

I Am The Luna Chapter 71-80

By Moonlight Muse

Posted by **NovelHeart**, 2390 Views, Released on August 25, 2023

71. A Taste of Desire

ZAIA.

“I want to make a request.” “Sure, what is it, Val?” “I... I don’t want anyone to be allowed to enter my room without you. Valerie’s request replays in my mind even as I leave her room. She doesn’t even want Jai there...”

What is her reason? When I asked her she said nothing, but for someone who doesn’t remember, she made it clear out there that she remembered some stuff. After all, she mentioned a ‘he’ I want to know more, but she’s not in a good frame of mind right now.

I head upstairs to the children’s room and for the first time, I feel uneasy about them being alone with Mom. It’s terrifying not being able to trust those around me. This makes me feel guilty too. She loves me, right?

I feel so... alone. With Dad having to stay behind, it will be on me to protect my children and Valerie. Jai- I can trust Jai and I think I can trust Atticus. I know I don’t agree with every decision he makes, but I don’t feel like he is the enemy.

And then, of course, I have Sebastian. The one I know I can trust no matter what. I’m grateful he will be by my side, right now I feel like he is what’s keeping me going. I need him.

But I’m still not getting anywhere. There are things that don’t make sense to me. I mean, Mom has been here for so long and always supported me... am I being paranoid?

Well, pondering over the why’s won’t help. I learned long ago, one should always trust their instincts....

I check in on the children, deciding I’ll be spending the night with them. I just want to check on Sebastian once more before I shower and head to their room.

Goddess, even in my own home, I feel uneasy. I check a few of the windows and look outside to make sure the guards are in place before I walk to Sebastian's room.

When we returned Jai said Sebastian had awakened shortly afterwards and was restless, so had decided to go for a run. That's something Sebastian always did and I'm glad he was ok.

I open his bedroom door after knocking lightly and look around the room. The bed is empty, but I see the slight dirt on the floor. Hearing the sound of the shower running fills me with relief, and I walk to the bathroom door. "Sebastian? Are you alright?" I ask, my heart skipping a beat, knowing he'll be naked inside. I stay outside the door.

There's silence for a moment before he speaks. "Of course I am. Are you worried about me?" "I was, and then you left for a run. Were you ok shifting with those injuries?" I answer.

"Why don't you step inside and take a look for yourself?" he replies huskily. My stomach does a flip, but I don't hesitate, slowly stepping inside. I see Sebastian in the shower.

My throat goes dry as I watch the water run down his godly body. Oh fuck...

His muscles flex as he brushes his hair off his face, and I swallow as I admire his body and then I realise his body is bruise and injury free. Not one wound...

I look up, shocked, his vibrant blue eyes meet mine and he smiles slightly. "I guess shifting helps," he says, rubbing the soap between his hands before he runs his hands over the planes of his abs.

"I'm glad..." I say, feeling relieved. "I was worried..."

"Oh yeah? Well, if you're still worried, why not come a little closer, so you can be reassured I really am perfectly fine?" He smirks dangerously, and my heart thumps in response. The way he makes me react is intense...

"I'm not sure that's a good idea..." I say, running my fingers through my hair. "Your body says otherwise," He replies, his gaze on my breasts as he leans back against the shower wall. He runs his soapy hand over his cock, stroking it slowly for a moment, his eyes on me.

I want to fuck him. He looks so damn sexy right now. Oh, Goddess...

"How can you be so certain, from all the way over there?" I ask. "Then how about you come over here so I can be certain?" he counters. "You really are smooth," I say as I make my way closer to him.

He smirks as I walk into the wide shower, the water drenching me, and he leans forward, pulling me closer. I gasp as I'm hit with the full downpour of water and he tilts his head, smirking as he looks down at me.

"It's cold!" He always did prefer the cold showers."I'll heat you up..." He replies, brushing his thumb over my lips.

I can feel his body against me through the thin fabric of my dress. He raises his hand, slowly brushing my hair back from my face. "You're an incredible woman, Zaia... always remember that," he says.

I frown slightly, "Why do I need to remember that? You are here to remind me and since I'm going to have to put up with you at the Dark Hollow Falls Pack, it's only fair, you boost my ego too." I say, resting my hand on his chest, caressing the peppering of hair on it. It should be illegal to be so handsome....

I can feel him hardening against my stomach, and he tilts his head. "There's far more I can do than boost your ego, Little Fox... if you allow me..." he says quietly.

Our eyes meet and I know there's something slightly different in him. Is it because of what happened with the Triquetra forming and that it included Atticus? I'm not sure... but as I gaze into his too... eyes, I realise that he needs me.

"This doesn't change anything." I say as I cup his face. He frowns slightly. "Are we talking about this... or earlier?" he murmurs as he grips my waist, pressing me against himself.

I raise an eyebrow. "I meant the entire thing with the Triquetra... besides, who said we're about to do anything right now?" I tease seductively.

"I did." He responds arrogantly, as he swiftly hoists me up and, turning, presses me up against the wall making me gasp.

But I can't help but smile, excitement washing through me as I lock my legs around his waist and bite my lip. "You really are the sexiest man in this world," I whisper before we both lean in, and our lips meet in a passionate kiss.

"Fuck," he groans against my lip the moment I grind my core against his stomach. He grabs my breast, squeezing it and I sigh against his lips, our hands grope the other's body, trying to feel and touch every part we can reach as our lips move in perfect sync.

He knows how to kiss... Fuck, he's excellent at it. A little rough, pretty dominant, and very passionate and when he kisses me; it's like he wants to devour me completely. Making me feel like I'm the only woman he wants...

"You ARE the only woman I want..." he whispers, his deep voice a low rumble through his chest. I frown slightly. Did I say that out loud? I'm about to speak when he bites down on my neck, sending sizzling pleasure through me.

The urge to have him mark me fills my mind, my core clenching in need. I can feel his dick against my ass, and I want him inside of me. I gasp when he squeezes my breast again.

"Fuck me." I breathe, making him groan as he nibbles on my earlobe. Simultaneously, he reaches down and pushes aside my underwear.

"Are you ready for me?" he purrs huskily as he squeezes his fingers inside of me and I moan loudly. "Oh, you are so fucking ready..." he growls.

I open my eyes just as his lips claim mine once more and he slams into me. I gasp as pleasure rushes through me, accompanied by a sting of pain.

My nails dig into his skin as I try to take a moment to adapt but he has other plans as he pulls out and drives back in with one slow yet relentless hard thrust, making me whimper. He hits the spot oh so perfectly and I feel lightheaded.

A devilish smirk crosses his lips as his hand grabs my neck, squeezing hard. "Show me that tongue." He growls huskily and I obey, gasping for air. My heart thumps as he tilts his head, stroking my tongue erotically with his own. Oh fuck...

I caress his with my own before he takes my tongue into his mouth, kissing me so sensually I feel my pussy throb. He continues to drive into me

torturously slow, yet hard. Each time hitting the spot and making me moan in pleasure and satisfaction.

“There’s my good girl... I want to hear you scream... let me hear how good I’m making you feel...” He says quietly, his voice holding a powerful command at the same time.

I moan in response as he speeds up a little and slams into me harder. The mix of pain and pleasure as he drives deep into me makes me lock my arms around his neck, burying my head into my shoulder to stop myself from screaming out.

I can barely breathe as he pounds into me, and soon I am unable to hold back my moans and screams.

“You are so fucking tight, but I’ll help stretch you out.” He murmurs as he lets go of my ass and instead hooks his arms under my thighs as he drives into me again.

“Ouch, fuck! That’s it!” I whimper hornily as he keeps pounding me harder and faster. “That’s it. Fuck my pussy... Fuck Bastian!”

The water above soaks us both. I’m extra aware of the heat of our bodies as they rub against one another as he fucks me.

“That’s it, take me all in,” he groans, and I whimper. I feel overly full. He moves back slightly, I lean my back against the wall as he looks down at where our bodies connect as he rams into me roughly..

I can’t help but scream out his name as his speed becomes intense and I feel myself nearing. My back rubs against the hard tiled wall behind me, my breasts bounce, and my eyes are half closed as I drown in the pleasure.

Through my hooded eyes, I see his eyes glowing steely silver, his canines elongated, and I don’t know why... but it just makes him look even hotter...

“You’re....” I trail off, but he knows what I mean because he leans in kissing me roughly. “We’re fucking born to be animals, Foxy... so why hold back?” he growls. He’s right...

I yank him closer, kissing him back with equal passion and lust. I'm so close, so fucking close. Why do I get this man so much? Because we're soulmates... destined for each other...

I've never heard of what happens if a rejected couple re-marks on one another, but I'm ready to find out. "Mark me," I whisper through my haze of pleasure.

Clawing my hand down his chest, cutting into his smooth skin, I allow his blood to wash away with the water. His eyes flash as he leans in, brushing his nose possessively against my neck. "Oh, yeah..."

"I'm coming." I breathe. "Then come for me, princess." He growls huskily, sinking his teeth into my neck, sending me off the edge, as an intense orgasm explodes through me...

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72. A Journey Home

ZAIA.

A Mark. An imprint that will strengthen your bond with your fated. Where your mate marks you, it forms a design that is unique to each mated couple. When I mark Sebastian again, his will match mine.

The mark is invisible to the naked eye, and only when the body is going through intense emotion or pain does the mark become visible on the skin. I now stare at my neck in the mirror, the bite wound has healed over but there is still an angry bruise.

I smile softly, it was the right decision to make. We may still have things to sort out, but he has proved that he regrets what he did and how he handled things plus he has made it up to me.

My cheeks burn at the memory of our shower antics. I don't remember what happened after he marked me, but I think I ended up falling asleep.

I woke up alone in the bed this morning. I now wash my face and wrap a bathrobe around me. I leave the room and walk to the kid's room.

The sound of laughter reaches me, and I smile gently despite the guilt inside of me. I was meant to keep an eye on them last night. "Mommy! Daddy slept in our room today!" Sia says, the moment she spots me when I open the door.

My heart skips a beat as I spot Sebastian, dressed in grey sweatpants and a white T-shirt lying down in Sia's bed, his hair a sexy mess, clearly having woken up a short while ago.

"Aww really that's lovely, isn't it?" I ask as I walk over to them and give Zion and Sia a kiss. Zion nods, giving me a smile and a kiss back.

"Don't I get one?" Sebastian says, making the kids stare. My cheeks flush as I look into his gorgeous blue eyes. Sia giggles and I tilt my head. Sitting down on the edge of the bed I look down at him.

"I'm not sure you deserve it," I say haughtily. "Oh? Can I change your mind on that?" he asks, as he reaches over and cups the back of my neck and tugs me closer.

I part my lips thinking of a reply, but I have none, my gaze instead dipping to his lips. Goddess, this man is unfairly handsome!

He pulls me down, his lips brushing mine in a kiss that makes me feel extremely lightheaded before I move back. Zion is staring at us, utterly shocked, whilst Sia is hiding her face, her cute little face all red.

It was an innocent kiss, but clearly; they aren't used to seeing that. "So, tell me, why are you here?" I ask him as I ruffle Zion's hair.

"Did you miss me in bed?" he asks me in French. My heart skips a beat and I blush lightly. "No. I didn't even realise you were gone." I reply back in French.

