

# **I Am The Luna Chapter 101-110**

## **By Moonlight Muse**

Posted by **NovelHeart**, 1346 Views, Released on October 28, 2023

23. An Attack ZAIA. or I Am The Luna Chapter 101 By Moonlight Muse

I look down at my gun on the bed and trying to keep my heart steady, I grab the gun and spin around, swinging it at the person creeping up on me.

It's a man. He's tall and clearly well- built, wearing black sweatpants and a hoodie. It's all I see as a low snarl escapes him and he shoves me back with immense force.

Blindly, I pull the trigger on the gun. The sound is loud as the bullet hits the ceiling. The man is on top of me fast, his knee to my stomach as he throws me onto the bed, grabbing my hair as he hits me across the face.

I kick out blindly, trying to get up, only for the man to throw a punch at me. I can taste blood in my mouth as I struggle to free myself and roll off the bed, hitting the carpeted floor.

This man is strong.

Everything is happening so fast and the way he's moving, I can tell he is not new to this. He's wearing a baseball cap that covers his eyes and although I'm trying to get a look at him, I'm unable to.

He grabs hold of my ankle when I try to kick him and yanks my legs out from under me, but this time I'm ready and I don't plan to go down that easily this time.

I'm unable to pull the trigger on the gun that I'm still holding, but twisting, I slam the end of it into his crotch with all the strength I can muster, a low growl ripping from my throat.

He grunts and lets go of me, yanking the gun from my hold and swinging it at me despite clutching his crotch. I jump to my feet, breathing hard.

"You hurt her... didn't you?" I ask, my voice shaking. He doesn't reply, and he's recovered fast, rushing at me once again, but this time I'm ready. My eyes blaze as my aura surges around me.

“Enough!” I scream as he makes impact with me and I push back with all force, throwing him to the ground. His aura fills the room, and he growls menacingly. I can hear shouting and the sound of footsteps.

He turns, glancing at the door before he looks back at me and I’m looking into a pair of grey eyes, but one of them doesn’t have a pupil... just a full grey...

What is that? He smiles slightly, and my heart skips a beat as a strong sense of familiarity rushes through me.

“Hello there.” He whispers. His voice is deep yet soft, rhythmic even, and my stomach drops.

I know who it is...

He looks a lot like Dad. His eyes are the colour of Mom’s, but there’s a coldness to them, almost as if they are soulless.

“Zade,” I say quietly.

Our eyes meet and I see the glimmer of surprise in them.

“You know who I am.”

“Of course, I do. You look just like Dad.” I say. “And you have her eyes... how could you kill her?”

“I didn’t kill her, you did,” he says with such confidence it makes my heart drop.

“No, I didn’t.”

“Didn’t you? She was alive when I left her several minutes earlier.” He whispers challengingly. “You’re sick,” I say, trying to control my emotions.

Mom might still wake up...

“I really don’t know what is so special about you... but you picked the wrong side!” He snarls, before he swings his fist at me. I duck, kicking out at his feet from beneath him, he staggers, falling to one knee, but he’s up fast.

“What’s going on?!” The shout from a guard comes.

I see him glance towards the window.

I can't let him get away! He's about to run to the window and I throw myself at him, trying to stop him. We struggle for a few moments, the running footsteps getting closer.

Just a bit longer!

Suddenly he slams his elbow into my chest, throwing me off with such power I go flying across the room and hit the far wall.

I groan as I slide down the wall. Pain rushes through my head, as the door is thrown open just as Zade jumps through the window smashing right through the glass.

"What's going on?!" One of the guards shouts as three men burst through the door.

I scramble to my feet. "Out the window! Secure the area! Capture him! We have a killer out there!" I shout as the guards rush to do my bidding.

"What is..." the guard trails off as he stares at the bed. "Take the staff into custody, I want to know how this happened!" I say, feeling dizzy.

"Yes, Alpha!" Two more men rush from the room, and I touch the back of my head. I can feel the wetness and look down at my fingers.

Blood.

My head is pounding incessantly, and I can barely see straight. I walk over to the bed, as I watch one of the guards check Mom's pulse. Deep down I pray that maybe I'm mistaken and that there'll be a heartbeat. Even if it's quiet...

Please let me be wrong. He turns to look at me and from the look in his eyes, I know what he's going to say.

I know it but I don't want to hear it.

"Ma'am, she..."

"I know," I say as I look at Mom's lifeless body on the bed.

Her battered body is a painful reminder that when she needed me, I wasn't here

She's gone.

She's really gone....

Sadness and guilt crush me as I place a hand on my chest, trying to breathe. A part of me wants to run after Zade and make him pay, but I can't do anything like this... I can barely walk straight.

I look at the wall behind me, realising I had hit my head on the corner of the chest of drawers.

"I need to get to my father's home fast, order for backup to be sent there immediately, and make sure all the staff and guards are accounted for. I will be questioning everyone." I say clearly.

As much as I want to mourn her, I need to make sure Dad is safe. I rush to the window, trying to push the dizziness away and leap out. I shift mid-air, landing lithely as I run towards Dad's home, my surroundings becoming a blur.

I'm trying not to focus on the pain or injury, more worried about him. What if something's happened to him?

The very thought terrifies me. What if Zade managed to contact someone?! What if someone is with Dad and they kill him? My heart is pounding, fear filling me as I push myself faster...

Reaching Dad's home, I can see the guards are already teeming into the building.

I leap through the door that the guards have clearly forced open. I shift back into human form, as several guards raise their guns at me only to recognise me and lower their heads. Averting their gaze.

"Find Father!" I command as I motion and one of the guards offers me a shirt, keeping his gaze down. "Thanks," I say as I pull it on and rush up the stairs, trying to pick up on Dad's scent.

Please, Goddess, don't let anything happen to him!

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24. A Terrifying Reality ZAIA. or I Am The Luna Chapter 102 By Moonlight Muse

“Dad!” I shout,

“What on earth are you doing in my home? Without even knocking!”

I come to a halt as I come face to face with Annette. She’s holding a cup of tea in her hand and looks shocked to see me.

“Where is Dad?” I ask.

She frowns. “Your father has been on a business trip for the last few days.” Hearing the shouts from downstairs, she rushes to the balcony. “Who have you brought into my house?!”

A few guards rush up the stairs and I watch her, not trusting her.

“Search the house, leave no room out.”

I walk over to Annette and hold my hand out. “Give me your phone.”

She frowns, but she takes it out of her pocket and holds it out, hesitantly. “When is the last time you spoke to father?” I ask.

“The day he left... why?” she asks, her face paling as she looks at my neck and I know she can see the blood that is trickling down it. “What is going on, Zaia?”

“I talked to Dad last night... I need to find him... Unlock the phone, please.” I say and she quickly keys in her number, and I call him.

“The number you are calling is currently switched off, to leave a message...” the operator’s voice comes.

Fuck!

I turn away from Annette, running a hand through my hair, calling Jai instead.

“Hello?” He answers.

“Track where Dad made the last call to my cell phone. His phone is now switched off and according to Annette, he went on a business trip a few days ago.” I say, my heart feeling heavy.

“On it... Is everything otherwise ok, Zaia?”

“No,” I say, unable to bring myself to tell him about Mom. “Has Bastien returned?”

“No. I’ll call him, don’t worry. Do you need backup or help?” “Just tell him things are a mess here and to call me on this number. Please.” I just need to hear his voice. I need him to help me out a little.

My head is still hurting, and I feel useless. I shifted, but I’m not healing as fast as I want it to. “Alright, take care of yourself, Alpha,” Jai says quietly.

“I will,” I reply.

Dad is missing, Mom is dead...

She’s dead.

My heart is thumping as I scan the spacious hallway that seems to be spinning. It’s my fault Mom was left here alone...

My fault she is dead...

I am a horrible person...

What have I done?

Where are you, Dad?

Focus, Zaia.

“Alpha Zaia! A call for you!” I turn to see one of Dad’s loyal guards hurrying over to me.

I take the phone and hold it to my ear.

“Hello?” I ask.

“Zaia. We failed, the car you were supposed to be travelling in... it was involved in a crash, and no one made it out alive.” Atticus’s voice comes, making my heart thump.

That was no accident...

That woman... the guards...

“No...”

“Hey... as long as you’re safe. I’m coming there. Don’t go out alone.” Atticus says and I hate that even he sounds shaken.

“How much did we lose?” I whisper.

“Seventeen people.” He replies gravely.

“I’m sorry...” I reply, knowing most of those were from his pack.

“Yeah... me too... We’ll get through this.”

“Dad’s missing, Atticus,” I whisper.

There’s silence. “I’m coming, wait for me.”

“Ok,” I say.

Please, Sebastian, call me....

That unease I felt this morning returns to me with vengeance and it’s scaring me. Things can’t get worse than this, but then why do I still feel like I’m missing something?

I hang up and look at Annette. “Did you learn anything as per our deal?”

She frowns. “That was more than enough!” she says. “What was? We had a deal. You would get me some information, or something.”

“It was so hard to find that number. I swear I went to places I didn’t think I’d ever return to.” She hisses quietly, glancing at the guards.

“What number?” I ask, now frowning.

“He never... Oh Goddess, I told him to pass you the number in person! He wanted to see the children before the business trip! Who knows if the number will still work and I worked so hard to get it! So he never stopped at your pack...”

Realisation dawns upon her, and she looks unnerved.

Everything is going wrong!

“What number?” I ask,

“I’ll go get it,” she says hurrying to her bedroom. I follow her, not trusting her as she rummages in her vanity table drawer before taking out a card. “Here. It’s one of theirs.” She whispers as if someone might hear her.

I dial the number and it rings. I wonder if it really is. Did she manage to find something? The phone is answered after a few rings, but no one speaks.

“I’m sure you can hear me.” I begin.

