mom looks concerned from where she’s braiding Sia’s hair at the kitchen table.

“You don’t cook unless you have a lot on your mind.” She says with a knowing look of understanding in her eyes.

I returned yesterday morning and although I filled her in on everything with Valerie; I refrained from telling her what went down between Sebastian and me.

I don’t know why, but I know how she would have disapproved of me spending the night with him, and that would only make me feel worse...

My heart clenches as I remember that morning...

(FLASHBACK)

My eyes flutter open and I find myself cocooned in warmth. I snuggle back against the hard wall of muscle behind me when I tense. Wall of muscle?

Sebastian!

I’m about to pull away when I realise that my head is on his arm, his hand clamped around my breast, his other arm firmly around my hips, holding me tightly against him...

He’s asleep, I can tell from his steady heartbeat...

“Sleep Fokie...” He murmurs, burying his face into my neck. “You smell good...”

He used to always hold me like this...

I don't want to get up. For a fleeting moment, I want to enjoy the warmth and comfort that his embrace offers me...

Irritation at my weak resolve makes me glare at the wall, and I slowly free myself from his hold. I have to make sure I never get into this predicament ever again! I need to leave...

(END OF FLASHBACK)

“Zaia darling, please answer me,” Mom says, making me look over my shoulder at her.

“Valerie.” I lie, well it isn't a complete lie. Valerie has been on my mind, and I have been doing some research. “Oh, you are thinking about the therapy, correct?”

I smile. “Yes, you can call it that. I know in this day and age the practices of our ancestors aren't implemented at all, but I truly feel I'm onto something.”

“Oh, I have no doubt. So is Jai going to ask Sebastian to allow Valerie to be brought here? You know how he is so stubborn!”

Mom says with distaste. “I know, but hopefully for Jai, he listens,” I say shortly. I have made it clear we will not discuss Sebastian in front of the kids, especially not in a negative light.

I close my eyes, hoping she didn't catch my tone, and if she did, that she plays it off to my irritation with Sebastian.

I look at my reflection in the kitchen window, wondering who would want us apart? Who is so hellbent on hurting us?

“Don't let it get to you Zaia, it isn't your fault you didn't know about Valerie,” Mom says as Sia slides off the stool and walks over to me.

“Look Mama, I made the moon.” She says, giving me an adorable smile as she holds her paper up to me. I crouch down and take it from her. “Oh, it's beautiful! Should we hang this somewhere?”

I ask. She tilts her head, thinking deeply. “We hang it near Aunty Valerie, then the moon will heal her.” She says in her adorable little voice. I look at her sharply, my heart skipping a beat. The theory I’ve been discussing with Mom...

I wrap my arms around my little princess and hug her tightly. “That is the perfect plan,” I say, stroking her hair.

“Well, since Sia agrees, we have to!” Mom says. I nod as I stand up, carrying Sia. “Yes, deep down, I feel that this will help. We are werewolves, Mom. When I was there, there was brain movement. She’s in there.”

“And we will save her, right Mommy?” Sia asks. I nod. I told them a little about Valerie when they asked where I went, and both had been very curious.

When I explained to them, they had been understanding, and of course, asked many questions. They may be three years old, but they are bright. I’m just waiting for the day that they ask about their father...

“What is the meaning of this, Zaia?” Dad asks. We’re in my new office, one floor up, at the Toussaint Headquarters, and he has just placed a file down in front of me. I glance up at him curiously before looking down at the first printed page in the file.

“New CEO Zaia Toussaint of Toussaint Empires turns down Business Tycoon Atticus Payne’s proposal.” I read aloud before I cock my brow. “I don’t want to lose focus on what I am doing, Father. I have come so far, and I plan to focus everything I have on my career, not on me.”

I push aside the file and cross my legs as I look across at him. He’s agitated, almost as if he just wants to blow.

“Is something else the matter, Father?” I ask, frowning slightly. “No, aside from someone else stepping in on the Zero project, there’s a high chance we might lose that deal.” He grunts. “If we had Atticus’s backup, I think we could have secured the position and proved we have the capacity to handle the project.”

Marry him for a business deal?

“The one by the mountains... look, Dad, don’t worry, I’m flying out there for the meeting and I’m extremely confident I’ll get the deal. What company has joined the race?” I ask, tapping my pen on the file.

“Sebastian King’s.” Dad almost snarls. My heart skips a beat at the mention of Sebastian. Why would he do that? Everyone knows that our company is interested in that project. Why now?

You’re messing with my mind again, Sebastian...

“And it’s why I don’t think you should go. I’ll go.”

“No,” I say, standing up. “I worked on this project for so long, I will not let anyone take it from me, not you Dad, or Sebastian. If he wants to compete for it, then I’m up for the competition, but I am not taking a back seat!” I say, my eyes flashing.

Dad’s hatred for Sebastian has only grown over the past years. Whilst he came to accept and approve of Atticus, his resentment for Sebastian and his company only increased tenfold.

“He might pull something. I don’t want you going alone. I will come with you.” Dad says firmly, knowing I won’t back down.’

I shake my head. “No. You need to be here with the children.”

“Then we take the children with us. Your... your Mother can come along too and mind them. I think the trip will do them good too and Sia can enjoy the fresh air.” Dad suggests, sounding uncomfortable at the mention of Mom.

I tilt my head, trying to think I dislike long trips and knowing that my babies are near would be good. “And will your wife be alright with that?” I ask weedy to know,” Dad says curtly.

“She doesn’t “Security-”

“The very best for my grandchildren. No one and I mean no one will touch those children, here or abroad.” He says firmly. “No one, not even Sebastian King, will know they’re there.”

I sit back and nod appreciatively. The protection that Dad provides for me is the one thing that I appreciate the most and I won't ever forget it, no matter what the future holds. "Thank you. I think we can do that." I say, agreeing.

"Or perhaps Atticus-"

"No, I think I'd prefer you over Atticus if it has to be someone. Besides, I don't think it's smart for me to go with him when the rumours are already spread all over the media." I say, picking up the file and flipping through the different printouts of different news outlets.

There are a few photographs. Me and Atticus. at the party, a blurred image at the fountain, me and him out for coffee. Atticus knew about Valerie...

"He is still a good prospective partner, Zaia. I mean, he's good with the kids and from what I can see, you two get on well."

"Hmm... like I said, I'm not interested," I say quietly, staring at Atticus's picture.

Remembering the way he had made out that we were together back then. The way he had said the kids were his... those red flags I had forgotten about now itch at my mind. He did things when I didn't ask him to...

"Father." I suddenly look up.

"Yes?" "I heard from someone that Valerie, my old friend, is in a coma, and I diligently got into contact with her family and support system. Don't worry, they aren't in Sebastian's pack." I reassure Father. "Oh, I see... so she's in a coma? Was she hurt?" he asks, lightly concerned.

