

I Am The Luna Chapter 91-100

By Moonlight Muse

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13. A S3xy Night SEBASTIAN. or I Am The Luna Chapter 91 By Moonlight Muse

I like when my girl is horny, and when she tries to take control. I love a strong woman, and this one right here is the perfect concoction of smart, strong, and fucking s3xy.

We kiss roughly, passionately, hungrily. Wanting nothing more than for this moment to never fucking end.

She's strong, yet I easily take control, dominating the kiss before I tangle my hand into her silky locks, tugging her head up and attack her neck with rough hungry kisses.

She sighs softly and my other hand roams her body, fondling her breast and ass as she grinds sexily into my crotch.

Her heart is pounding, the smell of her arousal strong in the air mixed with her own scent, and it is heavenly. I rip her gown off, casting it aside.

"As much as I want to fuck you nice and slow... I need to satiate the hunger inside of me." I growl as I nuzzle my nose between her breasts. "Can you handle me?"

I look into her glowing eyes, and like the good girl she is, she nods. "Yes I can, handsome." She purrs, raking her hands down my chest, slicing through the buttons with a single claw.

Seems like she's getting better at shifting... nice...

She runs her hands over my abs in admiration, leaving a trail of sparks in her wake.

"That's my good girl." I purr, reaching up and nibbling on her ear, wrapping my hand around her throat as I flip her onto the bed, making her gasp. In a flash, I have her panties and bra ripped off before I step back.

Pulling off my shirt, I unbuckle my belt before pulling it out. She bites her lip, her eyes coated with lust and holds out her wrists, making me smirk. She's willingly allowing herself to be vulnerable around me... submitting to me in every way...

"Do you like being at my mercy, baby girl?" I growl as I pull her arms above her head and tie her wrists with the belt.

"Yes, Alpha," she mewls hornily, and I smirk, pinching her stiffened nipple and delivering a sharp tap to her breast.

Her skin is smooth and flawless but when I'm done with her, she'll be marked all over, proof of my claiming and of this night.

"Now... I'll need you to keep quiet." I say huskily as I run my hands down the centre of her breasts, making her suck in a breath, stopping above her pubic bone area.

She nods as she parts her legs sexily and I look at her smooth pussy that is inviting me. I throb hard. I'm so fucking turned on as I pick up her panties, taking a whiff that makes her blush. Damn, she's an addiction.

"You smell fucking divine." I growl possessively before I shove them into her mouth, giving her a cocky smirk." Now keep those legs apart like a good little slut."

Her cheeks flush, but she does as I say, spreading them even further.

Oh yeah...

I unzip my pants to give myself some room before I kneel beside the bed and rub my thumb down the centre of her pussy as I go down on her.

Her entire body reacts the moment my lips touch her, her back arching as a stifled moan leaves her lips.

I keep going, sucking, licking and kissing her sweet pussy as she moans and cries out beneath me, her juices trickling out of her.

Her muffled moans grow louder, and I know she's closer. She tenses, her back arches as she comes and I attack her clit, slamming two fingers into her

and fucking her faster, making her juices squirt everywhere. With my other hand, I reach up, fondling her breasts.

I don't stop until her body stops trembling from her orgasm and she comes down from her high and she tries to push me away from her now tender pussy.

But we have only just begun. Her pussy is soaking wet, and I now stand up, removing my pants and boxers. She's about to sit up, but I pin her wrists to the bed, pulling out her panties from her mouth and kissing her roughly.

"You're not to get up unless I tell you to." I growl huskily. She moans in response, nodding as she kisses me back before I move back and step out of my clothes, pushing them aside. Her eyes trail over me,

admiration, love, and hunger burning bright. Her eyes holding a sparkle that reminds me of the glitter of stars on a warm night...

Alluring, mysterious and inviting...

She wants me. I can tell from the way she's staring at my cock, the way her tongue comes out even before her voice fills my head. 'I want that cock down my throat,' she begs, running her tongue along her lips.

"Your wish is my command." I reply huskily. Straddling her waist, I reach down, grabbing her by the hair and slamming my cock into her sexy little mouth.

Fuck, she looks so good with my cock in her mouth, her plush lips wrapped around them. She's so fucking sexy. 'Fuck that's it.' I growl internally.

She gasps as she begins sucking and licking my cock and I speed up, hitting the back of her throat with every brutal thrust.

The sound of her gagging and slurping is fucking turning me on even more. Her eyes are watering, but she still wants more.

'Oh fuck baby, that's it. Harder!' she moans through the link. Now what kind of man would I be if I don't give my woman what she's begging so fucking good for?

I slam into her harder, throat fucking her brutally. The sound of her taking me is bliss to my fucking ears and I tilt my head back as blistering pleasure rushes through me. It's like a gate has been unlocked, unleashing a dam of intense euphoria that consumes me. Fuck...

The pressure is building, and I am right on the edge of my release and with one last thrust, I slam into her, releasing my load down her throat and then pull out breathing heavily.

"Fuck..."

She takes a huge gulp of air, her heart pounding and her breasts heaving as she swallows it all. I move back, admiring her with approval.

"That was.... fucking good..." I mutter breathlessly.

Her hair is a mess, her face flushed, and her lips sore. I can see the water in her eyes as she tries to get her breath back, her arms tied above her head. She's mine, all fucking mine. Mine to please, mine to fuck, mine to claim and mine to call my own.

"You look beyond fucking sexy... and you are fucking incredible." I breathe hard as I tap her face, making her smile sexily, as she arches her back and my gaze falls to her breasts.

I kiss her lips once before I take one of her nipples into my mouth, sucking hard as I pinch, squeeze, and knead the other. She moans loudly, gasping when I bite down slightly.

"Oh fuck!" she moans, tensing slightly. I suck harder before reaching up and grabbing her throat possessively. I lift her leg as I thrust into her, making her gasp as I begin fucking her, biting back my own groans of pleasure.

Fuck, she feels so good. She lets out a choked gasp, and I look down at her as I pound into her. I can feel her emotions, feel the pleasure she's experiencing, the euphoria that runs through her.

'Fuck, I love you.' I growl as I pull out and flip her over, she looks at me over her shoulder, her elbows on the bed, her tied hands in front of her as she wriggles her perky booty.

“I love you too.” She responds as I slap her ass, making her gasp, her juices glisten down her thighs and the marks left by my touch cover her ass.

“Tell me, Little Fox, do you enjoy pain?” I whisper in her ear as I caress her ass before delivering another sharp tap to her ass.

She moans softly in response. “Yes, Alpha,” she replies wantonly. I smirk as I wrap my hand around her throat and I grab my cock, pressing it at her entrance and thrust into her, controlling myself from ramming into her...

Wanting to feel her tight pussy clench around me. I slide in fully, then pull out, making her whimper.

“I thought you were going to give it to me hard?” She sighs in satisfaction as I slide into her again.

“Patience baby girl, let me enjoy this tight pussy.” I growl, unable to completely cut off my groan of pleasure before I pull out and thrust hard into her again.

Each thrust makes her moan in pleasure and when I feel I can no longer hold back, her soft moans trigger me to lose all control as I let go of her throat. Leaning over her, I pull her arms forward, pinning them to the bed before I slam into her hard and fast.

She cries out in ecstasy – the bed, muffling her moan as I fuck her hard, pounding that pussy. The sound of our skin slapping against one another is accompanied by the moans of our gratification and pleasure to the drumming of our heartbeats...

Fuck, this is heaven...

More than heaven

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14. A Bite of Chocolate **or** I Am The Luna Chapter 92 By Moonlight Muse

ZAIA.

It's late, surely past two in the morning, yet we are both wide awake. That was... incredible...

Pleasure still courses through me at just the memory, and my cheeks burn at the memory. Sebastian is an irresistible god that I love with everything I have. I'm sitting in the warm bathtub, soaking my tired body.

Sebastian will be joining me in a few minutes. I can hear him through the open door as he strips the bedding and the thud as he flips the mattress. After that session, it was very much needed.

I blush, feeling extremely satiated despite the exhaustion that comes with it. Even though we both need sleep and would happily sink into slumber in one another's arms, Sebastian's suggestion to have a soak in the tub was an obvious implication that tonight is not over.

We need to talk. That is something that I know, and I hope he is ready to open up. He re-enters the bathroom, gloriously naked, holding the two glasses of wine, and the platter of chocolates and strawberries.

"I thought you might be hungry," he says, placing the tray down on the stool beside the tub. My eyes rake over his manhood and he smirks. "Distracted?"

"Maybe..." I bite my lip as he bends down, giving me a soft kiss and passing me a glass. He then gets into the tub opposite me, his strong muscular legs on either side of mine.

His eyes flicker as they rake over my breasts that are peeking out of the water and, of course, I'm going to tease him too. I brush my hair back, raising my arms as I twist it up, giving him an even better view of my breasts.

"Fuck, don't tempt me." He growls, making me giggle. "Is the beast not satiated?" I tease, brushing my foot along his manhood.

Oh, he's hard again.

Mmm...

"Are you satiated?" he mocks. I roll my eyes, "I'm a woman. We aren't as horny as men are." I say, although I don't believe that annoying Sebastian is an extremely fun pastime.

"We both know that's not true. I mean, you are the one who came onto me," he replies cockily as he raises his glass and takes a gulp. "I don't remember that happening." I retort, making him smirk.

“Oh? Well, I guess I really did fuck your brains out. But I won’t complain. I want you every hour of every day.”

My heart skips a beat at his words, and I brush my foot along his balls.

“I’ll let you win this round.”

“Let me win? I think I won,” he replies. I’ve missed this. “Things are different this time, aren’t they? I mean, between us, although it’s still us.” I muse.

“There’s definitely a stronger connection. I have always loved you, Zaia. But there was definitely a lack of proper communication. My fault for trying to handle everything... and yours for always pushing aside what you felt, as long as I was happy.” He’s serious now as I sip my wine and I nod.

“I agree, so let’s make sure communication is always key,” I murmur as he reaches over, picking up a strawberry and twirling it in the chocolate.

Reaching over, he places it to my lips and parts them, I bite into it slowly, watching his gaze linger on my lips before he feeds me the rest of the strawberry and leans back once more.

“I guess it is,” he says, answering my statement from moments earlier. “I wanted to tell you, I shifted into my wolf. In fact, not only did I manage to shift painlessly, but I went up against three rogues single-handed and-”

“You what?” he asks sharply. “What were you doing out there alone? Why were the guards and lai not doing their job?”

“Let me finish,” I say, exhaling in frustration. “I can handle myself, Sebastian, this is what always happens. Just let me explain.”

He’s frowning deeply and I really don’t want to be harsh, but I am going to have to say this.

“I can take care of myself, Sebastian. For several years, I was alone. I don’t need you to be overprotective of me all the time, ok?” My tone is as gentle as possible yet firm enough to get the message across. I need him to understand because I know how he reacts. He frowns but does not reply, and I sigh.

“We always hit this... this point, where you get mad and...”

Don't give up Zaia... one of us has to be patient. "I'm not mad. I'm simply wondering why you would be out there alone when you damn well know that it's dangerous."