Zion mumbles something incoherently that oddly sounds like it is French. He smirks. "Last night, you told me to keep an eye on the children." I smile slightly. "Really? I'm glad." It eases my guilt a little. "Thank you."

"No need to thank me. They're mine as much as they are yours. On that note, I want to know what medication Sia is on, and when she's supposed to take it," he says, now serious as he sits up.

I look at him, slightly surprised by the sudden change in his demeanour, but he has a point. We're heading to the Dark Hollow Falls Pack, he needs to know. "I will explain them to you, and I have her files for you, too," I say.

"Perfect." I look around the room. I had the staff pack some of the children's clothing, but a lot of this would have to stay behind.

"Well... you guys, pack your favourite toys with your Daddy, and I'm going to go have a word with grandma, ok?"

They nod. "Pack our toys for what?" Zion asks, now realising what I'm asking. I smile at Sebastian. "Your Daddy will tell you everything, but you see... We're going with your daddy, to his pack." I say, leaving the room as the children begin screaming in excitement.

"Really Daddy?"

"Pinky Promise we are going with Daddy?" I smile as I quickly return to my room, stopping when I see the door open. I step inside, scanning the room when I spot Mom packing my things into suitcases, "Mom..."

She looks up, pursing her lips together, smiling tightly. "I was packing for you since I know you are leaving soon."

"Yes... at noon." "Yes, and I know you're picky with the way you like things folded," she adds as she gets back to folding clothes into my suitcase. I watch her, not sure what to say.

The fake note that I had Sebastien send to me stated that if I left, she'd be exposed... but she hasn't mentioned that again. But at the same time, I can tell she's not planning on coming with Us...

I didn't ask her this time either. "Thank you... So you will stay here?" I ask. She pauses before she lets out a little "hmp" "You haven't asked me to come with you... and I know... that I have done things you can't forgive... but I truly have your best interests at heart, Zaia. I love you and the children... They have been my source of happiness and contentment. I'm proud of how far you have come... remember that."

I feel guilty but at the same time, I'm unable to bring myself to ask her to come with me...

"I'm sorry," I say quietly. "Don't be, a child needs not apologise to their parent." She turns and smiles warmly at me.

I don't reply as I go over to my safe and begin emptying it and placing the items, money and documents into my bags that I will keep with me.

"Will you remain here, or move?" I ask, looking down at the files in my hand. The work with Harrison was pending, as were other things. I needed to handle these projects immediately.

"I'm not sure yet." She says quietly. "I'll figure it out."

We fall silent and for the first time in many, many years, there's just nothing to say to each other. How quickly relationships can break...

"All of Sia's medication is ready for you." "Thank you," I reply politely, but the scary part is, that a horrible thought enters my mind like a thief. What if she's tampered with or done something to the medication?

The thought of that is horrifying... Am I becoming too paranoid? We headed out soon after, but saying goodbye to Dad was the hardest. Twenty of Dad's men would be with us. Me, Bastian, the children, Jai and Valerie are travelling together in a nine-seater SUV.

Valerie is quiet as she stares out of the window, I really need to talk to her alone... I had asked her if she wanted to return with me or remain at Dad's pack but she had said she wanted to come back with me. It's better this way, after all we need to work together although it's still uncertain how, how do we unite our people?

An event. Something where we are all together on a larger scale. I know the news of last night will spread. The news of the triquetra being complete will spread.

I wonder if something like Atticus has his New Year's Eve Ball would work... A grand event where we can reach out to many more than just our own packs.

"You're thinking about everything again," Sebastian says, as he adjusts Sia, who has fallen asleep in his arms. "I won't deny that." I sigh.

"We'll figure it out," he promises. Valerie stays quiet, staring out of the window when Sebastian leans back.

“So, tell me, Valerie. You first said you don’t remember anything, correct? You then said someone told you that you are part of the triquetra... So tell me, which is it?” Sebastian asks, his sharp eyes now on her.

I turn towards her, hearing her heartbeat pick up quickly. Her breath hitches as she fists her clothes, frowning as she tries to calm herself. “You can share with us Valerie. No one can hurt you.” I say quietly.

“How can you be so sure? What if the enemy is right here?” she asks quietly, glancing at the two men. I frown slightly, looking across at Jai and Sebastian.

“Both Bastian and Jai have only hoped for your recovery, Val. Jai gave up his position as Beta to take care of you.” I don’t want to throw that at her, but she needs to know they are not going to hurt her. She falls silent.

“Val, tell us, who attacked you that night?” Jai asks quietly. I look down at Zion, who is busy watching on my phone, but I know he’s always observant of those around us and what is going on.

“He... I didn’t see his face.... But I saw his eyes, and he looked... he looked like you. He sounded like you.” She says, grabbing my wrist as she stares at Sebastian.

The shooter on the motorbike...

My heart thuds. So I’m not the only one who thought he looked like Sebastian. “Well, you can rest assured it wasn’t Seb. That night we went back to your apartment, the both of us together. Someone else had been inside and they had hurt you. It was not Seb.” Jai says quietly.

“Yes, you will say that. After all, you are his Beta, and it is your duty to serve him!” Valerie says coldly. Jai’s eyes flash with hurt, but he looks away, trying to hide it.

“It wasn’t me, Valerie. If we wanted you dead, we could have ended you that night instead of calling security. Why would he give up his position to take care of you?”

“I don’t know. You tell me, Alpha, was it to kill me if he ever got a chance to do So?”

Sebastian's eyes flash, but I shake my head, motioning him to let me handle it. I put my hand on Valerie's shoulder and give her a gentle smile. Despite the turmoil inside of her, I need her to think clearly.

"We wouldn't have kept you alive for so long if we wanted you gone, Valerie," Sebastian says quietly, but his voice holds a dangerous edge.

It's clear Jai's disappointment has gotten to him, and I can't blame him. He has done everything for her – but she almost died. How can I blame her for being scared?

Valerie stares back at him defiantly and for the first time since she woke up, she's got that spark back that she did when she used to be Doctor Scott that no one messes with.....

"Oh no," Zion says making us all turn to him.

"What is it, Zion?" I ask. He stares back at me with saucer-like eyes. "Someone is pretending to be Daddy and they want everyone to not like Daddy."

The car falls silent as his words echo in our minds. He isn't wrong...this man keeps himself hidden, but he has no objection to showing his eyes which are clearly very similar to Sebastian's.

"Then the question is, who?" I ask the silent car. "I don't know..." Valerie says quietly. "It was just his eyes and voice."

"We will find out." Jai says, "And we will get revenge on him for taking years of your life, Valerie... I promise you..."

Even if it was Seb, I would have chosen the right path... do you really think so low of me?" Their eyes meet before Valerie turns away, and Sebastian sighs as he sits back.

"Trust us," I say, and she nods hesitantly. "What else did he say? In fact, what happened that night? Tell from the moment you stepped into your apartment. What happened?" Sebastian asks her. She looks at each of us and her eyes darken, looking almost haunted before she closes her eyes.

"That night..."

The car is silent as everyone turns to her, ready to hear the events of that horrible night from the victim herself...

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73. A Memory

NEW YEARS DAY OVER FOUR YEARS AGO

VALERIE. "It's so late." I massage the back of my neck as I step into my apartment. We had left the Whispering Mountain Pack after midnight and the journey wasn't too short.

I yawn, pausing as I stretch when I hear the faint creak of a floorboard, making me freeze. It's not a violent stormy night that the wind would cause the apartment to creak.

I tilt my head, but there's nothing more and I almost smile. Why am I being so paranoid? I walk to the fridge, grabbing myself a bottle of water; gulp it down and look through some papers. I have work in the morning.

I sit down at the counter, skimming through one of the reports of a big operation we have tomorrow when I think I hear something again.

Tilting my head, I pause, I really am imagining things. I shake my head. Well, I should shower and get to bed. I need to get out of this dress too.

I get up and walk to the bedroom. Sighing, I mull over everything with Zaia. I hate how life has done her dirty. I wish there was more I could do for her.

I'll keep sending her the antidote, and I'll keep checking her bloods but it's just not enough. Fucking stupid alpha!

That stupid bitch Annalise!

Karma. Karma will bite their ass.

I walk to my bedroom, pausing when I see it standing ajar. Strange, I'm sure I shut the door when I left. I specifically remember trapping my dress in it and then opening it, pulling out the dress and then closing it...

I shake my head as I step inside and flip the light switch. Darkness. I groan in annoyance. "Do I even have a spare bulb?" Tonight is not my night!

I'm about to turn to leave the room when I see a slight movement from the corner of my eye. On reflex, I turn sharply, my heart dropping when I see the tall, masked man who stands in the corner behind the door. He's in baggy clothing with his hood up, his head is lowered and in his gloved hands he's holding... a hammer.

We move at the same time, and I instantly grab the small vanity table that stands beside the door, lifting it up and swinging it at him with all my might. He ducks, and the table goes flying against the far wall.

I turn, knowing I'm no match for him! I need to alert security!

I'm barely two steps out of the bedroom when he grabs my dress, yanking me back into the room and kicking the door shut. He grabs my hair and throws me to the floor.

"What do you want!" I scream as I hit the floor. Fuck, he's strong! I'm about to shout for help, but his gloved hand covers my mouth. "I need to make sure you aren't a Blood Born." He hisses.

A what?

I kick him off, scrambling away. "I don't know what that is! You got the wrong person!" I say as he grabs me by the arm and violently throws me onto the bed and climbs on top of me.

Fear envelops me as I struggle fruitlessly. "Don't fight me and let me see if there's a mark or not. You might just live," he snarls. That voice sounds so... familiar...

"If-if I'm not who you're looking for, will you let me go?" I ask, my heart thundering, feeling his strong thighs against my own.

They feel like rock. He's pure muscle and in a battle of strength, I will lose. His hand wraps around my throat squeezing tightly. He pauses slightly, and at that moment I'm able to see his blue eyes.

Alpha? My heart plummets as confusion fills me. He was asleep in the car ten minutes ago. "If you really aren't, then, of course," he says, caressing my cheek. "But one sound and I will kill you."

The threat is real. My blood runs cold, even though he's speaking extremely low, it's him. It's Sebastian. But if I tell him I know... he might just kill me... even if he's wearing that black mask. I remain frozen as he moves my head sharply and begins searching for something. What is he looking for?

I break out in a cold sweat, sensing his anger rising as he yanks and pulls my hair – until he takes a long shuddering breath.

What has he found on my head? “Ah... there it is...” he yanks my hair as his attention falls to the hammer that lies on the bed.

No! I begin struggling as he lifts it, and I manage to throw him back. My eyes blaze and suddenly everything in the room is enhanced.

My wolf's eyes! I'm using them! It's rare for a werewolf to be able to do this, but I guess my emotions are helping me.

I manage to throw him off, but not for long as he grabs my arm, yanking me to the ground. I grab the bed sheets trying to pull myself up but it's futile and I only manage to drag the bedding right off. I hit him in the face.

“Bitch!” he snarls, raising his hammer and then intense pain ricochets through my head. I let out a choked gasp and I grab my head, crying out.

