

I Am The Luna Chapter 141 – 148

By Moonlight Muse

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63. A Culprit or I Am The Luna Chapter 141 By Moonlight Muse

ZAIA.

My heart is pounding as his gaze flickers to my lips, and he runs his tongue along his own plush ones. I swallow hard as a dangerously sexy smirk crosses his lips.

“Relax, I’m only teasing,” he whispers, letting go of my neck. My breath hitches and he gives me a wink, stepping back before he takes off his snow-covered coat.

“Give me that. I’ll go put it to dry.” I say, trying to focus on reality and not this giddy moment that had thrown me off entirely.

He smirks at me as he passes me the coat.

“I’ll place these in the kitchen. Where do you want the gifts?”

“You did get a lot...” I say, feeling bad as he had gone on foot, even his boots and trousers are covered with snow. ” Groceries in the kitchen, gifts in the closet over there. Did you get yourself any clothes?”

“I did.”

“Great. Umm... Get changed and then join us for dinner.” I turn, my heart still racing as I walk away, feeling his eyes upon me.

What was that?

His words keep replaying in my mind, and the moment I’m around the corner, I place a hand on my pounding heart, holding his coat close to my chest. His scent fills my nose, inhale deeply. and I

It’s intoxicating and so addictive...

Focus, Zaia!

I quickly shake it off, put it on the rack to dry and return to the kitchen where Sebastian has placed the grocery bags on the counter and is ruffling Xander's hair.

"Mommy made chips. Do you want some?" Xander asks him.

"Of course I do. I'll just go change first," he says, giving them a small smirk before his gaze flicks to me.

Shame he won't be in a towel. 1

My cheeks burn at my thought, and his smirk grows. For a moment, it makes me doubt if my walls were up, but they are. He says nothing as he saunters out of the kitchen.

"Daddy is very handsome, isn't he?" Sia remarks, and I quickly look at her, hoping she didn't catch me staring.

"Of course he is. That's why you children are so beautiful." I declare.

Zion smiles as Xander tilts his head. "I am the most handsome." He states, taking a forkful of food. I laugh, taking the seat next to him as I begin putting some more food on his plate.

"Yes, you are. Now let's wait for Daddy to come so we can eat together." I say and Xander nods, quickly putting his fork down.

"Oops. Sorry, Mommy."

"It's quite alright," I reply, kissing his forehead.

We've finished eating and I'm clearing up the table, after telling the rest to go spend time with their dad, but the sink isn't draining...

I sigh, standing there with my hands on my hips, staring at the pile of dishes. I had put something down the drain hoping it helped, but now running the tap, that clearly didn't work.

"Coffee?"

I look up as Sebastian walks back in. He looks good in a white fitted T-shirt that strains against his muscles, showing off the new tattoo sleeve I saw earlier over dinner.

“Yes, please,” I say. He nods as he switches the machine on.

“So, when did you get that tattoo?” I ask, my gaze going to his arm again. There’s a forest, a moon and I can see there are wolves on it.

“A year or so back.” He responds as he comes over. “Are you alright over here?”

“The sink. I think it’s blocked, but I don’t think the de-clogging liquid worked.” I say picking up the Drain Unblocker and shaking the empty bottle.

“Maybe something is blocking it further down.” He muses, crouching down as he opens the cabinet.

“Do you know how to check?” I ask, bending to look under the sink again.

He looks up, our eyes meeting and I realise we’re too close...

“It can’t be that hard,”

“Which means no.” I counter lightly tucking my hair behind my ear, only for it to fall forward once more.

“Do you think I can’t?” he asks challengingly.

“Of course, with your stubbornness, you will try to succeed.” I stand up, crossing my arms.

“And if I do, then what will I get in return?”

I cock a brow. “Clean dishes,” I whisper cheekily.

He chuckles, “Hmm, give me something more.” He counters.

“Ok fine, fix the sink and I’ll give you one wish since it’s Christmas time.”

“Then you have yourself a deal, Ms Toussaint.” He replies as he grabs a pot and gets to work.

Ever the businessman.

Well, if he can fix it, I’ll be happy, and I don’t think I’ll mind whatever he asks.

I finish making the coffee, adding some whipped cream as Sebastian tinkers away and I have to admit he looks good as he does that. I wouldn't mind him checking my-focus!

I clear my throat, what is the matter with me today?

I busy myself cleaning up the counters, only stopping when Sebastian swears.

"So, seems like someone's been busy." He remarks, as I hear something pouring out of the pipe and it's definitely not water.

I walk over and stare down at what looks like "Water beads..." I almost growl. I frown, looking at the little beads that expand when they make contact with water, and I know exactly who did this.

Xander.

I sigh heavily as Sebastian checks if any are left before he screws the pipe back in place.

Standing up he washes his hands and I pass him a dish towel staring at the large bowl of beads. He must have squeezed them all in and they must have expanded in the bend.

Goddess, this child!

"So, looks like you owe me one wish." He remarks cockily, tossing the dishcloth down and crossing his arms.

"Although it was your son who was the cause of this," I say,

"Are you trying to get out of it?"

"Not at all!" I deny it with a pout.

He smirks, not believing me. "Mhmm, good. So, what I want is..."

I look up at him, a thousand thoughts of what he might ask from me going through my head, but not one comes close to what he asks for.

"A smile."

"What?" I ask, confusion flitting through me.

“A smile. Give me a smile that’s just for me,” he says quietly.

My stomach somersaults as I stare into those piercing blue eyes.

That’s all? A smile?

A warmth washes over me, and a soft smile naturally crosses my face as I look into his eyes.

I’ve forgotten how he makes me feel... I’m not sure if he’s changed, or was he always so charming? Either way, he’s making me weak...

“Beautiful,” he whispers huskily, and for a second, he touches my chin, sending sparks through me.

Before I can respond to him, the sound of small running feet approaching reaches me and then Xander enters the kitchen.

“Daddy! Mommy, come play a game with us!” he says.

I step back smoothly and cock a brow. ”

Of course, but first, would you like to explain this?” I ask, pointing at the bowl on the floor.

He comes over curiously but freezes when he sees that the bowl is full of beads, paling visibly. 1

“Uh oh... Holy Guacamole!” he says, clapping a hand over his mouth before he turns and runs out of the kitchen as fast as his little legs can possibly carry him.

“Xander!” I shout, hurrying after him. This boy!

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64. An Evening Wrapping Presents or I Am The Luna Chapter 142 By Moonlight Muse

SEBASTIAN.

It’s the following evening and for the first time as far back as I remember, I am enjoying Christmas time.

The blizzard has gotten worse, and that just sealed the fact that we are indeed spending Christmas here. I am not going to complain, spending night and day with Zaia and not once being told to get a hotel is the best gift I could ever be given.

The kids have gone to bed, with Zion offering to tuck Xander in for Zaia. He's a good kid and acts far more mature for his age than he is. I'm proud of him, and I can tell he takes good care of Zaia.

Although he's clearly trying to play Cupid. Since I arrived, he and Sia would find reasons to leave the room, but I'm not complaining. If he wants to help, give me some alone time with Zaia, I'm all for it.

There's something different about her now. She isn't avoiding me as she was eighteen months ago. She's more open and I like it...

