

I Am The Luna Chapter 41 By Moonlight Muse

Posted by **NovelHeart**, 3291 Views, Released on August 17, 2023

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An Intruder

ZAIA. “Lu- Ms Zaia...” I look up to see Daniel, one of Sebastian’s assistants, standing there. He lowers his head politely to me.

“It’s good to see you, Daniel,” I say quietly. No matter how devastated and upset I feel right now, I can’t let that affect anything else. I smile as warmly as possible at him, and he smiles. back brightly.

“It’s lovely to see you again, ma’am.” “It is,” I say, touching his arm for a second before I excuse myself. There are cops everywhere, I wonder what happened...

I walk down the hall, my two guards flanking me as I enter the main lobby heading for the food court. “Ma’am. There’s been a situation and the food department has been suspended.

I sigh. “Understood. Are we free to leave?”

The officer looks me over before he nods. “Yes, come. I’ll make sure they let you out.” “Thank you,” I reply, glad to get out of there, but I don’t know how I would face Mom or Dad.

Tell them that I failed. The car is brought, and I get in, slipping my shades on.

Maybe I should have fought harder... but he had thrown me off. The drive back to the villa we are residing at passes by faster than I would have liked.

I check up on Jai and Valerie via text, trying not to think about what has just gone down. There’s no change yet, but the full moon will be at its peak in to days from now. I have hope...

I step out of the car, forlorn and tired. I know things like this happen often, but when you spent so long on something... it was almost in my grasp.

Almost...

The door opens before I even reach it. "Surprise!" Zion and Sia say, making me jump. I stare around the hall, and the congratulations sign that is plastered across the wall opposite.

Oh, no....

They had such high expectations...

I look down at my precious jewels and crouching down, pull them both into my arms, kissing the top of their heads. They make me happy. "Congratulations, Zaia," Father says, making me look up. How do I tell them I didn't get it?

"Shouldn't we... be celebrating once the paperwork is sealed? Things haven't been finalised yet..." I say, feeling awful for lying.

But the excitement on the children's faces and the pride on Dad's is too much for me to break their hearts right now. The children don't need to know, but I will tell Dad later.

"Well, don't keep her. Come Zaia, dinner is ready. I made your favourite." Mom says with a smile. "I ordered your favourite," Dad adds, giving Mom a pointed look.

Mom scoffs, rolling her eyes before she walks off. One week under the same roof must be hard... 1

I have no idea what Annette would think of that, knowing her husband is under the same roof as his ex-wife. Dinner passes in a blur as I keep smiling, pretending I'm happy as I eat and drink away, trying to drown my worries.

"Are you alright Zaia, you don't usually drink much?" Mom asks, concerned. "Of course she doesn't, if the wine is the cheap stuff you keep," Dad says arrogantly.

I giggle. "You two are like an angry married couple, who don't know how to feel..." I say, suddenly feeling upset. "I was celebrating how my day went. Can I not have a drink or two?" I add, staring at my wine.

"Are you sure everything is alright, Zaia?" Dad asks me sharply. I glance over at the kids, who are eating their pudding, giggling, and whispering about us adults.

“Everything is perfect,” I say. I don’t want to answer anything today... but tomorrow... tomorrow I’ll face it all, “Alright! Let’s get you guys to bed!” I say, jumping up from my seat. I grab my glass and the bottle when Mom stands up.

“Go get some rest, you deserve it, for giving your best... I’ll get the children to bed.” She says. I look at her sharply, my heart thudding. Does she know?

“Yes! Grandma can get us to bed, Mommy, are you tired?” Zion asks. I shake my head. “No, I’ll get you two into bed. I want to. Come on.” I take Sia’s hand and lead the way upstairs, dropping the bottle and glass off at my room before we then make our way to the children’s room, ready to get them settled into bed.

Mom pops her head in when I’m showering them, and I know she’s just concerned because I had drunk a little more than normal. I’m fine, maybe a little more emotional.

Being a werewolf, our tolerance to alcohol is rather high. We can get drunk though, and that is exactly what I plan to do once my children are asleep. Lock my door, get drunk, and wallow in my loss.