“Zaia, lovely to hear your beautiful voice again.”

My stomach twists as my eyes blaze, recognising that voice. “Gerard...”

“Track the call. Now.” I mouth to one of the guards. He nods as he hurries away, and Annette stands there observing me. He chuckles. “Ah, yes. Glad that you recognised my voice.”

“Shame you aren’t dead.” I hiss. “You had your chance to end it, but you didn’t. So luckily I’m alive and well..

Now... I’m doing the courtesy to give you a warning. Stand down, admit defeat, and give up your packs before I take everything from you.”

How dare he....

“Did you hear me?” He asks dangerously. “You may have been the one to take my mother, but you will not take anything else from me. I will never stand down.” I snarl, trembling with rage.

He chuckles. “We shall see, aren’t you missing daddy dearest?” he taunts.

Father...



Unease ripples through me, but I also know what Dad would expect from me ... no matter how hard it is...

“Are you a coward? That you are using my father against me?” I ask, my voice full of hatred.

“Hmm, all is fair... I have to do what I have to do.... The choice is yours Zaia, keep refusing and I will take everyone from you one by one.”

“No. You will pay for this.”

He laughs again as if what I said is amusing.

“Will I? Don’t challenge me, Zaia, when you are already losing everyone one by one... You couldn’t protect your daughter... you couldn’t protect your mother...”

His words are hitting hard, and my eyes prickle with tears.

I’m trying...

“Oh, and now your father. I’ll make sure you get his body.”

“Don’t you dare touch him! If you want to fight, come, let’s do this.” He laughs again, making my blood boil, but the panic I’m feeling for Dad is rising.

“You’ve already lost a fourth person...” He whispers and my heart sinks.

Who?

Are the children- Sebastian.

He hasn’t been in touch with me all morning...

“Sebastian...” I whisper, unable to hide the tremble from my voice.

Goddess, please no... help me. Fear consumes me as Gerard’s laugh rings through the phone. “Only this time, he came willingly. Sebastian is finally where he belongs.”

“Lie!” I snarl. “Is it? How else did I get out of there, if it wasn’t for his help? He played you, you little stupid wench.” he hisses.

“No! He would never-”

“Really? He wouldn’t? Give me a second Sebastian, say hello,” Gerard says, making my heart skip a beat. No. No, it’s probably someone else who will pretend-

“I don’t have time for that. End the call.”

My breath hitches, my eyes widening in horror as Sebastian’s cold voice comes down the line.

No...

My worst nightmare is coming true...

Gerard’s laughter echoes down the phone before the line goes dead and the phone slips from my hand, falling to the marble floor and shattering.

Just the way my heart is shattering inside of me...

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## **25. A Broken Heart ZAIA. or I Am The Luna Chapter 103 By Moonlight Muse**

Please say this is a lie...

His words through the phone echo in my mind, making everything else fade away. “Zaia!” Annette’s distant shout echoes in my mind as I fall to my knees, broken.

Sebastian left me.

Tears stream down my cheeks as I clutch my chest. The pain I feel is far worse than anything I have felt in my life. Far more excruciating than when he rejected me years ago.

It hurts so much... my heartbeat is ringing in my ear, along with the shrill whistling sound that makes my head want to explode.

I cannot breathe.

Sebastian...

“Why!” I scream as I stare ahead, unseeing.

Flashes of our moments together flood my mind but all I can focus on is him. The signs were there, the way he was behaving... how long had he been planning to do this?

I thought we were a team. I told him I needed him. Why?

Will I never just be enough to keep him happy? Sobs wrack my body and I feel like I've lost everything. The threads of my life had begun to come undone, yet I still held on... still hoped for something more.

Mom... Dad... Sebastian...

In the end, I failed. Just the way I am failing Sia and my people...

Why is the goddess doing this to us?

“You chose the wrong one! Why?!” I scream. “If you really cared... if you're really out there... why would you do this?” My voice breaks as I hug myself. I feel so alone... I am alone...

I was the wrong person for this. I've tried... tried to do my best, but I'm not doing enough...

Why did you make us for one another if your only aim was to rip us apart and crush my strength? Despite everything, he gave me the strength to continue. Why did I allow myself to fall for him again? Why did I unwrap my damaged heart for him?

He was my strength... he was the one who I had learned to forgive and not only did I fall for him again; I fell for him all over again.

I don't want to feel this pain...

I clamp my hands over my mouth, rocking myself as I try to pull myself together, but I can't. He's destroyed me... Destroyed the trust I had in him. Sobbing, I clutch at my aching heart, hurting so badly.

“Red...” Strong arms wrap around me, pulling me against a firm chest. “He left me... again,” I whisper, a fresh wave of tears running down my cheeks. “I can't tired...” cope anymore. I'm tired, I'm so

“It’s going to be ok. We’re going to figure this out...”

How?

So many times I felt like he was saying goodbye...

Last night... he was saying goodbye, wasn't he?

Mom... she's gone too.

Dad...

I grip my head as it squeezes in pain. My claws are out and my eyes blaze with my emotions.

“Zaia! Zaia, look at me!”

Someone forces my head to the right, and I think it's Atticus, but it's becoming dark. “Sebastian, I want to talk to him. He needs to know that there are other options.” I plead through my tears. One last try... because I didn't give Mom a chance...

‘SEBASTIAN! If you can hear me, please please listen!’

I'm met with nothing but a wall and I cry out in desperation.

“Zaia...” Atticus's voice fades away as my vision begins to spin and then, everything becomes blissfully dark...

Night has fallen and I'm sitting on my bed, exhausted yet unable to sleep, in pain yet unable to feel it. Betrayed, yet unable to comprehend it.

How do I recover?

I hate showing the kids how I feel, but today I was unable to hold my tears back as I hugged and kissed my babies, breaking into tears.

They are my strength; they are the only strength I need, but how do I tell them their dad has left them once again?

In the darkness of my bedroom, despite being alone, my thoughts don't relent. Self-doubt, self-blame, guilt, sorrow, pain, betrayal...

And despite the storm within me, the only thing I know is, I failed. Failed everyone and everything...

Sebastian is truly gone.

Mom is dead.

Dad is missing.

These are the facts that keep hammering at my soul.

I'm a failure...

Atticus was the one to find me and bring me home... once again, he's the one who was there to pick me up after the man I loved destroyed me.

Why does love exist? Why does the mate bond exist when it only gives others the power to destroy us?

My heart hurts...

There's a knock on the door, and I don't move when it opens. There are three of them, and Valerie is holding a tray of drinks.

"We thought you might need a little pick me up." She says softly as she comes over, placing the tray down and kissing my forehead. I turn away, my eyes stinging as I stare out through the open window at the moon above. Nothing can fix this...

They enter and Atticus leaves the door open a crack, murmuring something about the children being asleep. He sits on the floor beside the bed, stretching his legs out, but I know he's concerned.

Tonight... I was unable to hide my emotions from anyone. Even my babies. I am an awful mother. I can't even give them the best life they deserve and Sebastian... I wasn't good enough for him....

Jai sits beside me, wrapping his arms around me, but I don't want anyone to touch me. I just want to be left alone.

The fatigue I feel is clawing inside of me, but I refuse to let myself fall into an endless abyss of pain and doom. "Come on, where's that beautiful smile that we all melt over?" Jai says, wiping away my tears.

I don't respond, as Valerie laughs gently. "It's hiding for a bit, but it'll show through soon. Here Zaia." she offers me a chocolate muffin but I shake my head, refusing it.

Was I put here simply to fulfil the goddess's wishes? Her mission for her people... is that it? Do I not deserve anything else?

I pull free from Jai's hold and wrap my arms around my knees, refusing the mug of hot chocolate that Valerie offers me. "It's hot chocolate?" she whispers gently.

I shake my head, turning away.

"You haven't eaten all day, Red," Atticus says.

I don't want anything...

Jai sighs heavily. He didn't take Sebastian leaving well at all. How will I tell the children their father is gone? That he has left them again.

How much pain are we going to cause our babies? "So, what now?" Valerie asks the question that I know is on the minds of the others. My eyes sting with tears as I bury my head in my arms.

"We prepare... with Sebastian on their side, it means he knows the ins and outs of this pack better than anyone," Atticus says quietly.

"They won't attack," Valerie says.

"He is one of them. He might." I reply emotionlessly. "Let's think about this tomorrow," Jai says, and I can feel his eyes on me.

"The wicked don't rest... so neither will we," I reply quietly.

My heart may feel dead, but somehow... Somehow there's that tiny flame inside of me that refuses to die out....

"Prepare to combine the Crystal Shadow Pack and the Dark Hollow Falls Pack. With Dad missing, I am the next in line... I know he's alive because I haven't felt a power shift." I say.

"What about your brother? Can there be a chance that he could be the next in line-"

“No, Dad and I have already completed the ritual that would make me his heir. He is alive. I don’t know where, but I will find him.” I say firmly, now looking up.

My heart is heavy, broken, and in pain. But the world won’t stop for me. “Zaia are you sure you’re, ok?” Atticus asks, concerned.

“No, it would be a lie to say I am, will be,” I say quietly. but I I know I’ll have moments where I’ll break, but there are still those who need me... need my protection.

“Just take it easy for a bit,” Atticus says and I shake my head. “No, I need to organise Mom’s funeral and there’s a lot more that needs doing,” I reply.

“That’s my girl,” Valerie says with a gentle smile. “We are at war as I said... and I’m presuming they want me to fall...” I look out at the moon once more. There is a lot that must be done and the first thing I will do tomorrow is find the Moon Dust.

“You are a force to be reckoned with.” Jai whistles with a small smile. But I don’t have the heart to return it. ” Even the strongest of forces shatter... and I am far from the strongest... but I will not let them break me...”