"Yes, and I have requested her to be brought here. Her family is planning to pull the plug, but before they do that, I want to try some. natural healing from the old books. I know they aren't very trustworthy but it's worth a try." I say, masking my emotions as I tell him this.

He frowns deeply and looks at me keenly. "She is still part of Sebastian's pack despite not being at his pack?"

"Correct, but Jai has agreed to talk to Sebastian. It has nothing to do with me." I say. Oh, what father would think if he knew that we had spent the night

together? “Well, as long as you have nothing to do with him, I am fine with it.” He says curtly. I nod.

“Absolutely.”

“Very well then. I think I can’t stop you. That woman helped you and it’s only right that we return the favour. She will be given every possible care she needs here at our pack. Rest assured.”

“Thank you, Father,” I say, truly grateful. He slaps his knees. “Well, I better get back to work. I might not be at the office for the next few days. I need to handle pack matters. There’s been an increase of robberies around the borders.”

I nod in understanding. “Of course... one more thing...” I hesitate as he stands up and pauses, waiting patiently. “Since she left this pack, and went to Sebastian, have you heard from Annalise?”

I’ve never asked. I pretend she doesn’t exist. I focus on myself... but now, now the burning question I should have asked Sebastian has been playing on my mind since I returned. His mood instantly darkens.

“Occasionally. What makes you ask about her today, Zaia?” He asks sharply, as he looks me dead in the eye. I shake my head. “Remembering Valerie...

made me think of the others in that pack. Annalise should have been Luna by now. They may even have pups, but we hear nothing.”

Dad doesn’t reply, frowning deeply. “No, their relationship didn’t last, and I heard that Sebastian King may be getting engaged to Cara Montero.”

My heart thuds when I hear that, and it takes everything to remain impassive.

“I see,” I say. He nods and takes his leave, and for a moment I look down, remembering when they were together when I saw him that night of the dinner. Did he lie? Is he trying to hide the truth?

I place my head in my hands. It doesn’t matter, it’s not like we are anything. Then why does it hurt inside? I sit back and pick up my phone, seeing the two messages from Atticus.

Unlocking it, I stare down at them. ATTICUS: Good Morning, Red. ATTICUS: So how about a catch-up tonight, dinner and drinks?

I tilt my head. Well, why not and I can take the chance to ask him why he never told me about Valerie.

ZAIA: Perfect, pick me up at 9pm tonight.

ATTICUS: No Good Morning back? I forgive you since you accepted. Can't wait until tonight. I'm sure if you knew what's coming you wouldn't be so excited...

I need those answers, and I plan to get them. Now, to message Jai about having Valerie brought here...

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on August 17, 2023

I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 35

A Dinner

ZAIA. "I love this place," Atticus says as he sits back as the waitress walks away after taking our orders. We are in a dimly lit, stunning restaurant that serves a variety of cuisines; the booths are covered with lush green velvet and the woodwork is all a deep mahogany.

Chandeliers hang above each table and we both head to the back into one of the semi- permanent booths which are covered from three sides.

I nod, glancing around before I lean back against the lush seats. "We do come here often," I say, adjusting the strap to my dark blue dress.

He nods, watching me. His eyes soften, and I feel his eyes skim over me. "You look beautiful tonight, but when don't you?"

I look up at him, my heart skipping a beat as tension falls between us.

"Thanks." Today is the first time we're meeting properly alone since the proposal. I am so lost in my own thoughts and what I am going to ask him tonight that I forgot that part.

“We do come here often.” He says, clearing his throat. “Yet I still never succeed in wooing you.” I smile. That is one of Atticus’s talents. He can lighten the mood easily.

Tilting my head, I raise an eyebrow. “Are you certain you’re in your late twenties? Because I think you might be younger than me with the things you say.” I tease. “Wooing? Who uses that word?”

“I do.” He says, smiling slightly. There’s a sadness in his eyes but although I feel sorry for him, there is nothing I can offer him. I don’t feel the attraction that he does for me.

Sebastian... is someone who causes a storm inside of me, even when I thought I was done with him. Deep down, I know I still have feelings for him.

Even if our relationship is beyond repair, I can’t help the trouble that settles in my mind. “Sebastian, I have a question for you.” I begin slowly. “Will you promise to tell me the truth?”

I look across at him, only to realise he’s staring at me, a frown on his face as if he’s seen a ghost or something. “What?” I ask.

“You called me Sebastian...” He says looking down. My heart skips a beat. Did I? “I... Sorry, it could possibly be because of everything going on.” I say, trying to cover my tracks.

He cocks a brow.

“Oh? And what exactly is going on?” He’s annoyed, that much I can see, and I’m relieved when the waitress puts the two glasses on the table and pours us both a glass of wine before she leaves.

“I found out that my friend from my previous pack is in a coma. I spoke to Jai, Sebastian King’s previous Beta, and I guess it’s what he said that makes me think about everything that happened between Sebastian and me.” I push a strand of my hair behind my ear. “I see, Jai O’Dell, correct?”

I nod.

“Did you speak to him or Jai?” “Jai, I just told you, Jai reached out to me, actually regarding my friend,” I say, his reaction surprising me.

“Which friend is this?” He asks. “She came to the New years’ eve party, Valerie Scott. She’s a doctor. She’s been in a coma for the last three years.” I say quietly, taking a sip of my champagne. He frowns, but there’s nothing on his face that gives away he knows, but it’s been a while...

When I spoke to Jai earlier, he said to make sure I made it out that he had told me and that he had been the one that reached out to me, asking if I wanted to say goodbye to her. “I see. I’m sorry about that,” he says, picking up his glass.

I nod. “Yeah, it happened to her that night she came to the ball. On New years when they returned from your pack, she was found at her apartment with the head injury.” I explain. Just the thought sends shivers down my spine.

He’s about to reply when the waitress is back carrying a large tray and begins to place the plates on the table in front of us. Once she’s gone, he sighs.

“I’m sorry, I never knew.” He says, shaking his head.

“I wouldn’t have expected you to know... only Jai told me that Sebastian went to your pack a week later to tell me, and apparently, I turned him away,” I say, trying to remain calm despite the surge of emotions that course through me.

My heart is racing as I watch him, I hear the quickening of his heartbeat, the way he swallows but not once does his facial expression change, but the signs are there...

he knows...

“He told you to tell me that Valerie was attacked and is in a coma, and to come visit her... correct?” I ask, saying these words out loud leaves a bad taste in my mouth.

I’ve lost my appetite and knowing that he remembers and seeing the guilt he’s trying to hide... I know my reaction all depends on his next words...

He frowns and shakes his head. “Look... he came, but I was under the impression you didn’t want to talk to him. You had left by then and I wanted to help you, hence why I didn’t tell him that you were no longer there.” He begins quietly.