“...and then, they lived happily ever after...” I whisper, closing the book as I look at Sia and Zion, both fast asleep on either side of me.

Sia is on my arm, whilst Zion has his arms wrapped around the other one, allowing me to use my hand to hold the book.

I kiss them both softly before I close the book and slowly ease out of bed. Tucking them in, I dim the lights and check Sia’s pulse and her medication chart. Me and mom have been keeping on top of it perfectly...

But they aren’t helping...

I return to my room, close the door behind me, and lock it. I massage my neck, rolling the kinks out of it, falling on my glass of wine and the bottle.

I’m sure it wasn’t empty when I left it there. The glass stands so close to me, maybe I have drunk too much. Groaning, I pull open the buttons of my blouse, put some music on from my phone and toss it onto the bed. I grab the bottle, pouring myself a glass when my heart skips a beat.

A shadow falls over me and I spin around, ready to smash whoever it is over the head with the bottle, when a hand clamps over my mouth, the other snatching the bottle from me and placing it down.

It takes me a moment to realise who it is, my heart thudding. What is he doing here?

Anger flares inside of me and I try to yank his hand free, but he's far stronger. My eyes flash as I struggle even more, only for him to push me up against the wall.

His body presses against mine, sending pleasure that I should not be feeling through me. I hate how my body reacts to him when I don't want him. "Hush, Little Fox, I need you to hear me out." His voice is low and husky and I'm not sure it's the alcohol or the fact that I can smell him.

That smell that I love... his breath is minty with hints of my favourite wine... that explains the empty glass. He slowly removes his hand from my mouth, and I glare into his eyes.

"I hate you," I whisper defiantly. He rests his arm on the wall above my head and shakes his head.

"You don't... I need you to hear me out. The only reason I tried to take that deal is because I don't trust his son. I heard what that bastard was saying about you-"

"You..." I try to push him back, but he refuses to budge. My heart is thumping as everything clicks. "You were the one who attacked him!" I hiss, trying to shove him, only for him to grab my other hand and pin it against the wall.

His eyes dip to my breasts and I realise my shirt is hanging open, revealing my lace bra. His eyes flash silver and I can see that hunger in them as he exhales slowly. "Listen to me Princess, I was only trying to protect you..."

"I don't need protection." I snarl, forced to keep my voice down. Even if the walls were thick, I couldn't risk it. "You think that..."

"I know that. Unhand me." I demand. I can't deal with this closeness... I can feel the heat radiating off his body. Knowing under that fitted shirt is his chiselled abs, and- Stop it Zaia...

My pussy clenches and I bite my lip, trying to clear my mind, but I can't, not when his intoxicating scent is dizzying me. I'm angry at him, right?

No... I'm just... defeated. "The things he said were way out of line. I just don't want you alone with him. I told Harrison to give you the deal, and he wants me to work alongside you. It would give us more time together and I will only be a backer. You will be handling the project and at least I'll know you

will be safe." He whispers, his face inches from mine. "Try to understand, Zaia."

"I worked hard for that project. I don't need you to give me anything. You made a mockery of me! As for that-" I clench my jaws, trying not to shout as I glance at the door. "I could have handled him!" I hiss in a much lower tone.

He frowns. "Oh yeah, when he has millions of pounds to his name? Men like him get away with everything. I'm not going to risk it."

"I am nothing to you. You don't need to take responsibility for me." I snap. How did he even get in here?

"Stop it, Zaia. I don't want anyone to know I'm here." He mutters. I jerk my head up, ready to say something when my nose brushes against him and my breath hitches.

Too close...

His heart is thudding too... his hands drop, letting go of my wrist, they ghost along my waist making my heart pound louder.

"Then you shouldn't have come," I whisper. "You were angry, and hurt and I didn't want you to continue to have that misconception-"

"I'm not hurt, just pissed off!" I hiss, glaring at him. "Good to know, then you won't be upset when you learn that Harrison has already emailed the Toussaint business email, at you have been given the job?"