“You are incredible, Zaia. You got this.” Valerie says, taking my hand and giving it a gentle squeeze.

“Mm... the first thing we need to do is work on the mind link,” I say, now looking at all three of them. “Let’s show them that the Sublime are fighters.

“Yes, let’s do it!” Jai says.

Their spirits are lifted, and I realise as long as I show them that I am fine, that it gives everyone else hope.... For them, I must keep fighting even if I’m dying inside.

Where did I fail, Bastien? Where did I lack that I lost you once again?

Because I did love you, with everything I had...

I just wish you talked to me...

But I wasn’t important enough... 12

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## **26. A Word of Warning or I Am The Luna Chapter 104 By Moonlight Muse**

ZAIA.

“My patience is gone, and I don’t want to resort to any harsh methods, but I will if I have to,” I warn dangerously, my eyes flashing as I look over at Annalise. “Who was the person you talked to back in Atticus’s pack on New Year’s Eve?”

It’s the following day and although I did not get any sleep, it didn’t stop me from doing what’s needed. I hate that I had to make Jai work so soon, but I had sent him to Dad’s pack to question the guards and staff around Mom’s home.

A postmortem would be carried out to see what injuries she had been dealt and hope we get an idea of when they snuck into Mom’s home.

Our home...

By her final words, it was clear they wanted to know about the Moon Dust. That would be my second goal of the day after this visit to Annalise.

“I don’t remember!” She says in an extremely stressed-out voice. “You do!” I growl, slamming my fist onto the table. She flinches, her heart thumping as she stares at me fearfully.

I know my eyes are as orange as my hair and I know I’m being harsher than normal, but I have no option. Kindness did not get me far.

“I... I don’t... it... Gaspard! It was Gaspard!”

She’s still lying...

I can tell from the way her eyes are darting around the room that she just said his name on impulse.

I sit back. “I know you can’t mention the name of the person behind it all as it can affect you and the baby... So how about this? I will ask a few questions, Annalise. A yes and no can work... I’m sure that can get us past the magic.” I say thoughtfully, hoping it did.



“The man you spoke to is the same man you could not mention when you said you were told to pretend you were kidnapped, correct?”

She purses her lips before she looks down, then back at me.

That’s a yes...

“Do I know this person? I ask.

Her lips tremble, and her heartbeat races, but she doesn’t reply.

“Ok, you can’t say...”

She stares stubbornly to the side, stroking her stomach, and I stand up. The moment the baby is born, it will be taken from you and you will serve a proper sentence,” I say coldly as I stand up.

She simply stares off to the side, and I turn about to leave the room when I look back at her. “I met Zade, my brother... he killed mother. As for our father... he’s missing.” my I’m terrified... terrified that what if Zade has forced him to give him the Alpha title. Maybe something has happened to Dad, and I won’t know because he’s done the same ritual with Zade and that would override the first one-

Stop Zaia.

My heart is thumping and even she’s tensed at my words, and I know although she is not his biological daughter, she is still his daughter.

“Wait, what happened to Dad? Is Mom ok?!” she asks, panicking.

“She is for now, but the way things are going, everyone is in danger.” I remind her. “We need the answers, and you need to reevaluate whose side you are on because they will kill anyone who is of no use to them or those who defy them.”

“They won’t kill me! I’m carrying a baby! Gaspard won’t let them!”.

“And what power does Gaspard hold?”

Her heart skips a beat, and I look at her suspiciously.

“Gaspard...” He is from Dad’s pack, and Mom mentioned a boy...

Could it be?

The puzzle contains a thousand pieces and I keep finding more that do not fit. "What power does Gaspard hold, Annalise?" I ask, now turning to face her fully.

She remains silent, and my eyes flash." Answer me if you are not bound by magic!" I say, my alpha command rippling through me.

"He is important to them!" she shouts, her eyes flashing and her heart thumps as she realises she's answered me. So that at least rules out the fact Gaspard was definitely not the one in Atticus's pack.

"Important... everyone has a purpose and when that purpose is fulfilled, everyone becomes collateral. Just like the Rogue Alpha was."

"What do you mean?" she asks.

"I killed Olivan, and none of his so- called allies came to protect him, and when I find Gaspard... he too will suffer the same fate as Olivan, I am done playing nice."

"You've changed... What happened to you?" she asks, curiosity and fear in her eyes.

I raise an eyebrow. "I lost my patience. I trusted far too many... now it's time for the Alpha within me to end this. I will give you one final warning, Annalise... choose your side carefully because the Sublime will win this."

With those words I shut the door, not waiting for a reply as I make my way out of her new room in the prison facility. She'll be given everything she needs here, but I can't risk not having her in prison.

I've already reset the security and call it extreme, but I am the only one who can now access the prison and security. Without my permission, no one leaves.

A move that I know will only put me at further risk, but I can't trust anyone anymore...

I can still trust my friends...

But can I?

I hate that I'm beginning to doubt everyone, but I can't help it.

I go over to my awaiting car and open the driver's seat.

"Please get out," I say.

"Ma'am, is everything ok?"

"Yes," I say. "I'm taking the car, and you will not tell anyone." Once again, the alpha command rolls off my tongue with ease.

"Yes, Alpha." He bows his head and I get in, placing my bag down on the passenger seat and starting the car. I zoom off.

I need to get to Mom's old house, but I need to make sure no one follows. If Zade was in the house that day, there was a high chance he heard what Mom said... maybe, maybe not....

I drive away from pack grounds and when I reach one of the narrow roads I park my car, and quickly pull on a black coat and a blond wig. I step out of the car, continuing the rest of the way on foot. I'm carrying a large tote bag which holds a gun and a few other supplies.

Under the stairs...

I reach Mom's home, remembering after the rejection how I came here, and she supported me.

I messed up...

With a heavy heart, I look at the windows. The net curtains still hang in the windows and a part of me feels that perhaps I could walk up to that door and knock...

And maybe, maybe she'll open it and hug me, telling me it'll be ok...

I was angry at you Mom... but I didn't want you to leave...

Brushing away a tear, I remain in the shadows. The neighbours around here have always been nosy...

I make my way around the back of the house, keeping hidden as I inch closer to the house.

Once I cross the patio, I know the neighbours can't see me and I quickly get to work on the back door. I manage to break the lock quickly and slip inside, shutting the door quietly behind me.

The sound echoes in the silence despite how quietly I shut it and I look around the dark kitchen. The dust particles that were disturbed by my entry waft through the air and I glance around the kitchen.

It looks the same, just Mom's homely touch is missing.

She's gone.

She'll never make me another meal... never give me another hug... despite her flaws, she was a good mother... I just wish I realised that sooner. How many people live with grudges and only when that person is gone do we realise it's too late...

Too late to say I love you one final time ... too late to hold them for another moment...

The pain of losing her hits me like a freight train and I drop into one of her chairs, resting my elbows on the table. I take a moment to reminisce on the time we've spent together.

It's peaceful....

After several minutes, I stand up with a heavy heart, shouldering my bag and leave the kitchen, walking over to the closet under the stairs.

Pulling back the lock, I pull open the door. It creaks loudly, and I glance around the hall before I step into the closet. Taking my gun out, I cock the trigger, placing it down gently beside me. No, I don't think anyone is here, but you can never be too careful...

There are a few boxes and an old raincoat in here. I move the stuff aside. From the layer of dust that covers them, it's clear they haven't been touched. I then pull up the lino flooring and feel around for the floorboards, hoping one might be looser.

She did say at the back... none seem to be loose, and I reach into my bag, taking out one of the screwdrivers I had brought with me and begin prying it loose.

Once I get the first one up, I manage to loosen two more, much easier. Taking out my phone, I shine the light underneath.

Where is it?

I scrabble around, feeling under the floorboards as I begin ripping more up. I cough, trying not to inhale too much dust. I've taken apart all the floorboards under the stairs but...

Did I misunderstand her?

I feel and check every corner and niche.

My heart sinks as I realise there's nothing here.

A dead end...

Once again, another failure.

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

## **27. A Finding ZAIA. or I Am The Luna Chapter 105 By Moonlight Muse**

"Think Zaia... think..." I mutter as I feel under the floorboards once again. I need it, not only to track the Sable but to find Dad. Those I have sent out to search for him have so far found nothing, as I feared.

I refuse to let this put me down. This goal is all that is keeping me going strong. I'm desperate for some kind of victory as I sit there trying to think where it could be.

Mom said... our old home...

Could she possibly mean the house we lived in right after Dad and her split?

I tilt my head before I quickly begin putting the floorboards back. I have to hurry, in case someone finds out I'm here. The dust is no longer coating the planks as it was before I touched them, but there is little I can do.

I just hope no one realises someone's been here, or that I may have found the Moon Dust; I don't want them to know that either.

Once everything is put back to the best of my capabilities, I leave the way I entered, through the back. Pausing in the door, I look at the house Mom lived in. She didn't like Sebastian, yet she came here, to this pack for me.

I feel the same wave of guilt that has refused to leave me since her death, and I close the door after me, not looking back. There are things we cannot change... we must simply learn from them.

I return to my car and decide that there is no point in delaying looking in the other house and so I drive towards Dad's pack. I call Jai, deciding to tell him I'll be late, as I have some things to do.

"Zaia, all ok?"

"Yeah, but I will be a little late, I have something I need to do." "Zaia, please don't do this alone. You have us. We're here to help."

"I know..." There are just some things I need to do alone. "I'll be fine."

"Ok... just take care of yourself."

"I will."

The roads blur past and another strong wave of emotions consumes me as I end the call. A sudden thought enters my mind, and I almost hit the brakes.

Why does Zade want the Moon Dust? What could they possibly want with it that made him torture Mom for answers? They know where we are... unlike us, who have no idea where they are located. My heart is racing and I'm sure it isn't simply, so I don't get my hands on it, there has to be more to it...