“Was it that, or did you want him to continue to think my children were yours and that we were a couple?” I ask quietly. There’s a flicker of unease in his eyes, and I frown.

“I can’t really remember. It’s been three years, and I don’t think he specifically told me anyone was in a coma. He simply said he had something important to say.”

I’m not liking where this is going...

I know Sebastian, he’s an idiot... but I don’t think he’d lie...

No, I know he wouldn’t lie.

“And in the last three years, you didn’t think to tell me? You didn’t think I had a right to know, and he definitely told you she was attacked. Perhaps you didn’t hear or weren’t listening, but not once did I ask you to do any of that.” I say quietly, feeling far more emotional than I should have.

“I’m sorry, Zaia, I didn’t mean to upset you. Maybe a part of me didn’t want him to win back your good graces. Is it wrong to be selfish?” He asks, reaching over the table for my hand.

I quickly move it away, but right now I don’t want him to play this off. There’s hurt in his eyes, and I look away for a moment before looking him in the eye again.

“You have done a lot for me Atticus, a lot... and I know when I first went to your pack, I lied about who I was, and you did and said some things that I didn’t approve of. But I thought we started afresh after everything that happened. I have never hidden anything or lied to you about anything after that, but you broke my trust, Atticus.”

“Zaia, I fucked up, and I’m really sorry. I don’t want to lose you.” He says, “As friends or whatever, I know I said things and did things I shouldn’t have, but I’ve fallen crazily in love with you, Red, please don’t shut me out.”

I look into his eyes and sigh. I can’t do that. No matter how upset I am, I am unable to be so ruthless.

“I won’t, Atticus, but I am upset, and I wanted you to know that,” I say. He nods. “Thank you... and I do get it. It won’t happen again.” He says.

I nod and we fall silent as I try to focus on my plate, quickly picking up my fork and knife. "So, your friend who is in the coma, is she alright? I mean, what are the chances she'll wake up? And how did she get attacked?" He asks.

"We don't know," I reply quietly, taking a bite of my steak. But we will find out...

"Ah..."

I look up at him, knowing that if we are going to continue, there's something I have to clarify with him right now. "There is one condition that I want in place for us to continue our friendship," I say quietly.

"And what is that?" He asks. "You need to realise we can never be. You need to find someone else to love. Someone who can return those feelings. You, your pack and your family deserve that. Deserve a Luna who will treat you well."

"Zaia, please don't ask me-"

"Atticus! Please." I say in an urgent whisper as I glance around, not wanting to cause a scene. Our eyes meet and I give him an apologetic look. "I am sorry, but I am not your Luna and I never will be."

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on August 17, 2023

I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 36

A Past Forgotten

Zaia. "Thank you, Alpha Hugh, for allowing Valerie to be placed here and for the warm welcome," Jai says as he shakes Dad's hand. "And for allowing me to stay at your pack, it is a great honour."

Dad nods curtly. "Don't take it for kindness, I only agreed because you have been a carer for Valerie. You will be allotted an apartment and you may visit Zaia's place, but be aware, due to you still being a part of that pack, a guard will accompany you at all times. Do I make myself clear?" Dad's voice is crisp and curt as he looks Jai dead in the eye.

"Yes, of course, Alpha," Jai says with a firm nod. "After dark, you are not to venture out around the pack, save going to and from Zaia's home."

It had been a great surprise when Dad had asked if any family would be staying with Valerie and if so, then he needs to know so he can have security enforced.

It was only Jai who would be staying with her, something that Sebastian and Jai both thought was ideal, having Jai closer to me, too. Although I made it clear, I am perfectly fine without them!

“Well then, have a good evening,” Dad says to the both of us before he glances at the house for a second before he takes his leave. “Come on in,” I say.

Valerie’s room was already arranged in the conservatory, and I had everything in place for my hope in this ritual of healing.

I know the omegas who helped set the place up and Dad thought I was crazy, but they entertained me anyway. I didn’t even care when I received side-eye looks when they brought in the supplies I asked for.

I didn’t mind what they thought of us, as long as she got better by it. I’m willing to try anything for her.

I need my girl back. “So... can I meet them?” Jai asks me. He looks a bit nervous as he tries to hide his excitement. The children...

I nod, smiling slightly. “Of course,” I say, leading the way inside. “I told you to have dinner with us. He nods, “You were saying, I hope you cooked because I miss your food and I’m excited to meet those little mini versions of you.”

Or one mini version of Bastien. Sebastian and I had arranged a time for a call tonight, and I won’t deny that I’m a little nervous... It’s the one time we have arranged a timing, so there is a chance it won’t just be a quick thing...

I have a feeling he’ll ask me why I left like that... and with me asking Atticus, which I did tell them, I’m sure he might want details.

I lead the way into the lounge, pushing away those thoughts and smile, watching the twins who are playing with building blocks.

“Holy...” Jai mutters. I look at him and back at the kids, realising they are building quite an impressive structure.

“No Sia, like this see?” Zion says gently, showing his sister where to put the little piece she’s holding.

“Smart little buggers huh...” Jai whistles as the twins are so deeply immersed with what they are doing they don’t realise we’ve entered.

“Children, come on over here, this is... Uncle Jai, a friend of mine.” I say, drawing their attention away.

They both look up and Zion is the first to spring up and hurry over, with Sia a few steps behind. “Hello,” Zion says, holding his hand out to Jai.

Jai crouches down and I can see the emotions in his eyes. “Hey, Zion.” He says softly, taking his small hand and giving it a shake. “Love your hair.”

He ruffles his hair before I see him touch his chest and lower his head ever so slightly.

He’s acknowledging him as his future Alpha. He glances up at me and for once there’s no smile as he tries to contain his emotions, looking at Zion once again.

The look in his eyes is of someone given hope A pack that is still without an heir...

Am I selfish in keeping them here?

I want to protect them.

I remain emotionless as Sia clings to my leg shyly, peeping out at Jai. “Hello, princess,” Jai says gently, holding his hand out to her.

“Hello.” She says, still holding onto me. “It’s a pleasure to meet you. They are mini versions of you...” He says looking up at me as he tugs her cheek gently.

He means both of us. “But I don’t look like a girl,” Zion says, pointing up at me and pulling a face.

Jai smiles and shakes his head. “No kiddo, it’s true you don’t look like your Mommy.”

Zion looks relieved at that. “Alright, dinner is ready! Jai, how are you?” Mom’s voice breaks the emotional atmosphere, and I couldn’t be more relieved.

“Melanie! Oh wow! It’s been three years, but you still look as beautiful as I remember, if not younger and even more ravishing.” Jai flirts as he stands up and hugs Mom.

I can’t help but smile, reminiscing on the past...