"I wanted to go for a run, something you have done countless times, but because you're a man, it's ok right?"

He shakes his head, "Ok, I get it, you're an Alpha, so I shouldn't worry," he replies coldly and places his empty glass down and I sigh.

"No, worry. You are allowed to worry. I mean, I worry about you, but you wouldn't stop risking your life just because it worries me. I just mean, why the double standards?"

"Can we just agree to disagree on this? I will always worry about you, regardless of whether you're capable of handling yourself or not."

He's trying. I can tell that as much as he's frowning, he's controlling his temper.

"I can settle for that," I say, placing my hand on his knee which is slightly raised. "Thank you for understanding."

"Doesn't mean I will ever like it. You're mine, and nothing will ever happen to you." "It won't," I say softly, caressing his thigh for a moment.

"So, what happened?" he asks, his eyes serious.

"Well, I have a meeting with them tomorrow. They aren't feral. Clearly just more in touch with their wolves than the majority of us. They knew about you and consider most of us pathetic excuses of wolves."

He's frowning deeply as if pondering over something, "A meeting? Did you consider the possibility it could be a trap? They think most werewolves are below them?"

"How? What will they get out of that? I want them on my side, Sebastian." I reply firmly. "Have you ever considered that perhaps they are already part of the Sable? Trust no one Zaia."

His words send a shiver down my spine, but I don't want to believe that...

"Well, I want to give this a chance and see if I can get them on my side."

“Your side...” There’s an odd emotion in his eyes. Our eyes meet and the chilling reminder of our destinies returns to the forefront of my mind, and I look down.

“Our side.” I correct myself.

He doesn’t respond, but why do I feel like he knows something?

“Our side.” He repeats, glancing over at his empty glass.

“Here,” I say, offering him mine. He takes it, downing it in one go before placing it on the floor beside the tub. Got to love his big arms.

I get up, crawling over to him until I’m kneeling between his legs and look up at him. There are emotions in his eyes that I can’t read as he stares off to the side.

“Hey...”

“So, how did you figure it out?” he asks, now turning his brilliant blue eyes back on me.

“Figure what out?”

“You’re a smart woman, Zaia. Surely you know what I mean.”

He knows too....

He touches the back of his neck, and I shake my head. “It just kind of made sense... and something your dad said only reinforced that theory, but it doesn’t mean anything. It’s clear they want us apart. From the beginning, they have done nothing but try to split us apart. There’s a reason we’re better together.”

He reaches up, picking a strand of wet hair from my face before cupping my face and kissing my forehead softly. His actions are confusing me. Why is he so calm?

“When did you figure it out?” I ask him curiously. “It wasn’t hard, especially when you do the math. Somehow... I now complete the Sable Triquetra.”

Our eyes meet and I shake my head. "It doesn't matter. It means nothing. We need to stay together. As long as we stay together, we'll be fine." I grip his wrists, hoping he understands. He has to understand.

"Are you reassuring me or yourself?" he asks quietly. I look at him sharply, frowning. "Neither, I'm just stating facts," I say firmly, trying to hide the fear I am feeling.

Why is he acting so... casual about it? He caresses my face and smirks faintly. "It's less painful when you're in denial. even if it's a lie," he murmurs. "Bastian, don't speak like that," I say. "You're scaring me."

His smirk fades, and he looks down at me with concern. "I'm sorry... but know that no matter what choices lie ahead, that I will always love you. That won't change." Once again, it sounds like a final reassurance, and I shake my head.

"No. I don't know. You will need to tell me every day." I say firmly. For a moment we're both silent, although there are a thousand things to say before he releases my face and instead leans over and takes a chocolate. He brings it to my lips and when I part my lips, before I can even bite down, he retracts his hand and pops it into his mouth. "Bastian!" I say, splashing him.

He smirks, taking another.

"Sorry, I just changed my mind." He holds it to my lips apologetically and I roll my eyes, opening my mouth, only for him to pull back just as I almost bite into it. "Bastian!" I growl as he tosses the chocolate into his own mouth.

He smirks, about to take another when I swat his hand away and shove one in my mouth. "I don't need you to feed me."

"Oh, are you sure?" he taunts as I make to stand, only for him to yank me down, making water splash everyone and I gasp when I slam into his chest. The feel of his firm chest against my breasts sends pleasure through me.

"Yes, I'm sure!" I snap, trying to focus as I look up at him. He wraps his arms around me, and I relax into his arms.

"Open up," he commands, in that same voice that gets my pussy clenching. I tilt my head giving him a glare as he holds a chocolate truffle to my lips.

“I don’t trust you.”

“Then try to.

I roll my eyes as I open my mouth, expecting him to pull away, but this time he doesn’t, and I take a bite out of it. He pecks my lips, his tongue flicking across my lips before he pulls back and waits for me to swallow before feeding me the other half.

“I’ll forgive you this time,” I say, resting my head against his chest. The steady beating of his heart is soothing.

“Good...” he says.

We’re silent for a moment and I’m almost drifting off when he speaks.

“Zaia.”

“Mm?” I reply sleepily.

“My biological father is Gerard King.”

Any sleep that was lulling me into its folds vanishes as his words ring in my head and my head snaps up to stare at him, my blood running cold.

Gerard is Sebastian’s father?

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15. A Meeting **or** I Am The Luna Chapter 93 By Moonlight Muse

ZAIA. I run the brush through my hair, staring distractedly at my reflection.

Gerard is Sebastian’s father... I would never have made the link, even with the screaming similarity that Sebastian does look like a King. How and why?

Why would they have chosen Gerard?

Is it because he’s an Alpha?

Or because he is Aran’s cousin? Or both? It’s the following day and although Sebastian said nothing more last night, I know it’s on both our minds. I do want to talk to him about it, and reassure him it means nothing.

Last night replays in my mind and his final words echo in my mind.

‘Gerard, is your father?’ I asked.

‘Let’s not discuss it. Come, you need to sleep.’

I had tried to question it but he had cut me off saying he didn’t want to discuss it, and so I had thanked him for not keeping things from me and we had fallen asleep.

I felt there had been something more he had wanted to say, but I’m not so sure. I gasp as his strong arms wrap around me tightly, his gaze dipping to my breasts.

“I like this top.” He growls huskily, kissing my neck. I smirk at him in the mirror before I stare at my reflection.

I’m wearing a chiffon top that cinches at my waist, but it’s showing off a lot of cleavage. It is slightly off my shoulders and I have paired it with ivory pants.

“Of course you do. You like boobs.” I reply amused.

He looks gorgeous himself. I will never understand how he can look so good, no matter what. Reaching up, I run my finger down his jaw, the short hair of his beard prickling my fingertips and I can feel his angular jaw.

“I do like boobs... but I don’t simply like these...” he lets go of my waist before he grabs my breasts, squeezing them. I bite back a soft moan as pleasure rushes through me. “I fucking love these.” He growls huskily.

“Bastian...” I moan as my pussy clenches.

Goddess, this man...

He sucks gently on my neck, and I can’t help but melt into his touch. I can never resist him...

“Mommy!” My eyes fly open as I hear the door handle turn and Sebastian lets go of me, pinching my nipples before he steps away as the door flies open. He is still close, but not pressed up against me.

“Mommy! Why you take so long today?” Zion frowns unhappily, frowning at Sebastian as he stands there, hands on hips. “Is Daddy wasting your time?” I chuckle as I turn away, smoothing my hair over my neck.

“Daddy isn’t,” I reassure, crouching down and pecking his cheek, although he is still observing Sebastian suspiciously. “Well, I don’t believe that. Mommy was always on time when Daddy wasn’t here.”

“Well, get used to it champ, I’m going to be around more often than not,” he says, prodding his forehead with a faint smile on his face. Zion huffs. “Well, ok, but don’t take all of Mommy’s time. Come on, Mommy!”

Sebastian raises his eyebrows sceptically, and I know an answer is on the tip of his tongue. “Will you really argue with a child?” I tease, as I follow Zion out.

Sebastian yanks me close, pecking my lips before releasing me. I have already bathed them this morning and gave Sia her medication, but it is obvious Zion wants some attention.

Well, I will spend some time with them after breakfast. Entering the kitchen, we see Jai cooking and Sia and Valerie setting the table. “Finally!” Jai says, “I mean, wasn’t last night enough?”

“What does that even mean?” I ask innocently as I cast a swift glance around to see what needs doing and, noticing there are no drinks, I walk over to the refrigerator to take some drinks out.

“The walls are not that soundproof. Man, I felt lonely.” Jai snickers, making me blush. “Work harder. You might just get someone.” Sebastian says, clearly not phased.

“Maybe I’ll get lucky one day, or maybe never.” Jai says, “Some people aren’t easy to seduce.” I don’t miss his gaze flickering to Valerie.

“What does seduce mean?” Zion asks.

“Aren’t you always a little too curious?” Sebastian says.

“I am a big boy,” Zion replies. I glance over at Valerie, who is placing napkins and cutlery down by each plate. “I’m sure you will,” I say, shutting the fridge and taking the cartons to the table.

“If anyone can tolerate him.” Valerie now adds. “You can tolerate me, so how about it?” Jai says as he places the platter of bacon, eggs and rashers on the table. To my surprise, he taps her nose and gives her a wink, making Zion and Sia giggle.

Valerie opens her mouth to say something, but Jai plucks a grape from the fruit bowl and pops it into her mouth. He walks off to get the beans, leaving a blushing Valerie behind.

Well, well, well... I think they’ll be together soon enough. I look over at Sebastian, who has already taken a seat, and Sia is drawing circles on his hand, trying to tickle him up his arm.

“Round and round the garden like a little teddy bear... one step... two steps... tickle you under there!” She giggles as he instead tickles her, making her shriek.

His eyes flick to mine and he gives me a sexy smirk before he returns to giving our daughter all his attention. He is the perfect father...

“Training regimes. We break them into groups. We are a pack, we act like it.” I say, as I look across the table, “It’s no longer an option.

Everyone is to shift and prepare to shift. We strengthen our youth from a young age. Running, sports, self- defence, we start with these, and we teach them in a way that when we come of age, we will shift.”

The meeting with the high members of the staff has commenced, and two hours have already passed. Before the meeting me, Sebastian, Jai, Justin, and Valerie had sat down and made some points, so we were all on the same page.

Sebastian sits back in his chair at times, combing his fingers through his beard, listening silently. He had been welcomed back happily and even now as he sits there, allowing me to take the helm of the discussion, he still gives input when necessary. Still backs me when I need it.

“That is extreme, isn’t it? For them to have to be burdened with that expectation?” Ashton, one of the trainers, asks seriously.

“Not if it’s something that they know and believe is part of us, just like breathing. Shifting was painful the first and second time I attempted it. To that

point, I never shifted again. But now, I can shift, and it doesn't hurt, and we heal better and faster."

"That is true... but you are a Blood Born." Ashton sounds uncertain as he stares down at the plan I had outlined and given to everyone.

"Alpha Sebastian is a fine example of what is possible. After all, against the beliefs of society and before we knew of the Blood Borns, he was a shifter who was perfectly in tune with his wolf."