I promised to hold back, but now... unless I'm reading the signs wrong, she doesn't seem to mind my flirting or subtle hints... but do I push her to test those limits? Or do I hold back the raging tornado of emotions that courses through me like havoc?

We're currently in the lounge as we begin wrapping the presents I had grabbed. The ones she had gotten for them had been taken out of the luggage and placed under the tree. She's left to get us some drinks, but her tempting, seductive scent remains.

The fire is ablaze in the hearth, warming the room. The lights from the Christmas tree in the corner and surrounding the window ledge glow cosily. The snow is falling rapidly, and the wind is still roaring, but inside it's nothing more than blissful peace.

The sound of her footsteps approaching makes me look down at the box I am currently wrapping. I've done alright, but it's nowhere near as neat as the one she had done. Folded several times to create a design to the packaging and finished off with a satin ribbon. When did she even find the time to learn things like this?

"How are you getting on?" she asks, and I look up, trying not to check her out as she puts down a tray containing two glasses of wine and a plate of profiteroles.

She takes a seat beside me on the couch and crosses her legs. I'm very aware of how close she is, despite the small gap she's left between us... My gaze flicks to the wine as she tilts her head.

"You wrapped it."

"Not too badly, right?" I say confidently, despite the simple wrapped box. She leans over, picks up the box and she examines the wrapping.

"It's perfect." She compliments, looking up at me.

"Sure it is," I reply not believing her, I know it's not that good. "Maybe you should just do the rest. I'll help, but I don't think the kids would appreciate mine."

"They will. The way it's wrapped isn't going to bother them. Besides, it's going to be torn, anyway. Do you want me to teach you how to do the folds?" she asks as she picks up the red tartan print wrapping paper and motions for me to grab Xander's racing car.

"I think I'm okay with just watching you work," I say, sitting back and spreading my arm across the back of the sofa as she begins wrapping the box.

"Ok." She chuckles.

"So, have you met your dad's girlfriend?" I ask after a few moments of comfortable silence, wondering if she knows who it is.

She shakes her head. "No, he wanted to introduce us on Christmas, but I couldn't make it. Although with how bad the weather is, the internet is rocky, I don't even know if there'll be enough of a connection to even wish the rest a Merry Christmas." She sighs, brushing her hair back as she reaches for one of Sia's jewellery boxes. Her top rides up and I can't help but glance at the smooth skin on her back.

Fuck, is she fine...

"Hmm. Then I'm glad you're not alone out here."

"Do you know her?" she asks curiously, now turning towards me. Her knee brushes mine and I try not to focus on it.

"I've met her," I say.

We both know her, but I don't plan to be the one to break that news to her. She narrows her eyes, suspicion clouding them.

"Who is she?"

"It isn't my place to tell, but if you want to know, I can tell you," I say quietly, wondering if I shouldn't have mentioned it.

She hesitates before a small devious smile that looks just like Xander's crosses her lips. Now I know where he gets it from.

"Tell me. I promise I won't tell anyone," she says, leaning closer. I move forward, picking up the first glass of wine and holding it out to her, she takes it and I pick up the second one as I sit back.

"Well, you know her."

"I do... Who?" she asks, watching as I take a gulp of my wine.

It's my favourite...

"Shelby."

Her eyes widen, her smile vanishing as she gasps, her mouth parting. "

Atticus's Mom?!" she exclaims.

"Yup, so, if they ever get married, you two get to become step-siblings," I smirk arrogantly.

She rolls her eyes at me, but she's still digesting the news.

"So... Dad and Shelby Payne... whoa..." she exhales, placing her hand on my thigh as she turns to the fire, staring into it. Pleasure rushes through me and straight to my fucking cock as she keeps her hand there, clearly not realising the effect she's having on me, and I can feel myself hardening.

Fuck. Not now, please.

Focus on anything but how good this feels, Sebastian.

"Yeah, well, I'm surprised Atticus hasn't told you," I remark.

I'm not sure how their relationship is now, and although I acknowledge he's done a lot for her, I also can't deny that I am jealous of their relationship, even though I know Zaia has never considered him more than a friend. Guess he just doesn't cut it for her.

I smirk at that, but it vanishes when she removes her hand and begins playing with a strand of her hair subconsciously. Does she realise how fucking sexy she looks doing that, a sexy pout on those kissable lips of hers.

"No, I haven't really talked to Atticus in a couple of weeks."

"That's surprising," I remark, trying not to show any emotion. She looks up, letting go of her hair and tilts her head, observing me. "Is it? Why?"

"You two are close, right?"

"We are. But we don't talk that much. He is and always will remain a good friend, but..." she sighs.

"But? He still has feelings for you?" I ask, unable to stop myself. She looks back at the fire and leans back against the sofa, her head touching my arm a little and I don't move, not wanting her to realise.

"I don't know, but he knows I don't feel that way and over the years he's accepted that. I've just made sure there's distance between us to help him ... I guess."

Her words resonate in my head, but despite the years... even I have not been able to let her go...

"You won't make fun of him?" she asks, arching one of her perfect brows.

I look over at her and shake my head. "No. Because I know how it feels loving you... I don't blame him for not being able to let go of his emotions." My words are quiet, and the pounding of her heartbeat is loud in the silence.

I know I never will get over her and I'm fine with that, even if it means loving her from afar...

She's silent this time, her hair curtaining her face, and I sit forward to see her face, resisting the urge to brush her hair back.

“Why the silence, Foxie?” I whisper, calling her something I haven’t in years. She shakes her head and looks up at me. “I was just reminiscing about our lives.”

“It’s sure been a wild ride,” I reply, downing my wine as she still holds hers, barely touched.

“It has, but don’t you feel that the storm is finally over?”

The storm was over years ago for me... but for her, I know that wasn’t the case.

“Yeah, it is over now. Have you found the peace you were looking for, Zaia?” I ask the question that I have always wondered.

Even when times were tough, she was brave, remaining strong, but deep down, it had affected her greatly.

She turns to look at me, our faces barely a handspan apart.

“I did... I realised it wasn’t just you. Everyone around me had secrets. I needed time to realise why everyone who loved me kept things from me, but although it took time, I realised it wasn’t betrayal but their love. The things they did, the decisions they made, they were out of love even if I did end up getting hurt.”

She places her glass down and looks at the ceiling continuing. “It was a long process, hurting, understanding, realising... accepting and letting it go.”

“I know you don’t want to hear it, but looking back, I do realise how damaging my decision was for you and_”

“Don’t,” she whispers softly, placing her hand on my thigh again as she shakes her head. “We are who we are because of the decisions we have made and learned from. It doesn’t hurt anymore, and I understand it.”

Her words are like the crisp soothing breeze of the first winds of morning and this time it’s my heart that’s racing.

“Zaia-”

“Sebastian-”

I can't help but chuckle. It feels like I'm back to the first time I tried to talk to her. She probably doesn't even remember it.

"You go first," she says, tucking a strand of her hair behind her ear.

"I would say ladies first, but we both know you're more than that." She's my equal... "Well then, I'll go first. You don't need anyone to tell you this, but seeing you now, I'm proud of you. You survived through everything, and you've come out stronger. You're an incredible woman Zaia, you've shown you need no man."