There's a faint silver glow spreading around me, but the pain is too much. “I'll destroy it,” He hisses, as he keeps striking my head, bludgeoning it with the hammer. My ears are ringing and then... I can't hear anything but my own laboured breathing. I'm going to die...

Each blow is dragging me into the darkness and that silver light... is beginning to fade.

This is it... I can feel it...

My heart hurts, my head is being split open and the pain- it's... too much...

There's a pause, and then the most excruciating pain I've felt rips through-

(PRESENT)

“Valerie!” I gasp as I look around the car, my heart hammering. I'm safe. I'm safe. I clutch my head as I rock myself, trying to compose my emotions. Goddess...

I can feel the ghostly pain in my head lingering. My head still has the scar...

"I'm fine," I reply quietly. "And no one would have thought much of the symbol at the hospital," Sebastian says quietly.

"Possibly, and the amount of stitches and damage her head had, there's a possibility it was just hidden and once her hair began growing, we wouldn't have noticed it," Jai says, frowning thoughtfully.

I had just relayed the entire ordeal to them in French, but it was too much, and I am left shaken. Zaia wraps her arms around me. "It's ok, no one will hurt you," she whispers comfortingly in French.

"Could that have been when we knocked?" Jai asks, looking at Sebastian. They were the ones who apparently found me... but at the same time, it's obvious they could cook up a story to feed everyone... They were together; they are best friends...

It was Sebastian! "What did you see when you came?" I ask, wondering what they'll say. "Someone peeped through the eyehole, but no one answered the door so Seb broke the door down," Jai replies.

"Once we brought the door down and found you in your bedroom, I think we might have come just in time," Sebastian says. Zion's watching us curiously. For a three-year-old, my gorgeous nephew is very smart.

"Well, he had your eyes..." I say quietly. "It wasn't Seb, Val, trust me." Jai's eyes are soft and full of concern as he watches me. "He told me to get you to the hospital fast and called ahead to have everything ready."

"It doesn't matter, she'll learn the truth, there's no need to force her to believe us," Sebastian says quietly. "I initially thought he had jumped but he had locked himself in your bathroom, I chased him from there, but he got away."

"Fast as an Alpha," Zaia says, frowning. Does she trust Sebastian? I look at her, but I don't know... I think she does.

"Well, then... either you have a doppelgänger or a twin," I say quietly. "You aren't the first to say that," Sebastian says quietly, I look up with intrigue, and Zaia sighs.

“Not long ago, a shooter on a bike attacked me, killing countless people and several of my guards. I managed to get his visor up and although I said to the police, I didn’t see him... his eyes were just like Bastian’s,” Zaia says.

I stare at her in shock, and she nods. “And you trust him?” I ask quietly. “Yes.” She says with a gentle smile. “So we need to find out who has eyes like Sebastian’s,” Jai says. He looks at me with concern in his gorgeous eyes and I look away. I don’t know how to react to him...

Zaia told me how he’s been taking care of me, how my own grandma and Dad had given up, but he refused to... he’s been the one who has taken care of me.. I’m not sure if I’m more embarrassed or more confused.

There were moments when I was conscious, and I can’t deny it was his voice that I heard the most... but I also didn’t know what to say... I owe him more than a thank you... but.....

“Alright look, until this is over, we are all going to live together at my safe house. A place even the guards and my parents don’t have access to.” Sebastian begins as he sits forward, his eyes on Zaia.

Her heart skips a beat and I guess that answers my question. I can tell from the crazy pull between them that they want one another badly, and I have no idea where they stand. I mean, I know we’re coming back, but have they really resolved their issues?

“I know,” Zaia says. “Val, you’ll be safe with us. I promise no one will hurt you.” She gives my hand a squeeze and I feel that tinge of power ripple through me.

Ever since she and Atticus touched me and that triangle formed, I’ve felt a zing of power ripple through me every time Zaia touches me. It’s a bit like a current of electricity and I got it from Atticus too. It’s almost like there’s this live wire connecting us somehow.

“I trust you,” I reply to her, even if I don’t trust the others, I trust her. We reach our new home soon after and once we enter through the triple security entrance, we are now standing in a modern yet gorgeous home.

“Alright, Jai, take the luggage up. We can unpack later... Zaia, we need to go see Dad and Mom.” Sebastian says quietly.

Zaia looks at me. “Are you alright to stay with the children and Jai?” she asks. I’m not sure I want to be alone with him. I’m just so confused.

“Yeah, sure,” I say. I still can’t walk much, but I’m getting some strength back in my arms and legs. “Alright, we won’t be long,” Sebastian says as he ruffles Zion’s hair.

Zaia gives Sia her medication and I notice she opens a new pack without touching the ones in the open carton, but I say nothing.

Once Sia is settled on the couch after taking her meds, Sebastian turns the television on for the children and Zaia passes me a phone.

“Call me if you need me.” She says before giving me a hug and kissing the children goodbye. I nod and they both take their leave, leaving me with the twins and Jai. He’s busy taking the luggage up and I simply sit there on the sofa playing with Sia.

“Aunty Val, you are so pretty,” she says to me, making me smile. “Oh, thank you honey, but I’m not as pretty as the little princess in front of me!” I respond.

“Who me?” she says. “Who else?” I say, tickling her lightly but not wanting to overexert her. She gives me a toothy smile before she returns to watching TV and I see Jai approaching. He takes a seat opposite me and I keep my gaze down, but when he calls me, I have no option but to look up. He’s serious as he leans forward, resting his arms on his knees.

“Val...”

“Not now Jai,” I say..

“Then when?” he asks, switching to French. “Oh no, not again,” Zion grumbles, making me smile. “Everyone just speaks French. Maybe we are French.”

That makes me chuckle as he continues playing with his cars, clearly not happy when we aren’t speaking English.

“I don’t know,” I respond to Jai. He sighs. “You need time, I get that.... but I just want to say I’m sorry, sorry for hurting you. For everything I’ve done, I’m sorry.”

“You don’t need to apologise. You did enough to make up for it. You didn’t need to... You shouldn’t have.” I say quietly, now looking him dead in the eye.

“That was not to make up for it. That was because I wanted to, Val. I fucked up... but I love you. I really fucking love you. I never stopped loving you, even though I know I don’t deserve you.”

His words make my heart squeeze. They’re abrupt, but filled with so many emotions. He cheated on me once, and I don’t know if I can forgive him even if he is regretful.

He watches me for a second before he looks down and forces a smile. “I just wanted you to know.” With those words, he stands up and leaves the room and for some reason, I just feel far worse than before we had that short conversation.

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on August 28, 2023

74. A Reunion

ZAIA.

We step into the underground car park when all of a sudden, I feel an intense wave of emotions hit me, sorrow, despair... hopelessness?

What is this? I look around the dark car park. The lights above are lit, and nothing is out of place. How strange...

I look over at Sebastian. He’s the same as ever, piercing blue eyes on me, dark hair that is combed back and that sexy jaw...

I look away. Why do I feel like this?

“Get in,” Sebastian says as he stops by the first car in front of him. “Or would you like me to lift you in? I could, as long as you are willing to reward me later.”

I give him a look, but his humour somehow puts me at ease. My nerves are getting the better of me. After all these years I am finally going to be facing Sebastian’s family again.

There's a strange feeling in the air, and I feel like there's something coming. "Zaia?" I shake my head and look up suddenly, sucking in a sharp breath. "Are you ok?"

He's concerned now..

"Sorry... I just..." I run my fingers through my hair, and he walks over to me, cupping my face. Tingles from our bond course through me, eyes. and I grip his wrists, closing my I feel stronger. His touch is comforting and protective.

I shake my head, unable to explain how I feel and wrap my arms around his waist instead. He seems surprised for a moment before his muscular arms wrap around me tightly and he inhales my hair.

"Hey..."

"Please... I just..." I can't say it. I don't want to voice the anxiousness I'm suddenly feeling. "Don't say anything then," he murmurs, kissing my shoulder.

I frown, moving back slightly and looking up at him. "How do you do that?" I ask quietly. "Do what?" he asks, cocking a brow. "How do you read I my mind?"

He looks confused for a moment before he raises both eyebrows. "I wish I could, so I can know exactly what you're thinking," he replies huskily, combing his fingers through my locks.

I close my eyes, relishing in the feel of his touch. "No, you've done it a few times, like right now; I thought I couldn't say anything, and you replied. 'Don't say anything then.'"

He lets out a throaty chuckle, gripping my chin. "You are easy to read, Little Fox." Am I really that easy to read? He kisses my forehead, letting go of me, and opens the car door. "Now let's go."

I sigh and get into the car. He shuts the door and gets into the driver's seat, silently leaning over as he straps me in.

His eyes meet mine before driving out of the parking lot. He enters a security code, and his thumb is scanned before the wall splits open and we drive out. I look out the window. "What do you think they will say?"

“They were angrier at me than they ever were at you. I’m the one who drove away their beloved daughter-in-law. I wasn’t lying when I said that my parents wanted you back. Dad and I don’t really talk.”

I look across at him. His voice is emotionless, but his eyes are cold. He and his father have never had a close relationship, but... if things are worse... it really must be rough. “Well, whatever we face, we face it together,” I say softly.

He nods, taking my hand and kissing it softly. Why does he seem... quieter since he marked me? A wave of insecurity washes over me. Before he rejected me, he was quieter....

is all that charm just to win me over? I remain emotionless, the fear of that thought clenching at my heart. I would have thought he’d want me to mark him, but he didn’t even bring it up...

But we haven’t really had time either...

Don’t overthink it Zaia, he must be worried about facing his father and he’s probably worried as he is now responsible for our safety.

The journey passes in silence. The safe house is more in the woody part of pack territory, so it takes us a good fifteen minutes to get to my old home...

When the mansion gates that I never thought I’d see again loom before me, I feel nostalgia hit me hard. Memories of us here fill my mind and my heart squeezes. Good, bad, sad....

“Don’t let anything they say get to you, alright?” he says quietly. Reaching over, he unstraps me and forces me to look at him. “Zaia, what’s wrong?”

“I just feel uneasy,” I admit, his gaze softens slightly before he pulls me close. “Don’t. I’m going to be right beside you. Understood?”

I nod, about to turn away when he forces me to look at him again, his eyes flashing. “Zaia...” His voice is deep and husky and my stomach does a flip. “Hmm?” I ask.

“We got this...” he murmurs as he leans in, kissing me. My breath hitches as pleasure rushes through me, making my mind turn to mush.. Since marking me, his effect on me has gotten stronger.

His lips caress mine passionately. The force of his kiss pushes me back against the seat, his lips devouring mine as he deepens the kiss. I sigh softly as I grip the side of his neck. I have him...

Our hands begin roaming the other's body, our tongues playing with each other's. My entire body is hot and bothered. My core clenches and I'm forced to pull away, gasping for air.

He doesn't stop, his arms now possessively caging me to himself. We break apart when I need air and he continues to kiss my neck hungrily.

"Bastien... we need to go," I murmur. "I'd rather ravish you," he growls, sucking on the corner of my neck that still feels tender from his marking.

"Oh fuck..." I whimper, digging my nails into his shoulders as a sting of pain and pleasure rushes through me. He releases me, but I know he's left a mark and slowly flicks his tongue over the area.