There is a reason they want the Moon Dust, and I need to make sure they never get their hands on it. With that in mind, I press my foot down on the accelerator, speeding up as I race towards Dad's pack.

Yet the question never leaves my mind.

Why?

There has to be an answer. I reach Dad's pack and I lower the window, so the guards can see who I am. The entrance to the pack is heavily guarded on my orders.

“Mind if we check the trunk, Alpha?” “Of course,” I say. Those are the rules I set. I can’t afford any carelessness. They instantly open the gates, allowing me entry.

“Alpha!” Gordon, one of the guards, says as he approaches the car and lowers his head politely. “You shouldn’t be travelling alone.”

The pack members have been relocated to the inner parts of the pack for their safety, with security and patrol heavy.

“I have things to do.” I say, “I wanted to come check how the questioning went?”

“Well, the housekeeper said she did feel worried when your mother refused to leave her room and commanded food to be left outside her door, but she admits she should have told someone.”

“Question her again. I don’t believe that. Someone should have raised the alarm if they hadn’t even seen her for days.” I say dismissively. “If we don’t get the answers, I’ll question them myself. I want answers, not excuses.”

My eyes flash as Gordon lowers his head, and I put the car into drive. “I will be at the Pack House in about an hour’s time. Bring them all there for questioning, including the guards who have been on duty for the last three weeks.”

“Yes, Alpha!”

I slide my window up and drive off, gripping the steering wheel tightly. I will find the answers, one way or another.

I pull up outside the house where Mom and I once stayed, realising I didn’t consider the chance that someone would be living here....

How do I get to the under-the-stair closet in someone else’s home? A sudden thought comes to me and taking a deep breath, I step out of the car, shouldering my bag and walk to the door. Ringing the bell, I wait.

It’s opened soon by a man in his late forties. “Hello... Alpha?” he looks confused before lowering his head politely.

“Hello... Mr...”

“Grant, Alpha.”

“Mr Grant...”

I force a smile, pretending to be upset, although it's not hard when so many things are pushing me to the edge. One thought of Sebastian's betrayal or Mom's death brings tears to my eyes, and I take a deep, shaky breath.

“Do forgive me for intruding... I don't know if you know, but this is the house that I grew up in... with my mother.” I say, wrapping my arms around myself.

His face instantly falls and looks worried. “I'm so sorry. I do remember hearing that. I am sorry about your mother. I truly am.”

“Thank you... I was wondering if I could have a moment to look around.” I say quietly. “Just one final time to reminisce about the memories we shared here.”

“Of course! Right away, come on in Alpha.” He says, quickly stepping aside. I step inside, my eyes going to the under -the-stairs closet. Could it be here?

I'm inside... but how do I send him away? I walk down the hallway. It's changed a lot, but even then, the echoes of moments spent in these halls fill my mind.

'Zaia! No muddy shoes inside! Mommy! Look what I found! Zaia! Dinner is ready Oh, my favourite... Zaia, will you be late? Take care of yourself... You will always have me!'

Memories swirl around my mind, and I'm not prepared for them.

Mom...

“Alpha...” I look at Grant, who offers me a tissue.

“Thank you... may I have a while alone?” I ask quietly.

“Yes, my daughter is upstairs... I will go join her. Take your time.”

“Thank you...”

He bows his head and heads upstairs.

Excellent.



I hear his footsteps fade as he heads down the hallway and I quickly walk to the under the stairs cupboard and unlatch it.

The emotions are still threatening to consume me, but I do my best to focus on the task at hand. There are a lot of coats inside but I'm relieved that the floor is pretty empty, save a few items.

Taking out the few pairs of shoes, I put down my bag and get to work as fast as possible; knowing that he could come down soon or perhaps someone could walk through the front door.

My senses are on alert as I quickly pry open the floorboard at the back. I work quickly and when I have three pried up; I remove the insulation from the ground and peer into the darkness, using my phone flashlight to help in case I miss something.

I'm feeling around, doubt creeping into my mind when I spot it; a small black pouch covered in dust, peeking out from the corner, wedged into a crack between two of the bottom planks.

My heart skips a beat, and I reach over, tugging it out. Instantly I feel a wave of power radiate from it and my eyes blaze, knowing that this is what I'm looking for.

This is it... I've found it!

I quickly replace everything as swiftly and silently as possible. Exhaling in relief, I quietly step out of the closet and shut the door, latching it. I walk to the bottom of the stairs and look towards the landing.

"Mr Grant?" I call up the stairs.

I hear footsteps and a door open, and he appears at the top of the steps.

"Yes, Alpha, can I help with anything?" he asks as he hurries downstairs. I smile. "Thank you for giving me a moment..." I say quietly.

He nods. "You are most welcome, Alpha." Bidding farewell, I take my leave. The door shuts behind me and a sudden thought creeps into my mind.

If Mom had this with her from the start why did she never use it to find Zade? Surely with the right manpower, this could have helped Dad get him back...

A question I may never get the answer to, but deep down, I feel there's more to it. Well, it's time we moved forward with the next step.

Sebastian... I will find you soon and when I do... I swear upon the moon and the heavens that I will not go easy on you. You chose the Sable, so now... you will face the wrath of the Sublime.

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

## **28. An Hourglass or I Am The Luna Chapter 106 By Moonlight Muse**

ZAIA.

Night has fallen and I'm sitting in the lounge with Jai, Valerie, and Atticus whilst the children play before the fire.

"So we don't really know how much is needed... or exactly how to use it," Atticus says as he examines the pouch.

Rain is pouring down outside, and it's rather windy. Somehow, it reminds me of the day I met Sebastian again when I first found out Valerie was in a coma...

Oh, how that feels like so long ago. I nod as I sip my coffee, and Sia comes over and climbs into my lap, hugging me tightly.

"Hey baby, is everything ok?" I ask her. She nods. "I just a little tired," she says with a cute pout, and I kiss her forehead gently, caressing her hair.

"Aww, well Mommy will get you to bed soon, ok?"

She nods, placing her hand under her chin as she leans against me. I wrap my arms comfortingly around her. "I wonder how much is needed." Jai muses staring at the pouch. We're speaking French as the children are here.

"I don't know, but I don't think we would need much. I guess it'll be trial and error. As in, would we need a name or not? Do we need to do it under a full moon or not?" I muse.

"We will just have to follow our gut feeling," Atticus says.

"So, what now?" Valerie asks.

I look into the fire as Zion plays with his trucks, lost in his own little world. Times like that are gone once you are an adult, but I am grateful that through this time they can still be children, despite the fact I am certain they know when things are up.

“One month. In one month, I want everyone to be ready for war. In that time, I will find the enemy... and we will attack...” I say quietly.

“That gives us plenty of time to find out how it works... plus I want to try to find father before then...” I say quietly.

“Sounds like a plan,” Atticus says.

“I want to train though, if you could help me,” I say, looking over at him. The boys look at me, surprised, and I raise my eyebrow. “I just want to be at my best for when we do face them.”

“Me too,” Valerie says with determination.

“Well, I think we can train you guys up.

A lot of women have offered to step forward too.” Jai says with a small smile. “Our packs are made of fighters.”

“Plus, we need to work on our Triquetra. Together, we will obviously be stronger and can call on our powers.” Atticus adds.

Just like when we first touched. “I just wish we had as much time to prepare as them... but time is running out,” I say quietly.

“You have no idea what one can achieve in a short amount of time,” Atticus replies, giving me one of his charming smiles.

I nod, “True...” I smile wryly. “Well, we are not giving them a chance to attack. Everyone needs to be pushed and we need to reach out to our allies, too.”

“Understood,” Jai says seriously. “And when we find them... what will you do?” Valerie asks hesitantly, glancing at the children. “Especially when it involves the Black Beast...”

I cock a brow, feeling almost as if she expects me to go easy on him.

“We will give them war, like I said.” Her face drops, and she looks conflicted. “Why? Is it meant to be different from when I find the other Sable member?” I ask.

All three look at me sharply and I turn my head away, knowing I probably sounded cold. But when you have been burned so many times, what else am I meant to say?

“Zaia... are you ok?” Jai asks.

My eyes flash as I look at him. “Yes, I am. I have a right to be angry, and I can be. Would you want me to cry instead?”

Jai sighs and shakes his head. “Zaia, it’s not that. We were just concerned, Se – The Black Beast he... I don’t know. I feel we need to talk to him-”

“Do not question me. As far as I am concerned, The Black Beast is just another enemy. From this day forward, I expect you all to remember that. He betrayed us- betrayed me, again... It was my fault to let him in again, but I did, stupidly. But he showed he wasn’t worth it. I have screamed and screamed that we need to be honest with one another, that we needed to stick together, but... he didn’t find it important.”

“Zaia, I know you’re hurting-” I cut Valerie off, my eyes flashing, not wanting annoyance to seep into my voice with the children here.

“No. I don’t want sympathy. I messed up once and I won’t again. Forgive me for not allowing myself to feel sympathy for him. He will meet the same end as the others. Whatever that may be.” I say, standing up and forcing myself to smile down at Sia, who is watching me with concern.

“He’s their father,” Jai says quietly, making me pause and I turn back, looking at him.

“And?” I ask challengingly.

“Give him a chance to explain, maybe he had a reason-” Jai begins.

“I said enough! Jai. This is the last time I want this topic brought up. If either of you wish to join his side, you are welcome to leave.” I say coldly. “Take this as my final warning. Good night.”

Silence follows as I place my mug down and look at Zion.

“Zion, shall we head to bed?” I say, sensing Sia watching me intently.

I look down at her, smiling gently as a wave of guilt rushes through me. The children shouldn’t sense that something is wrong. I need to do better.