She blushes lightly, taking a sip of her wine. "Thanks. I don't think I do," she says proudly, but it's the glint in her eyes as they dip to the front of my crotch that speaks an entirely different story.

"I take back what I just said. I guess you still need a man for some reasons," I remark cockily as I lean forward, taking her glass from her and downing it.

Her cheeks darken, and she knows I caught her looking. I wish I could say it's the wine in my system... but it isn't. I place the glass down, taking hold of her chin and forcing her to look up, our faces inches apart.

Her lips are glistening from the kiss of wine, the scent mingling with her sweet breath.

And when I speak, my own voice is deeper and huskier than usual, mingling with the crackling of the fire as I ask her the questioning burning at the forefront of my mind.

"Tell me, Little Fox, where do we go from here?"

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65. A Letter ZAIA. or I Am The Luna Chapter 143 By Moonlight Muse

My heart's pounding as I gaze into his eyes, those piercing blue that make my heart implode, his touch is driving me crazy, and his scent is like a drug, sending me onto cloud nine.

His words echo like a whispered lullaby and my gaze dips to his lips.

Where do we go from here...

I slowly wrap my hand around his wrist as I look into his eyes.

I want to follow my heart...

“Why do you still love me?” I ask softly, trying to find the answer in his eyes.

I still love him, despite the years gone by. I love him with every fibre of my being, and he has always affected me.

He grips the side of my face, his thumb caressing my cheek.

“What’s not to love?” he counters.

I’m not perfect, no one is, but we are imperfectly perfect together...

“Only someone in love would say that.” I whisper, “Tell me... have you forgiven yourself?”

He frowns as he looks down. “I hurt you countless times, betrayed your trust and left you when you needed me I don’t think that’s something that can be forgotten or forgiven.”

“But you paid the price... no matter how much it hurt you, you have given me the time I’ve asked for. The time that I needed... Your acceptance is enough to cut yourself some slack.”

“I told myself that I would give you all the time in the world, and... I told myself if we were meant to be, that we’d find our way to one another again. If not... then it just isn’t meant to be...” he says quietly, swallowing hard as he tries to contain his emotions.

His words resonate with my soul.

Sebastian, too, needed to heal and not blame himself. His sacrifice – his patience with me, knowing that we may never be... I appreciated it. I appreciate him.

This time I know I don’t need to tell him about being honest or trusting because there’s no doubt that he will be. This time I just know it.

He’s changed. Over the years I’ve seen that in him. We’ve learned from our past and learned from our mistakes.

“So, I guess we have our answer...” I say quietly, feeling my cheeks burn as a slow, sexy smirk crosses his lips.

“Something tells me I might just have a chance,” he whispers, as he leans in, his nose brushing mine, making my heart pound violently.

His fingers curl behind my neck, as he slowly tilts his head, gazing at me through half hooded eyes.

A thousand emotions are coursing through me, and my eyes flutter shut when the sudden sound of something shattering makes both Sebastian and I jump apart.

The kids!

I leap up at the same time Sebastian does, both of us rushing to the door.

“Zion! Sia?!” I shout, wondering what happened as Sebastian takes the stairs three at a time and I’m right behind him.

We both come to a stop at the bathroom door, where the shower rail is now on the floor, clearly having smashed into the mirror before falling to the ground. Sia stands there barefooted among the glass.

“Sorry, Mommy...” she says sheepishly, just as Sebastian steps over and picks her up.

“Oh, it’s ok, are you hurt?” I ask as Sebastian places her in the hallway. “I’m ok, I’m sorry for disturbing you,” she mumbles, making me look at Sebastian quickly.

Zion sighs as he steps out of his room.

“Really Sia, couldn’t you be a little careful?” he looks disappointed as Sia hangs her head sheepishly.

“We were done with the wrapping,” I say quickly. “It’s alright, now let me get this cleaned up and then you can go take a shower in the other bathroom.”

Sia nods. “Ok, Mommy,” she smiles at Sebastian before hurrying down the hall.

“I’ll grab the broom…” Zion offers as he walks off towards the stairs, hands in pockets, leaving Sebastian and me alone. My heart is racing, and I occupy myself by picking up the curtain rail and moving it aside.

“Let me grab that,” Sebastian says reaching over me from behind and taking the pole from me.

We almost kissed…

I am very aware of his body brushing against me, making me bite my lip. He steps away, and I bend over to collect the large pieces of glass. How did she manage to do this?

“Here, Mom,” Zion says as he places the brush against the open door.

“Thank you, darling,” I respond, taking it from him as Sebastian takes the glass shards from me.

“I’ll go get rid of these.” He says, and I nod.

“And I’m off to bed, Xander’s asleep,” Zion says, leaning over and giving me a kiss on the cheek. “Goodnight Mom, Dad.”

“Goodnight,” I reply, kissing his forehead.

“Get some rest,” Sebastian says as he exits the bathroom.

“Oh yeah. Xander asked to place this under the tree for Santa to see.” He says holding up an envelope.

Another letter for Santa?

“I will,” I say, taking it from him.

Zion and Sebastian both leave, and I place the envelope aside as I brush up the rest of the glass, hoping I get them all. Sebastian soon returns with an empty carrier bag, a dustpan and a brush. Sweeping up the shards I have gathered in one spot.

Once we are done, we carry the stuff downstairs and dispose of it before returning to the lounge, where I begin placing the wrapped presents under the tree.

“Weren’t the kids supposed to be asleep ages ago?” Sebastian remarks as he picks up a profiterole popping it into his mouth.

I pause and turn from where I’m kneeling and nod slowly. “They were. It’s quite late, but it’s the holidays. I can’t blame them for staying awake.” I say.

“Hmm,” Sebastian replies, with a small nod, but there’s a faint smirk on his face.

“What is it?”

“Nothing really, they were just playing cupid, not sure if you noticed.” He remarks.

My eyes widen and several moments through the day return to me. Sia loves spending time with her father, but conveniently both she and Zion had things to do and kept leaving Sebastian alone with me...

“Goddess... I think you’re right.” I say standing up and staring down at Xander’s envelope.

“I am,” He replies arrogantly, sitting back on the couch looking so inviting...

My heart thuds as I glance towards the doors before I distract myself with opening the envelope instead, trying to digest the fact that the twins were being little matchmakers. Could they tell we are into one another?

“What’s he asking for? Another water gun?” Sebastian asks.

I stare down at the letter, my heart squeezing, and I sigh softly, feeling overly emotional as I look at his large handwriting.

“No. Surprisingly...” I reply softly before I begin reading out the letter. ” Dear Santa, I know I’m not a good boy, but I promise I won’t begin to play with fire this year even if it looks so fun, but in return I want you to let my Mommy and Daddy become a big happy family again. So, I can have them always. Love, Alpha Xander.” 10

We’re both silent before Sebastian chuckles lightly. “Alpha Xander, the kid’s got confidence.”

“Fire... he wants to play with fire, goddess what next?!” I exclaim.

This boy!

“Well, at least now we’re warned,” Sebastian says before we fall silent, neither of us mentioned his wish, although it is playing on both our minds. They’ve stayed silent and never mentioned it for all these years, but now... is it because they see what it will feel like to be a family?