"Oh, like you did me a favour, you knew my weakness, and you exploited that to him. Pointing it out! So, what has he offered the eighty percent of He cocks a brow, his again.

“No. the job I say sarcastically. vaze dipping to my breasts negotiable its entirely... but it's allow me to be there for you...

even if it's... just work-related.” He isn't even looking me in the eye, anyway, shamelessly looking me over. I try to push him back again only for him to pin my wrists against the wall in a flash again.

Goddess...

There's something about being overpowered by him which is turning me on...

Unable to stop myself, I press my thighs together, praying he can't smell my arousal. I need him to leave. “You need to go.” I manage to say I can feel his hard shaft pressed against Sebastian... go.”

I bite my lip, trying not to on my wrists stomach. ”

Oan when his grip “How do you expect me to go when I know how wet you are for me?” He growls in my ear, sounding more animal than human.

“I-I'm not.” I lie. He scoffs, shifting his position and pinning both my wrists above my head with one hand whilst his other hand brushes down between my breasts and stomach, leaving a trail of pleasure in his wake.

I suck my stomach in, trying not to moan. I've been deprived for too long drunk, but this feels... so good...

I know I'm “Stop.” I moan, gasping when his hand pulls. my skirt up, bearing my entire ass. The cool wind against my molten pussy only makes me whimper, feeling the need for him growing.

“Sebastion.”

“If you want me to stop... say it like you mean it.” He whispers and against my own mind. I find myself parting my legs, allowing him to cup my soaking pussy.

I gasp as explosive pleasure rushes through me, and I want so much more. “Sebastian... I...” I look at him, still angry, still confused, but above all, so fucking turned on.

I don't want him, yet at the same time I do... and when he parts my pussy, finding my clit, I'm gone. A victorious smirk crosses his lips before they crash

against mine. Claiming them in a sizzling kiss as he muffles my erotic moan of pure pleasure.

A moan fuelled by my frustration, lust, anger, hunger and desire. I want to unleash my anger on him, at the same time I want him to fuck me hard...

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SEBASTIAN.

The moment I cup her damp core, the heat makes me throb. I fucking want her. It's been nearly four years since I've last tasted pu\$\$y. She was my last and the only one I wanted, although I'm a man who has a ravenous appetite...

I've been deprived for far too fucking long...

"You are such an asshole." She mutters, her eyes that are hooded with lust, flash. She's not that drunk...

I know deep down she'll turn around tomorrow and put this down to her being drunk. But I was married to her for three years; I know what she's like when she's wasted and she's far from it...

"An asshole you can't get enough of," I reply in an arrogant low growl, yanking her lace panties aside and plunging my fingers into her.

"Fuck!" she whimpers. She struggles in my hold against the grip I have on her wrists. I rake my eyes over her breasts, relishing in the view before me and the way she wraps around my fingers so tightly. She's soaking wet and I'm just getting harder.

"Tell me, has any other man touched you?" I ask as I fuck her with my fingers, making sure I hit her g spot just the way she used to like it.

"None of your business." She retorts with a whimper. Just the thought of her with someone else makes me kiss her possessively until she pushes me back, gasping for air. Her nipple\$ are hard under that skimpy bra, and they're begging for some attention too...

I lean down, kissing her neck roughly as I slip a second finger into her pu\$\$y. She moans against my lips, parting her legs, granting me better access.

“For someone who can’t stand me, you seem to enjoy me pleasuring you.” I taunt as I let go of her wrists and yank off her shirt, leaving her in her skirt that is bunched around her waist and bra.

She bites her lips as she yanks me closer and crashes her lips against mine. I kiss her back, hard and deep, as she plunges her tongue into my mouth. Grabbing her breasts in my hand. Fuck yes....

I squeeze hard, making her whimper.

Her arms snake around my neck, her fingers running through my hair as I suck on her tongue before assaulting her mouth with my own tongue.

Pleasure consumes me and all I can think of is how she tastes, how fucking good she feels wrapped around my fingers, the scent of her arousal. That is an addiction.