"Sorry... I got a little carried away," he says, gripping my jaw and kissing my lips roughly. I moan against his lips, kissing him back sensually before we force ourselves back.

We both don't want to do this, but we need to. "Right, let's get this over with," he says, now serious once again.

I take a deep breath, fixing my top and hair as Sebastian gets out, walking around to open my door for me. I close my eyes for a moment and take a deep slow breath. Here we go...

I remain calm when the door to the mansion is pulled open by a member of staff, one I do not recognise. "Alpha Sebastian." He bows low.

"Your Luna, Zaia," Sebastian responds coldly. The man looks surprised before he quickly masks his emotions and bows deeply to me. "Luna, welcome home."

"Thank you," I respond politely. Sebastian places a hand on my lower back, guiding me to the living room.

I pick up his parents' scents before I reach the room, feeling a little nervous as we step inside. "Mother, Father, I'm home," Sebastian says.

His mother, Agatha, who is sitting on the sofa with her legs up and a magazine in hand, freezes, staring wide-eyed at us. His father, who was on his laptop in the armchair opposite, doesn't even bother to look up.

"Sebastian, you are ok! Oh my! Zaia! You are back, you are finally back!" She jumps up and rushes to us, flinging her arms around me tightly. "My Zaia! My daughter-in-law is back!"

"Mom, calm down," Sebastian says, for the first time since this morning, I see a proper smirk on his face.

"Don't tell me to calm down! She's the only one who cared for me around here!" She scolds him as she cups my face, smiling happily. Her hazel eyes are full of happiness before she lets go and pulls Sebastian's face down, kissing his cheeks and forehead.

"I was so scared when I heard you were injured, but you are in far better shape than I imagined! I am so happy you are back, Sebastian, but where are the children? I want to meet my grandchildren."

"You will, just not right now," Sebastian says. "There's a lot we need to discuss prior, and I wonder if you might have any more insight into certain things."

I look at his father, who simply continues working on his laptop, wondering if I should go over or not...

I decide to do so and cross the room. Mr. King, it's good to see you after so long. I apologize for upsetting you and for any pain I have caused you." I say, offering him my hand.

He pauses, his sharp blue eyes that are duller than Sebastian's flick to mine, and he cocks a brow, reminding me a lot of his son. "You will need to earn my acceptance. You are the reason this family was torn apart-

"That's not true. I'm the one who cheated on her. I'm the one who hurt her and rejected her. You know that. She had nothing to do with that." Sebastian says sharply.

I look over at him mouthing 'I can handle it', but he's not having it. His eyes are flashing silver as he glares at his father. Aran scoffs as he snaps his

laptop shut and stands to his full height, glaring at his son with anger or... is that hatred?

My stomach sinks as I look between them. Both men are staring at one another with contempt and hostility....

things hadn't just gotten 'bad' this was far worse than I could have imagined. How? How could things have gotten so bad? Is this my fault? "Ok, let's all sit down, Look we are happy that Zaia is here, right Aran? She's home. Our grandchildren are home."

"A little too late... What's the point of your return now when it is already too late," he mutters the end part, and I almost don't hear it as Agatha begins fussing over Sebastian and me, but I just about caught it.

"Too late? Why is it too late, Mr. King?" I ask quietly, making Agatha and Sebastian look at us sharply.

His eyes snap up to me and I see him clench his jaw, but he refuses to reply by simply turning his gaze away.

"I will go tell the cook to prepare a feast!" Agatha says, trying to diffuse the tension. "The journey must have made you hungry! I can't wait to hear everything about my grandchildren!" She's almost at the door when Sebastian stops her.

"No, Mom, there are things we need to discuss first." She huffs, planting her hands on her hips. "And what, pray tell, do we need to discuss?"

Sebastian sits down on the sofa opposite his father, spreading his arms across the back of the sofa, he rests his left ankle on his right knee as he looks between his parents, before settling on his father.

I'm expecting him to say The Blood Borne, wondering if they'll know anything, but what he says surprises me.

"I want to know exactly what the issue between Hugh Toussaint and you is, and this time, you will not deny me the answers," Sebastian says, his voice is cold and then I feel it; the wave of power that fills the room and I realise he's commanded his father to answer him.

I look across at the older man, whose face is pale, but he looks absolutely angry at the insult. "So now you think you can command me?" He sneers. "Aran..." Agatha whispers, but the older man is not having it.

"NO! He needs to know his place!"

"Ara-"

"Let him say what he wants to." Sebastian says coldly.

"Plea-"

"I think I came at the wrong time." A deep voice says making us all turn to the open door. A tall muscular man in a dark suit stands there, his dark hair flops over his forehead and his piercing eyes scream power and intelligence.

Piercing blue eyes... just like Sebastian's.....

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on August 28, 2023

75. A Reunion

ZAIA. My heart thuds as the King's turn to the man, and the first thing I notice is the change in Aran's attitude. He swallows, glancing at Sebastian, then at Agatha, almost uneasily.

The anger that was displayed on his face seconds ago is gone. "Gerard... you're here..." Agatha looks stunned as she glances at Aran, who is emotionless and then back at the man. Gerard smirks slightly as he looks between the two.

"I thought I was welcome at any time, but perhaps now is not the right time?" he asks lightly, shoving his hand into his pocket as his sharp eyes flit between Aran and Sebastian and then snap to me. My heart skips a beat and I feel uneasy.

This man looks to be in his forties, which means he's possibly in his late fifties. But what gets to me the most is that he eerily reminds me of Sebastian in more ways than just those eyes.

Instinctively, I grip onto Sebastian's jacket, not knowing who he is. He is obviously familiar with the family if he was let in just like that... but in the years I was married to Sebastian, not once have I seen him. Who is he?

“Not at all! You are always welcome, but you could have told us so we could have come to collect you from the airport and had a feast prepared! First them, now you! I need to go tell the cooks to prepare a feast!” Agatha says, going over to him and hugging him tightly.

The man smirks, hugging her back.” No need. I had business to tend to first, anyway.” Aran and the man shake hands before he turns to Sebastian, who doesn’t move from where he’s sitting. “And you are?” Sebastian asks, cocking a brow. The man mirrors his move, cocking his own brow.

“Gerard King?” “Is that supposed to mean something to me?” Sebastian asks arrogantly. The man looks at Aran, curiosity in his eyes. “Aran’s cousin, a shame you haven’t even told your son about me,” he says with mock disappointment before he chuckles.

“Well, you aren’t one to take pictures, but Sebastian does know of you,” Aran says, surprisingly far calmer than before.

“Oh, does he?” Gerard says as he saunters into the room and takes a seat on one of the armchairs, his piercing eyes on Sebastian.

“Do I?” Sebastian asks his father. “I mentioned to you about your grandfather’s brother’s family?” Aran says, clearly irritated.

“Hmm... it kind of rings a bell, but it was a passing comment. You have your own pack in France. Correct?” Sebastian asks. “That is correct, that is correct,” Gerard says, nodding slowly. He reminds me of Sebastian. His mannerisms, his way of talking, his voice...

Am I being paranoid? His hair is dark, almost as dark as Sebastian’s, but he has a dusting of grey could he be the man both Valerie and I saw?

“And who is this beauty?” He asks suddenly, now turning to me. Sebastian growls lowly. The man chuckles. “Oh, don’t worry, you are like a son to me, so that makes this woman my daughter-in-law? Correct?” he remarks, glancing at Sebastian’s parents.

“Of course it does!” Agatha responds, smiling politely as she glances at Aran, who says nothing. “So, you know who she is,” Sebastian asks coldly.

“From your body language and possessiveness, I understood that much. After all, us Kings are possessive, but I don’t know her beautiful name.” Gerard smirks. “Zaia, Zaia Toussaint.” I say.

“King.” Aran answers disapprovingly. “We are not married, Mr King.” I remind him politely, making him clench his jaw. Gerard is watching us casually, but something tells me he’s assessing this conversation extremely intently.

“Well... lovely to meet you, Zaia... Toussaint. The names sound familiar... Ah yes, the Toussaint empire, now I know where I have seen you before. For a moment I thought we have already met, but I think I saw you on the news. You are the new CEO of the Toussaint Empire, correct?”

“Yes, I am, but I am not so easy to forget if we met. In fact, I’m surprised that’s where you remember me from. I was involved in a mass shooting that happened outside a hotel a short while back. I was almost killed. Everyone remembers me from there. Especially when I took on that pathetic excuse of a being who was killing mercilessly.” I say, looking him dead in the eye. He doesn’t react, simply holding my gaze.

“Oh? That sounds devastating... I’m sorry, but I don’t really watch the news, especially when it’s always so dark. The world really needs to be cleansed of all the scum ruining it...” he says, almost as if he means something else.

“I couldn’t agree more,” I say. Didn’t he say he doesn’t watch the news? Everything else seems to fade and if I had any doubt before, it’s now gone.

Deep down, I feel he is the shooter... It has to be him... and if so, does he know that I recognise him? Sebastian places his hand on my thigh and I’m pulled from my thoughts. I scan the room to see Agatha has left. Aran is still standing there, silently.

I wanted answers from him, but I am also glad the argument that was about to go down was diffused for now. “Father, can I speak to you privately?” Sebastian asks coldly.

Perhaps I spoke too soon! “We have guests, Sebastian,” Aran replies, clenching his jaw. “Oh, don’t stop on my behalf, and I wouldn’t consider myself a guest... but as you wish,” Gerard says. “Or... perhaps while you both have your... conversation, maybe Zaia could keep me company?”

Sebastian frowns, ready to reply, when I place my hand on his arm. "I think that would be great." I look at Sebastian, who is frowning sharply, and I reach up and peck his lips softly. Our eyes meet and I hope this time he can read me. I will be ok.

"Go," I say quietly. Sebastian nods, glancing at Gerard before looking at his father and jerking his head towards the door. "Come, father."

Aran frowns, glancing at me before he follows Sebastian to the door. Sebastian glances back at me, before frowning at the man opposite me and leaves the room. Aran shuts the door after himself, leaving me alone with Gerard...

SEBASTIAN.

"This could wait," Dad sneers, the coldness back in his voice the moment the door of his office shut. "No, it can't. What is your issue with the Toussaint's?"

"That is none of your business! Sebastian, enough!" Dad threatens. "No. I want to know because whatever it is, is what has caused issues, preventing the Toussaint's from accepting me!" I growl.

As the words leave my lips, I realise it is my greatest issue... more than wanting to know what the reason is, it's wanting to know why... why was I never accepted. Where did I lack as a mate and husband towards Zaia?

Before I fucked things up, of course. "Since when does another's opinion matter?" Dad spits. "It does when it's the parents of my woman. Their behaviour towards me has always caused tension. I want to know why that is. Tell me now." I snarl.

He shakes his head as he stands there behind his desk, staring at me. "We accepted Zaia, did we not? Why do you need their approval? You are here, in this pack! This is where you belong. Their opinions don't matter."

"It does when I know I'm constantly being lied to! There are things I should know, but I am never told! Like the Blood Borns, you know about them, right? The Triquetras?!"

His silence answers that question, but it only grates on my fucking nerves. I feel a rage inside of me, one that's slipping from my grasp and the only thing keeping me sane is Zaia.