“Well, it’s late... we should head to bed,” I say, heading to the door.

He stands up and comes over to me, and it takes my all not to step back.

“Yeah, I guess it is.” He responds taking the letter from me and looking down at it before he pockets it and just when I step out into the hallway, he suddenly cages me against the wall.

“Sebastian...”

“I’m not letting the chance to kiss you pass by,” he growls before his lips crash against mine, setting off explosive sparks that rush through me, setting every nerve in my body alight with delicious currents of desire.

He doesn’t hold back, his arms locking around my waist, one hand tangling into my hair as he pulls me against his chest, kissing me deep and hard as if it is the one thing keeping him alive.

I’m losing my own sense of reality, the minty taste of his mouth mixed with a hint of chocolate, his seductive scent consuming me and above all the sizzling feel of his lips that sinfully devour my own. Igniting pleasure that sends tingles to my core.

I can feel his hard manhood against my stomach, and it only makes me crazier.

A soft whimpering moan escapes me, and I fist his shirt, my other hand sliding behind his neck as I trace my tongue along his lips, wanting more.

There was too much between us, and I wanted to close every millimetre of space until we are fully moulded as one.

His emotions match my own and although I can’t sense his feelings through the bond, his touch says it all. A silent promise that he will never let me go.

'No, I won't. Not now, not again,' he whispers through the bond, as his hand grabs my ass, lifting me up against the wall. His other hand slides under my top, running along my waist, leaving a trail of fire in his wake.

He breaks away from my lips, and I gasp for her air as he attacks my neck, sucking on my tender skin that only turns me on even more, and I cry out. 1

'If you want me to stop, tell me now, Beautiful,' he murmurs through the bond.

I twist my hand into his black, lush locks.

'Don't... Don't ever stop...' I whisper as our lips meet once again with pent-up passion and love that has been restrained for far too long.

I don't want him to stop, because this time we're so right for one another...

'Now and always,' he murmurs as he turns and carries me down the hall, not once does he stop kissing me, and I'm a little jealous of his coordination skills as he walks up the stairs and down the hall towards my bedroom, his lips devouring mine.

This...

This is my forever...

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66. A Night to Remember SEBASTIAN. or I Am The Luna Chapter 144 By Moonlight Muse

This is fucking happening, this is real.

I open the door to her bedroom, forcing myself to break away just long enough to make sure I've locked the door properly. I don't need anything to stop me from devouring and claiming her tonight.

Her touch sends rivets of fire through me, and I'm hard for her already. I turn us, pushing her up against the now locked door, capturing her lips once again. She moans breathlessly, kissing me back with equal hunger.

This is a moment I have dreamed of for years and wished for... but now that it's here, I'm barely able to comprehend the intense storm of emotions that are hitting me like a landslide.

Gratefulness, excitement, desire, pleasure, love... and some that make me feel terrified, although I will never admit it.

The fear and uncertainty that I might hurt her again ripples through me, but deep down, I know I won't. No matter what, this time I'll do it right. I've watched and observed calmly for the last five years, seen the woman she is, for who she is.

A strong, confident, independent woman who deserves to be cherished. One who can make her own decisions. One who goes above and beyond to take care of others.

I've caused her enough pain. My secrets and lies have cost us both and I have reflected enough. Understanding her pain and the heartbreak and learning from it, even if we weren't together, I tried to be the best co-parent, giving her the space that she needed and the respect that she deserved.

This time I will not mess it up. Not again.

With every caress of our lips against one another's, I'm losing control of every ounce of willpower and self-control I have had for the last five years.

This is the woman that was made for me, the woman that makes me want to bend my knee to her and lower my head and vow to never hurt her again...

I kiss her cheek, trailing soft slow kisses down her jaw and along her ear, sucking on the tip tenderly. But that is a promise I have made to myself for years, a promise that I will not break...

Our hearts are like two drums beating to one rhythm...

Her hands rake through my hair, a reminder of all the times she would comb her fingers through it after I returned from a long day's work... not once asking for anything in return.

I claim her lips once more, no longer able to hold back the floodgates on my barrier, and when I slip my tongue into her mouth, I feel hers – feel our emotions bleed and merge as one.

Moving away from the wall, I carry her to the bed, placing her on it like a treasure I dare not break, but at the same time one that is making me lose myself.

For a moment I stare into her burning orange eyes, softly moving her hair back before I kiss her softly, yet deeply. Almost as if I'm afraid of this turning out to be a dream or that she might change her mind.

But instead, she smiles up at me softly, her creamy skin glowing with a hint of a blush, her legs pressed against my sides as I kneel between hers.

I love you.

'I love you, Foxy.'

"I love you too," she whispers back as she reaches down, tugging my shirt up and I help her pull it over my head, tossing it aside as she rakes her hands down my chest and abs, her eyes darkening as her gaze follows her hands, enjoying herself.

She slowly licks her lips, running her hand even lower, down my V and making me throb hard as her hands inch closer to my dick.

I bite back a groan, but the moment her hand runs down over my sweatpants and over my cock, she cups my balls, making me swallow hard as pleasure rushes through me.

Fuck yes...

I can already feel myself leaking precum. It's been far too long and getting off to the thought of her was nowhere as near as intoxicating as having her touch me.

She whimpers as she runs her hands up and down my cock and I grab her wrist, pinning it back against the bed before lacing my fingers with hers.

"Not so fast Beautiful," I murmur, kissing her lips before I release her wrist and slide my hand under her top. Her eyes flutter shut, and she arches her back.

I kiss her stomach softly, making her suck it in, the scent of her arousal making me lick my lips. Oh, how I want a taste of this sweet pussy.

"Oh, fuck..." she whimpers when I run my tongue up from her belly button, sliding her top up as I go.

She moans again and losing patience; I tear her top down the middle instead, wanting to see her naked breasts. And I'm not disappointed as I gaze down at her see-through white bra.

For a moment, I stare at her, admiring her hardened pink nipples that can be seen clearly through the sheer bra.

She's fucking beautiful and sexy all at once.

She yanks me down, kissing me passionately and reaching behind her, I unhook her bra. That's one I want to see her in again.

Running my hands along her smooth back, I relish in the feel of her skin before I grab her boobs, squeezing and fondling them.

She moans against my lips as I squeeze hard, my cock pressed against her pussy. She rubs herself against me and I growl against her lips, yanking her head back slightly.

"You're driving me crazy," I warn her quietly. The urge to tear her pants off and fuck her hard right now is strong.

"I like crazy," she whispers seductively.

My eyes blaze and I sit back, grabbing the band of her pants and yanking them down, drinking in her sexy thighs and fuck...

She's wearing matching white panties, which again barely cover anything, showing off her smooth pussy underneath. There's a damp patch – a telltale of just how turned on she is. I smirk looking up into her blushing face.

"You look sexier than I remember and you're so fucking wet for me," I whisper huskily as I yank off her panties, making her gasp.

The scent of her arousal is even stronger now and I inhale, my eyes flashing at the delicious scent, before I grab her thighs, spreading them firmly apart as she tries to close them.

"Be a good girl and spread your legs for me, Foxy," I murmur huskily.