"She is correct, and I have been doing my own research, the Blood Born is very real and it is terrifying. We have to thank the goddess for what she has given us," Margaret says firmly. A murmur of agreement follows.

"I will write up a statement that is to be given to each member of this pack, and a version for the children, too. As one, we can prove that we are werewolves and that we have not forgotten that." I say.

"I think that's fair," Jai says.

"And you mention bringing back the full moon runs and monthly celebrations for those who will turn eighteen... so we are turning back time in a way." Another man mulls uncertainty clear in his voice. "Those times were dark... there were pack battles and-"

"It still exists, only now a selected team works to combat them. We are still going to protect our people. We are still going to keep ties with our allies. But we are also going to strengthen every single one of us." I say firmly.

"Atticus Payne and our pack are also official allies and, of course, Hugh Toussaint's pack," Sebastian says leaning forward. "There are enemies out there and until we know what the Sable are planning, everyone needs to be on the lookout. Trust your Alpha, she is and always will be the one to guide you to the right path... even if we are in a disagreement or have a difference of opinion. Remember that she is the one you need to follow."

There it is again, that uneasy feeling that accompanies his words. Why does it feel like he's saying goodbye? Or that he may not always be here or worse, have a different opinion?

"Does this mean that you, Alpha Sebastian, will not reclaim the title as Alpha?"

“I am still an Alpha, regardless of if I’m officially sworn in as the head of the pack, am I not?” Sebastian says challengingly as he looks the man dead in the eye.

“I understand, but the strength-”

“I can take all of you here aside from my woman single-handed and come out victorious, I assure you, I do not need the title.” There’s a finality in his voice as the table goes extremely quiet.

“The title is hers, and until she has to claim her father’s pack, she will hold on to this title. Regardless of who holds the official title, we are a team, and this pack is ours.” Sebastian finishes. Jai smirks before he begins clapping, breaking the tense silence.

“Well said, Alpha, well said.” I smile softly. ‘You know, this pack is yours and I do want you to reclaim your title.’

When the time is right, we will see what happens. Let’s finish this meeting, Little Fox, there is a lot pending. You have another meeting after this, do you not?’

The rogues...

I nod as I turn back to the table, and we move on to discussing the possible threats with the Sable and how we will prepare for those...

Sebastian’s hand ghosts up my legs at times and our eyes lock, the pull between us dangerously intense, and I can’t wait for his lips to be on mine...

My phone beeps, and usually I would ignore it when I realise it is from Dad. “One moment, I do apologise,” I say, picking it up and unlocking it.

My heart thumps as I read the message, a sliver of worry rushing through me. Dad: Zaia, give me a call when you can. This is urgent. Is everything ok?

“This sounds like war, Alpha.” Stephen, head of surveillance, says.

“This IS war, Stephen, and the worst part is we have no idea who exactly the enemy is, their numbers, when they will attack and how.”

My words are followed by an ominous silence, one that is weighed with the fear of the unknown...

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16. A Rendezvous or I Am The Luna Chapter 94 By Moonlight Muse

ZAIA.

“What’s wrong?” I ask, concerned. The meeting has ended, and we had just gotten home. I immediately called Dad in the car but he had not picked up, making me extremely worried. Sebastian had told me to remain calm, and I was relieved when he had rang back a few moments ago.

“Calm down, Zaia, everything is handled, but you should come down as soon as you can,” Dad says calmly. Why did he sound... different?

“What happened?” I asked. “You said it’s urgent and now you’re saying to calm down?” “We’ll discuss it when you pop down, say tomorrow? Alright?”

Pop down?

That doesn’t sound like Dad, his voice sounds almost indifferent.

“Are you sure tomorrow is ok? I can come down tonight?” I suggest, running my fingers through my hair as I take out some black pants and a fitted black top from my suitcase.

“Yes. You should come tomorrow, take care. He ends the call and I frown down at it. That was... strange.

He didn’t even ask about the children, that... isn’t like Dad.

Is everything ok? Tomorrow... I’ll talk to the boys and Val, and see what they make of it. Putting my thoughts aside, I change swiftly and pull on some boots, ready to meet Olivan and his people. Leaving our room, I head downstairs, the sound of talking reaching my ears.

Three voices?

Bastien, Jai and... is that Atticus?

“Atticus, what are you doing here?” I ask with a smile as I make my way down the stairs, surprised to see him there. He’s standing with Jai and Sebastian, and they fall silent, turning to me.

"I'm coming with you," Atticus says with a small smirk. "Sebastian himself called me. I look at Sebastian, surprised.

"Oh? How come?" I ask, confused, as I walk over to them, and Atticus gives me a hug that makes Sebastian frown.

"You don't seem so happy to see me," Atticus replies with a small smile. "It's not that. I'm just curious as to why." I reply as I look up at Sebastian questioningly.

"Atticus will go with you to the Rogues. I wanted to make sure you have enough backup." He says to me, his face serious.

"I'm sure you are enough," I say with a smile. His eyes meet mine before he looks away indifferently.

"I'll be staying with the children."

My smile vanishes, and I glance at Jai, who looks a little concerned, but he's masking it well. I glance back at Sebastian. He isn't going with me...

My stomach twists and I don't know why that hurts. It's not like he told me he'd come with me, but... I was expecting it. "Oh, I... ok, that's great," I say, forcing a graceful smile onto my face.

Why am I acting so emotional? I went alone last time. Maybe because he seemed concerned... and I didn't think he'd let me go alone. We are a team.

"Well, you really must be concerned if you called Atticus to accompany me. Although I think I would have been fine alone." I say smoothly.

"Take care of yourself and I will tell all three of you this one final time. The decision is ultimately yours. Don't go anywhere with them. They chose the meeting spot. Do not let them dictate the final location. Keep it in the open and stay aware. Trust no one." Sebastian says before he looks me over.

"I'm sure they won't be that bad. I mean, they did let Zaia go unharmed." Jai says.

"Everyone has ulterior motives. I don't care what happens to anyone but her. Bring her back, safe." Sebastian says, his eyes cold as he looks at Jai. It was not a comment from friend to friend, but an Alpha's command to his Beta.

“Understood,” Jai replies with a bow of his head.

“Ok guys, it’s not that serious,” I say lightly before becoming serious and crossing my arms. “I called Dad, he sounded weird... I think something isn’t right, but he’d like us to come tomorrow. I have half a mind to go tonight.”

“Really? What did he say?” Jai asks.

“Let’s discuss that when you return,” Sebastian says. I nod “Alright then, let’s head out now, it’s almost time.” I say, glancing at my watch.

“Take care of yourself,” Sebastian says. I nod as he bends down, kissing my cheek fleetingly before he steps back. Our eyes meet and I give him a smile, wondering when did I become so clingy again?

“Stop here,” I say to Jai.

“Right, this place is anything but safe,” Jai mutters. “We’re prepared. My men are staked all around. I had a feeling they’d watch your pack, so I had mine put in place.” Atticus says, as he fixes his jacket and I see the glint of a gun.

“Smart move,” Jai says.

“I don’t know if it’s a smart move. I frown. “Might have been partially Sebastian’s idea.” He admits reluctantly, making me shake my head.

“Well, remember, no violence,” I warn them. Atticus looks over at me as I’m sitting in the back. “I’ll follow your command.” He winks.

“Right let’s get out,” Jai mutters. “You sure they won’t fuck up the car?” “I don’t think so, but it doesn’t matter. We aren’t returning in this one.” I murmur as he opens the door.

“Sebastian’s idea?” Jai says. “Mine actually, since he was being so paranoid,” I say as we get out, lock the car doors and head to the same spot where I had met Olivan and the other two wolves last time.

There’s silence all around but I’m paying attention, honing in on everything around me, trying to feel and hear for any change in the vibrations beneath us or our surroundings. I can smell others around. They aren’t close, but people are nearby...

I give the boys a small nod as we step into the clearing and stand back-to-back.

“Alpha Olivan?!” I call out. There’s silence for a few moments before I hear a rustle in the trees, and we all turn as Olivan steps out of the trees with two men who I am certain were the two wolves from last time.

They don’t look impressed, their eyes sharp as they assess us. “Alpha Zaia, what a surprise – I had thought perhaps you would change your mind.” He smiles, but there’s a distrusting glint in his eyes as he looks at Jai and Atticus. “I didn’t know you were bringing company.”

“Oh, I have brought Alpha Atticus, who is also part of the Sublime Triquetra and my Beta, Jai, in hopes that you understand what I am trying to do. So together we can discuss our views and what we want for this potential alliance.” I say.

“If we want an alliance,” Olivan says, taking me by surprise, but I keep my emotions hidden.

“Well, as I said, potential alliance. I told you before, that I am willing to do an exchange.” I remind him firmly.

“Of course, let’s go somewhere a little private so we can discuss the terms and what benefits it would bring for both parties,” he says, motioning for me to follow.

“Well, I would like to request if we...” I trail off, knowing that if I did just that... it would do nothing but cause more hostility between us.

“Yes?” Olivan asks, almost as if expecting me to refuse.

“Say it.” Jai murmurs. “I would like to request we move quickly. There’s plenty to discuss.” I say instead with a small smile. Atticus looks down at me, frowning, clearly not happy with the decision I’ve made.

“Red...”

“Then let’s go.” Olivan smiles as he motions me over. I follow him, and we step into the thick trees. The moonlight disappears, and we are blanketed by darkness, but it doesn’t bother me.

Not anymore. I can see perfectly, and I can sense the people who are hidden out of sight.

“I am placing my faith in you, Alpha Olivan. We are even entering your forest alone, yet you have men stationed at every corner...” I say with a smile, my eyes glimmering as I let my aura out.

A display of power that although I may be cordial, I am still very much an Alpha who will not tolerate disrespect or betrayal.

“Of course, I understand,” he replies. We walk in silence for several minutes and even I realise they are taking detours and backtracking to confuse us. But I have not lost my sense of direction, the moon that peeps through the trees is enough of a guidance.

They may be trying to protect their own location, but I am beginning to feel a little doubtful about trusting them. Should I have heeded Sebastian’s warning?

Just when I’m about to refuse to go any further, Olivan comes to a stop in front of what looks like a large log cabin. It’s long, and it’s a good size. The windows are covered, but through some cracks, I can see the faint glow of light.

“Ah! Here we are. Come, I apologise for the delay, but we have arrived.” He smiles as he knocks on the door, and they swing open. We’re in what reminds me of a winter lodge. This might be their pack house...

The first thing I notice is a powerful aura coming from the shadows of the room. There’s a man sitting there, his back is to us, a hood pulled over his head, but it’s the aura that intrigues me...

He’s holding a steaming mug in his hand, tattooed numerals cover his fingers, and he wears a few rings.

Who is that?

“Ah, that is my son, come let’s head to my office.” He says, leading me past the sofas and tables. It’s empty... too empty as if they were told to clear out.

I glance at Jai, who gives me a look, clearly telling me he doesn't trust any of this. I'm not sure if Jai's men are close anymore, but I hope I'm not wrong and that Olivan will really consider joining hands with us.

Once we are in the office, which isn't too big. Olivan gestures to me to take a seat in one of the three chairs. He motions Atticus to take the next one, but Atticus shakes his head.