She gasps as I thrust my two fingers into her tight pussy harder and faster. Her head tilts back before she lets go of me, swiftly unbuttoning my shirt, yanking it open, and I cock a brow.

Her finger coordination’s are perfect... I help her remove my jacket and shirt and she runs her hands down my chest, sending waves of pleasure through me.

“Not too bad.” She says. Her gaze dips down, and she licks her lips, her eyes darkening with lust. She leans forward, her hands fumbling with my belt as she kisses my neck roughly, sucking hard. Leaving her mark and staking her claim, which is pretty fucking hot.

Pleasure rushes through me and I yank her head back, our eyes meeting before we’re kissing each other hungrily. My eyes flash as I slip my fingers out of her dripping core, massaging her pussy for a few seconds.

The haze around me is growing and all I can think of is being buried inside her. Her nails dig into my hips as she tugs my pants down slightly.

“Seb...” she trails off, her heart pounding as I rip off her panties. I kiss her again, grabbing her breasts, squeezing hard, before I kiss and suck her neck. Her soft moans and her thumping heart are driving me insane.

Lifting her by the ass, I pin her against the wall, reaching behind her and unhooking her bra letting out those breasts.

Fuckkk.

She roughly pulls me closer, her hand twisting into my hair as she crashes her lips against mine, hard. Our hands roam each other's bodies as I lower her, pressing the tip of my cock to her pu\$sy. I slam into her, making her eyes fly open and her mouth part as she tries to adjust.

I suck in a breath as blistering hot pleasure courses through me. The pleasure is intense, and I bury my face into her neck, sucking hard on the soft skin of her smooth neck as I begin thrusting into her.

She's tight. So fucking tight...

"Is that all you got?" She moans breathlessly. Our beating hearts are a rhythm to our lovemaking as our skin slaps against each other's.

"Well, if harder is what you want, Little Fox, it would be my utmost satisfaction ." I whisper. I knew my dirty little girl was in there. Her legs wrap around my waist tightly as I grip her thighs, pounding into her.

But I want more want to be buried deep inside of her and see her writhing beneath me. My eyes flash as I turn, carrying her to the bed and placing her down.

Our eyes meet before as she grips my hips, and yanks me against her, I enter her again, slamming into her hard and begin thrusting hard and fast.

The pleasure running through me is euphoric. She breathes heavily, biting her bottom lip to stop herself from crying out, as I fuck her rough and deep, just how she wants it.

I grip the back of her neck, kissing her lightly as I pound into her. With the other hand, I pin her knee to the bed.

Our eyes meet and suddenly the sheer weight of what is happening hits us. She uses all her force, pulling her leg free and flipping us over, straddling me as she begins riding my cock harder. She doesn't want to think right now, and that's fine by me...

“I think you’re losing your game.” She taunts, her tits bouncing as I grab her hips, massaging them as I watch her take my dick.

“Is that a challenge, little temptress?” I whisper breathlessly. Sitting up, I flick her nipple before taking the soft pink bud into my mouth and sucking hard.

“Maybe... Oh Goddess...” she moans, her eyes fluttering shut as she parts those sore lips.

I devour her breasts, sucking, licking and kissing every inch of them, and she approves. Cupping the back of my head, she pulls me closer, her back arched as she watches me play with them through her half-closed eyes.

“That’s it... feels so good...” she moans in approval. Seems like I’m not so rusty...

I lift her off me and toss her onto the bed on her stomach, making her gasp. I squeeze her ass as I lean over her and grip her jaw from behind.

I yank her head up just as I enter her from behind, making her eyes fly open, a moan of pure bliss escaping her lips...

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I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 43

Chapter 43 A Little Play

SEBASTIAN. She groans, her lips parted as I thrust into her slow, yet hard. Each thrust makes her sigh in satisfaction. Her eyes filled with lust and pleasure, and I claim her lips in another kiss as I speed up, feeling her walls tighten around me.

“Sebastian...” she whimpers as I pull her back onto her knees, one hand cupping her neck, slipping my thumb into her mouth, whilst playing with her ample breasts with the other hand. She gasps as I bury myself deeper into her, wanting her to take me entirely.