(FLASHBACK)

“Want to elope?” Jai teases Mom, earning himself a frown despite the smile on her lips. 2

“No. Now go find someone your own age!”

Mom scolds.

“Ouch, you look beautiful, though. How do you expect me to stay away?”

Sebastian’s deep chuckle from behind makes my heart skip a beat before his strong arms lock around me from behind. “Want to escape for a bit?” He whispers, his lips

meeting my neck, sending a jolt of pleasure through me. My breath hitches as I look up at him. We had recently found one another and would soon be married...

And although Mom disliked Sebastian, she was trying to tolerate him, although she kept telling me he was a mistake.

I bite my lip, about to reply, when Mom looks up disapprovingly and calls us over to the table.

“Maybe later?” I whisper, leaning up and kissing his lips. His brilliant blue eyes sparkle before he smirks. “I am going to hold you to that, My Little Fox.”

(END OF FLASHBACK)

I take a deep breath to calm my emotions as I head to the dining table and take my seat.

The dinner with Atticus was two nights ago...

and although I told him everything will continue the way it is between us, I do feel I need to put distance between us. It’s the

only way he'll accept it and move on to find someone else. "Oh, you made my favourite!" Jai says as he helps himself to some pasta.

I raise an eyebrow. "Isn't that always the case with anything I cook?"

"Well, if you cook it, I'll eat it. And it's an instant favourite!" Jai says with a wink at Sia. "Don't you agree?"

She nods shyly as she leans closer to me.

I observe her. She looks better today, but she has her good days... my heart squeezes and I give her a gentle hug.

I can feel Zion watching me intently and turn my attention to him.

"Uncle Jai used to be my friend a few years ago. We used to... work together." I explain, not knowing how else to put it.

"Oh, ok Mommy," Zion says, but he looks lost in thought for a moment before diving into his plate of food.

"Are you alright?" I ask Sia gently, and she simply nods her head, giving me a beautiful smile.

The rest of dinner passes by smoothly and we are almost done when Mom asks Jai where he's staying.

"It's not too far from here. I'll be around daily, though." Jai grins. "Nonsense! I told you, Zaia, to let him stay here." Mom says, unhappily.

"Mom, Dad said for safety reasons, and I know we trust Jai, but he's not part of this pack. We have to abide by Dad's laws." I say quietly.

"I'll talk to the Alpha myself. Jai, unpack your things in the room upstairs. Putting him somewhere else.... My foot."

I stare at her in shock. She's willing to talk to Dad? For Jai?

Well, I know she's always been fond of Jai, but for her to actually talk to Dad...

“Please Melanie, there’s no need for that,” Jai says, waving his hand. “I appreciate being able to at least be around you all. It’s not too far from here, and I respect that the Alpha is prioritising Zaia and the children’s safety.”

She’s about to get up, but at his words, she sighs in frustration and slumps back in her seat. “That man is far too arrogant and needs to learn he can’t boss others around.” Mom mutters.

“I love Grandad,” Sia whispers to me with a little happy smile.

Mom frowns. “There’s nothing to love!”

“He’s nice to me,” Sia says. “And that’s all that matters,” I say warmly, giving Mom a gentle poke of my eyes as a reminder.”)

If Dad was good to them, then why shouldn’t they have a relationship?

I look between Sia and Mom and realise that I should ask myself that question. Why isn’t Sebastian a part of their lives?

My heart squeezes as I fall silent as we continue to eat our dinner. “Do you think that’ll work?” Jai asks as he stares through the open roof of the conservatory, which was now set up as a bedroom for Valerie. The moon shone directly down upon her.

It’s a while later and the kids are getting ready for bed and Jai is about to leave.

I nod. “I have high hopes. This method surely worked, or we wouldn’t have such books in our possession.”

“This is magic, or abilities long forgotten over time, Zaia. We have now become more man than wolf.” Jai says, staring at the moon above.

I look down at the books that were treasures of this pack. Old books that Dad gave to me 10/10 without even a care. Another sign he has no interest in preserving the past.

“And I think it is there that we failed as the creation of the goddess,” I say softly as I look at the glowing orb in the sky. It always relaxes me...

When he doesn’t reply, I glance at him to feel him watching me. Raising an eyebrow, I cross my arms, “You think I’m crazy too?”

He shakes his head. "I could never think you're crazy, I just... what you said kinda hit. It's true, as werewolves we don't really

honour our roots. You know when I was a kid, I remember granddad telling me of their full moon runs, everyone would shift, and they would run together as a pack under the full moon."

His words make my insides fill with the warmth of a memory of a time long passed. "There was something called The Full Moon 13/18 Hunt. They'd hunt and kill something together and then feast upon it. There used

to be an award for the one who brings the biggest offering back. He said he never got to be part of one as it was abolished before he even got his wolf, but as a child, he loved to see the youth go on these runs." Jai continues, sighing. "It's crazy. I feel a sense of nostalgia, but I've never experienced that time, but the stories."

"No, but I understand, as a child, hearing those stories meant something. If I was an Alpha, I'd want to bring that back to my pack. I would want us to train our young, to make sure their bodies are strong enough to

shift. It's disappointing that as the years pass, the number of those able to shift becomes less and fewer, although our packs are growing."

"Yeah... wow, I never thought of it like that. When you put it like that... we'll probably die out someday and forget our gifts."

I nod. "It looks to be so." I say, picking up the two books I had brought down to show Jai, "

Well, I'll show you out. There's six of our most trusted guards stationed right around the conservatory and one of our trusted maids will stay with her." I reassure him.

"Thanks. It's kinda weird to be away from her." He says, rubbing the back of his head as he walks over and kisses Valerie's forehead gently. She's all hooked up to the machine, looking at peace under the glowing moon.

Please let this work, oh goddess "I'll talk to Father tomorrow. Maybe you can move here, especially since I'll be on a business trip next week."

He nods. "Thanks, but don't argue on my behalf. Like I said, I'm grateful he even allowed me entry."

I bid Jai goodbye before I head upstairs. After tucking the kids into bed, I go to my own bedroom. Placing the books down on the bed, I lock the door and decide to go have a shower. There are still twenty minutes. before our planned call...

I'm out pretty fast and after a long day, I'm ready to unwind. Dimming the lights and shutting the curtains, I settle onto my bed, switch the phone on and begin drying my hair with my towel.

The phone rings a few seconds after 22:30 shows on the screen and I cock a brow as I pick it up and accept the call.

"Were you in such a hurry to talk to me that you didn't waste any time, Mr. King?" I ask,

feeling nervous for no reason as I run my other hand through my hair. "If you forget, Ms. Toussaint, I am always the one on time. You're the one who has a reputation for tardiness." His arrogant reply comes.

Crossing my legs, I roll my eyes and flip open one of the books distractedly.