"I prefer to stand." He says, positioning himself right behind me. "As you wish," Olivan replies, taking the seat opposite us. "Now what do you have to offer that the Sable Triquetra can't?"

"Excuse me?" I ask, my heart skipping a beat.

Why did he even bring us all this way just to say that?

"Well, all I can say is, there is nothing that you can offer me that the Sable can't. So why should I pick the side where a woman is the leader, when they clearly are the winners?" Olivan says as he relaxes back in his seat, making my stomach sink.

Sebastian was right.

"Then you should have told us out there," Jai snarls, his eyes flashing in irritation. Olivan smiles. "But then, how would I be able to do my part?"

"What-" Atticus stops mid-sentence as a sudden smoke begins filling the room. "Don't inhale!" he shouts.

Olivan grabs something from under his desk, pulling on a mask as I instantly cover my mouth as smoke fills the room, stinging my eyes and skin.

Jai launches himself across the table, but I pull him back as something smashes through the window, whizzing past our heads before I hear the sound of the gunshot.

Fuck.

We've been tricked.

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

17. A Blazing Rage or I Am The Luna Chapter 95 By Moonlight Muse

ZAIA.

I watch as Olivan rushes towards the window. The taste of betrayal stings strongly. Jai growls as Atticus launches himself at Olivan who kicks him off, knocking the wind from him, and making Atticus inhale the gas.

“Atticus!” I shout as Olivan pulls out a gun, but it’s knocked from his hold when Jai throws himself at him.

“Bastard!” Olivan snarls, throwing Jai off him with such power that Jai is thrown back. He hits the corner of the table before crumbling to the ground.

I snarl as I run over to him. We’ve all inhaled enough of the poison, we need to get out of here. Disappointed, pained, and absolutely stupid.

That’s how I feel. Anger rises through me, and I stand up, grabbing the chair and flinging it at Olivan, who dives to the side. He’s on his feet again and he pulls the trigger on Atticus, who dodges, kicking his legs out from under him.

From the way Atticus moves, I can see why Sebastian always saw him as his rival in a way. Atticus is fast and from the sound of something breaking, powerful as well.

I help Jai up when suddenly, a gunshot goes off and Jai throws me aside. My eyes widen in horror as the bullet hits Jai’s shoulder. “No...” I choke out, my eyes stinging. I’ve inhaled too much....

You are not getting away. I turn my blazing gaze on Olivan, who rushes to the window, smashing through it as he shifts mid-air. He isn’t getting away with this!

I leap over the broken chair piece and over the table, shifting into my magnificent wolf once more. Just like last time, it’s effortless and smooth and with my new speed and size, manage to claw into his back just as he shifts and launches himself through the window.

I’m about to follow but the moment I reach the window, something blocks it and I hit a wall, and am thrown back, accidentally inhaling the acidic gas that makes my stomach burn agonisingly.

I glance at the window, realising the wolves outside have blocked it. I run at the window once again. That wall will not hold me in! Jai is coughing and so is Atticus as they both try to break through the door, which is also blocked.

“Zaia! They will be waiting outside!” Atticus warns, his anger clear in his voice. “Fuck it!”

I don't listen, unable to focus on anything but finding Olivan. Inside my own head, it feels like I'm thrown to the back of my mind, my own emotions a thousand times heightened and all I want to do is tear into Olivan. To rip him apart and to make him pay for what he has done.

I launch myself at the window once again, my eyes blazing but the window is reinforced. I can hear the beat of many hearts on the other side. He had it planned out...

I simply gave him a few nights to plan this. I snarl as I slam into the metal barrier they're holding against the entrance. The gas in the room is rising and I can no longer see the others.

I think one of them says they need to find the source through fits of coughs..

I'm running out of time...

We are all getting weaker...

“We need to get out of here! I think the walls are thinner here!” Jai's voice says as he hacks into the door that we had entered from. I hear him groan, and it only makes me angrier. The gas has stopped filling the room, but it's getting to us all.

I'm not going to let him get away...

How dare he.

Olivan...

This was their plan. Get us here and try to kill us...

I see red as I turn to the walls of the cabin. Backing up to the other side, I break into a run, summoning forth every ounce of my power.

“Zaia! No! Sebastian will kill us!” Jai shouts, but I’m too focused on my goal and I slam into the wall with immense force, hearing the cracking of the thick wood.

Again! I back up and run at the wall – faster, throwing my side into the wall and this time it splinters completely and I burst into the open night sky. I take a gulp of clean air.

I see the group of wolves who are reinforcing the window a few feet away and I snarl at them before I turn and scan the dark. I have no time for them.

Olivan is my target. I scan the grounds, searching for him, but I glance back at the exit I had created and see Atticus and Jai both step out.

Atticus has now shifted and he’s attacking the wolves whilst Jai is still in human form, gun in hand. I know he can shift, but it’s obvious he has more confidence in his human form. Whatever works for him. Where are you?

I sniff the air, picking up the smell of his blood.

You’re mine. I follow the smell, breaking into a run when I catch sight of Olivan’s wolf and rage flares through me once more. Like a dimming fire that has just had oil poured upon it, rejuvenating it once more.

“We need to fall back!” Jai growls as he begins firing at the wolves, a few drop to the ground, but there are too many. No, first I need to find him.

I continue running, my feet barely touching the ground. I close in on him fast, and several wolves launch themselves at me, but I barrel through them, my aura like a shield around me, throwing them back.

I have never been so angry...

He’s close, the thundering beating of his heart and my own become incessantly louder.

He’s mine! My claws sink into Olivan’s back, and I rip through his flank. Satisfaction floods me and I rip through him again. He lets out a howl as he stumbles, but I don’t feel any remorse.

What am I doing?

I'm unable to control my rage as I tear into him. Blood sprays over me and the smell fills my nose. It isn't enough and I'm ready to end him. How dare he try to betray me!

His injuries force him to shift back to human form and he's now at my mercy! Other wolves are closing in on us, and I only have a few seconds to think.

I'm thrown to the ground, but I'm not down for long. Within seconds, I'm before him as he tries to pitifully clamber away. I can see Atticus slashing into wolves just a few metres away from me. If I end him... I will become the alpha of these people...

But do I attack a man who is down? A man who betrayed me. The choice isn't hard, but I only have seconds. A few seconds to either run or to kill.

I look down at the man on the ground whose eyes burn with victory, and I make up my mind. My heart thumps violently as I raise my claws.

"No... don't!" Olivan shouts.

It's too late for that.

"Zaia!" Jai's panicked voice comes just as I tear into Olivan's chest and rip out his heart. I feel the shift of power as his life ends and I let out a thunderous roar, my glowing aura swirls around me and I shift back to human form.

I feel the power within me strengthen immensely and the connection between the rogues and me forming. Atticus reaches me, his wolf standing before me protectively as several wolves close down on us.

"I am your Alpha! Submit or I will kill you!" I snarl the shocking words in a voice that I can barely recognise as I hold up Olivan's heart."

Right now, I feel more like a beast than a human. This was a necessity to show them that I am the Alpha. My heart is still thumping as the wolves come to a skidding halt, their gaze turning to Olivan's dead body on the ground. The realisation of what has happened sinks in.

I stand there, my hair falling over my face, blood covering my face and running down my body. The entire forest seems to still and I'm sure they felt the shift in power.

They look at one another, uncertain for a few moments before they bow their heads in submission to me, shifting to human form.

“For the Sable who I know are watching! I’m ready. Stop hiding like cowards and face me. Let’s see how powerful you really are.” I snarl into the dark woods around me.

I know they’re here; I know they’re watching and above all, I know they are biding their time...

I scan the area. The smell of blood, poison and smoke fills the air. There are several dead werewolves scattered around and my heart almost stops when I see Jai on his knees, blood spilling from his chest.

Is he ok?!

My only consolation is that he is still upright, but we needed to be fast. My eyes blaze with anger, and power as I fling Olivan’s heart into the trees.

And when I speak, my voice rings through the night sky, the goddess herself a witness to my words.

“You want war? Then I’ll give you fucking war!”

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

18. A Truth I Hate or I Am The Luna Chapter 96 By Moonlight Muse

VALERIE.

“Why didn’t you go with them?” I ask Sebastian. He has been sitting on the sofa, on edge the entire time, a deep frown on his face and his aura is overwhelming. Even the children kept their distance from him and so I had taken them upstairs quickly.

Although I myself have been channelling my aura and trying to draw on it, it is still not as strong as his, although I am part of the triquetra.

However, I have been working on drawing upon it, trying to become one with my inner strength, but Sebastian... He sits there with this effortlessly deadly aura that sends a chill down my spine. How in touch with his wolf is he?

He's angry. Although he says nothing, I can sense it, clinging to him like the shadows cling to the dark corners of a room. He doesn't respond to my question, and I walk over to him.

I have just put the children to bed, but I am concerned. Why do I feel there's more to his mood than the others going and why didn't he go with them?

"The Alpha Sebastian I know wouldn't let Zaia out there alone," I say quietly, taking a seat on the sofa opposite him and crossing my legs.

His piercing eyes turn to me. "You have been out of it for several years. You don't know me, nor do you know Zaia."

His words sting but I'm not a fool. "Oh, I beg to differ. I know my girl. She is brave, loving, and strong. I know she can handle this, but I also don't see you letting her go alone."

"I didn't let her go alone. She has company." "It's not the same as you going with her, and you know that," I say, watching him sharply. "We all know how dangerous this meeting is."

Our eyes meet and I feel uneasy. "You are a smart woman, Valerie. Why are you trying to push me for an answer you already know?" he replies coldly, and his words are like a weight suddenly dropped upon me, making me feel dread. No... I refuse to believe anything else...

I stare at him, now realising he's in turmoil...

"You're-"

"You've been working on a cure for Sia? Tell me how far have you gotten?" he cuts in.

I look down, hating that I haven't gotten anywhere. Everything I've sampled on her blood has only attacked her other cells. I've reached out for help, but so far there is nothing...

"My point exactly, and we both know that her health will only get worse. I don't care if I'm selfish or not. Nothing matters more to me than my children and my woman." He replies, his voice so calm, yet equally terrifying.

“If you do this... it will break Zaia, your woman.” I remind him, my heart thudding. “You don’t want to hurt her, do you?”

“No. But like you said, Zaia is brave and strong... right now, my priority is Sia. Even Zaia needs Sia to be healthy.”

“At what cost will you do this?” I whisper. I do understand... but will Zaia be able to handle it or will it break her?

She had just opened her heart to him again. I may not have been around, but I know she must have suffered. If he breaks her trust again...

“I know, we all want Sia to be better... but perhaps tell Zaia you have a plan to “There is no plan, no façade, I will get that antidote for Sia. Because as long as she has her children... Zaia will be fine.”

My heart breaks as I stare at him, it breaks for Zaia.

“I am going to say this, and I hope you understand and listen. We may not be friends, and I don’t mean any disrespect, but don’t do anything foolish or dangerous.” I plead. My voice is strong and I’m trying to hide the desperation I’m beginning to feel. We can’t split! We are a team! All of us! ”

She also needs you. She lost all trust in you and yet she let you in once more. If you do this again, you will-

“Lose her forever? Maybe.”