“Come, let’s get you to bed,” I say gently. She nods and I leave the room with my children and, for a moment, although I’m not alone, I feel it...

Mom was always there, but now I need to step up. I can’t keep relying on Valerie either, since she has her own life. I was and still am a single parent... Mom managed it, and I will too. I just need to make sure I survive this war for them...

I shower them, messing around to distract them, making some bubbles from the soap and giving them soapy beards. They giggle and laugh and for a few beautiful moments; I forget my troubles, the song of laughter like a soothing remedy for the pain within me.

“Ok! Let’s grab our pyjamas!” I say after we have brushed our teeth.

“Oh, is Mommy going to sleep with us today?” Zion asks hopefully. I smile. “Do you want me to?” I ask, crouching down in front of him and towel-drying his hair. He nods vigorously. “Then that is exactly what we’ll do,” I promise with a firm nod of my own head.

“Yes! Mommy can sleep next to me!” Sia says. “NO! Mommy has to sleep in the middle! Mommy always sleeps next to Sia!” Zion frowns.

“Hey... you two, no fighting alright. You two are siblings and siblings don’t fight, right?” I say gently, as Sia looks upset and frowns as Zion looks upset, which is unlike him.

Does he know something isn’t right and is playing up because of it?

“Look...” I pull them both close. “I’ll make sure I am with both of you, and I’ll sleep in the middle,” I say, trying to calm them both.

“See, I said that. It’s always Sia Sia Sia.” Zion says pointedly, rolling his eyes.

“Zion...” I reprimand gently. He sighs and looks guiltily at his sister. “Sorry Sia...” he mumbles before he closes the gap between them, giving her a big hug and kissing her cheek as she wipes her tears away.

“I’m sorry Sia...” He says guiltily.

She shakes her head and smiles up at him.

“I’m sorry too, Zion...”

I can’t help but smile at them both as Zion takes her hand and gently leads her to the bed. “Come on, let’s get ready for bed then.” He tells her. Mommy Sia’s medicine!” he adds before hurrying towards the large cabinet against the far wall.

“Mommy will get it. Here, you two put your pyjamas on.”

“Ok, Mommy.” He says as he hurries back to me, and I smile down at him. Always take care of your sister for me.

An hour has passed and I’m staring at the ceiling. The lights are off and both are asleep. I stare at the ceiling; the shadow created by the trees outside the window.

Can Moon Dust locate things as well as humans? Like the location of a cure.

If Gerard really has one...

I glance down at Sia. If only it could lead me to the cure... I know Valerie was trying and had sent samples out, but I know she is no closer to finding an answer than she was when she started.

I look at the children once more, slowly easing out of bed. I will sleep with them tonight but before that, there’s something I wanted to do... just in case

Returning to the room where Sebastian and I once slept together, I take out something I had spotted from Dad’s office earlier today. A large yet simple hourglass.

I get to work unscrewing the wooden base and carefully emptying the sand into a bowl. I then wipe it down and opening the pouch carefully pour the Moon Dust into the now empty hourglass.

As I pour, a vibrant pinky glow swirls around my hands, the hourglass sending a wave of power through me. With my heart...

I tense as that sudden thought enters my mind and shake my head, suddenly feeling extremely lightheaded.

I look down at the glowing dust that now settles back into the grey powdery sand that it looked like moments ago. The pink glow disappears. With my heart? Was that a hint on how to use it?

My heart is racing as I stare down at the Moon Dust, tempted to try it out, but tonight I promised the children to stay by their side.

Tomorrow I'll try to use it to find Dad, and if it works... the cure and the Sable will be next. I grab a small plastic packet, placing a little dust in there to attempt tomorrow before screwing the bottom of the hourglass back on.

I place it on one of the shelves next to a clock. Hidden but in plain sight. I pour the sand from the hourglass into the pouch and place it in my safe.

Why did I do that?

I pause as I stare at the pouch. Because I'm scared of my own friends betraying me too... I feel guilty at the thought, but do I have any other option?

No. I do not.

I've trusted far too much.

I return to the children's room and pick up my phone. The messages to Sebastian remain unread and my heart squeezes, but I refuse to dwell on that pain because I know it will crush the fragile state of my heart. I exit the chat and look at the new message from Atticus.

Atticus: Goodnight Zaia, don't let their words get to you. We all respect your decision. The first training session starts at 5am. I'll see you then.

Zaia: See you then. I'm going to do this. I'm going to find Dad, find the cure, and destroy the Sable for everything they have done to me and my loved ones.

The Goddess is a woman who needs no mate... so who said a woman needs a man? We don't... and I'll prove that.

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

29 A Painful Want or I Am The Luna Chapter 107 By Moonlight Muse

ZAIA.

Blow after blow...

The pain in my body is screaming at me to stop, to take a break and breathe... but I don't want to.

I refuse to.

This is a way to release the rage inside of me and it's... empowering.

"Zaia... let's take a break." Atticus's breathless voice comes as he grabs my fist, yanking me against him, and twists my arm behind my back. "That's enough for today." He says, looking down at me.

His hair is drenched in sweat, as is his body. I'm the same. The hairs that refused to stay back are sticking to my face and I can feel the trickles of sweat dripping down my bare stomach as we stand there chest to chest.

"No. I'm not... but if you want to go, I'll continue with one of my guards." I say quietly, breaking free and turning away from him, about to summon one of my men when he grips.

hold of my elbow and forces me to face him.

"Zai "There's concern in his eyes as he

obst s me, but I refuse to let people see the cracks within me...

I raise an eyebrow and tilt my head.

"What's wrong Atticus? Can't you handle me?" I ask challengingly as I slowly tug out of his hold and cross my arms.

He smirks slightly before sighing and shaking his head.

"Alright then, Red, let's go again." He says as he adjusts his sweatpants and re-ties the string. He's shirtless, and he's getting a lot of attention from the other females here and a couple of the guys.



He would make a good partner. I just hope he finds the one and gets that happily ever after he deserves without being hung up over me.

“Checking me out?” he asks, cocking a brow.

“I appreciate the view, but no, I was just thinking you aren’t getting any younger. I want to see you settle down.” I say as I fall into stance. I’m proud to say I’m a fast learner and this time I make the first move.

“That won’t happen,” he replies as he blocks me

“Ok, I’m done, even if you aren’t. I give up.” Atticus says breathlessly as I pin him to the ground, I’m straddling his stomach a dagger to his throat. He raised his hands in surrender, dropping them onto the ground beside his head as he looks up at me.

Hours have passed and we are the only ones left in the training hall. I know I pushed him today, but I feel a little calmer, or maybe that’s because I’m just exhausted.

“You went easy on me, didn’t you?” I ask, tilting my head.

“Honestly? No. I didn’t because this isn’t a joke, and I don’t want you to underestimate the

enemy or a real match. Not that you don’t know how to handle yourself on the battlefield,” he says quietly, slapping the side of my thighs. ” You did good Red.”

I suddenly become aware of our position and dropping the dagger, I climb off him groaning at how achy my body is.

“Take a breather.” He says, grabbing my arm and pulling me onto the ground beside him.

My back hits the mat beneath me as I lay there beside him staring at the ceiling.

The sound of our thundering hearts as we recover is loud in the room, but it’s oddly satisfying.

There’s silence between us until he speaks.

“You really want me to settle down...” Atticus says, making me turn my head to look over at him.

“Yes, you aren’t getting any younger. Find a good woman. Life is short.” I say with a small smile.

“But would that be fair to the woman?” he asks, his smirk fading slightly.

“What do you mean?” I ask. “I mean, you can be a little annoying, but you’re a good person.”

Not that I have any right to give him advice when my own relationship is something I can’t even keep together.

“I mean... would it be fair to the woman I settle for when I am in love with someone else?” his voice is quiet, but his words are clear.

ok across at him. “I’m not worth it,” I say quietly as I sit up.

“I told you I’ll wait. Even if there’s no end... I’ll still wait.” He sits up, but I refuse to look at him. “Zaia...”

“I’m just saying let it go, I’m never going to return those feelings... don’t waste your life over me. It’s foolish.” say, about to stand up when he takes hold of my wrist.

“Hey, look at me.”

Don’t you get it? I can’t deal with this...

I look into his eyes, trying to keep my face expressionless.

“You can’t choose who you love, and I know you will never reciprocate those feelings, and I respect that. But you don’t have the right to say whether they are a waste of time or foolish, because that’s my choice and I don’t think they are. You are an incredible woman, Zaia.”

“Atticus...”

“You’re hurting and I’m not trying to make matters worse or use your emotional state to

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“Atticus...”

“You’re hurting and I’m not trying to make matters worse or use your emotional state to forward my gain, but just remember, you are worth way more. There are so many men who would sacrifice the world to have you by their side.”

Only not the one I loved...

Tears prickle my eyes and I look away, ashamed that I let it get to me.

“I’ll see you tonight, Atticus,” I say quietly.

“Alright.” He replies softly as I take my leave.

The moment I enter the changing room, I kick off my shoes and step into one of the showers. Switching it on, I sink to the ground, wrapping my arms around my legs.

If only...

Love hurts...

What a twisted game it plays. I want the one who doesn’t care for me, and the one who wants me... I will only hurt him more.

I remain under the shower until Valerie’s voice comes into my mind, telling me that the kids are asking for me. The mind link is something she, too, has mastered now.

And so... for them, I get up and push the emotions away.

“Are you sure you still want to do this today?”

Atticus asks.

I close the report of Mom’s postmortem, my mind spinning.

She had several broken bones, along with so much other internal and external damage.

We were ready to test out the Moon Dust, but the report has shaken me.

Mom had been sick.

Cancer...

According to this report, she'd been sick for a while... and it seemed that the poisoning around my birth had just made it worse...

"We never did find out who administered the poison back then," I say quietly. "I'm assuming it could be the man Annalise was speaking to in your pack. Gerard wouldn't have done it himself.