She obeys, one finger to her lips, her head turned to the side slightly, looking beyond perfect. Her creamy breasts are pressed together, her nipples hard. The only thing tainting her creamy skin is the marks left by my hands. My

gaze travels lower and I bite back a growl, brushing my thumb down her smooth pussy, making her whimper as I part her slick lips.

Now this... this is fucking heaven.

With two fingers I part them, admiring her core before I go down on her, running my tongue along her soaking pussy, relishing in the delicious taste of her juices.

She moans softly, her back arching as I begin eating her out. I am a man starved for far too long and tonight I'm tasting her in every fucking way. Her moans and cries soon fill the room and I keep going.

There's not a part of her body that I don't know, and I work her clit, remembering exactly what she liked. I place my hand on her stomach, holding her in place as she writhes beneath me.

"Fuck Bastien!" she gasps, her hand twisting into my hair, crying out in pleasure as she tugs on my locks.

I plunge two fingers into her, feeling her entire body tensing. She's close, fucking close. I begin fucking her fast, my tongue twirling, sucking, and flicking her clit as she moans hornily, begging me not to stop.

"Fuck that's it... don't stop... oh yeah right there... mm fuck..."

Her moans are music to my ears and only when they become screams of pleasure that she fails to silence as she hits her orgasm do I move back pounding her with my fingers, using my thumb to continue to work her clit as I watch her juices squirt out of her. Intense pleasure rocking her entire body.

"Fuck!" she groans, clenching the bedding as her eyes roll back with euphoria.
"Oh fuck..."

I keep going, making sure to hold her in place until she rides out her orgasm, and every last drop has been milked from her pussy. Her body trembles from the aftermath as another wave hits her and I reach over, grabbing her boob before twisting her nipple, making her whimper.

Only when her body becomes limp, her heart pounding hard, and a look of pure bliss on her face do I pull my fingers out.

“You really are a vision of perfection,” I whisper. She looks up into my eyes before she reaches for me, tugging me close by the back of my head and kisses me passionately. The taste of her sex juice lingers on my lips and I plunge my tongue into her mouth, wanting her to taste herself.

She sighs softly, her hands slipping down as she tugs my pants and boxers down and wraps her hand around my cock. I suck in a breath at her touch before she begins stroking it, and we kiss one another hungrily. Her hands are still trembling, but they stroke my cock with perfect rhythm, her thumb teasingly rubbing over the tip, sending intense pleasure through me.

‘Fuck, you’re so hard for me, baby,’ she whimpers through the bond.

‘Can you blame me?’ I growl huskily, my hands roaming her body as I kiss her harder. She pushes me back and I move back, cocking a brow only for her to push me down onto the bed, rolling us over so she’s on top. “My turn to play.”

“As you wish,” I reply, removing my pants completely.

She licks her lips gazing at my cock as she moves up, her pussy rubbing against it and she sighs softly before she smiles seductively.

Despite the blush on her cheeks, she kisses me for a few moments teasing the tip of my cock at her entrance before she moves back and begins leaving a trail of kisses from my neck to my chest and then down the hard planes of my abs.

Her breasts brush against my cock and I swear the moment she grabs her breasts, squeezing my cock between them.

“Fuck Zaia,” I growl, twisting my hand into her hair.

“Do you like that?” she whispers as she sticks her tongue out and licks the tip, moaning softly.

Fuckkkk. She will be the end of me.

She grabs my cock, done playing, her other hand fondling my balls as she begins licking the length of my dick, starting from the hilt and running her tongue all the way to the tip before repeating it, only when she had paid attention to every inch does she wrap her sexy lips around it and begins sucking hard.

I see fucking stars as pleasure explodes through me.

“Fuck, that’s it, Beautiful,” I growl, thrusting into her mouth. She moans against me and sucks harder. “Fuck Foxy...”

Fuck, I’m close, and every second is driving me closer to the edge. She speeds up, and I meet her motion with my own, pounding into her.

Just when I find my release, I pull her back, as pleasure explodes through me and she instantly wraps her hands around my cock, delivering a few firm strokes as I spray cum all over her breasts.

Fuck, now that looks hot... she takes the tip in her mouth, sucking off the last few beads of cum as I come down from my high and pull out from her mouth, breathing hard as I bask in the aftermath of my pleasure.

She licks her lips slowly, looking hot as hell, and I yank her up, kissing her hard before I flip us over so she’s on the bed.

“And now I’m going to fuck you so good that you won’t be walking straight tomorrow,” I growl. Grabbing her hips I flip her onto her stomach, tapping her sexy ass hard before pulling her up onto her knees.

She wriggles her hips, looking at me over her shoulder. “Fuck me, Alpha.” She moans, my eyes flash at just those words and the sight of her with her pussy ready to be fucked is enough to make me hard all over again.

“As you wish,” I whisper, stroking my cock, hardening as I position myself at her entrance and squeeze into her tight pussy as delicious pleasure burns through me. She cries out as I bury myself deep inside of her, my hand tangling into her hair as I begin fucking her nice and hard.

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on January 13, 2024

67. A Love I Desire or I Am The Luna Chapter 145 By Moonlight Muse

ZAIA.

The night has been magical, and I am lost in this heaven where only the two of us exist, there is not an inch of my body that has remained untouched and even now as I lay on my back, my entire body is in overdrive as he fucks me so good.

His hair is slick and now falls over his forehead, no longer styled back, his lips are plumped from all the kissing, and I've left a few marks along his neck. I like that I've claimed him as mine.

I lock my arms weakly around his neck as he buries his face in the crook of my neck, sucking and kissing my tender skin as he pounds into me. He's slower now, making love to me oh so perfectly. My pussy is aching from all the s3x, but I don't want this to end.

I know that tomorrow I will indeed not be able to walk properly.

His hands grab my ass, and he buries himself deep into me before pulling out and slamming into me again, sending intense pleasure coursing through me.

Our breathless grunts and the sound of our skins meeting erotically fill the room, a sound I love as we both chase our release once more.

Oh fuck, I'm so near.

I tighten my hold on him as he kisses me deeply, speeding up.

'Fuck that's it!' I whimper through the bond kissing him back as I feel my walls clamping around his cock.

So close...

'Come with me,' he whispers, and I let go, coming undone under his whispered command.

I let out a soft moan as waves of delicious pleasure ripple through me as he himself releases his load into me, a sinful moan leaving his lips. 2

Fuck, can he be any sexier?

He pulls out of my sore pussy, making me whimper.

"You're my all, Zaia. I love you..." he murmurs as he drops onto the bed beside me and pulls me into his arms as we both get our breath back.

"I love you Bastien, I always have," I reply, caressing his short beard with my fingertips. We gaze into each other's eyes, and in that moment, life feels incredibly fulfilling.

He gives me something that is somewhere a cross between a sexy smirk and an orgasm-worthy smile before kissing my lips softly.

“You’re perfect, perfect for me,” he rasps, wrapping his arms tightly around me and burying my head in his chest.

He rolls onto his back, holding me on top of him as the exhaustion from the long night grips onto me. My gaze flickers to the windows and I can already see the cracks of morning light peeping through the gap in the corner of the curtain...

A knock on the door jolts me awake and it takes me a moment to realise where I am, and that I’m not alone.