My eyes sting, my heart clenching. This isn’t even my love story...

“She’s staying strong because you are by her side.” I try again. He scoffs and shakes his head. “No, she’s staying strong, because she IS strong. That is the end of the discussion. Make sure that this conversation stays between us.”

“What do you mean by that? You know I can’t hide anything from Zaia, I will tell her!” I exclaim as he stands up and I stand up myself, blocking his path as I push him back, but he doesn’t even budge.

“I mean what I said, If you don’t do as I say, it will only hurt Zaia. So keep this between us because I’d rather she be angry than...” “Than broken?” I finish, glaring up at him accusingly, my heart thundering with anger. She’ll break if I don’t!

“Yes, I will get you the antidote, and you are not to tell Zaia where it came from.” He replies quietly.

I swallow.

He’s going to do exactly what I know is Zaia’s deepest fear.

He’s going to join them... the Sable...

No. No. “NO!” I shout. He glances upwards, clamping a hand over my mouth, his eyes blazing.

“The children are asleep.” He says coldly. “You have no option. Tell Zaia and she will only become weak. They need to know and believe that I have chosen without an incentive to become one of them... Zaia’s reaction needs to be genuine.”

There’s an urgency in his voice as if he needed me to understand that.

“This is for my little girl. She’s barely lived... she deserves to experience life to its fullest. She doesn’t deserve to be pulled away from this world so soon. Do you understand?”

He releases my mouth, but I’m unable to reply.

I know what he means...

She won’t live long... we all know that even if Zaia is trying her best....

Sia... our little princess....

“I can’t lie to her.” I plead once more, but there’s no power behind my words any longer.

I understand him...

“You will.” His eyes flash as his alpha command rolls off of him. I frown and although I feel strong enough to defy it to an extent, it still weighs upon me. I’ll leave it to you to decide what you will do... but remember this can cost Sia if anything happens to my little girl...”

He leaves his threat open, and I know I can’t risk it. I too have found nothing. We do need the antidote...

I'm about to reply when we hear the door open and instantly, we both step away from one another. "Anyone there!" Atticus shouts, and I quickly rush to the hallway.

"Valerie!" Zaia's panicked voice comes just as I round the bend and the sight of both her and Atticus supporting a bloody Jai makes my heart stop.

Fear washes over me and for a moment, time stands still.

No. "Jai!" I rush to his side, cupping his face. His eyes flutter, sweat coating his forehead as he looks at me through half-closed eyes.

Please be ok! He's bleeding a lot, there's a makeshift bandage around his chest and waist and it's drenched in blood..

"Why didn't you take him to a hospital?" I ask, my heart thumping.

"We were followed," Zaia explains, helplessly. "You can do this," Sebastian says to me and I nod despite the fear inside. I don't have much here!

"Bring him to the dining table!" I command. "I need clean water, bandages and I need to stitch him up!"

I rush to get some supplies, my heart beating as everyone rushes to get me what I need. Goddess! Let him be ok! I return to his side as they bring everything I need.

"How did he get hurt? What happened?" I ask as Zaia stands beside Jai's head, her aura swirling around her as if she's concentrating on something. Sebastian is watching her intently, but she's too focused on what she's doing.

"He was shot, and as you can see, a wolf managed to get his claws into him," Atticus says, running his fingers through his hair. Sebastian rips open Jai's shirt for me fully and I begin wiping the blood so I can take a better look.

My breath catches in my throat as I stare down at the three deep gashes along his flank, but there are also two other wounds.

Focus Valerie, Jai needs you to be in a proper mindset right now. You are the only one who can help him!

“I will need to remove the bullet first,” I say, having no other option, the table is already a bloody mess. “I don’t have anaesthesia, give him something to bite down on.”

Sebastian puts a thick strip of cloth in Jai’s mouth. I pull my gloves on and begin probing for the bullet, making Jai groan. I’m shaking slightly.

This is Jai... my Jai...

You have a steady hand, Valerie, you can do this! He’s been there for me... I have to be there for him. I have to repay the favour I owe him. I have to...

My breath hitches as I hear his heartbeat slow down.

“Jai! Stay with us!” I scream.

“Jai, listen to me.” Sebastian growls, “Look at me.”

Jai groans, but I can tell from his eyes he’s losing focus. “What happened?” Sebastian asks, his voice sharp.

“It was a trap.” Atticus begins. “But it was handled. Zaia killed the Alpha of the Rogues and she’s now... wait. You said you felt the shift in power, right?”

“Yes,” Zaia says, her aura still swirling around her as she stares down at Jai as if willing him to be alright.

“He said he had a son. If he had a son, then...” Atticus trails off. “Fuck!”

I glance up, my heart pounding, but I’m unable to understand. “If he had a son, he would have become Alpha... not me... He wasn’t his son... he must have been one of the Sable.” Zaia says quietly. “That aura...”

“Was a red flag.” Atticus growls. “So, you didn’t listen to my advice and went with them,” Sebastian says quietly. His voice is low, but I can tell he’s angry. “Jai, better be alright. We’ll discuss this later.” With those words, he turns and storms out of the room.

“Keep talking to him! Please!” I say to the two that remain, both are covered in blood, and I can tell it’s not just Jai’s. They both have some minor cuts and bruises, but it’s nothing like Jai.

I take a deep breath as I focus on getting the bullet out of him. Twenty minutes later, I slump into one of the dining chairs, resting my head on the table. I have removed the bullet and managed to stitch him up. Luckily, no vital organ was penetrated, but he was still wounded deeply.

My hands are trembling and I stare down at them. They're coated in blood. Zaia wraps her arm around me. "You did it, he's going to be ok." She promises me. I look up into her eyes. They're shining with unshed tears.

"I hope so," I whisper.

Life really is short...

I stare at his body on the table, now bandaged, but he still needs to be wiped down, the blood stains are a reminder of his injuries.

"I'm sorry." She says, and I shake my head. "No, it isn't your fault," I say. She looks down and I know she's holding herself responsible, and Sebastian's reaction didn't help either...

She moves away and I stare vacantly at Jai, who is breathing heavily, but at least his heart is steadier...

His words return to me, and I realise I really can't tell her... we can't lose Sia...

I look at Jai. I'd do anything for him... anything...

"I'll take him to his room. He might be more comfortable there?" Atticus offers softly. "He's going to be ok, the hard part is done, Doctor."

I've never liked him, but I have to admit he isn't too bad. I nod.

"Let's hope so," I reply quietly. The risk of him going into a coma is still high. "Let me just clean him up a little. Then we can move him." I add, standing up to get some water, only to see Zaia returning with towels and a bowl of water.

She smiles sadly, through the blood streaks on her face, and I smile back, hoping she doesn't beat herself up over this. This was not her fault.

Goddess... I have never asked for much, but tonight... tonight I ask that you don't cause my friends any more pain.... please.

I soak one of the towels in warm water, wringing it out before I gently place it on Jai's face. Wiping away the streaks of blood, the strong smell of coppery blood remains. A reminder of the dangers we are facing.

I gaze down on his sleeping form; he hurt me once... but... if he wakes up, I promise I'll forgive him. So please goddess, let him wake up soon.

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on October 1, 2023

19. A Moment of Uncertainty **or** I Am The Luna Chapter 97 By Moonlight Muse

ZAIA.

I know I should have listened to him, but I truly believed I was doing the right thing. I honestly didn't think things would end up this bad. The festering thoughts aren't easing up, and I feel mentally exhausted.

"Go with him. Show Atticus his room. I'll clean this up. "I tell Valerie gently. She's shaken by it all, and I know she's going through a lot. I hope she at least realises she does love him.

Everyone deserves a second chance, right?

She nods and I give her a smile, watching Atticus lift him carefully. "You did amazingly. Now go with him." I whisper to her.

She's about to say something, but instead, she simply smiles and nods before she helps Atticus with Jai, supporting his head. She's got blood in her hair and over her clothes, but like me, she has far bigger things to be concerned about.

They leave the room and my smile fades as I slowly drop into one of the chairs, my face falling. No longer able to keep the mask of strength on my face.

Everything went wrong tonight... This was not what I was expecting to happen.

I wanted to make things right between the rogues and us, to prove that they were just like us... But they're not, and the painful truth is they don't like us and never wanted to create an alliance of peace.

Then Jai, Jai shouldn't have gotten hurt He almost died because of me... How many more people's lives will I be responsible for in the war that I have created?

I'm terrified. Terrified of what I can possibly do... I killed someone with no hesitation and the most chilling part is, I know I'll do it all over again if I have to. I look down at my blood-covered hands. Look at the blood behind my fingernails...

Who am I becoming?

Do I even recognise myself?

Is Sebastian hating what I'm becoming?

I'm pathetic, aren't I? I wanted him to pull me into his arms and tell me it's going to be ok... or simply just an embrace, glad that I am home, and safe. But instead, he turned his back on me.

I place my head in my hands, brushing my hair back as I try to pull myself from my spiralling thoughts.

My eyes sting with tears but I can't cry. There's so much I need to do and to explain to Sebastian....

"Zaia..."

I look up when Atticus enters the room and I quickly sit up looking away as I try to compose myself.

"Hey..."

"Jai's settled in his room. Valerie has given him something for the pain for when he wakes up. I'm going to head home."

"No Atticus. Stay, you need rest and it's not safe." I say quietly.

"My men are here." He reassures me.

They were the ones who helped us escape and stopped those wolves that refused to pledge their allegiance to me. Even the rogues had run, clearly fearing their lives. It's all a mess. I will have to go there and figure out how I'll protect them.

“How many did we lose?” I ask softly. He looks down, smiling slightly, but it’s something I realise is a reflex to hide his real emotions. “Seven.” He says softly. There’s a sadness in his eyes and although he’s trying to act ok, I know he’s not.

“I’m so sorry,” I whisper.

Did they have families? Children? Parents?

More deaths...

“It’s alright, this is war, and my pack is ready.” He kneels before me and gives my shoulder a squeeze.

“Zaia, you did what you thought was right. We all misjudge situations. You were incredible out there. I’m damn proud of you. Who would have thought the pregnant woman seeking a home in my pack would become this goddess? You are incredible, Red.”

He brushes my hair back, and I nod.

“Thank you,” I say before he stands up and takes his leave. The words are comforting... but they didn’t come from the man I needed them to come from...

Standing up, I get to cleaning up the blood. Once everything is done and I have rolled the rug away, not wanting the children to see any signs of this tomorrow, I mop the entire floor. Finally, the smell of blood has eased up, replaced by the citrus smell of the cleaning detergent.

I’m still wearing the sweatpants and shirt we had in the getaway car, and I’m still covered in blood. I need a bath. Once everything is clean and I’ve disposed of the bloody clothes and towels, I head upstairs. I pop into the children’s room, they’re both fast asleep and I smile softly, feeling warmth fill my heart and I gently caress their hair, about to kiss them when I remember I’m still dirty.

They make me feel stronger. I fuss with the blankets before I gently check Sia’s pulse, frowning. It’s irregular...