"Oh please, we both know you were the cause of those delays..." I trail off, my heart thudding and not because of what I had accidentally said.

"Guilty as charged... I can hear your heartbeat from here..."

I stare down at the page before me. It's towards the back of the book, a lot further, past the healing section...

"Zaia?" Sebastian's concerned voice comes.

"Zaia, is everything ok?"

"Yes... I just..."

What is this?

"Zaia? Zaia, Babe, you're scaring me." I don't know how to reply as I stare at the symbol that mirrors my birthmark, glaring back at me from the page...

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on August 17, 2023

I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 37

A Symbol

ZAIA. “Zaia, what’s wrong? Do you want me to come down there? Because I swear if you don’t tell me, I will.” Sebastian’s growl makes me blink. “I... it’s my birthmark.” I say quietly, brushing back a few wet strands of my hair.

“What?” “My birthmark. There’s the old book I’ve been going through of old practices like healing, and I just saw the symbol.

“Are you serious? I’ve looked for it all over, and never found anything.” He asks, sounding uncertain.

“Yeah... it’s exactly the same...” I murmur, staring at it. The very same mark that is on the side of my breast, with the upside down V and the symbol...

“What does it say?” he asks, his voice hushed as I drag my eyes away from the symbol and scan the page. Trying to read it, whilst my head spins.

“Blood Born,” I say, reading the title, before I look at the first line of the small text. “The Blood Born symbol graces the ones born of the Celestial Lunar... within their blood is the fire to quench the earth and moon of all life. Beings or monsters, we know not, but fear them, we do.

For it is said that they are the judgement upon the people. By the warning of our Goddess, recite her words; Forget me and I will send my Blood Born, and that is when it is time to end my creation, for they will have forgotten me and I... I will bring an end to their time...and forget them.”

There’s silence as I quietly reread what I just read out loud. Pushing my hair back, I tuck the phone between my chin and ear as I check the next page, hoping for more.

“Bullshit, that can’t be true, that’s just... none of this stuff is real.” “We exist, Sebastian, we’re werewolves. How can you say that this doesn’t mean something? And don’t you think we are forgetting the goddess?”

“Really Zaia, this is modern times. Why should we be praying daily to a god that probably doesn’t exist?”

I close my eyes. “She does exist.” “You don’t know that. Maybe she’s moved on. I don’t think there’s a god or goddess watching down on us,” Sebastian replies quietly.

“I do though, and I know she’s real because WE exist. The paper you have read ‘Beware the ones that wear the mark of discord, mischief, and death.’ This might just align with that.”

“Is there more?” he asks. I scan the rest of the symbols and drawings. There’s not much I can make out and part of the text is in a language I have no knowledge of.

“No. There are just some smaller drawings and a language I do not recognise.” “The talented bilingual Zaia Toussaint doesn’t know the language, that’s a first.” He says, but despite his words, his tone is still serious.

“What can it mean?” “It sounds a little ominous, but don’t overthink it. That’s more than I ever learned with regards to your birthmark, and I’ve been looking. Where did you get that book?”

“Dad had it. It was in one of the old boxes in the safe room. They’ve not been touched for years.” I reply, staring at the symbol. Even the smallest flick to the symbol in the centre matches the birthmark I have...

“He might know more then,” Sebastian murmurs.

“I’ll ask him,” I say. “Yeah, in a casual manner, there’s no harm in it, and see what he says because you are his daughter and bear that mark.”

“Exactly.” “Take some pictures of the page and if you find anything else of that, too. I’ll get them from you next week when we meet for the business meeting.”

My heart skips a beat, and I let out a scoff of disbelief, remembering that. “You know that’s my project. Why would you do this?” I ask icily. “I will win that deal partnership.”

“I have no intention of winning that deal. My only intention is to be near you and perhaps I’ll score another kind of win.”

My heart skips a beat as his voice dropped a few octaves and the words slip from my lips before I can stop them. “And what kind of win might that be, Mr King?”

I’m giving him an opening to flirt, and I know I shouldn’t. Why does the heart want what it shouldn’t? “The kind where I win a smile from the most beautiful woman on the planet.” 3

My breath hitches. I was expecting something a lot dirtier from him, but either he is behaving or he knows exactly what melts my heart.

“Sebastian...”

“Tell me, if I win a smile, what reward will I get?” He asks sexily. Ah, there he is, ever the businessman. I roll my eyes, still feeling a little jittery.

“Hmm, how about this, make me laugh, and I don’t mean a scornful laugh, but get an actual laugh out of me, and I will give you something,” I say.

“Oh? Anything you give me will be worth it for sure, but no violence better be involved.” He says, a little suspicious.

“Fine. I promise.”

“Good, otherwise I might need to return the favour with a spanking session.” He says arrogantly. “Oh please, you wish. You really don’t back down.” I say, shaking my head.

I’ll let him see the children. I don’t know how right now, but I figure something out. He deserves to see them... and with Sia being sick; I want her to meet him....

I push the painful thought away. Tilting my head, I stare at the book. I know Sia has not yet attained her wolf, she’s only a child, but maybe I could try some of these healing remedies on her...

“I don’t back down, I’m an Alpha, losing isn’t in my genes. Regarding the birthmark, don’t worry too much about it. We’ll figure it out.” He says quietly.

He’s serious now, and he means it. The no- nonsense Sebastian who will get things done... 1

“Thank you,” I say quietly. “You aren’t alone. I’ll always have your back, even if I’m not by your side.” I’m silent. That ache in my chest is still there.

“So did you ask Payne?” “He denied remembering or doing it on purpose,” I say. “Be careful of him. I don’t trust him, Zaia. He’s a shrewd one.”

“Of course, you’d say that. You’ve never liked him.” I reply, frowning slightly. I know he isn’t perfect... but...

“Think what you may. I stand by my words.” “Of course, but I also have been around him for the last few years and he’s been a good friend,” I say quietly.

He doesn’t reply, and I’m about to change the subject when suddenly I remember something I want to ask him. “Sebastian?” I begin nervously.

“Yeah?” “Annalise, what happened to her?” I ask quietly. There’s a pause before he sighs. “Nothing. Shortly after you left, I told her it wasn’t working out and ended it. She’s still in the pack, though.”

“I see... I’m surprised she simply remained there if you two broke up.” I ask, trying to sound like I really didn’t care.

“Are you becoming possessive of me again, Little Fox?” “No. Keep wishing. I’m just curious, because why would she remain there if there’s no reason to?”

“I couldn’t just boot her... after all, I wanted whoever was watching to see that she’s still around.” Meaning for a while, they kept the façade up...

“How long did you pretend to be with her?” I ask, the words bitter in my mouth. “Several months... but I used the excuse that Mom doesn’t approve of her, to end it.”