Atticus frowns. "I've been trying to find some clue, anything that could help. We do have footage of every New Year's ball and I have had the tapes searched. Some files were deleted, but we are trying to recover them. Someone should show up, the main hall was definitely covered from all angles," he replies.

"Good. I need to know..." I sigh.

"She knew... that she was sick. Did she never mention it to you?" Jai asks quietly.

Valerie gives my shoulders a gentle squeeze as she stands behind me and I shake my head.

"No. She never did." I sigh.

I feel like I didn't even know her...

"So, she just kept you in the dark?" Jai sounds a little frustrated now, but deep down I know why she didn't.

She didn't want to worry me... Even though it upsets me; I get it...

But there were never any signs. She was so good at hiding her emotions.

"Look, let's leave the Moon Dust tonight... you need a break, Zaia." Atticus says as he crouches down in front of me.

“And I’m beginning to not like you again,” Jai mutters.

“Jai, I’m just trying to help.” Atticus says, a sliver of irritation in his voice.

“Yeah, what I’m seeing is you getting a little. too cosy the moment Seb isn’t in the picture.” Jai shoots back.

“Jai!” Valerie says as Atticus stands up his eyes flashing.

“Don’t forget I’m an alpha. Know your place.” He says, clenching his fists and I know he’s trying to calm himself and Jai’s words have angered me too..

Jai scoffs. “Yeah, but I’m also her Beta and I’m not going to let you-”

“Enough,” I say, my voice trembling as I try to remain calm. “Jai... enough. I don’t need anyone to look out for me. Me and Atticus will try to

find Dad... Val watch my babies. Jai... organise Mom’s funeral for this coming Sunday.” I stand up and look at Atticus.

“Let’s try this,” I say.

“I should be the one to go with you,” Jai says softly, placing a hand on my upper arm.

“No. Atticus is an Alpha, he’s stronger Jai an you aren’t fully recovered. It’s better it’s the two of us.” I say firmly.

And... you’re still loyal to your Alpha.

He looks concerned and almost hurt by my words, but it is the truth.

“Alright, as you wish, Alpha.”

“One more thing...” I say as we are about to leave.

“Yeah?” Jai says as Valerie places her hand on his arm.

“We are a team, the four of us now... our loyalty and trust should be to one another foremost. I hope you know what side you are on.” I say. My eyes meet Jai’s and he looks down.

"I know... I just don't think Sebastian would betray us for no reason... I know Sebastian. We grew up together. He would not betray us. There might be factors we don't know-"

"Jai! Enough! I am not going to do this again! If there was a reason, goddess maybe... but he should have told me! If there was something, he should have talked to me!" I shout, unable to control myself.

"Zaia, I think "I raise my hand, cutting Valerie off.

"This is your final warning, Jai. If you can't accept the reality, then... I will have no choice. but to strip you of your position. I need a Beta loyal to me, not their old Alpha." I say with finality.

There's a tense silence and I know my words have hurt him. He nods, and he lowers his head. "Yes, Alpha."

"I hope I'm clear... from this day forward... I don't want his name mentioned in front of me ever again. Do you understand?"

"Understood," Jai says, pulling away from Valerie. He turns and leaves.

"Let's go," I say to Atticus. My eyes meet Valerie's, and she looks conflicted..

It must be hard having to choose between the man you love and your friend... but I don't need her to choose. She can choose Jai.

We step into the garden but keep to a secluded area and I look up at the moon.

"Do you have a plan or an idea of how this might work?" Atticus asks.

"I might..." I say quietly.

aking a deep breath, I look ahead and softly. blow the dust from my hand.

Father... Where are you?

Believe.

I need to find him.

Show me the way.

I watch as the dust comes alive, glowing pink with speckles of silver as it wafts into the air swirling around me. A cooling energy washes over me and my eyes blaze as I feel a pull.

I begin walking, and Atticus follows.

“Zaia?”

“I know where Dad is,” I say, my heart thundering as I look at him.

His eyes light up and he smiles faintly, nodding.

I look ahead before I begin walking in the direction I’m being pulled, knowing exactly where I’m headed...

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

30 A Deal’s Cost or I Am The Luna Chapter 108 By Moonlight Muse

SEBASTIAN.

Every day that passes is excruciating. From the moment I left her, turning my back on her, I have been unable to sleep knowing that I betrayed her once again.

How does one recover from such pain? I know this time I won’t have another chance because no one deserves more than a second...

I’ve not only broken her trust, but I’ve also shattered it beyond repair.

But despite it all, I know I’ve made the right decision and don’t regret it.

Being on the outside makes me realise that there is more danger around Zaia, and I will find a way to let Valerie know.

There is someone extremely close to us who is watching everything. I myself have seen the footage of secret cameras within the pack seeing Zaia channel her pain into hatred and rage.

It’s chilling to know that there were always cameras all over my pack grounds without my knowledge... someone who has been able to put those cameras everywhere without being caught.



Which makes it obvious there's a traitor amongst them, one who is in a place of power.

What irks me is there's a camera inside my safe house. 1

A place that only a select few have entered... but something that means the enemy is close to us. 2

I hate that my mind flits between Jai, Justin and Atticus... I know it's not Valerie, but I also hate that I am not trusting even my own friend. 5

Without her by my side, it's hard. Fucking living is hard and trying to focus on what I need to do...

I want to warn them, but who can I truly trust?

Who was the one who put the cameras there?

They are the reason the Sable has always known our location from the very beginning. There are several areas of the pack that are also equipped with voice recorders.

Like earlier, two guards were discussing the latest security regime put in place. Zaia and her team made some smart choices but with the

Sable knowing everything, how is she to get a win if they already know so much? 1

My only relief is I shut myself out of every access to the pack before I left. When Gerard questioned it, I told him Zaia must have pushed me out. They had wanted me to access the CCTV from within the pack, but my biometrics and my passwords were useless.

The good thing is, she's the only one who can now access everything in regards to the security of the pack.

It was a smart move and one that pissed Gerard off even more, but it also shows she no longer trusts anyone and that fucking hurt knowing I'm the reason that she's no longer able to trust anyone.

She's incredibly strong and although I know that the impact of my actions upon her have hurt her, she's surviving because she's a fighter and a true Alpha...

But how much can one person take? The dark voice inside of me that eats at me surfaces once more.

If anything happens to her, I'll-

"Eat, then Gerard wants you to stay here whilst we head back... not sure why he's trusting you." Zade, Zaia's twin, who I detest, says as he tosses me a sandwich box. 3

I look up at him, snapping out of my reverie and catch it. "And why would he want me to do that?" I ask, cocking a brow.

"Because there's that bastard here who we have held hostage. Hugh Toussaint, that bitch's father."

"And yours," I say coldly, trying to control my anger at his insult towards Zaia that overrides the shock that I feel inside.

Hugh. They have Hugh, why?

He's been a great help to Zaia, is that why?

"No, he isn't. I don't see him as family," he snarls.

Hugh is here... so that's why Gerard had sent us 30 miles south and I had no fucking clue as to why.

If I can free him I will, but there is no way for me to do so without risking Sia's life.

"And why do we have someone who is worthless?" I ask nonchalantly.

"Well now, that ain't your business, is it? We heard that someone is coming for him. I guess he wants to test your loyalty." He smirks, almost challengingly.

I look back at him, unphased. "I don't fucking have anything to prove. He knows I agreed for a reason, and I'll stick to my side of the deal as long as he sticks to his." I reply coldly.

So that's his reason...

"Well... that isn't a nice thing to say, since we're supposed to be on the same side,"

Gaultier says as he walks in.

Black hair, blue eyes, the spitting image of Gerard himself. And I hate to admit it but that would make him my half-brother... 2

He smirks coldly and I glare back at him, refusing to look away first. I'm certain he was the shooter who hurt Zaia... even though Gerard admitted to it, I highly doubt that. Same with the person who attacked Valerie.

"Only I fucking hate you both," I say, ripping open the package.

"The feeling is mutual," Gaultier says, scoffing bitterly.

Zade is a dickhead, but there is something extremely unhinged about Gaultier... Although he's apparently born and raised in France, he changes his accent so efficiently it's unnerving. I'm sure he's the one who was pranking me before he even admitted to it.

He's now playing with the knife in his hand as if he's extremely bored.

Of course, he's bitter. After all, they both have to submit to the fact that I am their leader.

"Well, your turn to keep Toussaint company,' Zade says, turning away. "Let's hope you don't feel sorry for him."

I don't respond.

I had planned to get the antidote and leave... I thought I had it all fucking figured out. Get in, get the antidote, kill them and end this all, but Gerard was a step ahead...

(FLASHBACK)

He's awakened.

He now sits, all dressed in a suit, as if he hadn't just pretended to be in a coma for the last few weeks.

Gaultier, his son, had snuck into the pack and given him something to keep him in a coma- like state. It irks me how they were getting into the pack so easily... I still don't know who the mole is.

“Well, Sebastian, meet Gaultier, your younger. brother.” He smirks as me and the bastard exchange looks.

There’s no humanity in his eyes and he’s staring at me with hatred that he doesn’t try to mask.

“He is not my brother, and you are not my father. I’m here as you wanted, and in return, you give me the antidote for my little girl.” I say, glaring coldly at Gerard.

This is the man who poisoned her. The urge to rip him apart consumes me, but there is nothing I can do right now until I find that antidote.

“Of course, and you will get it, however, you have to understand that I need to watch my back too. So, if you think you can simply take the antidote and disappear into the night, it won’t happen. I have people, Sebastian, inside that pack, around... everywhere and the moment you plan to double cross me... they will release a special toxin into the air.”

I don’t react, waiting for him to continue. Once again, he’s trying to blackmail me...

