

## I Am The Luna Chapter 9 By Moonlight Muse

A Dissapointment SEBASTIAN.

“Get out! Get her out of here, before I have her thrown from the pack!” Mom’s shrieks make me flinch as I slam my foot on the brakes of my car, pulling up outside of the mansion.

I get out only to see two suitcases tossed on the ground and a sobbing Annalise standing there as Mom blocks the entrance, her face blotchy as she screams.

“What on earth is going on here?” I ask as I rush over to the two women.

Mom’s eyes flash dangerously. ” You’re asking?! You are asking me what is wrong when I learned that you have taken a whore! A mistress! Whilst kicking out your wife! Where is my Zaia?” she screams.

I step back, swallowing. I’ve never seen Mom so angry. She’s shaking, her heartbeat is erratic and her eyes are blazing in rage.

“Seb, Seb baby. Tell them we are together now,” Annalise sobs. Mom looks at me, hurt, her lips quivering as if daring me to agree with Annalise.

“Look, how about we all talk about this calmly?” I suggest.

I’m trying to figure out how mom realised? Annalise resides in a guest room, and I have made it clear to her that I’d break the news to my parents myself, so how did they find out? This is bad.

“Calmly? How can I be calm when Zaia is long gone!” Mom shrieks, making me internally wince. Goddess, the woman is an angel until she’s pissed off and then she changes into a banshee.

“Don’t touch him!” she growls, yanking me away from Annalise.

“Mom... please, let’s not cause a scene, let’s talk,” I say gently, gripping her elbows as I pull out my phone and hit call when I find the number I’m looking for.

“Hello, Alpha.”

“Ethan, I have a job for you.”

‘Yes, Alpha?’

“Come to the mansion and get Annalise accommodated into one of the flats,” I command.

“Seb, tell your Mom, please,” Annalise sobs as she grips onto my elbow.

A sliver of irritation rushes through me and if it wasn't for the fact that I need the cover, I would have rather enjoyed this drama between Mom and her. 4

“Ethan will take you somewhere safe. I'll talk to you later.”

Mom doesn't speak, more upset than I had originally thought. Great... if Mom is this upset... I wonder how Dad is going to be after he learns of this revelation – if he doesn't already know

Footsteps make me turn and Dad's manager steps out of the mansion, holding his briefcase. “Ah, Alpha Sebastian, your father is waiting for you.”

I frown as I glance at the mansion. It's already hard coming here when she isn't here.

“Don't keep your father waiting,” Mom says quietly, as she turns away.

“Mom...”

“Excuse me,” she murmurs, clearly upset with me.

I frown as I stare down at the ground. How do I explain to them when I don't know who or where the enemy is? All I know is he is watching my every step...

I make my way inside and head to Dad's office. The hall is darker down. this side of the mansion. The lighting is far less than in the main hall since Dad had refused to renovate this area when we had the house remodelled.

Stopping outside his door, I take a slow breath before I knock.

“Enter,” he says, his voice cold.

Stepping inside, I shut the door behind me. This room has been locked for several months, and I try not to cough as the dust fills my throat.

He’s standing in the centre of his large office. The musty smell of the closed area fills my nose, but he refuses to allow anyone to enter it in his absence.

“King.”

His voice is quiet, yet the power in it makes it ring off the four walls of the room.

“The name of the Alpha family of Dark Hollow Falls Pack. A name that not only the world recognises us by, but a name that is associated with our reputation, our traditions and our ethics...”

There’s a dangerous edge to his voice. His back is still to me, yet the dark energy that swirls around him is obvious proof of the anger he is trying to contain. “Did you think you could defy me and cast aside the very condition you are holding the Alpha position upon?”

He now turns, his eyes ice cold as he glares at me.

“Zaia and I were not compatible,” I lie, my face unreadable as I look him dead in the eye. “As for this pack, in the three years that I have taken over, I have expanded this pack, its borders, and the business. You can’t deny that I am a good Alpha, Father.”

He looks up sharply. “Do you dare question me?”

I frown, “I am only trying to say that by divorcing Zaia, it does not make me a bad Alpha,” I reply quietly, balling my hands into fists.

He looks away as if disgusted by me. Time will tell, but as long as I am alive, my rules and laws will apply. You may be the Alpha, but as long as I am alive, my word is law.”

Dad's words are fresh on my mind as I ignore the fifteenth call from Annalise. I told her I'll drop by when I have a moment, but right now I feel like everything is spiralling out of control.