I’m lying on top of Sebastian, and I slept like a baby, not even realising, maybe it’s the exhaustion from all the s3x or the fact I loved the comfort of his embrace, either way, it had been the best sleep I’ve had in ages.

His heart is thumping calmingly yet strongly in my ear and that’s when I realise his cock is hard, and it’s currently twitching against my thigh.

I shift position slightly, whimpering, it’s like I’ve been hit by a truck and every inch of my body is aching. He wasn’t lying when he told me I wouldn’t be able to walk straight...

The room smells of sex, an illicit reminder of the night we’ve had.

Goddess...

“Mommy?! It’s so late! I’m bored! Mommy!” Xander’s voice comes.

“Xander! I made you toast. Come with me.” Sia’s voice comes before I can even reply. I can tell she’s trying to tug him away.

“Even Daddy isn’t here.” Xander complained, “Has he gone?”

“How about we go down?” Sia asks him soothingly. “I can play a game with you after you have your toast?”

Bless her soul.

“Really? Yes, let’s play first!”

I let out a soft sigh as their footsteps recede and rest my chin against Sebastian's chest, staring up at him only to realise he's awake. His piercing blue eyes staring back at me, startling me.

"Morning, Little Fox." His throaty morning voice making my core clench.

"Good morning, Handsome," I respond, kissing his chest.

He leans down, kissing my forehead as he shifts slightly under me, making me bite my lip. Goddess, he's so damn sexy.

"How did you sleep?" He asks.

"Good, I didn't even realise what time it is. What time is it actually?" I ask and he raises his hand, looking at the watch on his wrist.

"It's half eleven." He responds, making my eyes widen.

"No wonder Xander came to check up on us. I'm never so late!" I say, about to get up, but he has me pinned in one spot.

He smirks. "They'll get used to it, since Momma will have to put Daddy to sleep every night, with a little playtime first, of course." I blink and he winks at me as he taps my ass hard, making my body respond to him. My core clenches as I think of his cock inside of me once again.

"I'm sure another ten minutes late won't make much of a difference... Besides, I think Sia's got it covered," he remarks, almost as if he knows what's going through my mind.

I'm about to reply when he sits up, his hand threading into my hair and tugging my head back as he kisses my neck, sucking hard, the pain and pleasure turning me on instantly. He doesn't waste time, guiding me onto his cock with the other.

I bite my lip, trying not to cry out hornily. Fuck, he's so tempting. I grip his shoulders as I lower myself onto his cock, whimpering from the pain and pleasure.

Oh, fuck yes! Pleasure erupts inside of me, and I begin riding his cock as he holds onto me tightly, kissing me deeply once more as he meets my thrusts with his own.

Yes, we're a little crazy right now, but it's ok to be crazy sometimes, even when you're a mother with a hundred responsibilities, it's ok to have some fun...

I smile against his lips. This is truly the best Christmas ever...

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on January 13, 2024

68. A Complete Family ZAIA. or I Am The Luna Chapter 146 By Moonlight Muse

"Are you ok?" Sebastian asks as I gingerly sit on the couch.

I nod as he sits down beside me, his hand going to my back, and for a moment I think he's about to kiss me, but he forces himself back. We are in the lounge and the kids are setting up the Monopoly board game, looking adorable in their Christmas jumpers.

It's past three in the afternoon and after our morning sex, we had showered before Sebastian had changed the bedding whilst I had gotten dressed, needing to cover a lot of marks that had not faded away.

I can't help but smile, my cheeks burning every time I think of last night.

I stifle a yawn, and Xander looks up.

"Mommy, you slept too much today. Why are you yawning? Don't you want to play?"

"Of course I want to play," I say smoothly. "It's winter, I'm sleepy," I add, looking at the left-over playing pieces and settling on the iron.

He doesn't look convinced as they all settle around the table. I don't miss the way Sia and Zion exchange looks, and hope no one notices my burning cheeks. 2

"Ok then, so youngest first, which means me." Xander declares as Sebastian sits forward, his leg pressed against mine.

"I hope you're not a sore loser." He remarks, making Sia giggle.

"Always," she whispers, making Sebastian smirk.

“Who me? I never lose.” Xander declares, clearly forgetting the game of ludo last week...

Zion and I exchange looks, knowing exactly what will happen sooner or later.

“Well... let’s enjoy the peace for now,” I whisper,

“Yeah...” Sebastian replies as he looks down at me, our eyes locking and I can feel my heart racing.

I’m about to look away, but this time, he pinches my chin in between his fingers and softly kisses my lips. I kiss him back, keeping it clean, and very clear of the three pairs of eyes watching us with X-ray vision.

Sia gasps as she whispers a ‘I knew it!’ and Zion mutters a ‘Yes!’

We break away and Sebastian passes Xander the dice as if nothing had happened, but Xander is simply staring at us.

“That is gross.” He shudders.

“No, it’s not,” Sia refutes.

“So, does this mean you two are together now?” Zion asks a question that he clearly knows the answer to.

“Yes, I would say we are,” Sebastian says, looking down at me as he places his arm around me, and I nod.

“Yes,” I reply with a smile.

“Great!” Sia says, jumping up and going around the back of the couch and hugging us both tightly. “Oh, I’m so so SO happy!”

I smile up at her, kissing her cheek as Sebastian gives her arm a gentle squeeze.

“Good to know,” he says softly.

“Best Christmas present ever!” she exclaims, and Zion nods.

“Yes!” Xander says as he hurries over, jumping into my lap and hugging me tightly.

I motion Zion to join us, and he stands up, smiling as Sebastian puts his arm around him, I know I will never forget this precious moment.

Ever.

I look around at all the smiling faces of my beautiful little family, burning this moment into my memories.

Xander's cheeky grin as he hugs me tightly.

"You are the less importantest to Mommy, and Daddy, because you are the oldest." He explains, making the others laugh and I shake my head, kissing his forehead. "I am most importantest, then Sia... then Zion... and Daddy is very old, so Daddy last..."

"I love you all," I say looking down at him amused before glancing over at Sia who is giggling...

Zion has a shy yet happy smile...

and Sebastian...

He's the perfect father, strict when he needs to be, yet fair, fun and loving towards them too.

Yes, I'll never forget this moment.

For a blissful moment, we remain like that, before Xander speaks.

"So... If you write a letter to Santa but you no longer want to ask for something, does it mean I don't have to keep my promise?" he asks suddenly, looking very deep in thought. I cock a brow and exchange looks with Sebastian, knowing exactly where this is going.

"Why would you not want a wish anymore?" I ask innocently, knowing for sure how his mind is working.

"Because I don't need Santa's help with it anymore. I have my wish already. I just remembered... And since Santa didn't help me, I won't be keeping my promise anymore."

"Well, what if it was Santa who made your wish come true?" Sia asks and I nod, although all I can think of is his remark about playing with fire.

“No, Santa only grants wishes on Christmas day. It wasn’t Santa’s doing.” He says firmly.

“And what was your wish?” Sebastian asks.

“Oh, nothing,” Xander says with a pout.

“You don’t want to share?” I ask.

“No,” he says firmly. “It’s a secret.”

“Ok then,” I say, motioning Sia to come around. “Let’s have one big group hug, and then we can play our game.”