“Here’s an example.” He pulls a cloth off a large box that sits on the table beside him, and I find myself staring at a hamster in a glass box. “This hamster has been given the same poison that is plaguing your poor little princess’s body... now if we put the toxin into the air around him...”

I watch as Gaultier releases something into the glass case and instantly the hamster begins writhing before it suddenly drops dead, making my stomach twist.

“A trigger. It will send her into cardiac arrest, and she will die.” Gerard finishes.

I stare at the Hamster whose life was ripped from him so fast, realising that he would not make this easy for me.

“Do you understand what we’re saying?”

“One hundred per cent,” I reply, trying to control the rage that is threatening to explode within me.

(END OF FLASHBACK)

And until then, I have to do as they want...

They'll be watching even if I'll be the one with Hugh, but something tells me there's more to this 'test' than they're letting on and it makes

me uneasy...

I get up and follow them out of there. If someone is coming for him, then I somehow need to make sure they succeed in taking him.

Zaia can't lose him.

A few hours have passed, and it's confirmed that the one approaching is none other than

Zaia and Atticus.

Her wolf is stunning, dark red, big and powerful.

She looks as deadly as she does beautiful...

I have been watching Hugh through the cameras. He's been hurt, but he's coping well enough. He is a strong Alpha, but knowing that

Zade was mainly responsible for his injuries was sickening. He is his son.

"I'll go give him food." I stand up, glancing at the guard.

He lowers his head to me but doesn't seem bothered.

'Why? He'll be dead soon enough. I mean, we have intruders approaching this place.'

Gaultier's voice comes.

'I am certain they won't be able to get in, besides why else have fucking food here for him?'

I reply coldly.

'Such a little confidence when it comes to your woman...' he chuckles, antagonising me.

I'm sure she can, but I don't want them to be prepared. I grab the food tray that contains half a sandwich, an onion and something else that I can't even make out and motion for the guard to open the door.

He keys in a code, and I hear the click of the lock opening and pull open the door.

Hugh is bound to a chair in chains and his head is hanging to the right, although I can tell he's exhausted, he's refusing to let his head bow.

Our eyes meet and for a moment there's a spark of life in his eyes, but it is gone instantly when he sees the food tray in my hand. Confusion changes to realisation, then understanding, then anger and I finally find myself looking into the eyes of the Hugh Toussaint that I know.

"You... traitor." He snarls, "You hurt her, haven't you!"

"I'd keep it down if I were you," I reply quietly.

Here eat."

I walk over and place the plastic tray on the table and remove the cover.

"Why did you do this? She trusted you!" He snarls.

I don't respond knowing we are being watched, but at the same time, I wish I can tell him that it's fucking killing me to do so. What fool wouldn't want her in their arms? I was meant to protect her, cherish her and keep her safe, but I fucking didn't. I couldn't.

I unlock one of his hands, and he grabs onto my sleeve.

"Answer me, King!"

But I pull free. "Eat. You don't have much time. before I cuff you again." I say about to pocket. the key but instead toss it on the far end of the table. A place he can't reach, but if someone bursts into here... they can...

I hope you have backup Zaia...

Zade had seen her in action at the Rogue Pack and they were far more prepared this time.

“I was beginning to accept you! I thought your had changed!” He snarls.

“That’s a shame,” I say quietly.

A deafening bang and the ground trembling makes me turn.

‘Zaia Toussaint has just entered... I hope you are ready to prove exactly what side you are on.’ Gaultier’s voice comes into my mind.

My eyes blaze as I turn, hearing the sound of someone approaching fast, my own heart is racing knowing that she’s so close....

I hear a menacing growl that rings through this place.

Zaia... She’s here.

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

31 A Bitter Clash or I Am The Luna Chapter 109 By Moonlight Muse

SEBASTIAN.

She bursts through the door like the Goddess herself, a deep orange glow coating her vibrant auburn fur as she launches herself at me.

I jump to the side as she snarls, turning and glaring at me and for a moment all I can think of is how magnificent and powerful she looks.

“Zaia!” Hugh says, concern and fear in his eyes, but he has nothing to worry about. I will not let her get hurt, even if it means I have to warn her.

She snarls at me, showing off her deadly fangs.

One cannot say her wolf is beautiful, the word does not do justice to her otherworldly appearance. She looks like a beast, one that is made to match mine, simply far more impressive.

‘What are you waiting for?’ I hear Gaultier snarl in my head, and it snaps me from my trance as Zaia swipes the key towards Hugh with her paw.

Perfect.

“Well, we meet again,” I say coldly, knowing I’m being watched, watching as Hugh unlocks the other cuff quickly.

She simply snarls as she launches herself at me.

‘Why didn’t you tell me that you were choosing the other side? I wouldn’t have stopped you!’ she asks, her voice piercing through the mind

link.

‘If you can’t kill her, then you need to take her hostage. Zade is on his way to you,’ Gaultier growls through the link. I can hear the sound of wolves shouting and wonder if Atticus has managed to hold Zade back.

Take her hostage... no. I feel uneasy but keep my face emotionless.

‘Understood. She’s not leaving here.’ I say,

taking out my gun.

Come on, Foxy...

As predicted, she launches herself at me and slams me aside, making the gun go flying.

I growl back as she stares at me, her burning orange eyes filled with pain and rage.

‘You should leave before the others get here, and they stop you. You know you can’t take on three of us, Zaia.’ I reply emotionlessly through the mind link. Hoping she stopped being fucking stubborn and got out of here.

My only reply is a battle cry as she launches herself at me, and I shift. If I didn’t, I would have broken a few bones. The impact knocks the wind from me, throwing me into the far wall with a deafening bang.

‘Get the fuck up, man!’ Gaultier snarls.

I’m not sure how he knows what’s happening in here, or if someone is relaying what is



happening through the cameras to him. But I need to make this look real because both Gerard and the 'Father' as they called him, trust Gaultier and will take his word over mine.

'I know. Get the fuck out of my head.' I snarl as I throw Zaia off me, but she simply turns and launches herself at me again. If the situation wasn't so dire, I would have admired her

strength. 'Zaia, listen to me.'

'Not unless you have a reason!' she shouts back, snarling.

I can't tell her about Sia, not when it could kill her, but I need to warn her.

I push her off me, swiping out at her. It's hurting. Fuck, I can't hurt her, but my hands are tied.

My heart clenches as I swipe at her right flank, but she doesn't let it stop her and once again she runs at me with deadly vengeance, ripping into me.

Sharp pain rushes through me and the smell of blood reaches me before my blood sprays across the room. I snarl, but it does not affect her.

She's a beast, out for blood and vengeance. Her aim is to hurt me, and I no longer need to pretend to be fighting her when she is hell-bent on trying to kill me. Defending myself is enough to make this look like a real fight.

'Kill Hugh Toussaint. The Father's orders.' Gaultier's strained voice comes. I glance at Hugh, who has just freed himself from his cuffs as he staggers to his feet. His eyes are on the gun in the corner.

Grab it...

'Get the gun!' Gaultier snarls.

I turn sharply when Zaia bites into my neck, I shake her off, but the pain in my chest is only worsening. I'm hurting her. I'm fucking hurting her. Come on Hugh, get your stubborn girl out of here.

I know I've betrayed both of them, just when Hugh was beginning to accept me...

She strikes me again, throwing me against the table and I push her away, running towards Hugh. In this small room, there isn't much space to manoeuvre an advantage and a disadvantage. But for Zaia who is smaller than I am, it's better than it is for me.

"Zaia!" Hugh says as he cocks the gun, pointing it at me.

She backs off and I realise she does not care if her father hurts me. That's clear from the menacing growl that leaves her.

Knowing I'm being watched, I run towards him.

Shoot me, Hugh.

He's struggling, and I'm almost worried he won't do anything when I hear my Alpha Queen growl as she jumps in front of him, shielding him protectively.

I pull back, narrowly escaping her claws from ripping into me.

She suddenly shifts, turning back into the woman I love. She's stained with my blood, her long hair covering her breasts as she takes the gun from her father.

"Zaia!" Hugh says. "Think this through..."

She ignores him. "Atticus is outside, go!" she commands him as she turns the gun on me. I'm in the corner and in this small room, I'm at point-blank range.

Her eyes are cold as I watch her finger tightening on the trigger and at that moment, I know I've lost her.

Forever.

But for Sia, I need to survive until I get that antidote, and then I'll willingly die by her hand if it eases the pain I know she's in.

My eyes blaze with determination, trying to swallow the pain within me as I launch myself at her, but she's faster, pulling the trigger just as I throw us both to the ground.

Pain ricochets through me and for a moment I can't hear anything, and I'm forced to shift back into human form.

I clutch my chest, my vision blurring. She barely missed my heart...

Her eyes widen in horror as they turn back to their beautiful lavender shade as she drops the gun. For a split second there's anguish in them, but when Atticus shouts, she looks towards the door.

"Zaia, let's leave!"

I'm glad he's watching over her... once again, he's the one who's been there for her, not me.

Her heart thunders as she staggers to her feet, and I can feel Gaultier trying to get through to me, but I'm unable to focus any longer... the bullet was poison after all... but it's better it hit me than them.

I watch as she shifts back into her wolf form, running from the room. Not once does she look back and I can't help but smile internally.

She's doing ok...

Thank the goddess for that...

I grab the gun knowing she's long gone as I point it at the door, with no intention to shoot but enough to show that I tried but that I was simply several seconds too late.

"Fuck... he got away," I mutter.

'No. They won't get away. How shocking that you failed.' Gaultier's calm voice makes me uneasy. 'Now they'll see.'

What does he mean by that?

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

32 A Damning Revelation or Two or I Am The Luna Chapter 110 By  
Moonlight Muse

ZAIA.

I shot him.