I clench the steering wheel tightly, pressing my foot down on the accelerator, my eyes flashing with irritation as I cruise down the road, dangerously fast.

I'm the Alpha. I'm not a fucking kid anymore, yet he doesn't see that, always acting like I'm not good enough ... as if I'm not capable of making my own decisions.

Despite everything I do, no matter how many times I prove myself, it's never enough.

The phone rings again and I clench my jaw, slamming my hand onto the steering wheel as I hit the brakes hard. The horn blares as the car skids, the screech of the tyres and the smell of burnt rubber fill my nose before it comes to a grating stop.

"What?" I answer, snatching up my phone.

Annalise's sobs. "Sebastian, I'm scared. What if something happens to me again? Just-just like the first time."

I freeze, my anger diminishing as her words echo in my mind.

Despite the proof that points at Zaia being the one to get rid of Annalise the first time, I don't think it's something she's capable of alone... What if she had help from Dad?

Feeling uneasy, I quickly start the car up.

"I'm coming, Annalise."

Although her crying irritates me, the least I can do is treat her right. Plus, the trauma of what she's suffered for the last three years in imprisonment must be adding to her anxiety.

I drive towards her flat, mulling over the situation..

Despite Annalise's past, the more time

I spend around her, something does feel off. For someone who has been kept captive for three years, she doesn't seem to have any signs of post- traumatic stress. Almost as if it did not phase her at all. 10

I park up outside the flat where Ethan had told me she is staying and I get out, making my way to her second- floor flat.

The door is pulled open before I even knock and Annalise flings her arms around my neck, sobbing.

Hesitantly, I pat her back, feeling guilty as I step inside and close the door behind me.

"Calm down, Annalise," I say quietly. " I'm only here for a short while. Look, I have to return home. You know how my father is-"

"Seb I'm so scared. Please stay with me tonight," she begs, tears splashing down her face.

I frown, glancing out at the night sky through the small window that stands open.

"Annalise-"

"Seb... Why don't you call me Anna anymore?" She whispers when I slowly untangle her arms from around my neck.

"Times have changed, Annalise... Maybe you should try getting some rest? I know the place isn't as pleasant as the mansion, but right now, Dad and Mom are both angry at me. We need to tread carefully."

I turn away, scanning the modest- sized flat when she wraps her arms around me from behind, her tears having suddenly stopped.

"I want you, Sebastian... It's been over four months since your divorce, yet you have not come to me," she whispers, slipping her hand under my shirt and stroking my abs. 2

I grip her wrist, stopping her in her tracks as I untangle her from me and turn to face her.

“I may love you, Annalise, however, my soul was bound to hers... it needs time to recover,” I explain quietly.

Saying I love her leaves a bitter taste in my mouth, but I have no other option.

We shifters can transform into

werewolves under a full moon, however not every werewolf can. Some will simply get their fangs, or claws. Not many can handle a full shift or even want to. It's painful, but after the first few times, you get used to it.

However, aside from that, we are faster and stronger than the average human, with a heightened sense of smell and hearing.

Then there's the mate bond, something that pulls us towards our soul mates. There is a powerful connection, one that makes you yearn for their company and presence constantly.

Just the way I used to look forward to seeing Zaia... After a long day at work, coming home to her... she'd always make me a hot drink, and even when I was too tired to make conversation,

she would understand. She'd sit quietly, snuggling into me, or massaging my temples or shoulders.

I miss her.

The crushing pain in my chest returns with vengeance, and I turn away.

“Seb! Are you really leaving?” She gasps as she grabs me from the back of my shirt. “Please don't.”

“I have things to handle Annalise,” I mutter, shrugging her off as I head to the door. “You're clearly fine... get some rest.”

I don't wait for an answer as I step out into the darkness and get back into my car.

My phone that I left in the car shows several missed calls from Jai, as well as several texts from him. I'm in no mood to talk to anyone and so I look at the texts.

JAI: Your father has stopped the funding on the apartment block project you were working on. Not only that but he's put a stop to the youth training facility. Do something man, because if we stop that work now, we are going to lose millions of dollars.

I stare at the message, my heart thundering as blistering rage flares through me like a volcano rumbling, ready to burst.

How dare he!

I know why he's doing this. He's trying to force me back under his control.

My phone beeps again and I glance down at the next message. A message that makes my blood boil and any self-control I have left vanishes.

DAD: I'm certain you got the news by now. I am putting a stop to all the projects you are working on. You may be the CEO of Aran King Enterprises, but I am still the Founder and Owner. Remember your place, Sebastian. Without me, you are nothing.