“Yes!” Sia says as we all wrap our arms around one another tightly.

Life truly can be great. Sometimes it takes longer to find our happy ending, or should I say the beginning of the next chapter of our life?

Either way, this is mine, with my babies and my man right beside me.

“I love you all,” I say softly, closing my eyes as I inhale all their familiar comforting scents.

“We love you too!” the children reply in unison. I smile at them, my gaze flitting to the man who helped create these perfect beings.

“I love you, Foxie,” he whispers, leaning over and claiming my lips once more.

“So, does this mean we’re going to live together now?” Sia asks.

“I think so,” Zion responds.

“Yes, I think I love that idea. I just have one thing left to do then...” Sebastian says.

“And what is that?” I ask,

“To ask you something...”

“Oh?” I counter curiously.

“Will you marry me?” he asks softly, making my eyes fly open, my heart pounding against my ribcage.

“Say yes!” the children urge in an urgent whisper of excitement. I smile, blushing happily as I nod without even a speck of doubt inside of me.

“Yes. Yes, of course, I will.”

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on January 13, 2024

69. Epilogue 1

THREE WEEKS LATER –

SEBASTIAN.

Life has been great. We spent New Year’s out in the mountains, and it was the perfect time, getting to talk about everything and enjoying that time alone.

Simply making up for lost time. It was memorable, and there was plenty of time to simply enjoy each other’s company as well as with the children and still have time to make love.

I could never get enough of her, and every kiss and every smile just made me fall harder for her, something I didn’t even think could be possible.

We returned once Zaia’s work was completed and then getting her all settled into our new home took a little time. Not to mention the kids bringing everything as well.

I’m looking forward to having my pups there constantly in the mansion I had built from scratch for our family, hoping that one day I would have her here beside me and that there will no longer be silent days.

It’s incredible to see the twin sinks in the master bedroom being used every morning, see her beauty products on the counter beside mine and enjoy the large shower together.

The happiness of falling asleep and waking up to her face every morning is unexplainable.

Regarding my proposal, we’ve planned to simply sign our marriage papers and have a small dinner in the evening with our loved ones in a few weeks,

since neither of us wants something big. Although if she did want something big, I would have willingly agreed.

I liked the idea and so did the rest of our family. Everyone's happy for us and today we are having a little get-together with our close friends and family.

Zaia looks gorgeous, wearing an elegant black backless dress that hugs her sexy figure as she talks to Valerie about the food.

I'm sitting here, a glass of wine in my hand, unable to keep my eyes off her and thinking of how I'm going to fuck her tonight.

"She looks beautiful, doesn't she?" I turn to look at the man who has just spoken, and Atticus takes the seat beside me as he looks over at Zaia.

"Yes, obviously," I reply coldly. He smiles as he swirls his wine in his glass.

"I'm happy for the both of you, she's always loved you and I hated that you kept hurting her," he says softly, the music is loud enough that talking quietly can blend in a little and the children are playing and laughing too.

"I know," I say quietly. "You've never been competition for me."

He smirks as he nods. "I know, and I realised that five years ago."

He means it. I can see it in his eyes, and I feel a sliver of guilt. "Good to know."

"Just keep her happy, because she deserves the world."

"She sure does," I respond, drinking my wine. I watch as she turns, bending down to adjust the trays on the far table.

That ass... I shift in my seat, trying not to get turned on and instead force myself to look at Atticus. "I heard that you and Zaia were working with Cole?"

"Ah yes, we're working on a training course up there on his pack grounds as he has the land to accommodate it, especially for ranked wolves. It would be good for us to have some form of training available.

"Yeah, an incredible idea of hers," I say, making Atticus chuckle.

"Well, of course, she is the Alpha," he responds with a small smile.

“That she is...”

I watch her, feeling proud of her, just as Hugh walks in with Shelby on his arm and Dad on his other side as they laugh over something Dad has said.

I smirk as I sit forward. “Well... I hope the two end up happily married. I’d love to see you and Zaia as step- siblings, I taunt, making Atticus frown. Smirking, I stand up.

That one’s for you Jai. He may be gone, but I won’t ever forget him.

“Sebas-” I don’t bother waiting for him to finish. Downing my glass and placing it down, I stride over to my girl, grabbing her from behind and kissing her neck.

“Bastien!” she exclaims, before relaxing against me and tilting her head up.

“Zaia,” I respond in the same tone before claiming her lips against mine.

Life is indeed fucking perfect...

VALERIE.

Life has changed a lot and with time, the pain becomes bearable. I lost the man I loved, yet I am still bound to the man who killed him.

A man who somehow always makes me curious about what goes on within his mind. It’s been five years, yet he has not once spoken a word, almost as if he’s taken a vow of silence.

Cara was exiled from the pack when her sentence was over, like Annalise, but Zade? He still remains in prison... his sentence will be completed when I deem it fulfilled. A decision Sebastian had decided to leave to me when he himself wanted to tear him apart.

It’s been on my mind, yet despite no pressure from anyone, I’m not sure what to do...

I had told Zaia to make the decision, or even Sebastian, but both said it was my call and stuck by it.

No one knows that, but... knowing that it’s in my hands, I feel conflicted. Deep down I feel he’s served his sentence but at the same time, I’m not sure... Not

sure if one can ever serve enough time for taking someone's life, but he has behaved in the last five years.

He won't eat or let anyone administer the vitamin serum. Yet, when I go down there, he remains still – allowing me to do what I need to... Simply watching me everyone knew it... knew that he would only behave for me even if they didn't know that we are mates...

For the last few months, I've wondered about it more so... but now, seeing Zaia happy with Sebastian, I'm taking it as a sign that it's time to move on from the past too.

"Are you ok, Val?" Zaia asks as she tugs free from Sebastian, who is clearly ready to fuck her right here if he could. I'm happy they're together again because they have always loved only one another.

"I'm fine," I say, smiling at her, but she tilts her head, knowing me better than that.

"Talk to me, if you like." She says gently, I love how she always respects my boundaries.

"It's about Zade," I admit, turning the heat beneath the grilled chicken strips to low.

"What is it?" she asks with concern, a wave of sadness clouding her eyes.

I stare at the blue flame, frowning slightly.

"I think we should let him out, let him leave the pack... even if that means under curfew or whatever," I say quietly. "I don't want to have to watch him any longer. I want him gone."

Sebastian pauses, and I know he's listening as he turns back to face us.

"Despite what he's done, he did stand down and has remained in prison for the last five years. I want to move on too. I don't want to have to visit him every few days to make sure he lives." I say quietly, there were times I never visited him, and when he fell unconscious, someone would give him the nutrition he needed but I hated seeing him in that state, although he is a killer, I'm nothing like him and I have compassion even for those who don't deserve it.

“I think it’s a good decision. He’s behaved, and maybe he can go somewhere where he can try to find a purpose in life,” Zaia says with a small smile.

I’m glad she’s reassuring me and not just because I said it, this makes me feel better...

I nod, and she hugs me tightly. I close my eyes, hugging her back. I’m grateful for both her and Atticus. They’ve both always been there for me.