Fear is consuming me from the inside as we rush out. We have Dad now, and I can see Atticus running over to him. He's covered in blood, but he's fine. I jerk my head and he nods, knowing what I mean.

Get Dad out.

I glance around the tunnel before I run ahead, ready to lead the way out, when the sound of gunshots up ahead makes me back up.

"This way!" Atticus hisses as he runs down the other dark, long hall of this place.

Dad hurries after him, staggering. He isn't in the best of shape, and I can tell he's in pain.

I bring up the rear when suddenly we come to a stop seeing several men ahead. I find myself

staring at a man who looks extremely similar to Sebastian. Only his jaw and eyes are sharper.

1/14

He's a mix of Gerard too and I wonder if he

could possibly be his son... but I also feel like I've seen him before...

I notice the tattoos on his hand, instantly remembering the man back at the cabin when we attacked Olivan. His aura – it was him!

"You really have nowhere else to go," he says, glaring at Atticus and the hatred in this man's eyes is chilling.

"Says who? You ain't fucking in charge." Atticus snarls.

"But I am." A voice that sounds somewhat familiar says, ringing off the walls.

We all turn and stare at the man who now steps

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forward. His aura is reined in, but it's powerful.

He's dressed in a casual black suit, his pure

white moustache is trimmed, and his white hair is brushed back.

Four large men flank him and each one is

holding a gun as they surround the elder man in the middle.

"Father," Gaultier says, his voice cold as he

2/14

lowers his head ever so slightly.

My heart thunders as I watch every man here lower his head to him. So, this is their leader... but the shocking thing is, I know who he is.

My mind is a mess as I stare at the man I have not seen in years, someone who I thought was living in a rural area enjoying life with his animals.

"Zaia, it's been a while. Now, how about we talk like civilised beings? We are family, after all."

Grandfather? 2

Confusion flits through me as I look at the men surrounding him. What is Mom's father doing here?

"Lawrence," Dad says, sounding uneasy. He's clearly as confused as I am right now.

He stands there, hands in his pockets, ignoring Dad.

I hear the sound of several people running

towards us from behind.

We're circled...

3/14

"Shift and give her something to wear,"

Lawrence commands, but even his command is unnervingly relaxed. Almost as if he fears nothing.

I shift into human form, pulling forward my aura as a shield as someone tosses a top at me, I pull it on extremely fast, staring at the man I have not seen since I was a child. Why is he even here?

Wait. Mom said this! Right before she died, she said 'My father took him'. With everything going on, I was more stuck on the names I didn't get from her rather than focusing on the information that she had told me.

I was so caught up with who she was trying to name, and the boy in the woods. 3

Goddess, how did I miss such an important factor...

Don't be hard on yourself, Zaia... you've had a lot going on. I tell myself.

"What is the meaning of this?" Dad asks sharply.

4/14

"None of your concern, Hugh. None of your goddamn concern." He says in his strong southern accent, his silvery eyes piercing into mine. "This is between my granddaughter and myself."

"Do you know that Mom's dead?" I ask coldly. "Not that you care, right? You left Grandmother and Mom without looking back."

"She dug her own grave. She knew what she had to do... but she failed. Right up until the very end she failed me and has taken the location of one of my treasures with her to the grave. Something I gave her to safe keep. You

wouldn't know anything about it now, would you?" His eyes darken, but I remain impassive, unmoving as I hold his gaze, my aura surging around us.

Does he mean the Moon Dust? Is that how Mom knew about the triquetra... because of Grandfather?

Back up is almost here and with the three points of the triquetra being here. I don't want to let this chance slip.

Focus, Zaía.

5/14

"No, but if I did, I wouldn't tell you," I reply, hoping I sounded believable.

He chuckles lightly. "Hmm... yet you found us here... coincidence, I guess." He smiles chillingly before he glances down the hallway.

"Sebastian is about to die, thanks to you. I knew you had the rage and fight in you, if only you chose this side and I didn't have to settle for

two Kings," Lawrence says.

Sebastian's lookalike looks down, his eyes flashing. Grandad's words didn't seem to settle well with him, but he doesn't seem to want to defy him either.

Sebastian... My heart squeezes and deep down I feel guilt clawing at me, but at the same time, I feel numb and empty.

He made his bed, and now he must lie in it.

"Go to your brother, Gaultier. He cannot die." Lawrence says, his eyes darkening with rage. Despite how he's talking, he's angry.

Gaultier nods, lowering his head before he

walks off, and I look at Grandad.

6/14

"So, you're the one behind it all. The one pulling the strings?" Atticus asks.

Lawrence smiles, but it does not reach his eyes. "Well, I can't say I did it all alone... but of course, I have been preparing for the Blood Born just as my family before me has, for years. And finally, the time has come and right in front of me, I have two of the Sublime at my mercy... Victory is ours." His voice is calm, yet it holds effortless power.

No, you won't.

"Why? Do you really think by eliminating the werewolf race that you are doing the right thing?" I ask.

"Zaia..." Dad says as he steps closer to me. He isn't in a good state but he's still trying to protect me.

"I don't think, I know. Once all those who don't deserve to be called werewolves are dead, those who cannot shift, those who cannot call on their aura, their healing! Those who can't mind link,

they all deserve to die. And then those who

believe in the goddess will be the ones to

7/14

procreate and birth warriors and Alphas. Those who will be strong like Zade and Gaultier, not losers like you and your sister." He sneers, staring at Atticus.

frown, sister? Why did he even mention

Atticus's sister?

"If you've done something to my family, I will

kill you!" Atticus snarls, his heart racing.

My own heart sinks, fearing for them. Atticus has been helping me. What if in his absence something happened?

"Don't drag the innocent into this. If you've

touched Linette-

"Fools... such fools..." He throws his head back,



roaring into laughter. "You are parading around like you know everything, That you deserve to win, that you are correct, yet you know nothing about the truth behind your own life! You don't even know how the Blood Born work!"

"What do you mean?" I ask sharply.

"I mean what I said, the Blood Born are three, the Sublime and Sable are born from three bloodlines... Meaning that two by two of the

Blood Born are siblings."

Linette was part of the Blood Born? How?

"That doesn't make sense. What are you trying to say?" I ask sharply as Atticus looks up.

"No it doesn't, Linette is not a Blood Born. That would only apply to the Toussaint twins and the King brothers..." Atticus trails off clearly confused.

"Valerie. Valerie was adopted by the Scott's." Dad says suddenly. "Do you mean she's related to Atticus?"

Atticus and I both look at him, stunned.

Atticus and Valerie?

The smile on Grandad's face makes it clear that

Dad is somehow correct.

"What?" Atticus asks sharply.

My mind is spinning as I try to keep my focus

together.

How is it possible?

I look across at Atticus, who is staring between

Dad and Grandad.

Their long faces, their long lashes, their youthful features...

“But I never had another sister,” Atticus says.

coldly.

“No, you did not. I managed to kill your

parents, but it seemed they handed you both over to their trusted friends. Splitting you and your younger sister up to protect you, thwarting me back then. They were smart, I’ll give them that, and it makes sense that both their children are smart, too. But they made the mistake of giving you to an Alpha and thus plunging you into the limelight. I figured out who you were the first time I saw you as a boy.”

Atticus is pale as he stands there listening to

Grandad.

“Did they not think you’d grow up and not resemble them?” Lawrence chuckles sadistically. “They didn’t think that far ahead, but surprisingly you both joined the Sublime. Well lucky me, you two are the weakest of the bunch.”

“We are not.” Atticus snarls. “Don’t try me!”

The revelation has shaken him, and he is no longer in his right mind as Lawrence continues to laugh. Antagonizing him.

‘Leave. If your ego isn’t letting you... then do it for our children, before they lose both their parents.’ Sebastian’s voice cuts into my mind, making my head skip a beat. He’s struggling to speak, and I can feel the pain he seems to be in.

Before I can reply, Atticus shifts, launching himself at Lawrence just as a large explosion

shakes the walls around us.

A cold awakening I need, snapping me from my thoughts and just then they open fire as all hell

breaks loose.

I scream as Dad pulls me down, but I raise my arms, spreading my hands and sending a blast of power both ways, slamming both sets of men

back.

They'll be up again soon enough.

"Atticus, let's go!" I shout. "We'll be back, and

11/14

the next time we meet, the Sable will collapse!"

"We will be the winners, Zaia! Wake up and realise that those who do not believe in what we are do not deserve a second chance! They deserve to be killed!"

"You are not a god to decide that!" I shout as get to my feet.

'Am I not? I am untouchable, and powerful, and even the Sable is under my control. When our new world and way of life begins, I will be the Alpha God. The one supreme ruler of all werewolf kind!' His words ring in my head, the confidence in them making my blood boil.

"I will never allow that. I will stop you. I swear

on Selene!"

Those are my final words as I pull Dad to his feet, dragging him down the hall. Atticus is tearing into the men, fuelled by his rage, but Grandad has disappeared somewhere.

A sudden explosion ahead tells me our backup.

has succeeded.

I grab a discarded gun and open fire on the wolf

running at us.

I wish it didn't come to this...

The death toll is rising, and I wonder how many more will die in this battle between two teams created by the goddess herself.

Why?

“Atticus! Come on! Please!” I shout, hoping I can get through to him.

I know it came as a shock, but we need to get out of here immediately.

He turns his head before tearing into another wolf just as I kill another.

He leaps past me, grabbing Dad and flinging him onto his back, rushing down the hall and through the opening. I shift, my aura surging around me, blasting everyone back once again, the bullets ricocheting off the walls.

I’m about to leap through the opening created by our people outside when I pause, looking down the hallway.

Sebastian...

Why warn me if you joined them? 2

You will always be a puzzle, and I just wish you were honest...

I feel my heart crack a little more, but I turn and leap out of the hole and into the night...