“Ah, so she thinks she still has hope... not wonder she isn’t meddling. She probably thinks you are the easiest step to power.” I say bitterly. I don’t know why I’m upset, but the memory of the rejection has returned to my mind and the pain I had felt...

“There’s nothing between us, trust me.” That I can’t, not when it comes to women. “Father also told me that there’re talks about you and Cara getting engaged. Is that true?” I ask bravely.

Of course, he'll think I'm getting jealous. I'm expecting an instant response, but it doesn't come, making my stomach churn. "Dad's been pushing for it, but I won't be accepting." He says, all traces of amusement gone from his voice.

My heart thuds. "You won't be, but you haven't said no... because it looks to me like she has been hanging around you and you two have been bonding over late-night dinners." I say, unable to keep the sharpness from my voice.

"Zaia-

"Look, it's your life. Do whatever you want, Sebastian. But if you plan to marry someone else, then you should stop flirting with others. It doesn't look good."

"The only woman I want in my life is you, Zaia. Dad and I have not seen eye to eye since you left, and rest assured, Mom still misses you. Our family is incomplete without you and the little ones. Cara can think what she wants. I'm not taking another Luna. Ever." He says, his voice dangerously low.

"You know what hurts the most?" I ask. I've already dived in, why not just give him a piece of my mind? "The fact that first, you decided to hurt me by faking you wanted your ex – my sister back. Then, you went after Cara, or your dad suggested her, regardless of whichever. She used to be a friend of mine... What can I expect from you, Sebastian?"

"I'll show you what you can expect from me when I see you next week." He says almost menacingly. I close my eyes, trying to calm my heart.

"Good night, Sebastian," I say, knowing this conversation is going nowhere. "You confuse me, Zaia... Do you want me or Because it's driving me crazy trying to read you." His voice comes not?

"I don't," I reply, removing the phone from my ear and cutting the call. Closing my eyes, I toss the phone onto the bed, groaning as I rest my head back against the headboard and stare at the wall opposite.

"What do I want? A part of me the logical part wants nothing to do with him, but I'm not an idiot, to deny that he still does something to me and that... to admit that I...

"Still love him."

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on August 17, 2023

I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 38

A Mother Making Plans.

SEBASTIAN. She ends the call... I look down at the phone, about to type up a text to her when I pause. She needs some time.

I've hurt her and to make things right, I need to show her that and give her the time she needs...

I sit back in my office chair and stare at the ceiling. Her birthmark... I've been trying to research. that symbol for so long, maybe I need to search Blood Born and Celestial Lunar...

I will check it on my other laptop.

"Sebastian!" Mom's voice comes. I switch off my phone, slip it into my pocket and leave my office, locking the door behind me. The smell of coffee hits my nose before I spot her walking down the hall, holding the mug.

"There you are. I made you coffee. Are you turning in early today?" She asks with concern. I shake my head. "No, I was getting some work done. Where is Dad?"

Her smile falters, knowing how we aren't on the best of terms right now, and she tilts her head. "Out. He's gone with his friends for their weekly game night, remember?"

"Oh yeah, I forgot," I say. She tilts her head, observing me. "Sebastian, are you alright? You've been training extremely hard lately. I heard..." She glances around as if someone might see us. "I heard you have been shifting more often and going... for runs."

She says it as if it's something to be ashamed about. "And is that not proper? I'm a werewolf, Mom. I find peace when I embrace that side of me." I say quietly.

The words from Zaia's book come back to me and I frown slightly. This conversation with Mom is something I wouldn't have ever questioned, putting it down to her simply being a concerned mother. But now it's showing me how much we are actually. growing further away from our truth and who we are meant to be.

“I know, but we have to tame the beasts within. Look at the rogues, people think you’re going feral.” She says, pulling me gently into the laundry room and shutting the door.” Because you are mate-less.”

I shake my head. “Then you need not worry because I am not going feral. There’s nothing to be ashamed of.” I mutter, trying to hide my irritation. She nods, smiling apologetically. “I’m sorry, dear. I once said the same, and got in so much trouble, I dared not shift again.”

I frown, looking down at her, before I move away, taking the mug from her and leaning against the counter. The smell of fabric softener is strong in the air and the humming of the tumble dryer is gentle in the background.

“Let Dad know that I will not marry Cara. I have children Mom, and I don’t need another heir. I’m not marrying anyone.”

“And do you think your father and Hugh Toussaint will allow that, let alone Zaia?” She asks, surprised at my sudden change of topic.

I frown. “They have no say, only Zaia’s opinion will be taken into account and I’m not going to take her-our son from her. Just when he’s older, I’ll make him the official heir to this pack. Look, Mom, if I’m ever going to win some favour in Zaia’s eyes where she allows me to see the children then I don’t just want to randomly bring any woman into their lives.”

I know how Mom’s mind works, and I’m hoping that if she sees the children as an incentive, she’ll be on my side.

“Ah... then... what about Zaia... I hear she turned down Alpha Payne...” There’s a sparkle in her eyes as she plays right into my hands, although she’s getting a little off track. She and her match-making habits never die.

“No, Mom. Zaia and I are over, but the kids. mine too, right? So, tell Dad that you don’t want Cara as your daughter-in-law. Please?”

She chews on her bottom lip, tilting her head of brown hair, and I can almost see the cogs working. I sip my coffee, allowing her to ponder over everything I have just said.

“Leave it to me.” She says after a moment. “But I have a condition.” There’s that look in her eyes again, the one she uses to barter with at shops. “What is it?” I ask, downing the last of the hot coffee. She purses her lips.

“Ok, I know you said you and Zaia are over; BUT, imagine if something happens or comes up ... I mean, if you get to see the children more and spend more time around Zaia, then I want you to try again. I want you to rekindle the love I know you two had in your marriage. The beauty of the mate bond shone between you two.”

Oh, I plan to, Mom. “Ok,” I say, Mom easily lets things slip out to others and who knows who she might end up saying something to, so I won’t tell her any more.

“Very well then. I’ll have that thought gone from your father’s mind further than he can cu “she coughs and I stare at her horrified. Did she almost say what I think she did?

“I might just get nightmares,” I mutter, internally gagging. “Well, you shouldn’t be so disgusted dear, it’s how we made you. Besides, it’s only science dear, now you’ve helped create two children you know all about-”

“Mom, please. I don’t need to hear that!” I growl, passing her the coffee mug and leaving the laundry room. I hear her laugh and shake my head.

Taking out my phone, I message Justin, my beta. Since I’ll be flying out, I need to make sure everything is taken care of here...

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on August 17, 2023

I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 39

An Impulsive Moment

SEBASTIAN. One week later and we are finally at the long -awaited business meeting. Through the large windows, I can see the snow covered mountains in the distance. This place is beautiful, but not as beautiful as the sassy redhead sitting before me.