She stirs slightly before turning onto her back and I gaze down at her, wishing all her pain and illness were my own.

You will be ok, my angel. We are going to make you better. I peck them ever so lightly, not wanting to get this filthy blood on them and then leave the room glancing at my bedroom door.

I feel nervous. I'm not sure Sebastian is in there, but if he is... he's going to be angry. I enter the room, and the first thing that hits me is the smell of smoke. Then I see him standing there. He's only in a pair of sweatpants and he's freshly showered.

He looks as handsome and sexy as ever as he leans against the wall with a cigarette in his hands; he rarely smokes. There's a deep frown on his face and I don't know what to say. I walk to my suitcase and take out some yoga pants and a tank top and head to the bathroom to shower.

"So, you won't address that you fucked up." He says when I'm about to step into the bathroom, making me pause.

I look over at him, feeling as if I've just been punched in the gut.

"I know I made a mistake, but I also handled it in the best way I possibly could. I'm trying." I reply quietly. I don't want to argue, not tonight...

The memory of Olivan's life fading before my eyes replays in my mind and the way I mercilessly flung his heart into the woods. I swallow as I look at the man I love.

"Can we do this tomorrow? I'm tired." I say softly.

I just... want to be held.

"No. We're doing this now. I gave you a clear warning, Zaia, a fucking warning not to go anywhere with them and you did just that." He says as he advances on me. Our eyes meet and I'm just staring back into a pair of cold, piercing blue.

"I did, and like I said, I messed up, I admit that."

We can't argue... not when I know where you stand in this twisted play of destiny and fate.

“You could have cost Jai his life. Your recklessness and your ego- “Please stop.” I plead quietly. My heart is thundering, and I look up at him. “I don’t need this right now.”

I just want you to hold me. He looks down at me,

“Zaia-”

“Please.” I’m all but begging and when he looks into my eyes, his soften. There’s regret, guilt, pain and so much more in them as he grabs me by my arm and yanks me close, wrapping his arms tightly around me.

My breath hitches as I close my eyes, sinking into his embrace. Sparks course through me, but more than that it’s the warmth and power of his embrace that cocoon me in this blanket of safety and happiness.

I wrap my arms tightly around his waist, never wanting to let go. His heart is thudding hard and so is mine as I hold on tight, as if he might just slip away. That maybe this is all a dream and I’m going to lose him... all over again.

The tears trickle down my cheeks as he kisses the top of my dirty head.

“Hey... don’t cry.” His voice is quiet yet soft.

‘I killed him without any hesitation.’ I whisper through the bond. ‘I wanted him dead for his betrayal.’

‘And there is nothing wrong with that. You followed your instincts, nothing more. He wasn’t a good person, and he tricked you. You simply did what you had to.’ His voice is softer now, soothing yet strong, and I’m unable to hold back the small sob that escapes me. The weight of the evening coming crashing down on me.

“I declared war, Bastien... I’m sick of it all. I-I want to find them and end this once and for all. They can’t keep terrorising us!” I say, frustrated as I step back slowly.

His hands brush my arms as he holds onto me loosely.

“Moon Dust... if we had that... maybe we could find them.” He murmurs. Our eyes meet and I ponder on those words curiously.

Moon Dust...

He wipes my tears away and I look at the slight scuffs of blood that I've transferred onto his sexy body.

"Sorry, I got you dirty. I'm sorry that I'm fucking up, but I promise you, I'll try harder." I whisper, wishing he understood that I really am trying my best.

"You are doing great, Little Fox, I just overreacted." He exhales and closes his eyes for a moment. "We have all made wrong decisions at some point in our lives and we will continue to do so. But you handled it perfectly."

It's all I need... his reassurance, even if he doesn't think that knowing that he has my back means the world.

"I was just worried. Don't let my words get to you," he says quietly.

How do I not?

I nod. "Yeah, I know... as long as I have you," I murmur softly. My heart races as those words slip from my lips before I can stop myself. Unable to keep how vulnerable I feel inside.

"Zaia." His voice is sharper as he takes my chin in his fingertips and forces me to look up at him. "Don't think like that. It's not like you. You've never needed me. You are an Alpha."

No, it is me. Even the strongest person needs a shoulder to lean on.

"I do need you, Bastian, we need to stand by each other's side as a team. Why do you keep saying things like that lately? Like I don't need you or something?" I ask. I know I'm overly emotional right now, but his words keep terrifying me.

"You also said the same." He responds quietly, sending a pang of pain through my chest.

"No, I never meant it like that."

He doesn't respond and instead cups my face before he leans down and kisses me. Tingles of pleasure dance through me and I melt into his touch, a touch that calms and soothes me.

Lifting some of the weight that burdens me, and I grip his neck, tugging him closer as I press my body against his, yearning for so much more...

My breath hitches when his tongue trails over my lips. Slow... sensual, yet fuelled by something deeper than passion...

Suddenly, the sound of my phone ringing makes us both break away and turn towards it. I wonder who is ringing so late.

“Justin...” I frown as I walk over to answer it.

“Answer it,” Sebastian says as I stare down at the phone.

I nod, taking the call as he smokes his cigarette.

“Justin, what is it?” I ask.

“I have bad news. There was a security breach, Alpha. Gerard King has been taken.”

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on October 1, 2023

20. A Step Towards Healing or I Am The Luna Chapter 98 By Moonlight Muse

JAI.

I can feel someone running their fingers through my hair, and it feels pleasant and soothing. I know exactly who it is and I'm enjoying it.

She sighs softly, sounding troubled, but her hand doesn't stop combing through my hair. Mmm, how did I get lucky to have such a treat from her?

“You're awake,” she says quietly.

“Barely.” I croak out, and that's when the pain in my body registers and I groan. “Damn, I prefer focusing on your touch,” I grunt.

My entire body feels like I was hit by a truck. Her hand stops moving, and to my disappointment, she removes it.

Way to go Jai.

I crack open my eyes and look over at her. She's seated in an armchair beside my bed. The curtains are drawn, but I can tell it's night.

Her eyes are red, and there are blood stains on her hair and clothes.

What the...

Everything rushes back and my heart thunders as I realise what happened. I look around the room once again, reassuring myself that I am indeed back home. I don't remember what happened...

The poisonous gas... Zaia in wolf form... the fight...

"Are the others ok?" I ask. I have no recollection of how we got out of there. "Yes, they are. You all are." She says softly. "You're pretty beat up, yet you're thinking of the others?"

Did I see a faint smile?

I'm not sure, as she masks it pretty fast.

"Well, I am the Beta, so I need to make sure my Alpha is safe before that Justin takes the damn job from me and wins damn brownie points."

She cocks a brow. "Really? Is that all you can think of?" "Well, of course, I'll be out of job soon, but then again, I guess I'll just annoy you instead."

"You can do that for the next few days since you are on bed rest."

"Says who?" I say as I try to sit up.

Fuck, it hurts!

"Doctor's orders." She says firmly, giving me that no-nonsense brisk look. All she needs is her white coat and her hair pulled back, and she'll be back to Doctor Scott mode. This woman sure can be scary.

I still smirk because what is life if I don't have a little fun teasing the woman I love?

"Oh yeah? So... this doctor... does she come in a sexy little outfit and-" One scathing glare shuts me up and I chuckle.

"Ok ok, point taken... so...I'm presuming you fixed me up."

I glance down. I'm in some clean pants and my torso is wrapped up. "Yes, it wasn't safe to take you to a hospital, so I had no other choice." She responds, fussing with the bandage.

“I see... Well thanks...”

Our eyes meet and we fall silent, the dim glow of the lamp illuminating her face.

She looks healthier since she first woke up. Her hair is glowing too, but she’s still thin and although she has gained a little weight, she still needs to build it up a little more.

Why does she look... Sad.

“Hey...” I say as I reach over, trying not to groan as pain spasms through me. I place my hand on hers, rubbing her knuckles gently with my thumb. ” What’s up?”

She looks up at me and smiles, but it does nothing to mask the sadness in her eyes. “I’m ok... I just want you to get better.”

“Worried about me?” I tease.

Why do I feel there’s more to it?

She looks down and nods. “Obviously.”

She says, but it’s lacking her usual spunk.

“Val, what are you not telling me? Something is wrong. I know you better than that.”

She’s good at hiding her emotions. I’ve always been able to read her. She always acted like a no-nonsense lass, but she is pretty sensitive.

She sighs and looks at me. “Gerard got away an hour or so ago. Zaia and Sebastian have gone to see if they can find any clues.”

“What?” I say sharply, sitting up, ” Fuck.” I hiss in pain. “How is that even fucking possible?”

She looks at me and shakes her head. ” Who knows...”

“I better go see if I can help-”

She stops me from trying to get up and gently pushes me back onto the bed. Firmly forcing me to lie down and I have no strength to fight her.

She's way stronger than she looks.

"Look Jai, just rest. The best you can do is get better quickly. Zaia is going to need us both."

"Yeah... I know that." I sigh in defeat.

This is not good...

She stands up, avoiding my eyes, and brushes her hair back.

She's acting weird...

"I'll go get you something to eat and drink. And then give you some medication for the pain."

She turns away, and I grab hold of her wrist.

"Val..."

She looks down at me, her eyes sparkling with emotions. "I forgive you, Jai... forgive you for what you did... even if I can't completely forget it." She whispers.

My heart skips a beat, and I really don't care if I'm injured. I pull her towards me, and she stumbles back, ending up on the bed, bumping into my chest.

She gasps but I barely register the pain as I wrap my arms around her tightly, not allowing her to get up, my heart racing.

"I swear Val... I don't remember it, I only remember thinking it's you... I was drunk or high-fuck, I don't know. All I know is I thought it was you until I woke up and realised it wasn't... It doesn't make it right, but I just want you to know there was no woman who enticed me or tempted me. I fucking thought it was us."

I hug her from behind, burving my head in her shoulder.

I love her. I always have, and I have no idea why I fucked up or how. It's all a fucking haze, and I truly didn't realise it was her, but I had been unable to keep it from her. There's no

relationship based on lies or secrets. I had to tell her, even though I knew it could destroy us... and it did.

But even then, she told no one. Not wanting it to affect our relationship with our friends who were in a relationship. This woman is goddamn selfless. Her body shakes slightly, and I tense.

She's crying. Val doesn't cry.

"Fuck, I'm sorry," I whisper, kissing her gently.

"It hurt... do you know how it feels knowing I wasn't enough?" She looks at me over her shoulder and I shake my head.

"You were more than enough. I saw you. I don't know how, but I truly thought it was you that night, princess. I've always loved you, only you."

She is the only one I desire, the only one I fucking want, and I still hurt her. Our eyes meet as she gently turns towards me.

"I believe you." She whispers before she wraps her arms gently around my neck, burying her head in it. My heart thuds. Not expecting this... If this is a dream, I never want to wake up from it because this is my one true wish and I'm finally getting it.

I slowly wrap my arms around her tightly, pulling her flush against me. Her scent invades my senses, and I inhale her hair. I missed her, missed her embrace and, despite all she's been through, she's right here. In my arms.

