

## I Am The Luna Chapter 8 By Moonlight Muse

A Worry

ZAIA.

I wasn't able to focus on anything properly after that and asked Mrs Watson if it was alright to leave early as I am not feeling too good.

Taking my leave I hurry home, desperate to tell Mom what has

happened. Reaching the small two- storey home that we are renting, I unlock the door and step inside, greeted by the dark hallway.

"Mom?" I call out as I close the door quietly behind me and place my handbag down. She isn't working today, so where is she? "Mom!"

"Zaia?"

I look up the stairs to see Mom standing there with a duster in hand, her hair tied back so as not to get in her

face. I hurry up the steps, making them groan under my weight, the old wood has seen a lot of wear.

"Careful Zaia!" Mom exclaims as I reach the top and look at her, my hand still on the bannister.

"Mom, we have an issue," I say, brushing my hair back and walking past her and into the larger of the two bedrooms.

This one is mine. As Mom said, I will need the space once the babies are here.

It's pleasant. With the sun shining through the ornate windows, the pattern in the netting casts shadows on the ceiling. The floral patchwork bedding adds a homely touch to the wooden bed.

I plop down onto it, gripping the sides as I take a deep breath.

## BA Worry

“Sebastian is coming for the New Year’s Eve ball, Mom,” I say, frowning.

Mom’s confusion vanishes, replaced by shock and then worry. She places the duster down, shaking her head.

“No, there has to be a mistake, Zaia, he would never come here, not only...” She trails off, quickly going over to the window and closing it before she turns to me. “We need to be careful.”

“There is no mistake. He’s coming,” I whisper, trying to keep my voice down. “Mom, Alpha Atticus got a call when I was there, and he told me himself.”

Mom frowns. “Zaia, I already told you I don’t like you hanging out unnecessarily with him. Remember, this man is known to be dangerous.”

I tilt my head, sighing. “Mom, we have only heard that from our old packs, there’s always more than one side of a

story and we have to remember it’s 8 A Worry

Atticus who has given us a home. Besides, I try not to be free with him, but neither can I be hostile or rude.” I remind her firmly.

I had spent years running a pack and even before then, I knew of the balance that you need to keep things professional yet polite.

“I understand that, but he is still a dangerous man,” Mom warns me, sitting on the bed and heaving a deep sigh.

“I know... and he invited me to attend the function, too.”

“Absolutely not,” Mom replies worriedly.

I tilt my head at her and give her a pointed look. “Yes, I know Mom... and I know I need to avoid Sebastian at all costs. He actually found out about the pregnancy...”

## BA Worry

I quickly fill Mom in, and her face is pale as she stares at me. I'm now pacing the room restlessly. Repeating it all is making me even more anxious.

"Oh no, Zaia, this is making me uneasy. You need to message Valerie to call you immediately. We need to know more."

"Mm... I feel a little uneasy too, remember when we considered leaving the country? We were being watched. What if Sebastian is trying to find me?" I bite my thumb as I ponder over this.

"Don't say that. Let's speak positively."

I tilt my head, "I am only stating the possibilities, Mom," I say, sighing.

"I know, with your pregnancy and your health you are in a vulnerable state, and with the rejection only making you weaker, I hate to say this, but it has helped that Atticus can't sense that you are the daughter of an Alpha, due to BAWorry

your weakened state," she replies.

I frown. I don't think it's the rejection alone. I have seen my results and even sent them to Valerie. She's surprised that my health hasn't improved despite it being a while now.

There's something wrong with me and although I haven't told Mom, my health is deteriorating further. I rub my stomach, as long as my babies are ok...

"Ring Valerie, ask her what is happening over there. Why is Sebastian wanting to come? We need to know. Moving isn't an option right now either," Mom replies worriedly.

"Yes Mom, I'll do that. Now please don't worry too much. We'll handle it," I reply. I sit down on the bed beside her and hug her tightly.

I am sorry Mom, because of me you are B. A Worry under so much stress.

I move back, messaging Valerie to call me when she can, knowing she keeps this phone switched off.

“Get some rest, Zaia, but we do need to find a way for you to refuse Atticus’s invitation to the ball. A solid, reasonable reason that he can’t get offended.”

I nod in agreement. “Yes, I’ll think of something. We have over a week until then.”

Mom leaves the room and I lie down on my bed, one hand tucked under my face, the other resting on my belly as I stare out of the window. When will things get easier? My phone soon rings, and I quickly answer it.

“Hello,” I answer, sitting up. Mom hurries back into the room and sits on the edge of the bed. “Hey, you asked me to call?” Valerie asks quietly.

“Yes, I just heard that Sebastian wants to come to the Whispering Mountain New Year’s Eve Ball. He never does. Why is he risking his safety to do so now?” I ask her.