Seated around an oval table as everyone here gets their chance to show what they have to offer. There are only five companies that have made it this far and, of course, I pushed my way in with my reputation alone.

But I’m only here for Zaia, however, I’m glad I came, because I wasn’t expecting the Harrison heir to be here...

He had a rather poor reputation tainted with accusations of assault, possession and supplying drugs and for his party going sideways. Kyle Harrison is a man in his mid-twenties.

It's obvious his father brought him here in an attempt to show him the ropes of the business, but it's not fucking working. He looks bored and tired and wasn't even hiding it until Zaia stepped through the doors and now he has his eyes glued on her.

"Thank you, Mr Oscar." The Client, Mr Keith Harrison, a billionaire with several strings of businesses beneath him, says. There are only three companies left to give their presentations.

One is the sleazy bastard seated not far from me who has his eyes stuck on Zaia's breasts and it's fucking pissing me off... but he isn't as obvious as Kyle Harrison. Then, there's the Toussaints, and the Kings left to give our presentations.

Zaia is seated on the opposite side of the table and a little down from me. She's wearing a soft blush blouse which is 2/12 tucked into her high white pencil skirt, and I can't fucking say I'm not checking her out either...

I can see the lace outline of her bra beneath her shirt that's ever so slightly sheer. The hint of cleavage is fucking enticing too...

Her hair is put up in a sophisticated bun, with small earrings and the entire dirty fantasy about fucking her on this very table is made worse by the pair of glasses she's wearing. A fashion statement, but one that just makes my mind fall in the gutter.

I'm sure I'm not the only one fantasising about her right now, but she's mine, not theirs. "Ms Toussaint," Keith says, smiling at her. The corners of his eyes crinkle.

The Harrisons are humans, and proof that humans age faster is clear from the man. who is probably around the same age as my own father. "Thank you, Mr Harrison." She responds. softly, yet clearly, gathering up her iPad and files.

She gives him a smile, one he returns, one that's a little too friendly for my liking. She stands up and my eyes dip to her perky peach of an ass as she makes her way to the front of the table. Unable to deny that the way it moves only sends a strong wave of pleasure through me. Now that's the only kind of

peach I want to sink my teeth into. Luckily for me, it means she's now standing at a point where I can get an even better view of her.

She's one of three women in the room and although I know she's an excellent businesswoman, she looks far too fucking gorgeous to be here.

She's confident, graceful and to the point as she delivers the Toussaint's plan if they were to get the project.

She deserves the job. Her approach is new, different and definitely very efficient. But I also realise that regardless of how good her business strategy is, the younger Harrison will give her the job.

I can see it in his eyes, the way he's lusting over her, and it's obvious that his father is simply happy he's taking an interest in the job. Not realising he's more interested in the woman.

If this partnership didn't mean so much to Zaia, I would have intervened, but instead, I sit here, trying to contain my rage as Kyle Harrison eye-fucks her as he watches her speak. Keith listens to her with full attention as I watch his fucking sleazeball of a son.

Zaia is halfway through her presentation, pointing out some factors on her slide when I see his hand slip under the table and I realise exactly what the fuck he's doing, he's touching himself, getting off at the sight of her.

He might try to be fucking discreet, but I'm not fucking stupid. I look away, my heart racing in anger, not even realising I've snapped the pen in my hand.

"Mr King?" Keith asks, "Are you alright?"

I glance up. Everyone but the bastard is looking at me. He's too busy looking at Zaia and imagining God fucking knows what.

"Perfectly," I say through gritted teeth. "Well do continue Ms Toussaint, we will take a short break after your presentation," Keith says with a gesture of his hand.

"Of course. Thank you, Mr Harrison." Zaia says. She glances at me, concern in her eyes before she turns back to the screen.

I turn my attention back to the sleazeball. His track record for being a fuck boy with a questionable past is something I know of. It is Keith Harrison who handles all business deals. I was not expecting him here or in any way involved with the business. I don't want Zaia working around him.

I don't know how I made it through the meeting without losing my shit and when I get to the bathroom; I splash water on my face, trying to calm the anger within me.

"All ok Alpha?" Daniel, my assistant, asks, "Yeah," I growl. "Get out." I'm about to turn the tap off when the door opens, and a few men enter, laughing.

"Did you see her ass? Who wants to bet I'll have her by the end of this week?" Kyle's fucking voice comes, and I know exactly who he was talking about. "I think by the end of the day, redheads are said to be fun." One of his cronies snickers.

Don't lose your shit, Sebastian...

Walk.

My eyes are blazing as I make my way over to the door, but it's his next words that snap the last threads of my self-restraint.

"Think she'll be up for anal? Who cares? I like to surprise them, and by then it's too damn late!" He asks them, before bursting into laughter.

Daniel is standing outside, and he's pale, clearly having heard the conversation. Four of Harrison's guards stand here and I simply walk past them as Daniel follows me.

"Kill the lights," I mutter through my earpiece, turning, and walking down the corridor. "Alpha? Is everything ok?" Another one of my men's voices comes back.

"Do it. Now." I command quietly, passing the second set of his bodyguards.

"Alpha..." Daniel mutters, but I ignore him. "Go to the meeting room now," I command him, giving him no option but to leave. I turn the corner, assessing the security cameras at every corner, before I slip out of sight, waiting for my command to be carried out.

My eyes are blazing silver, my claws are out and all I want to do is beat that sleazeball with everything I fucking have. It's a few minutes before the entire building blacks out, and the alarm goes off.

Smirking, I turn swiftly and head back the way to the bathroom. No one says that about my woman and gets away with it. A few red lights are flashing as someone shouts why the generator hasn't kicked in.

Well done, boys. There are shouts as security tries to secure the building and I silently sneak past the first set of Harrison's bodyguards without even being noticed. Like a thief in the night.

The perks of being a werewolf....

I spot the bastard outside the bathroom arguing with four more security guards. "Please, Mr Harrison, we need to stay on alert until everything is checked."

"It's just a fucking power trip... big fucking deal." He shoves the man blindly, walking towards me, unseeing as he takes his chances.

"Move it, man!" He curses one of his men. I smirk, staying in the shadows. The place is pitch black save for the flashlight one of the guards is carrying and I lean back against the wall, not wanting to be seen.

"Please, sir!"

"Go fuck yourself, Weasel!" he curses, rounding the corner and stumbling right over my feet. "Two minutes Alpha." My man's voice comes through the earpiece.

I know I don't have the time to drag this out ... reaching down; I lift him to his feet before I punch him across the face. Damn hard.

I deliver a second punch, this time letting go of him and he goes stumbling back roughly, hitting the opposite wall. The satisfaction crunch of something breaking is like music to my ears and I quickly move away, knowing the lights will be on any minute.