“Tell me why the fuck the Toussaint’s dislike me.” I snarl. “Are you certain that you can handle the truth, Sebastian?” He hisses. “If I can handle your hatred, I can handle anything.” I counter coldly.

He looks down before he smiles humourlessly. “Well... I did everything to keep the truth hidden, for your sake, but I don’t think I care anymore. You are nothing more than trouble. Riled with arrogance and pride. Perhaps the truth will remind you of your place!” He says contemptuously.

The door opens and we both turn as Mom enters, shaking her head at Dad, her face pale. “What are you doing?” she asks. “Your son wants to know why the Toussaints don’t like him. I think it’s high time I tell him.

“Please... Aran, don’t,” she whispers. “No. He should know the truth,” Dad answers with a sneer. “Just spit it out,” I say, running my fingers through my hair agitatedly.

“See, I should have followed my judgment and gotten rid of him that very first day! Look at his arrogance! I knew I never should have listened to you!” He snaps at Mom, who flinches.

My eyes flash. “Don’t you dare speak to her like that!” I snarl, slamming my hand on the table as my aura swirls around me. I see the glimmer of fear in his eyes, it’s gone so fast I wonder if I scared him? but....

“I can speak to her however I wish! Do you want to know the truth? Then here it is!” he says, flinging his hands wide before pointing at me with a trembling hand.

“You. Are. Not. My. Son!” Those words shoot through me, echoing in my mind as I stare at him, shocked. I’m unable to process it....

I think I hear Mom break into sobs, but I’m unable to focus on her as I stare at Dad’s cold, satisfied smirk of victory... Almost as if he wanted to those words to hurt me. As if this was a burden he wanted off his chest.

“See? You are no Alpha of this pack. I gave it to you as charity! I raised you although I didn’t need to! That’s why the Toussaint’s don’t like you, knowing their daughter is mated to a false Alpha!”

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on August 30, 2023

76. A Father's Feeling

SEBASTIAN.

The sound of my beating heart thumping loudly in my ears is all I can hear as his words ring in my mind. I am not his son? How is that even possible?

I look more like him than Mom... Even if I don't want to admit it; it is the truth. "What do you mean I am not your son?" I ask quietly, yet my shock bleeds into my voice. "He didn't mean that, Sebastian. Aran please, don't do this," Mom pleads, hurt clear in her eyes.

"No! Why shouldn't I? His arrogance and his attitude are not something I will tolerate. Not anymore." Dad says coldly. "Now you have the truth! I don't want a useless man who-

"I am an Alpha. Whether you want to admit it or not, you know I hold an alpha's aura. Who is my father, then?" I ask sharply. Mom grabs hold of my sleeve." Sebastian, your father is your father-

"I mean my biological father, Mom," I growl, trying to control my anger. Why the lies? I am in my thirties and now he decides to tell me that? Mom decides to tell me this crap now? Now when I don't fucking need to know?

"We don't know." Dad snarls. "For all we know, it could be a lowly omega!" Mom frowns, her heart thundering as she looks between us. But I can see the disappointment in her eyes when she looks at Dad spewing his crap.

"He is our son, Aran. We had a sperm donor because you couldn't conceive! How dare you say he is not ours!" She snaps. "He is not! His arrogance, his attitude and even his face anger me!" He snarls.

"Aran, enough!" I run my hand down my face, turning away from them and their arguing. So, I'm not alpha-born? But then why is my aura more powerful than anyone I have met and I am not bigging myself up...

"Who is my father, then?" I snarl, turning back to them, my eyes blazing silver. They fall silent as Mom sighs. "We used ... a sperm donor and had you via IVF because we were having issues conceiving and your father wanted an heir. So we decided it was the best we could do." Mom continues.

“Yes, so you see, you are not my son nor my blood, nor do you have any real right to this alpha title you so like to claim as your own.”

My head snaps towards him and although I’m shaken by the revelation, more than that, I am fuming. How dare he...

I scoff coldly. “Well, it seems you were the one lacking. You are the one who was unable to father a child. Sperm donor or not... You were the one who wanted to create a child, so whether you like it or not... I am your son, alpha or fucking not.” I snarl.

“Exactly! He is your son, only yours. No one else’s. So stop this nonsense!” Mom exclaims. I don’t miss the way she’s trying to control herself, almost as if there’s more to her words than she’s letting on and wants to diffuse things.

“But I still don’t get it. Why would that be the reason for the Toussaint’s not to like me? There’s more. What are you two not telling me? We all know I am capable of being Alpha. Everyone knows that.” Mom looks down and I frown... she knows something..

“Please, Sebastian, leave it be,” she pleads. “No. I need to know. I am fed up with lie after lie. First, the Toussaints have kept so much from Zaia and now you two. Don’t any of you have any fucking shame?” I growl.

“What we don’t wish to share is not your concern. We have told you what involves you. Now you know, what will you do? Continue to disrespect me?” Dad says as he sits back in his office chair.

“Are you really acting like you fucking did me a favour? Remember, I’m the one who did you a fucking favour by giving you the chance to be called father.” I snarl.

Dad slams his hand on the table, but Mom speaks before he can. “Aran, stop it. You know that’s not true. Why are you doing this?” she asks, her eyes now flashing.

His cold glare turns upon her. “Enough Agatha. Do not push me.”

“I am not! But you need to stop making matters worse. Tell him, or I will. I will not lose our son because of your ego!”

“Your son.” “OUR SON!” Mom screams, slamming her hand on the table. “You are the one who wanted a child! And we have one! A perfect son who is an excellent alpha and an amazing businessman! If only you I will get your head out of your behind and see it!”

“Mom, leave it,” I say, She’s shaking, and her heart is beating disturbingly fast when she begins coughing.

I frown, seeing the splash of blood on her hand, and Dad stands up. Both of us rush to her side and panic rushes through me. What’s wrong with her?

“I’m fine, just a bad throat.” She says hoarsely as I offer her a tissue. “Thank you.” She wipes her mouth looking between us. “He needs the truth Aran, for me...” she whispers.

Where moments ago he was nothing but arrogant, his worry for her trumps his own feelings. At least I know he cares for her if not me. But even I feel uneasy, coughing up blood is not normal....

Dad sits down again, glaring out of the window, and Mom sighs as she takes a seat opposite him. “The Toussaint issue has always been between your father hating Hugh... and Melanie... hating me,” she says, smiling bitterly.

“And why is that?” I ask, taking the last seat in the room and facing Mom. I wonder if Zaia is all alright out there. I glance at the door before looking back at Mom. “Annette Toussaint is your father’s fated.”

My eyes widen as I stare at her in surprise. Well, he sure dodged a bullet...

When your father chose me over her, she promised to ruin us... and, well, her marrying Hugh was a stepping stone to power.” I stare at Mom, my head spinning. Can things get any more fucking confusing and fucked up?

“But why hate us for that? She chose him, and that has nothing to do with us. Dad chose you.” But Mom’s sad smile tells me that there’s more.

“He did choose me, but Hugh and your father were once friends, extremely good friends... but Annette was the cause of a rift, and Hugh took away several of your father’s business deals at her request. At one point, the Aran King enterprises almost collapsed from his betrayal, but we survived.” Mom sighs as she looks at her hands on her

lap. The blackmail from Annette... was that why Hugh did it? I can imagine that being a reason, she must have felt hurt that Dad didn't choose her. "And of course, your father countered.

"And shouldn't I? He had ruined me enough." Dad snarls. "I did nothing in comparison to the losses I faced..."

"But you never had anything against Zaia..." but as the words leave my lips, a sudden thought makes my heart sink. "Did you treat her well, to anger him? To build a better relationship with his, daughter than he ever had?"

Please say no. Dad looks away, stubbornness clear on his face, and I look at Mom, who looks down, guilt washing over her. "Not I, I promise you," she whispers. I look at the man in the chair. How bitter is he?

"Hugh and Annette knew you were adopted, and Annette often liked to throw it in your father's face. Since she knew he could not have children... Well, she went and got pregnant by someone else anyway." Mom shakes her head, smiling humourlessly.

"And what has that got to do with you?" I ask. "Why does Melanie hate you?"

"Isn't it obvious? She blames me for the ruin of her life. If I was not with your father, Annette would have been and she'd have Hugh." Mom says, brushing away a few tears. "I always remained patient... despite everything, I loved her daughter. I was happy she was my daughter-in-law. I can never hope for a better daughter-in-law than Zaia."

I remain silent. Melanie is a fucking hypocrite... but looking at the wider picture, Dad, Annette and Melanie are far from innocent. They are the cause of so many problems. I look at Dad. It's still hard to believe I am not his biological son...

"I don't get it... You say I am not your blood, but we look alike, deny it all you want but your hair and eyes..." "I trail off, feeling my entire fucking world spinning.

"Luck," Dad says coldly. "Aran, no more lies." Mom whispers. Does she know who the sperm donor was?

"Would you really have gone for an ordinary alpha... I mean you would have wanted a strong son..." I say slowly, realisation dawning upon me. "Who was

the donor?" "The sperm donor... he was... he is family." Mom sighs as Dad's frown deepens.

"Who?" I ask. Mom looks at Dad, who doesn't even turn before she looks back at me, taking a deep breath as she closes her eyes.

"Gerard King." My eyes widen as I stare at her, stunned. Dad's cousin? "He offered... and being an Alpha, it made sense..." Mom's words begin to fade away as I scrub my hand down my face, twisting my hand into my hair. Gerard King... The man that is in the other room, talking to my woman...

Dad scoffs as he stands up. "I hope you have got the answers you wanted," he says before he storms out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

I rest my head in my hands, as Mom rubs my back, but nothing is going to calm the storm that has been unleashed within my mind...

Posted by **NovelHeart**, 2109 Views, Released on August 30, 2023

77. A Challenge

ZAIA.

"So how old are you, Zaia?" Gerard asks as he sits back, that unnerving smirk on his face getting to me. "I am in my mid-twenties," I reply cordially.

"A good age. Once you get to my age, you have to take care of yourself a little more," he chuckles. "It takes a lot longer to recover from tumbles and falls."

I raise an eyebrow. "Oh? Well, I beg to differ. I think regardless of our age, we all need to take care of ourselves." I reply. He raises an eyebrow before he nods. "I guess that's true, we can all be permanently wounded..."

What a strange thing to say....

"So, when did you come to the States?"

I ask. "Not too long ago. "That isn't very clear, Mr King... Not too long ago could mean a few days, a few weeks or even a few months." I reply.

He watches me intently before leaning forward, sparing the clock a glance before giving me all his attention. "So... why do I feel like you don't trust me,

Zaia?" Oh? How exactly did he deduce that? Unless, of course, he has something to hide...

"Oh, not at all. I don't have an opinion of someone I have just met yet. I usually decide an opinion on what I feel depending on one's actions... and I can't do that so soon, We have... just met, right? Time will tell, Mr. King." "I see..."

His demeanour changes for a second before he looks away. "Unless, of course, you expected me to recognise you," I add quietly.

I might just be making a fool of myself, or worse, even offending someone innocent, but it is the only way I can think of to get answers.

By pretending to know more than I do. His eyes glimmer, his smirk faltering as he watches me. "The thing is... Mr King. You confuse me." I continue.