Jai... if you were here, I know you’d be in agreement with me, because you were always forgiving, no matter what someone did, you always gave them chances... always saw the best in people, even when I didn’t think some people had any good in them, you did...

I’m doing the right thing, right Jai?

A sudden sharp wind blows, swirling around me, and I freeze, pulling away from Zaia as I look up at the sky. The glowing moon shines down on me and I stand there frozen as the wind stills.

I suddenly smile and nod.

Yes. I am doing the right thing...

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on January 13, 2024

70. Epilogue 2 ZAIA. or I Am The Luna Chapter 148 By Moonlight Muse

“Zaia, Shelby was asking if you would like to spend the next weekend over at ours. It’s her birthday and we’re having a little family party.” Dad asks, making me smile.

I have never seen Dad as happy as he is now, not with Mom, or Annette. Shelby is a good woman, and she clearly makes him happy. Even now she’s looking at him with admiration, her hand laced with his.

“I think we’d love that,” I say, answering for Sebastian too.

‘Will we?’ he remarks.

‘Yes.

“That’s excellent. I’m so happy you agreed! I think it’ll be lovely having all you children there together.” Shelby says with a happy smile.

‘Great spending a weekend in the same house as Atticus sounds so fun,’ Sebastian says sarcastically.

‘You’ll survive.’ I reply.

“I can’t think of anything better than spending a weekend with Sebastian,” Atticus says with a smile, almost as if knowing what Sebastian’s thinking.

“I’m sure you can,” Valerie says, giving him a suspicious glance whilst Linette smiles.

“It will be fun!” she says, smiling at Valerie. She’s adapted to her, and I love that she’s good towards her.

“And of course, you must come too, Aran. We’re family.” Dad says.

“Yes, I think I can fit it in. I wouldn’t mind another game,” Aran responds, adjusting his suit jacket. Ah, so Dad probably won the last one.

I smile at them as Aran makes a paper crane for Xander.

“I love Grandad’s home!” Xander says. “But I don’t like mushy, gushy Googoo everywhere.” He adds with a shudder, making everyone laugh.

“Well, get used to it! Love is in the air, Xander!” Valerie says, tickling him and he laughs as he tries to get away from her.

‘I would love it if you do come. I know we haven’t been together long... but I want to propose to her on her birthday. ‘Dad says through the mind link as the rest talk amongst themselves.

My eyes widen, and I gasp before I hide it behind a cough.

‘Is that alright?’ Dad asks me, concern in his eyes.

‘Yes!’ I say as I get up and hug him, trying to contain my emotions. I move back, crouching beside him, and cup his face.

He is one of the three people I want to see get their happily ever after. ‘Anything you need, anything you want me to plan, just let me know. I’m so happy for you, Dad.’

The concern fades away, and he smiles. ‘Thank you, Zaia. I will surely take you up on that.’

I nod, and he takes my hands, kissing my knuckles softly. I glance at Shelby, who is talking to Atticus, respecting our moment. She really will be perfect for Dad.

I’m lucky to have a father who cares. We may not have always seen eye to eye, but when the truth comes out... we learn who is there for us and who isn’t.

“I love you, child,” Dad says, caressing my hair.

“I love you too, dad.” I whisper as the women go ‘Aww’

Dad hugs me and I hug him back, happy that I have him in my life.

“Dad! Look what Zion and I made!” Sia calls.

I turn as Sebastian stands up and can’t help but smile. Watching as Zion and Sia show them their kites. Yes, even they’re lucky to have him in their lives.

“Dad, can we have a word?” Sebastian asks Aran.

It’s later in the evening and he’s offered to get the kids to bed and stay there until we get back.

“Oh, of course,” Aran says as he looks at us questioningly. Over the years, he and Sebastian have healed their relationship, and this was a suggestion I had put forward to Sebastian. Hoping he listened.

“Well, it’s Zaia’s idea. I’ll let her take the lead.” Sebastian offers, wrapping his arms around me from behind.

I smile up at him before turning to Aran.

“Uncle... I- we want to ask you to move in with us if you like?” I ask.

Surprise flitters across his face, and he looks between us.

“Me?”

“No, we were talking to the ghost beside you,” Sebastian says sarcastically.

“Ah no, I mean I don’t mind but I... are you sure you want someone invading your place?” he asks uncertainly. That isn’t a blatant no.

“I think we could use your help too,” I say with a smile, knowing that would make him feel better.

“Yeah, you’ll be good for babysitting,” Sebastian remarks. Aran is about to counter before he smiles slightly and sighs. “Well, I don’t think that is such a bad idea. Maybe I will accept.”

“Great!” I say pulling free from Sebastian’s hold and hugging Aran, surprising him. He relaxes soon and hugs me back.

“Thank you, Zaia... Thank you, Sebastian, it will be nice having the children around,” he says, his eyes soft, despite his brisk tone.

But we both know him better than that. Past that tough exterior is a man who cares deeply.

“Perfect then!” I say as I move back.

“But are you both certain? I know Sebastian and I do clash...” he says looking at Sebastian, needing the approval of his son...

Sebastian sighs, shoving his hands into his pockets. “I don’t think we’ve clashed much over the last few years... I like the idea too Dad, I’d like to have you there.” He says quietly, just like his dad, he doesn’t show emotions so easily and my heart squeezes feeling emotional as I watch them both.

“Thank you.” Aran replies as he stretches his hand awkwardly before hesitating and almost retracting it.

‘Give him a hug!’ I say to Sebastian. He glances at me, but he doesn’t argue, stepping forward and hugging his father.

Aran looks surprised, but I don’t miss the glistening sparkle in his eyes as he hugs Sebastian back.

“I am proud to have a son like you,” he says quietly.

“Well, you should be,” Sebastian replies arrogantly and I brush my own tears away, watching them smile faintly at one another.

Everything really is going well.

Shortly after that, Aran takes the children to get them to bed, and Sebastian turns to me, offering me his hand.

We were just going to go for a small walk before we headed inside.

Neither of us speaks as he takes my hand, lacing his fingers with mine as we walk along the path, gazing at the stars glittering in the night sky.

I rest my head against his shoulder, enjoying his presence. One thing I realise with life is that you don't need a man, but if you do accept one into your life, make sure he is one who will treat you the way you deserve to be treated.

Trust, loyalty, and appreciation are important, and if one is forgotten or broken, it can cause havoc.

I don't need Sebastian in my life, but I choose to have him in my life on my own accord. Regardless of all those who judged me saying I should stay for my children, or tolerate him for the sake of others, remember to always put yourself first. 2

I did, and now I'm happy, knowing that both Sebastian and I are in the right place, for ourselves and for this relationship. Only then can I give my best to him, our children, and this pack.

“What's on your mind?” Sebastian asks as we come to a stop, and he raises my hand to his lips, kissing my knuckles tenderly.

“Us,” I say softly.

“Oh?”

“Yes, I love you, Alpha Sebastian,” I whisper.

“And I love you, my Luna.” He says softly, “Now and always.”

I smile, unable to stop my heart from pounding, and tiptoeing, I claim his lips in a soft, passionate kiss.

I love him, and he loves me and together, as equals, we will raise our family.

I am the Alpha of a powerful pack, but before that, I am the Luna his Luna.

Now and forever.

THE END