A grunt and groan of pain escapes him as he slumps to the ground. I can hear the shouts of his men. I want to threaten him, but I don't want this pointing back at Zaia.

I need to get back to my spot before they spot me, or worse, the lights come back on. I now feel a little better. I fix my jacket and collar, sleeking back my hair.

Time to get back to that meeting... because there's no way I'm going to let Zaia work with a fucker like him, even if it means I have to take this deal from her.

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on August 17, 2023

I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 40

A Bitter Surprise

ZAIA.

Something happened, and I don't mean the lights simply going off. When Sebastian walked through the conference hall doors after the turmoil had died down; I could sense the rage that was burning behind those eyes.

I don't know what happened, but the news of Mr Harrison's son being attacked had spread and that had caused a delay to the final half of the meeting. But Mr Harrison refused to cancel it despite his son being rushed to the hospital.

Understandable, since everyone here had come from all over the states. "Do they know what happened to him?" One of the men asks another quietly.

"No, but whoever it was, hit him quite badly. They think he was hit with a weapon. His jaw is completely smashed by the looks of it..." The man trails off when Mr Keith Harrison steps into the rooms, now flanked by two guards, as he adjusts his jacket.

"Thank you, Ladies and Gentlemen... Security is handling the matter and the building will be on lockdown until they make sure all threats are cleared. There is nothing to fear. Shall we continue?"

The fact that he's saying that, it's almost as if he isn't surprised something happened to his son. I have heard a lot about the young heir, and he is trouble.

I saw the way he was watching me during my presentation, and it made me completely uncomfortable. I just hope he isn't around often.

"Of course," Sebastian says, his voice hostile. I look at him sharply. It's subtle, but I know that tone...

Did something happen?

"Well, would you like to go next, Mr King?"

"I'll go last," Sebastian says. I'm curious as to what he's thinking, and I take my seat as the next presentation begins.

I win the job, despite the fact that my resources are slightly less than some of these companies, not to mention the casualties of the mining accident. I am still confident I can do this.

I'm nervous. This is my biggest project, something I've poured my heart and soul into. When he saw my plans, he said he had confidence in me. I personally want to show him that I am capable.

The fact I am a woman already puts me at a slight disadvantage compared to the rest, but I won't let it get in my way. Feeling his burning gaze on me, I glance at Sebastian. He's trying to contain his aura...

What is going on with him? Our eyes meet, and I raise my eyebrows questioningly at him slightly.

But he simply looks away, his brows creased in a deep frown, flexing and unflexing his hand as he combs his fingers through his beard.

I turn my attention back to the presentation, not worried or threatened by the current presenter and what he is offering to Mr Harrison. He has not offered anything that the others before him haven't already... and I'm not being conceited, but I'm feeling confident.

His presentation finishes, and Mr Harrison asks a few questions before he looks at Sebastian. "Mr King."

He gives him a curt nod before standing up. Everyone here is in high-rank positions in their respective companies. A deal worth millions...

“Thank you for allowing me to step in despite the late entry. I had a lot on my plate and when you initially reached out to me, I had far too much going on, but I think I can offer something new to this project.”

My heart drops, my smile fading as I look at him. He never told me he had been offered this deal prior. He’s going to knock me out of the game. Sebastian may be an idiot, but when it comes to business, he is the best. He isn’t called the Black Beast for nothing...

His eyes meet mine and I look away, trying to hide how hurt I’m feeling. Forcing a polite smile on my face, I look down at my file smoothly.

He’s going to take this from me, too. “As everyone knows, the King Empire has the largest number of staff working under With factories that deal with steel, iron, bricks and mortar, we can offer a lower price than purchasing from elsewhere. Any jobs we do would be the most cost-efficient for our clients. There is not one company here, and correct me if I’m wrong... that has even two-thirds of the manpower we hold...”

My biggest fear...

The only part of the Toussaint offer I was concerned about, and I had said I will be putting in work and dealing with other contractors. Now he’s gone and put emphasis on why I shouldn’t get the job and why he is better Why is he doing this?

I know he said this wasn’t a deal he wants to win... but then what will he do? Make a mockery out of me and then say, you got the deal because I let you? I look up at him, and his eyes meet mine. Why? “Are you alright, Mr King?” Mr Harrison asks, making Sebastian look away smoothly.

“Yes, of course...” Sebastian says hesitantly. A few people exchange looks, and Mr Harrison sits back, observing him.

“There is not one deal that you have ever lost yet your ex-wife, do forgive me, Ms Toussaint, well she has shown she might be very capable.” Mr Harrison says, making a few people glance at me.

Of course, most of them know... but as his wife, I Was never in the business game. Harrison’s words ‘Might be very capable’ don’t sound very encouraging Sebastian’s struggling with himself, despite how emotionless and cold his face is.

"You're correct, I never lose a deal... and I think I want to keep that streak. Hence, I don't think I can compete with Ms Toussaint..." I look up in surprise, not expecting that. A twinge of irritation rushes through me. I don't need him to give me the job.

Harrison nods. "I have always wished to work with you, I have heard great things and all the projects you work on have been successful so far..." His gaze flits to me and I realise he's hinting at that accident again.

I had won him over by proving I can do this... but he is clearly leaning towards Sebastian.

"That is true... but I think we can all agree that Ms Toussaint deserves this job. I am willing to partner with the Toussaint group and offer them the manpower they do need. If that is an option for both Ms Toussaint and you?"

What is he doing?

"A partnership?" Harrison sounds interested. He's taking it away from me. "What percentage are we talking?" Harrison asks. "I do like Ms Toussaint's approach, however, my only concern is the areas that the King Empire excels in.

"Twenty percent for the Kings and Eighty to the Toussaint Empire," Sebastian suggests. My heart is thumping as I try to remain emotionless. "Is he trying to cause problems for his ex?" One of them whispers but I catch it.

"I wonder why he would even offer that unless he wants some I stand up, trying my best to contain the anger that is raging through me. "The Toussaint group pull out. Mr Sebastian King can keep the project." I say quietly.

I feel humiliated. The moment Sebastian stepped up, Harrison has not once been interested in me. Thank you, Sebastian, for showing me my worth. "Ms Toussaint, we can't take simple things like this to heart." Harrison chuckles. Sebastian is frowning, his blue eyes meeting mine.

I smile gracefully before I shake my head. "Not at all, Mr Harrison. I just do not wish to work with Mr King's Company. Have a good day."

Gathering up my belongings, I walk to the door, chin up, despite the sinking feeling in my stomach.

“Ms Toussaint, the building is still under lockdown,” Harrison calls. “That is fine, I will go have a coffee,” I say with a smile over my shoulder I lost.

The doors open and I step out, my heart heavy. I can feel his eyes on me, but once again, the father of my children truly disappointed me.