"How so, pray tell." "You say you don't watch the news... yet you knew of me becoming CEO." I say, sitting back and crossing my legs gracefully. "As a businessman, business... other companies and rival entities are of interest and so, I... keep on top of that."

"Of course they are. I'm sure you are passionate about getting rid of all those who stand in your way." "Getting rid of?" He throws his head back, roaring with laughter, a sound that grates on my nerves. "Those words are a little... extreme, are they not?"

I let out a fake laugh as I look across at him innocently. "Extreme? For someone who used the words 'cleansed', you scream extreme to me."

His smile disappears, and his eyes darken. "As much as I'm enjoying this conversation, Zaia... I do take offence when insulted and you are incredibly brave to do so to my face... or incredibly stupid." His voice is extremely low.

"Then drop the façade, I know who you are," I reply coldly, the atmosphere in the room shifting. Our eyes meet and I refuse to back down by looking away first. I pull on every emotion in my body, feeling my eyes burn with power, feeling it ripple around me as I glare at him with my aura like a shield surrounding me.

A frown crosses his forehead, and he clenches his jaw. "And what façade might that be?" he asks, almost challengingly. My next sentence might just get me confirmation... This is it. I give it my all and to hell with consequences.

"Yes... You are probably angry we have completed the Triquetra... is that why you are here, to see for yourself? Or to attempt to kill me once again. I know who you are, Gerard. Drop the act, it does not suit you."

I stand up, my heart thumping as I look down at him with hatred and scorn. There's a sliver of fear that ripples through me but I refuse to show him that. After all, he is possibly the one who tried to murder Val... tried to kill me... and Sebastian. He stands up, towering over me and advances on me as I hold my ground, prepared for anything.

"So... now that we have introduced ourselves to one another, let's cut to the chase. You chose the wrong side. You are foolish to think that you will win...because I will make sure you will not succeed." His poisonous words are barely above a whisper as he leans closer to me. His threat is loud and clear.

"And you are an even bigger fool to think you will be the one to succeed. But you are right about one thing." I begin. He runs his fingers through my hair and I smack his hand away, making him smirk.

"And what might that be?" he asks, now almost amused. Why is he so confident? "That this world needs to be cleansed of scum. I will do the honours to get rid of you myself." I say venomously.

His smirk falters, his eyes filling with rage. "It seems my small threats have not been enough... don't anger me because now that you have chosen your side, I no longer need you," he snarls.

"The triquetra has been completed, that is the end of it. We have as good as won." I say sharply. He chuckles, "Oh, it doesn't work that way, not at all... The thing is, the battle may be over, but the war is only just beginning..."

"What do you mean?" "That's for me to know," he whispers tauntingly. "I don't get it... I understand wanting to hurt me, to hate me, but how could you try to kill your cousin's son?" I ask, glaring at him.

I will never forget the state Sebastian was in. He chuckles. "Oh, that was not my doing. The boys got a little carried away." I clench my fists trying to contain my anger. "And one of them is my brother, correct?"

Just the thought makes me sick. There's a glimmer of surprise on his face before he smirks.

"Indeed."

"Where is he?" I ask sharply. "So, you know about him... intriguing. He's doing well, ready to unleash retribution on the likes of those who don't deserve to be called werewolves... but you, Zaia, are the perfect she-wolf," he smirks. "You can still change your mind. Join us. What do you say?"

"Never," I reply defiantly. "Then that is your loss. I gave you yet another chance, and you declined it. Since you have made your decision, I am here to give you a warning, Zaia... so listen well. By now you know I don't play."

He steps back as he now begins to circle me as if I am his prey but I don't think he realises I am not so weak. "What warning?" I say. Now that we have a face for the attacker, we can do something about it.

I will tell Sebastian and together we will end his madness. "Stay away from Sebastian."

My eyes widen in surprise. Sebastian? Why? I frown deeply. From the very start, those messages were pushing us apart Why though?

What does keeping us apart benefit them? "And why do you want us apart? I deserve to know that much."

He simply smirks. "Because I said so. Now... here's the deal. If you refuse... your little Sia, who is already near the end of her life, might just die a little faster... If you don't want that, you will stay away from Sebastian." He warns menacingly. Sia...

His words make me sick. The terrifying truth that maybe she won't live long, which I have always tried to deny has been spoken aloud and it shatters me.

"Leave her out of this," I warn, my voice shaking. "The thing is Zaia, you have proven to be disobedient... so I need to keep you in line," he whispers, now taking hold of my chin.

My heart clenches as I stare at him. Not Sia... not Sia... not Sia...

“If you touch her... I will kill you. I will kill you!” I scream, shoving him away from me, my heart raging. His eyes blaze and he regains his balance pretty quickly.

“Don’t you dare...” He snarls venomously. “The ball is in your court. Stay away from Sebastian and Sia your little dew drop will be fine... In fact, I have the antidote to the poison that was given to her before she was even born.” He whispers sinisterly, his words make me numb.

She was poisoned? He smirks and this time when he takes hold of my chin; I don’t move, my mind spinning.

“I was hoping it was your son... but we got the wrong pup. It doesn’t matter, it still means I hold the antidote in my hand. Obey me, Zaia, and your child might live past her fifth birthday,” he whispers in my ear.

I don’t move, my entire world crashing down around me. I’m certain he’s telling the truth... the doctors have been baffled from the start “Do you really have an antidote?” I ask quietly. “Yes. I do.” He smiles. “You know I do... You just need to behave.”

I could risk my own life, and stand by Sebastian no matter what but Sia’s life? I can’t risk that...

“Very well...” What do you want from me?” I ask quietly. “I want you to leave this pack immediately.” He says menacingly.

I shake my head. “Even if I want to, I can’t. Sebastian will know something is wrong. Trust me.” “I can handle Sebastian.”

“Not if I suddenly leave.” I respond, trying to think of my options. I can’t risk my baby girl’s life, but at the same time, I want him to think I’m far more terrified than I am. I need him. to think I’m at his mercy.

Unknowingly, he has given me a vital piece of information. He has just told me that Sia is poisoned... now that I know that... I will look for an antidote, not a remedy to an unknown disease.

“Then? You will stay here?” “Yes... I’ll keep my distance from Sebastian the best I can... I’ll distance myself from him, but I will not leave this pack.”

I will tell Sebastian the truth. The two of us can destroy him. He frowns. "That's not good enough... I mean, you two clearly disobey me time and time again. How about I give him a reason to become distant from you, myself?" he murmurs. "No one can deny such a beautiful woman..."

I frown, about to speak, when he pinches my chin in his fingers and suddenly pulls me against him.

"What-"

Shock rushes through me before he presses his thumb against my lip, cutting me off, and then, to my utter horror, he presses his lips against mine. Anger blazes inside of me like a dragon waking from its slumber and, with all my strength, I push him back. He isn't expecting it as he's thrown across the room and, to my horror, his head hits the marble fireplace behind him.

I gasp as I see the bright red blood that begins to coat the white marble, spreading horrifyingly fast...

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

78. A Chaos Unleashed

SEBASTIAN.

"Don't hate him, Sebastian. He is hurting. I am not sure what has gotten into him, but he does love you."

"I don't care, Mom. We've never seen eye to eye... guess I'm a reminder that he is incapable of even having a child. He's probably simply jealous because in every way I'm better than him." I say coldly.

I know it's harsh, but it's the only logical reason. "Sebastian, you're hurt too, just... ignore it."

"If he really doesn't want me to be alpha, then he can challenge me for the title. After all, I am currently within my rights to be the Alpha. If he wants it back, then he can fight me for it. But from this day onward, I no longer consider him my father." I stand up, feeling the pent-up emotions inside of me bubbling to the surface.

"Sebastian please!"

“No. I’m done.” I say. I grab my jacket I had removed earlier, slinging it over my shoulder as I leave the room.

I’m getting Zaia and we’re leaving. It was a fucking mistake to come here. I’m almost at the living room door when I pause.

Gerard is my biological father... His words earlier about me being his son make me sick. I don’t want to face him ... I’ll call her from outside.

I can’t think straight right now, I just can’t, and it feels like my head is going to explode if anyone says one more word to me. I need to get out of here..

I exit the house and take out my phone to make the call to Zaia, glancing at the lounge window. My finger is hovering over the call button when I freeze.

My blood runs cold, my eyes blazing silver. There, standing in each other’s embrace, their lips locked in a deep kiss, are Zaia and Gerard. What the fuck is going on?

I step back, refusing to believe it. I’m seeing things, I’m fucking seeing things. I turn away, striding to my car. No matter how angry and fucking pissed I am, I can’t leave her. I’ll have security come to collect her...

My hands are shaking with rage and confusion as I get into the car and I’m about to drive off when I pause.

No, She wouldn’t do that. This has to be a setup. I know I saw what I fucking saw! But... Fuck!

Focus, Sebastian, fucking focus! I get out of the car and head back inside just as Mom’s scream pierces the air and the metallic smell of blood fills the air.

There are a few members of staff outside the door of the lounge where I had seen them kissing moments earlier. Is she ok?!

I rush to the entrance, pushing past them, my heart in my mouth. The very thought of something happening to Zaia makes my blood run cold and I burst into the lounge to see Mom kneeling on the floor beside Gerard, who is unconscious, sprawled on the ground.

There are streaks of blood down the corner of the fireplace and there’s blood spilling from his head.

What happened? Zaia is standing there, her face ghostly as she looks up at me. 'He tried to kiss me! I only pushed him away!'

The words aren't spoken and I'm not sure if it's my wishful thinking but it's almost as if I can hear them in my mind. Not the first time it's happened, and it is fucking weird. "It's going to be OK," I say quietly, crossing the room and pulling her into my arms.

She clings to me, her entire body shaking, and her heart is thumping violently. My own head is pounding with the chaos that is spinning around us.

"Call for help! He'll die!" Mom screams, "We need to take him to the hospital!" The butler says as Zaia tugs on my shirt. "Bastien, I didn't mean to hurt him, he tried..." she looks around. "He..."

"I get it. Let's get out of here." I say quietly. I can tell she didn't mean to. I don't know what exactly happened, but I intend to find out when we are alone. Right now, I need to keep my head on straight.

"Arrest her!" Dad's cold voice comes from the entrance as two of the men lift Gerard up and rush from the room.

"I'm the Alpha and I'm in charge here. No one is arresting her!" I snarl dangerously, moving her behind me protectively. "We don't even know what happened. Do not jump to conclusions!"

"I know that Gerard is near dead because of what happened." He shoots back, his eyes filled with anger.

"No." "What do you mean no!" Dad snarls as four guards step into the room. "Because she is innocent, I'm the one who pushed him. I did it." I say, suddenly making Mom and Zaia gasp.

"Bas-"

I reach behind me squeezing her wrist gently, hoping she realises to let me do what I need to. Right now, she is more important than I am.

"What?" Dad asks sharply. "I said, I'm the one who hurt him. I was angry, he got in my way, and I pushed him." I say quietly. "That's not true-"

"It is!" I snarl. "I'm confessing and admitting to my crime."

A cold smirk crosses Dad's face. "You know this means you will be stripped of your title as Alpha and trialled." Exactly what you want....