“Are you sure? Because I don’t think he will,” she sounds doubtful.

“No, he’s planning to, the alpha here said so himself. There has to be a reason he’s suddenly decided to.”

“I’m not sure, Zaia... but I’ll ask Jai,” she offers, making me tense.

“No, they are best friends Val, plus I know you two clash.

“It’s alright Zaia, besides he understands why you are doing what you are doing and his words and I quote: She’s still the Luna in my eyes.”

can’t help but smile. That is big coming from Jai and it warms my insides. “So, is he happy to be an uncle?” I tease.

“We aren’t together. What do you mean, uncle?” she protests.

I chuckle. “Well, he’s still their uncle ...” Just as Sebastian is their father...

She sighs in relief. "Ah, you scared me! I thought you meant the two of us... anyway, I will ask Jai about it. If he goes, then I will ask him to bring me as well. I want to see you."

"That's risky," Mom whispers.

"I'll be careful, don't worry Ms Walton," she reassures Mom.

"Well, if you do find out, please let me know and please, keep me updated," I say, before ending the call. Mom pats my shoulder. "We'll be ok," she promises before she leaves the room.

Half an hour later, I managed to get both the chicken and the potatoes along with some other fresh produce that was on discount at the farmers' market. Catching them just as they were packing away for the night.

Growing up, we were never short on money, but Mom still told me to always be sensible with money.

"You can earn thousands in a day but unless you spend wisely you will save nothing," I murmur to myself, looking at the apple in my hand.

A memory of Sebastian biting into an apple after his morning workout returns to my mind. Drenched in sweat, his black hair a sexy mess and those grey sweatpants that I loved him in.

It's times like this that remind me strongly about how different my life is from what it used to be. A wave of sadness washes over me. Four months have passed, but he still crosses my mind every day.

Everything I do somehow reminds me of him, but I am certain he has forgotten me, though, happily living his life with Annalise.

The setting sun looks blood red, making the apple look even more vibrant. I bite into it when a shadow falls over me.

My eyes flash, thinking how didn't I notice him approaching? I plaster a smile on my face and look up at the Alpha.

"Oh hello," I say. "We run into one another once again," he says charmingly. His brown hair looks golden in the sun.

"Yes..." I say and I begin walking when he grabs hold of my arm, my heart skips a beat and I instantly feel a wave of unease wash over me.

"Can I help you Alpha?" I ask sharply, "Oh sorry, I didn't mean to alarm you. I just thought you might need a lift. In fact, I was calling you, but you were distracted," he says, pointing to his sleek car.

I glance around, feeling the stray eyes of the people on me. His attention towards me is creating unnecessary gossip.

"Of course," I say, thinking I'll take the chance to tell him I can't come to the party.

He holds the door open for me and I slip inside, while he places the bags in the trunk.

Oh goddess, are we now on such friendly terms that he will help me with my shopping and give me lifts home?

"What kind of music do you like?" he asks me, as he fiddles with the radio once he's back in the car.

"Country," I reply without thinking.

He puts some country music on and leans over, grabbing my belt. His arm brushes my chest and we both freeze, our eyes meeting as I press myself back into my seat.

He looks away quickly, pulling the surrounding belt, and buckling it in. His heart's racing and I suddenly feel like the car is too tight.

I struggle, wanting to refuse him, but it might look too suspicious if I bring the topic up again.

"Zaia?"

“Yes, Atticus...” I begin. He looks at me and smiles faintly.

“Finally, after months of asking you to call me that,” he says, reaching over, he brushes my hair out of my face and my breath hitches. “Sorry, it’s tempting.

“It’s ok,” I reply, although I feel so uncomfortable right now. “You were saying?”

“Oh, yeah.” He shakes his head. “I was wondering, what pack you’re from, I mean your mother said you were both from the Forest Oak Pack, but you remind me more of a city girl.” He finishes with a chuckle.

I tilt my head. “We are from the Forest Oak Pack, however, I did study in the city, maybe it’s that,” I reply smoothly.

“Ah, I see.” He smiles at me and I smile back. However, the fact he asked me that has worried me.

Does he think we are lying about something?

I think the time has come for us to leave this pack.

I turn my head to look out of the window. Darkness is falling over the 8. A Worry town and with it, the fear of not knowing what the future holds begins to eat at me.

“Zaia...” I look back at him and he reaches over, giving my hand a gentle yet firm squeeze. “I know that you’re running from your ex, and I know you don’t want to talk about him to me and that’s ok. But, I want to let you know that you are safe here, I won’t ask you again where you come from. I’m sorry.”

I smile, looking down at his large hand over mine. “Thank you,” I say quietly.

I know I can’t trust him fully, but at least we are safe here.