"I love you, Jai," she whispers so quietly I almost don't hear it. A grin crosses my face, and I can't help but chuckle, feeling elated. "I love you too baby girl, I fucking love you too.'

There is nothing that can destroy the happiness I feel right now. Life is just going to get better from here on out. I just know it. Thank you, Goddess, for another chance... This time, I won't fuck it up.

SEBASTIAN.

And so, it has begun. The spinning of the arrow is now pointing towards the ultimate battle. I stand here, calm and collected, with a mask of indifference and concern upon my face. A fraud among those whom I love. I watch as my Alpha Queen tries to understand how it happened when she had done her utmost best to secure him?

How else but with my assistance...

In her eyes, she has failed once again, but she didn't. She is smart, but she is too trusting. She would never accuse me, although I wish she would. I want her to realise I'm just a traitor amongst them.

The moment she knew I was part of the Sable she should have shut off my access from everything, but she put faith in our love.

I watch her as we stand with the security at the prison. Deep down I feel it's breaking her, the pressure of everything is chipping away at her, a tiny piece at a time.

She looks at me several times as if for assistance, but I don't help her. Not once do I give my input aside from asking a few mediocre questions?

You don't need me.

I keep saying that, but who am I fooling? I saw her almost crumble earlier. She needs me but once again I can't be here for her. Once again, I'm breaking the promise that I made to her.

Gerard... that bastard.

I will kill him, I plan to. Once the antidote has been administered to Sia, I will turn on them. They probably are expecting me to do so, but tonight I fucked up.

I was meant to leave... but I couldn't.

I'm going to have to...

I knew of the rogues' allegiance to the Sable. After all, Gerard was able to mind-link me in prison.

Although Gerard was awake, a traitor kept him in a state where his heartbeat was slow. It was all a well-thought-out plan, and they had succeeded.

(FLASHBACK)

'Sebastian, can you hear me?'

I sit up in my cell, scanning the darkness. Why did it feel like that voice is in my head? And why the fuck did it sound like Gerard's?

"Who's there?" I ask coldly.

'You might be better off keeping your voice down, Sebastian. I am talking to you through the connection of blood and our wolves...'

'Gerard.' I snarl, able to somehow reply, I know he heard as I can feel a connection between us.

He's awake?

"Sebastian, although I was just a donor, you are still biologically my son, and you now know that you belong on my side. The Sable is your calling, and you must answer the decree of the wronged Goddess.'

'Wronged fucking Goddess? I answer to no call, and regardless if that is what being the wildcard meant, I don't answer to you or the Sable. I still have a fucking score to settle with those two fucking losers of yours.' I snarl back through this telepathic connection.

Whatever this is, it's a deadly ability to have...

Gerard could be talking to anyone from inside these prison walls.

'I know you don't and that is why you will lead those two said losers.' His dry chuckle fills my mind. 'However, what are you fighting for? Those who talked about you behind your back all your life. Who whispered behind your back just because you enjoyed a run? Something that any powerful Alpha should enjoy. For being who you were born to be? You will side with those hypocrites? Those elitists?'

"You speak just like them. You made a mistake to contact me because I will now make sure you're fucking sedated.' I reply venomously. "And I will kill you myself for touching Zaia."

'It looks like we are not going to see eye to eye... So, I'll just cut to the chase. There is one important factor in this entire situation. Sia.'

My stomach twists and his chuckle fills my head once more, but this time there's a victory within it. 'I see that I now have your full attention.'

(END OF FLASHBACK)

"There are no tracks or anything. And Alpha Atticus and his men have found nothing. We've moved the pack members who live on the outskirts of town to the Pack Hall and to the King Hotels with security tightened." Justin says.

Zaia nods as she runs her fingers through her silky hair as it falls in front of her face again. She still has remnants of blood on her, and I can see she is exhausted.

"Ok, is anyone unaccounted for?" She asks.

"There's a handful, Alpha, mostly those in their late teens and early twenties, but we are tracking them and making sure they are safe. As well as those who are on holiday, although they have been notified of the situation, not all have answered."

"And those not in the country?" Zaia asks.

"The same goes for those studying abroad." He explains. "We've stressed that they do not return at this time."

Zaia nods, but she's still on edge. "I'm probably missing something..."

"That's enough for today, Zaia. You've done what you needed to. Stay on alert. That is all that matters. Come Zaia, you need rest.

"Alpha Sebastian is right. You have taken care of everyone and everything. The stocking of hospital supplies that you also requested are already being prepared and will be brought to the pack hall tomorrow." Justin tells her.

She really has thought of everything, but she is doubting herself.

"Come, Zaia."

Our eyes meet and I stare into those amethyst ones, trying to burn the image of them into my mind. The flecks of darker purple... the glimmer...

I observe her face, the dusting of freckles... her slender nose... plump lips Will I get a chance to see them up close again?

“Bastien?”

“Come,” I say, turning my back on her.

Probably not.

Posted by **NovelHeart**, 1350 Views, Released on October 11, 2023

21. A Kiss Deeper than Words or I Am The Luna Chapter 99 By Moonlight Muse

SEBASTIAN.

The sound of the shower running fills the room and I sit on the bed, running my fingers through my hair for the hundredth time.

How do I do this?

There's no time left...

I have to leave her...

Standing up, I leave the room silently and walk down the hall to the children's room. The light to Jai's room is on and I can hear quiet talking.

I hope for what it's worth that his injury at least helped Valerie forgive him a little. To this day, I don't think Jai was in his right mind when he ended up sleeping with Cara back then.

He had been so distraught I don't think he even knew who it was in that bed, simply rambling about how he needed to find Valerie.

I make sure I'm not making any sound as I slip into the children's room and look at the two little angels in bed. They're fast asleep and I realise I'm leaving them again.

I'm always leaving them. I sit down on the bed and look down at Zion, running my fingers through his dark hair. Take care of your mom and this pack, son. Be the Alpha I never could be.

Why did she have to love me? Why did she have to be fated to a fool like me? All I do is hurt her even when I don't want to...

I look over at Sia, her pale cheeks are flushed with a pink hue, and her breathing is shallow. He poisoned her... my little princess...

I brush a few strands of her hair off her face. It's so similar to Zaia's... She's going to grow up and look just like her mother and she will grow up.

She will live a healthy and happy life. I will get that antidote. Even if it's the last thing I do, she will survive this and she will heal.

My heart clenches, the pain in my chest is almost crippling. Leaning down, I kiss her forehead softly, inhaling her scent.

I'm sorry I won't get to see you grow. I kiss her hand gently before I kiss Zion, knowing he'll grow up strong. Take care of your sister for me, son.

I close my eyes, trying to calm the storm that is bubbling inside of me. Casting a final glance at the children, I stand up, not wanting Zaia to realise I'm missing from the bedroom. I get up. turning away and then stop.

Turning back, I look down at them once more, questioning myself.

What kind of father is never there?

One you don't need.

I gaze at their faces, knowing I'll never forget this moment. I love you both so fucking much and I don't deserve you.

My eyes are stinging, but I take a deep breath, turning away for the final time and striding to the door. If I look back, I don't know if I'll be able to walk away with the strength I need.

Returning to the bedroom, I can still hear the sound of water. The shower is still running, and I silently lock the door.

Pulling my top off, I get into bed, place my arms behind my head and close my eyes. I hear the shower switch off and after a few moments I hear her enter the bedroom, her scent mixed with the smell of her bath products....

I'm going to miss this...

I keep my breathing steady as I sense her watching me before there's a rustle as she gets dressed. There are a few moments of silence before I feel the bed dip and she slowly gets in between the sheets, trying not to disturb me.

"Hm," she murmurs, and I feel her fingers gently comb through my hair. " Goodnight, handsome."

My heart clenches as she leans in and gently kisses my forehead. The thudding of her heart already making my resolve break. I can't do this. Fuck, I can't leave her. My eyes snap open, and she's watching me with concern. "Hey, are you okay?"

she asks, caressing my jaw. She must have picked up on the change in my heart rate.

"Yeah," I say, unable to look directly into those amethyst orbs. Instead, I tug her close, wrapping my arms around her tightly.

Her heart is thudding in rhythm to my own.

"Bastien..." she murmurs, and I pull her head to my chest.

I don't respond- I can't.

Not without giving myself away.

'Bastien... talk to me,' she pleads through the mind link.

'It's been a long day, I'm just glad you are ok.' I reply quietly. She makes the mistake of looking up at me, concern clear in her eyes.

"Baby, what is it?" she asks softly. "Nothing, relax. Why are you so worried?" I ask, reaching up and brushing the wet locks of her hair back. She's wearing the shirt I had discarded not long ago.

Her eyes flutter shut as I run my fingers down her neck. Her face is make-up-free, and she looks breathtaking. She's a beauty...

I caress her cheeks, admiring her dusting of freckles. She opens her eyes, and they are glistening with tears. "I don't know... I'm scared." She whispers, her voice shaky. "You're scaring me."

She looks into my eyes, and I wonder if deep down she knows...

"I don't mean to," I reply quietly, clenching my jaw as I try to push away my emotions that are threatening to drown me.

"We're going to get through this, all of this. Together. We are going to find Gerard, and we are going to defeat the Sable. Together," she reassures me, but I wonder if she's reassuring herself as well.

Together...

"Promise me," she whispers, an underlying urgency in her tone.

I cup her face, unable to reply to her. How many more lies will I tell her? How many promises will I break? Our hearts are thumping violently before I claim her lips in a deep, passionate kiss, sending rivets of pleasure through us. One fuelled by a thousand emotions that are stronger than the most powerful of storms.

She whimpers softly against my lips, kissing me back with equal intensity as her eyes flutter shut.

I'm sorry.

I cup the back of her neck as I kiss her harder, never wanting to let her go.

You deserved better.

I nibble on her soft plush lip, cherishing the taste of her lips, the sweetness of her mouth.

I love you and I always will.

My love for you will never change...

I tighten my arms around her, and she grips onto me equally hard. Our bodies are moulded together as if made for one another.

We were... but destiny has its own plans You are the fucking rhythm that my heart beats to...

I caress her back, gripping the back of her neck and hair as I kiss her like it's for the last time and I know it is...

This is it... our final goodbye....

We break apart when she gasps for air and I'm breathing heavily, too.

"Get some rest... it's going to be a long day tomorrow." I say quietly, brushing my thumb over her plump lips. She nods. "I need to go to Dad's Pack, too."

I nod, "And I plan to leave extremely early. There are a few things that I want to check with the security around the grounds."

She smiles slightly, my words somehow comforting her.

"Great, sounds like a plan."

"Yeah. Make sure you're careful when you get to your dad's pack. Trust nothing and no one."

"Got it... So, are you leaving really early? I'm going to head out early, too." She asks as we settle down beside one another. I slip my arm under her head, and she snuggles against me.

"Yeah, I'll cover more ground."

To put more distance between us...

"Well, it is going to be a manic day, but let's do something tomorrow night, even if it's just a barbeque in the garden. The children will enjoy it too."

"Sounds good." I wrap my arms around her tightly, burying my head into her neck. Kissing her there tenderly.

I'm fucking sorry...

I wait for her to fall asleep, which doesn't take her long. She's exhausted from the long night. I should go... but I can't bring myself to move as I hold her, watching her sleep.