"I will... but I have a son and Luna. Zaia, as Luna of this pack will run in my stead, taking over, until I am trialled and IF I am found guilty... then she will rule as Alpha until Zion comes of age,' I say clearly. There are enough people here to stand as witnesses.

I turn to Zaia, who is staring at me in shock. My only aim is to protect her, to give her the power and protection to stand without me. She doesn't need me, she never has...

but if I can do even a little for her, then I will. Taking out my pocket knife, I slice into my hand. This is a little more unethical than the new norms of pack title transfers, but I don't really care. I want this done in an absolute manner, which no one can question.

"Sebastian, no, don't do this!" Zaia pleads, gripping my arm, and looking up at me with glittering amethyst eyes. Eyes that are fucking beautiful.

"Listen to me, Foxy, you are strong. Always remember that." I murmur, cupping her face. Neither of us cares that blood is spilling down my wrist and her neck. Her eyes fill with tears as she shakes her head, unable to say what she wants. I wish it didn't come to this.

"Mark me now," I whisper, making her eyes widen. "Stop!" Dad snarls. He knows if she does, there's no way to take her position from her.

She looks at me hesitantly before she cups the back of my head, pulling me down. I hear her taking a shuddering breath before sinking her teeth into my neck, just as I wrap my arms around her tightly.

She's mine...

I barely feel the sting of pain from her fangs, but I do feel that spark that I once destroyed, spring to life like a phoenix, reborn. Only this time it's stronger... far more intense, and several gasps fill the room. Not every mated couple marks one another...

She extracts her teeth, placing a tender kiss on my neck before she moves, gazing up into my eyes. The image of her kissing Gerard returns, but I know I can't ask her that now...

I just need to trust that something happened that I don't know of...

I take her hand, creating a thinner cut before enclosing it with my own, letting our blood mix. "I, Sebastian King, pass the title of Alpha of the Dark Hollow Falls Pack to my mate and Luna, Zaia Toussaint..." I say clearly, feeling the slight shift in power.

"I, Zaia Toussaint, accept the title of Alpha of the Dark Hollow Falls Pack," she whispers. Our eyes meet and I don't know when I'll see her again... Gorgeous amethyst against blue.

"Take him!" Dad snarls.

"Tell me you love me," I say quietly, cupping her face as the men move forward. I need to hear it, something to grasp onto...

"I do, I love you, Sebastian, I love you! She says. Reaching up, she presses her lips against mine for a fleeting second before I'm ripped away from her. "I love you too," I say as I feel something injected into the back of neck. my Take care of our children...

Her eyes are now filled with tears that spill down her cheeks. I hate that this is my fault...

Why can't I protect her? Once again, I'm leaving her to fend for herself... to protect our pups on her own.

'Not on my own... You will always be by my side, Bastian...'

This time, I'm certain those thoughts

came from her.

"Lower your heads to your new Alpha!" I snarl, fighting the darkness. @

They lower their heads before my body succumbs to the darkness. The last thing I see is Zaia rushing towards me before a wall of men block her path...

I'm sorry I failed you.

END OF PART 1

A/N: Hello beautiful people! Please don't panic, the book will continue tomorrow right from where we left off on this book. You don't need to search for a new title or anything.

I just have to split the books for when they will go to print in the future! Thank you for understanding. Part 2 She Is The Alpha

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

1. A Team

Part 2 She Is The Alpha or I Am The Luna Chapter 79 By Moonlight Muse

ZAIA.

"Is there anything else?" Jai asks as he grips my arm, desperate to know without losing his cool.

I look up at him, trying to sort my thoughts and emotions into words. It has been a few hours since Sebastian was taken away; I am back at the safe house and the children are in bed.

I had barely managed to keep my head on straight, telling them I wasn't feeling well; but when they questioned me about their father, and where he had gone, I almost thought I would break down. But I didn't, remaining strong for them.

But now, when I am with Valerie and Jai in the living room, I am a wreck. I can't think straight and my stomach is knotted with nerves. I feel sick and worried.

How is Sebastian doing? Due to him being my mate, I was not allowed to interfere in his confinement or even inquire about the plans they have for his trial. What angers me is Aran's involvement.

There's just so many things I need to know. What exactly happened between Sebastian and Aran?

Surely Gerard wasn't that close to Aran for him to completely lose it and go against his own son. "I told you everything that happened," I say, running my hand through my hair once more. "Leave her be, Jai. She needs a moment to think things through." Valerie says from where she is sitting.

"I know, but we don't have time." Jai murmurs. I know he's trying to keep his cool, but he's failing. The room beeps and he groans. "Sebastian is the only one who knows things about this place, and his cryptic instructions to me aren't something I can figure out either. I think someone is approaching the main gate." Jai says after pressing a few buttons on the security screen before he slumps back down onto the sofa.

I pace the room, closing my eyes, running my hand through my hair for the thousandth time. "Gerard isn't dead and the fact he's in the hospital means we need to watch him. I know he's behind a lot, but for Sebastian's sake, I hope he makes it." I say quietly.

"Alright, so what do we have-" The doorbell rings and with the camera on the far wall I see Atticus waiting, fifty metres or so from the house, at the outer gate.

Walking over to the screen, I key in a password and press the button on the screen. "Let him through." "Do you really trust him?" Jai asks. "Yes, we need to work together," I reply, returning to the seating area. We'll talk when he's here."

I bite nervously on my nails, it's on me now... I need to make the right decision. I am the Alpha. "We have a lot to do, don't we?" Valerie says. "I wish I wasn't confined to this chair or feel so weak."

I look at her sympathetically. She can take some steps but tires fast and I know it is upsetting her. "Perhaps you could try shifting. I know it healed Sebastian." I suggest. "Maybe..." she says thoughtfully.

"We can try tomorrow night?" "You have the meeting with Annalise and Annette in the morning." Jai reminds me. "I know, and I have to meet Harrison in the evening." "I don't think you should be leaving the pack grounds until things are sorted." He gives me a firm look.

"He's meeting me close to home. I just need you to hold down the fort when I am gone." I say. Just as the door opens and Atticus enters.

"I was told to wear a blindfold, and I came here blindly. I'm not sure how to feel," he remarks. "Don't take offence by it. We do need to be careful." I say quietly.

"I know. I was only trying to lighten the mood," he says, as he comes over to me. "What's wrong? You sounded distraught?"

"You need not worry." Jai counters coldly. "Please boys, we need to work together, not against one another." I remind them, turning back to Atticus, I found out the identity of the shooter."

"Oh?" Atticus asks, concerned. "Yes... he is Aran King's cousin. After the confession where he admitted it, he kissed me and so I pushed him. He is now in critical condition in the hospital and Sebastian took the fall for me." I say bluntly.

Atticus cocks a brow. "You went from revelation to scandalous and then it just went dark and somewhat romantic?" I tilt my head, giving him a look, and Valerie chuckles.

"I never thought I'd say this, but we need to remain positive and try to be positive. Look, Sebastian sacrificed himself for you and to me, it makes sense that he did that. You are the vital point in the Triquetra, and we need you out of, not in prison. He's a big boy. He can handle himself." She says and the boys nod before frowning at one another.

"She's right. Doctor Valerie is a wise woman. Listen to her." Atticus says. "Doctor Scott, to you," Jai says pointedly. "Men." Valerie shakes her head. "What were you saying, Jai, before Atticus showed up?"

"What do we need to do next? I mean, now we know that Gerard was the shooter, and possibly the one who attacked Valerie." Jai crosses his arms.

"I don't think possibly is the right word. He looks so much like Sebastian, Jai, it's uncanny. It was definitely him." I say. "Bastard." Jai growls.

"And he said his boys were the ones to attack Sebastian, and that includes my brother." I sigh. "Any luck on knowing who the other one is?"

Atticus shakes his head. "Nothing. I've ripped apart all of Dad's things and have shared what I know, and all Mom knows was what Dad told her, protect you, the main point in the Triquetra."

"Right..."

“And you said he’s poisoned Sia...” Valerie says gently. I look down. “That’s what he said,” I say. She frowns. “I feel like I know this... I .” she clutches her head as if it hurts.”

I will do some tests soon. We are going to heal her. We don’t need an antidote from him, we will create the antidote our Sia needs. I will.”

I look at her and I can’t help but remember how strong she used to be, how strong she still is. “Thank you, I say, smiling softly at her, one she returns with positivity and confidence.

“Don’t thank me, we need to find the cause first...” she trails off, frowning deeply before she looks at Jai. “I want to see my old things or visit my apartment. If it’s still mine, that is.”

“The apartment was put back up for rent but all your items were put in boxes at your dad’s old house,” Jai says.

“Hmm... my friend...” She rubs her temples before shaking her head. “I need to do some research... I think we can all share what needs doing and take it from there?” She suggests.

“That’s a good idea, so... Sia...”

“I’ll find a solution.” I nod and Jai nods. “I will accompany Valerie, but I am also your Beta, and I will do anything you need me to.”

“Thanks... Atticus... I need you to do a proper thorough check on my Mom... keep an eye on her. Check who she talks to, who she knows and-”

“Do you really think she’s involved?” Jai asks me, surprised. I feel guilty but I can’t deny the truth.” She has lied far too many times for me to give her the benefit of the doubt. So, Atticus, can you?”

I haven’t told them about Mom cheating on Dad, but the rest they knew.

“Yeah, I can do that. I will keep an eye on her, besides I have business with your father’s company, so I’m in and out of that pack,” he says with a nod. I nod, smoothing my top and take a deep breath, squaring my shoulders.

“So, there are a few things we all need to remember. For some reason, they want Sebastian and me apart. Two; we need to find their location and three; it’s high time I find out who Annalise talked to at your pack Atticus, and more

so, where she was gone when she pretended to be kidnapped,” I muse, raising my finger and ticking off each one as I say them.

“Oh, and one more... who transferred the money from my account to a foreign account?” I add. “Aran King,” Jai mutters in irritation. “He seems like a trouble causer. I still can’t deal with Seb being in prison.”

“Without proof, we cannot confirm that, but I will question him, too. See if I can get any answers out of him,” I sigh. I know it won’t be easy. “I have a question or two. You might know the answer.” Jai says, now looking at Atticus.

“Sure, if I can answer you, I will,” Atticus says quietly. Jai stands up and walks over to him. “Do you have any idea how to know someone is part of a Triquetra without seeing their mark?”

“There are a few ways. One is with the help of special search dust. A special ancient dust that apparently comes from the moon itself, that is said to lead the path to one who has high moon essence; meaning a strong werewolf or one that simply holds more power. But this can lead us to any Alpha, even if not used correctly or in the wrong vicinity.” Atticus explains.

“And the other?” I ask. “With the help of a seeing stone, but I don’t know how well magic works anymore and I have never come across a seeing stone or the glass of time. I don’t think magic exists in this world any longer.”

I’m not so sure...

“Do you have any of this Moon Dust?” I ask. “No, but I once did. It was something that belonged to Dad, and it was what I used to locate you. But I know of a few locations where we may be able to find some. It isn’t for definite, but maybe.”

“What are you thinking, Zaia?” Jai asks. “If we can’t find the Sable members like this, then let’s use the blessings of our goddess to do so. Let’s use Moon, Dust.”

“Good plan,” Atticus says. “It’s worth a shot.” “Yes.” Valerie nods before Jai agrees with a slow nod. “And my second question.”

“Go on,” Atticus answers, watching him intently. “You said to Zaia that when the Sublime Triquetra is completed the Sable Triquetra will also be completed. What does that even mean?” Jai asks.

Atticus looks down before he shakes his head. "That's all I know," and I know he is telling the truth. "Unless..." I say, now frowning deeply "There's a piece of the puzzle we're missing... perhaps..."

The atmosphere in the room darkens as they all watch me, waiting for me to speak. I'm not sure if I'm onto something, but...

"It can only mean that there's another point- another person who will complete the Sable Triquetra, correct?" I say, my words sounding ominous to even me.

"You mean to say..." Jai begins, and I know they're all following. "Yes, that perhaps there aren't just two points we need to worry about, but three."

"And with their training and goals... They are far stronger than us, aren't they?" Valerie whispers. No one replies, the unspoken answer hanging in the air ominously...

Yes, yes they are.

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

2. A Hearing or I Am The Luna Chapter 80 By Moonlight Muse

ZAIA.

"I want to speak to him," I say firmly, looking at the men who stand outside the small prison facility where werewolves are kept until they await trial.

Most things are handled by local law enforcement unless it involves something very personal to werewolves. "We can't allow that. I'm afraid our orders are from Mr. Aran King-"

"I am the Alpha, and I command you to step aside," I say clearly, I'm not here to play. They instantly lower their heads, hesitating for a mere fraction of a second before their shoulders relax and they dip their heads lower. "It's not a pretty place, Alpha."

"I don't care. Step aside." I repeat, motioning for them to unlock the doors. I need to get my own imprints done so I can access all areas of the pack without anyone's permission. I need to be on top of my game in all aspects.

Once the door beeps and it swings open, I step inside. It's dimly lit, the cold metal walls only making the place look even more dreary. I instantly pick up

on Sebastian's scent and walk towards it. The rest of the cells are empty. I stop outside the only occupied cell and look through the barred entrance.

It's so cold down here. Sebastian is sitting on the narrow bed, one leg raised, his arm resting on his knee, the other one stretched out on the bed. His closed eyes, now open and look into mine.

My heart squeezes seeing him down here, as he stands up, coming towards the bars. "Hey, cheer up." He says quietly.

"How? When you are in here?" I ask, reaching through the bars. He reaches through the bars, his arms not getting far, and grips my face with both hands. "It won't be for long... I promise you that. What happened?"

I grip his wrist, closing my eyes as I touch my forehead to the metal bars. It's uncomfortable on both sides of my face.

"He's the shooter Seb. He's the one who attacked Valerie, and he's poisoned Sia... he said he has an antidote to heal her." I say quietly. He tenses, his heart thundering. "Sia is being poisoned?"

"Yes, from birth... he did something." His eyes flash and I can see the rage inside of them. "So, you're saying Gerard is behind all of it?"

"Part of it, yes... I don't know, things weren't meant to go like this. He said I needed to stay away from you and then he..." I don't want him to get angry in here, but I need to tell him what happened.

"Then he what?" he asks. "He kissed me... and that's when I pushed him," I say hesitantly, looking up at him slowly. To my surprise, his eyes soften as if something suddenly made sense. "I knew it," he murmurs, closing his eyes. "Fuck I'm glad."

"Knew what?" "That he must have done something to piss you off." He answers, making me smile slightly. I hate this distance between us. I want his arms around me.

He slowly caresses my face as if understanding how I feel. "They won't be able to keep me here for long. Stay alert and do what you need to, alright?"

I nod slowly. "I'm going to get you out of here, I promise." "I'm sure you will, my alpha queen." I blush lightly, his sexy tone making my heart soar. "I have to go." Your father has not permitted me to speak to you."

"You're the alpha. Whether he permits it or doesn't, he can't stop you." "I know I am the Alpha, but I need him to cooperate a little."

"Just watch your back. I may have given you the power of the ultimate rank in this place, but there are those who will willingly stab you in the back."

I nod, "Anyway, did your parents say anything?" I ask. He clenches his jaw, looking down." Yeah, it's a mess but... Annette is my father's fated... and..."

"And?" I urge. "I'm not Dad's biological son, never knew blood was so important... but yeah, I was born via a sperm donor." He says quietly.

I stare at him, trying to process those words. It's affected him. He's quiet, and it's obvious he doesn't want to talk about it.

"It doesn't change who you are. You are Sebastian King, the Black Beast who is the strongest, smartest and sexiest Alpha and businessman I know. And... I can't wait for you to get out of here so we can..."

"Fuck?" "Bastian! I mean, be together." I shake my head. "Be together? Is that really you saying that? I guess it's your fault for taking so long to take me back," he says arrogantly, the Bastian I know showing through, and it brings a smile to my face.

"Well, I don't play easy... You needed to beg." I tease, turning and kissing his palm. He brushes his fingers over my lips.

"Well, I can get down on my knees and beg you and serve you as you wish," he murmurs. My stomach does a flip and I know I'll be taking him up on that offer someday soon.

"As long as I enjoy it, too." He adds cockily. I love this man. Smiling, I look up at him. "Well, I'll hold you to it. I need to go. Annalise should be here soon, and I did invite Annette. I don't know if she will show up. Have you been given anything to eat?"

“Yes, but I won’t touch it. I don’t trust it,” he says quietly. I frown, I didn’t even think of that, and I nod slowly. “Understood. I’ll bring food myself. I’ll be careful too.”

“Please do, especially for the children,” he says quietly. “And take care of my angel. She’ll get that antidote, no matter what.”

“She will. We’ll figure something out.” I promise before I slowly tug away, not wanting this moment to end. “I love you.”

“I love you too.” Giving him one final smile, I turn and force myself to walk away, leaving him in this place. The mother and daughter duo now look at each other before looking at me with utmost confusion. If my mood wasn’t so off, I’d find it a little amusing.

They clearly are confused as to why I am sitting at the head of the hall. It’s morning, yet I already feel ready for the day to be over. They have come all dolled up as if it’s a tea party, not a questioning..

“Take your seats,” I say, looking at Annette emotionlessly. I didn’t expect her to come with Annalise. Aran’s mate... they were well suited.

But the list of people I respect is shrinking day by day. There are a few higher officials of the pack in attendance but I had made sure Aran was not in attendance..

“Do you know why you are here, Mrs Annette Toussaint, Miss, Annalise Toussaint?” I ask. “We are here to talk to the Alpha. He called this meeting. He is the father of my child!” Annalise whines, stroking her bump.

I look at her sceptically as I sit back in the large chair. “Well, this time I hope that you really are pregnant and not simply causing trouble. As for Sebastian, he is currently not the Alpha of this pack.”

“What does that mean?” Annette frowns. “It means, Ms Zaia Toussaint, is our Alpha, Luna Annette.” One of the men at the table says. They both stare at me stunned and gobsmacked.

“You- you mean Luna standing in as Alpha?” Annette splutters, laughing despite the fact she looks like she’s about to be sick.

“No, Sebastian made me the Alpha, and there were many witnesses,” I explain, crossing my legs. “I don’t have all day. I have a pack to run, business to attend to and much more.”

“How can she be the Alpha of two packs! It’s not fair you have to tell Dad. to give me his pack!” Annalise whines, looking at her mother. Does she know she is not Hugh’s daughter? I doubt it or she wouldn’t be so arrogant....

“Let the meeting commence.” Someone says. I nod as silence falls in the room. There are seventeen of us in this room, as well as several guards posted at every corner of the hall and outside the doors. Yet it’s absolutely silent.

“I will begin with questioning Annalise Toussaint on her apparent kidnapping and captivity several years ago. Tell me, Annalise, with every single detail that you can remember exactly what

happened. From the day you were kidnapped, the time, how many people there were, the method, where you were taken. Everything.” I say clearly. Annette looks uneasy. I’m certain she was in on it, and had both probably fed Dad a story or two....

Annalise swallows, before she begins blabbering how terrified she was, how she was knocked unconscious, how she lost track of time and how she was locked in a dark place.

I listen to her, not questioning her on anything. Although several of the people present asked her questions occasionally, I am waiting for her to finish.

She’s a good actress, she’s in tears already, rocking in her chair and rubbing her belly. “Are you finished?” I ask.

“Y-yes...” she says as I motion one of the guards to pass her a tissue. Once silence falls across the room, I sit forward. “And in your time in confinement, they didn’t even allow you to talk to anyone?”

She shakes her head. I nod slowly. “You really are an awful mother, Annette, why did you never search for your daughter?” They both tense before Annette sits up straight.

“I thought she was just upset and needed time. Can you blame me? I never thought something like this would happen.” She says, stroking Annalise’s arm. “My child went through so much.”

“Hmm, indeed. So, you never tried to reach out to her or talk to her? For three years? Not hearing anything from her did not worry you?”

“I did! I left voice messages, hoping at some point she’ll answer or pick up or even reply to a text!” Annette says.

Bingo. I smile victoriously as Annalise looks at me suspiciously. “Yet not once were you able to talk to her...” I say calmly. Victory is mine.

Annette nods and Annalise pales as she turns to her mom, grabbing her wrist and trying to get her attention. Oh, she’s caught on...

“I see, three years without being able to meet or talk to your daughter must have been hard, and then knowing what she’s been through.” Annette nods vigorously before I pick up a file.

“Then explain to me these emails, photos, texts, and calls you two made to one another during her apparent kidnapping. I thought perhaps someone may have been replying for her. I mean to make it real, but then seeing all these proves it’s her, and did you forget about these? Luna Annette?” I say as I pass everyone a copy.

I got these thanks to Dad. He had gone through Annette’s computer and managed to find me the proof he needed. My aim is to free Dad from Annette too. “Those are fake!” Annalise screams.

“Oh? Then what of the phone calls? Thanks to you letting your mother know exactly where you were visiting, I was able to track down if you were staying in the area and you were. I’m so happy to hear you were not kidnapped. Also, I questioned Alpha Hugh, and he said he spoke to you on the phone a few times. Am I wrong?”

“That...” Annalise looks at her Mom helplessly, almost as if for guidance. “We know he favours you!” Annette accuses.

“Does he? If records stand for anything, only recently in the last few years have we amended our relationship. However, when I asked him, he didn’t

even know that you had been kidnapped. Why would you keep such a thing from your own father? Please do enlighten me.”

“There’s... there’s no proof of that. I...” Annalise mumbles. “I have Dad’s confirmation right here on video, however, the logical question is why would you hide your kidnapping from a powerful man who could bring your imaginary kidnappers to justice? If it was true, I mean.”

“|-”

“Because it’s a lie! It was a lie to drive Sebastian and me apart, am I wrong?”

“No, it’s just-”

“You cooked up a story and spread false claims. Not only were you the cause of my divorce, but also the one who put false accusations on me, correct?!”

I don’t let her speak, her face paling, but there’s also anger. “You are a liar who deserves to rot in prison and as you are still part of this pack, I will have you arrest-”

“No! No, I won’t go to prison! I did what I had to! I had to say that!” she screams, her voice ringing in the room, and I sit back slowly. She broke as I predicted...

“By who?” I ask quietly as all colour drains from her face, realising what she has just done...

but it’s too late now.