She's content... despite the exhaustion. There's a small, graceful smile on her beautiful face. I simply lay there, gazing at the angel in my arms until I know I can't afford to take any more time.

Taking a deep breath, I frown as I slowly ease her off my arm. My gaze lingers over the curve of her breasts and her tiny waist.

I run my hand down her waist and hip, caressing her thigh as I plant a soft kiss on her lips before I turn away and get out of bed, pulling the blanket up around her...

Now there is only one thing left to do before I leave...

I glance out of the window up at the full moon, my eyes blazing steely silver before I turn and head to the door, forcing myself not to look back. Because I know if I do... I won't be able to leave...

I'm sorry.

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on October 11, 2023

22. A Silent Name or I Am The Luna Chapter 100 By Moonlight Muse

ZAIA.

I pull on my jacket, glancing at the unmade bed. Sebastian had left early and I'm about to leave for Dad's pack.

Since I've awoken I feel uneasy. I know something isn't right at Dad's pack and although I have taken every precaution possible, I still feel on edge. Am I missing something vital?

I rush through a meeting with Mr Harrison. With everything going on, it's been exhausting but I can't afford to lose the deal.

I text Dad telling him I'll be there by noon, although I planned to get there sooner. I've also left Sebastian a message telling him I'm leaving since his phone is switched off.

"Alright guys, I'm off," I say, poking my head through the door of Jai's room. The kids are playing on the carpet and Valerie is sitting on the bed beside Jai and they were clearly mid-conversation.

Something's changed between them, I can tell from the way Jai has his leg propped up and Valerie is leaning ever so slightly against it. I hope they have made some amendments. I truly hope so, they both deserve happiness, and I can tell they love one another.

"Take care of yourself, Sebastian going with you?" Jai asks from where he's leaning against the headboard. I shake my head. "No, I'll have my guards and

some of Atticus's men," I say as I enter the room and kneel beside the kids, giving them both a kiss.

This time I didn't even expect Sebastian to go with me... I guess I need to be more independent, and he doesn't seem to want to accompany me. I wonder why, but I'm not brave enough to ask him... I just wish I had seen him once before I left.

He doesn't realise just how much his presence gives me strength, how his simple words of encouragement make me feel like I can take on the world. Jai frowns but says nothing.

"Atticus isn't either?" Valerie asks.

"No, he needs to handle security around both packs and make sure we are fully equipped. I'm hoping Sebastian managed to get some stuff sorted, although I'm not sure exactly what he's working on." I reply.

Hugging the children goodbye, I take my leave. Wondering exactly what Dad wanted to talk about. He sounded.... strange. I am on alert, but what if someone has gotten to him?

I'll be careful... I have a plan and one I hope gives me the upper hand if this ends up being some kind of trap. I will just need some help. Help from someone I really don't want to ask for help from, but I have no other option right now.

I now pull up on the corner of our previous home and look in the mirror. I'm wearing a blond wig and have put on several additional layers of clothes. A cap and glasses, just like our housekeeper.

Halfway here I had switched places with one of the female warriors of Atticus's pack. She is now travelling in my place towards this pack, and I came alone. I'm sure all eyes will be on the cars and my guards whilst I find Dad unseen.

I had taken a shortcut in the small red car, passing through security with ease. I had called Sebastian twice, but his phone was still switched off... I just wish he at least called once...

With one final glance, I slowly get out of the car. Mom doesn't know I'm coming, as I couldn't risk anyone knowing. I plan to go inside and ask Mom to call Dad and from there, we'll see what is going on.

I've dressed up similarly to the housekeeper and I'm praying the guards think I am her. Getting out, I grab the large bags of groceries and bend over as if the bags weigh a lot; I pretend to struggle as I walk towards the gate. Just how I have seen her do for years.

There's no guard at the gate so I key in the pin, trying not to worry. I scan my finger and when it beeps, a wave of relief floods through me; I'm still in the system.

This is the only part I was worried about, getting through the gates. The gate clicks open, and I step inside and spot two guards who seem to be on break as they hang around looking bored near the entrance.

They glance at me but say nothing. I just unlocked the gate, of course, they won't suspect me... As long as they don't check the system to see who just entered. Can I trust them? I am not sure.

I keep my pace steady as I slowly make my way to the doors to unlock them with my key, placing the bags down first, with my hand on my hip, just as I have seen our housekeeper do for years. If someone is watching us or has cameras, I can't let anyone suspect us. Almost inside...

This place is heavily guarded outside, but inside I will be fine. It's extremely quiet, and I place the bags into the coat closet before I begin searching around the house for Mom. I know the staff has been in and out, but as far as I know, Mom has refused to leave the house since our falling out.

If she thought that would make me come back, she was wrong. I can't forgive her for all her lies. Yes, I love her. She is my mom, after all.

There's complete silence, which means not even the staff is here... I was told I'd be notified if Mom left the house. I have heard nothing, so where is she?

I hurry up the stairs when I find she is not anywhere downstairs and head towards her bedroom. I knock on the door lightly, waiting for an answer, there is nothing. but I frown, trying the door handle. It's locked.

Is she asleep?

I knock again.

“Mom?” I whisper, glancing towards the stairs, hoping no one showed up like the actual housekeeper. The guards would be on alert then.

“Mom?” I call a little louder. The door is locked. She must be inside.

Closing my eyes, I press my ear to the door, trying to focus on any sound. My eyes blaze as I hone in on my surroundings. I can hear my own heart ... the sound of the wind outside... and – another heartbeat!

“Mom!” I call a little louder, my voice ringing in the silent hallway.

I think I hear a muffled sound.

“Mom?”

Something isn't right, and my senses are screaming at me.

Stepping back, I focus on the door as I slowly put distance between myself and the door. My back hits the wall opposite and I inhale slowly.

Ok, Zaia... you got this. Encouraging myself, I take a deep breath as I run at the door and slam my shoulder into it. A surge of orange aura surrounds me, and the door is ripped off its hinges.

I flinch as it falls onto the carpeted floor and hope no one heard the thud. Even if there is carpet, it is still loud. I look up and my heart almost stops when I see Mom lying on her bed, but that's not what gets to me.

Her hair is a mess, her arms and legs are tied behind her back, and she's gagged. She's lost a lot of weight and bruises fresh and old cover her body. She's injured. I can see bloodstains on the bed and worry envelops me.

“Mom!” My heart is pounding as I rush to her side, unable to stop my hands from shaking as I untie her quickly.

There are tears in her swollen bruised eyes, old make-up streaks cover her face, and I can tell from the odour she has not bathed in a while.

“Who did this!” I ask, my voice shaking as I remove the cloth from around her mouth. She hisses as I try to help her sit and I realise one of her arms is broken and the goddess knows what else.

“Zaia, leave. Leave my child!” She croaks.

I look around. She needs water!

I’m about to rush to the bathroom when she calls me. “There’s no time, Zaia, please go,” she whispers, her voice full of fear and urgency.

“I’m not leaving you,” I reply firmly, rushing to the bed again. “Who did this?” I ask, my eyes blazing with rage. I will destroy them.

Her eyes are saddened and they fill with tears. “They came... they wanted it... you have to go. Get it first.”

“Wanted what, mom?” I ask worriedly, my heart clenching. I feel guilty. I left her and this is what happened. I shouldn’t have let and sadness get in the way! my hurt Her tears flow, and she looks defeated.

The state she is in is killing me. This is the mother who was always ready to do everything for me despite her secrets... I shouldn’t have left her.

Goddess!

“The dust. It was him, your brother.” Her heart is thumping, and she closes her eyes. “Zade... Zade he- his left eye, it’s not normal. There’s something more... he... they want the dust.”

She’s panicking and I freeze, thinking I heard something. I place a finger to my lips as I listen, but there’s only silence. Standing up, I strip out of several layers of clothes and ready the gun I’ve brought. Just in case.

I need to get Mom out of here, but I don’t trust using my phone not knowing who I can call. Who is close enough to come to my help?

Dad’s strange message is now making me worry about him, too. What if they got him, too?

“Mom, calm down. Tell me, my brother – Zade, he is part of the Sable... What does he look like?” I ask, brushing her hair back gently. She flinches and I feel the matted blood.

How could they do this?!

“Auburn hair, grey eyes, but one- one eye changes.” She says, her eyes widening with horror.

I nod. “And who else, do you know anyone else that you can tell me about? Who did this?” I ask gently, knowing she couldn’t tell me those who attacked us back when we were newborns.

She tenses. “It was Zade... he did this...” She closes her eyes as another wave of tears seeps from her eyes.

How could he...

“You need to know. I have to tell you where the dust is,” she whispers, suddenly looking at me with sharp eyes.

Moon Dust.

“You mean Moon Dust, right?” I whisper. She nods, her heart thundering violently.

“The Dust... it will lead you. Look Zaia, you need to leave, they are out – blood.. The Dust – my old home, under the stairs. In the closet, at the back, there is a floorboard. Under there.” Her words become incoherent, and her eyes become glassy.

I’m listening to everything carefully. Making sure I don’t miss anything she is saying. The Moon Dust, mom has some?

“Are you- listen to me. Tell no one. We have to keep it secret.” Her eyes sharpen as she stares at me imploringly.

“I will, I promise,” I say gently. She nods, and suddenly she seems to still. She looks at me seriously and smiles softly. “I’m glad I got to see you one more time... you know... I didn’t tell them, no matter what they did.”

“Don’t say that Mom, this is not the last time,” I say. She’s scaring me. “I did my best.” Tears stream down her cheeks, and I tilt my head, caressing her face.

“You did well Mom, I’m so proud of you.”

“I want to fix things between us... I... I did your father wrong. I was an awful mate, an awful wife... but I have always loved him and you... I... I want you

safe, don't trust them. There's more of them That boy who used to play in the woods... he is one of them... M-My father too... He... He was the one who took him."

She flinches and I frown. What boy?

"Grandfather?"

As far as I knew, my grandfather was not in touch with Mom...

"He is one of them and that pathetic woman who thinks she-" she coughs"
Don't trust A-"

She coughs again, and I see a trickle of blood run down her cheek.

"Who Mom?"

"She was... she is on their side. A- A." She's struggling, and I can tell she's trying her best. She opens her mouth, but no sound comes out as her eyes roll shut. "Ah..."

"Mom!" I say, my heart thumping as I hear hers beginning to fade. "No... no!"

I'm losing her...

Her mouth moves but no sound comes out and over my thundering heart, I'm unable to make out what she's saying.

My stomach twists as I remember back then she said she couldn't say or something would happen.

Is this some kind of magic?

Would it kill her?

No, please no!

I need to get help! I take out my phone, dropping the gun onto the bed, but I freeze when I realise her heartbeat is gone.

Mom is gone...

I stare at the bruised, battered body before me, realising I failed her... and now, I've lost her. Tears sting my eyes, blurring my vision as I stare down at the body before me.

Lifeless...

The phone slips from my hand, my thundering heart loud in my ears and my breath shaky. I'm about to touch her when I see the faint shadow fall over me.

The shadow of someone silently approaching me from behind...