“Breathe...” I growl in her ear, before I wrap my hand around her throat, sucking hard on the corner of her neck.

Her entire body tenses, and I slam into her again, rougher and harder, tightening my hold on her neck as she comes undone. Her entire body tenses as her orgasm hits her, her body arching.

“Bastian... fuck!” she gasps, her head tilts back, her eyes fluttering shut as I chase my own release, pleasure erupts through, and my mind goes blank as we both drop onto the bed and I pull out of her making her gasp.

A thin layer of sweat covers our bodies, and I wrap my arms around her from behind, pulling her body against mine.

Her heart is pounding, as is my own, both of us breathing hard. That felt so good... the satisfaction of having sex with her. She’s as good as I remember, or even better. I missed her...

There were women in my life before her, one- night hookups, a quick fuck when you need it... 1

But ever since I tasted her for the first time, there was no way I could have another. I knew she was the endgame. I press my lips against the back of her shoulder softly, not knowing what she’ll do next.

She tenses slightly beneath my touch. We’re both processing what just happened and... as much as I loved fucking her hard and fast, I wish it wasn’t over so soon...

She takes a shaky breath, placing her hand over mine and removing it from her waist.

I watch as she slowly turns over, shuffling away from me, but I admit I’m surprised she hasn’t gotten up from the bed and tried to run away already.

Once there’s at least a foot or so between us, she looks up at me with that gorgeous after-s3x glow lighting up her face. Her cheeks are flushed, and her lips are sore, and it only makes her look even more fuckable.

The urge to claim them in another passionate kiss entices me, but I also know that’s me pushing my luck...

She covers her breasts with her arms, and I find myself hardening at the site of her naked body once again..., my eyes dipping to her pussy. A thin strip of hair runs down the centre of her pubic area. Her smooth creamy skin is

covered with red marks where I had gripped her tightly and there are plenty of hickeys tainting her skin. A canvas I painted tonight...

She's a work of art, one I love to admire...

I almost swear when I see my cum staining her inner thighs as she squeezes her legs tighter together under my gaze. My eyes flicker silver before they snap up to hers.

"What happened tonight... we pretend it never happened." She says quietly. Her words sting, but I give her a small nod.

"Sure, I'll try..."

It's not easy to simply forget something like that happened...

I know I fucked up, but we just made this entire thing a whole lot messier. There is no way I'll be able to forget about what happened or not think about it. She looks down, and I know she's conflicted...

"Zaia..."

She looks up slowly, hugging herself as she sits up, wincing. I frown, getting off the bed and walking across the room. I pick up my shirt and wrap it around her shoulders.

Her heart thuds as she looks up at me before her eyes instantly drop to my cock, which is pretty much level with her face right now, making her gasp. I raise an eyebrow as she turns her head away when I crouch down in front of her and cup her face.

"Look at me." She obeys, and I stroke her cheek.

"It's ok to want some action in your life and I won't deny that I'm happy it was me and not someone else. Although half the time I think you were digging your nails in on purpose..." I tease, showing her the scratches that cover my arms and shoulders. She blushes, and I know she didn't realise.

"Obviously." She lies with a frown. "You're just a wuss who can't handle a strong woman." She retorts. I smirk, but I'm glad she's not shutting me off entirely.

“One day I hope I can... Regarding that project, the ball is in your court. If you want me on the project I’m there, if not... just take care of yourself. Whatever you choose, I’ll be fine with it.”

No, I won’t. That man makes me fucking sick, but hopefully, with that broken jaw, he’ll be out of the game for a while. My team was already trying to clear my mess up.

“I should hope so... but you know you acted recklessly. Sure, none of the others there were werewolves, but news gets around Bastien. We need to be careful, we don’t want that getting back to whoever is trying to hurt us.” She whispers, but my mind is stuck on what she just called me...

I can’t help but smirk as I give her a nod of agreement, which only makes her frown. “That’s why I repeatedly tell you I need you. I don’t really think with my mind but my emotions. You were my voice of reason.”

She rolls her eyes. “The only problem is... you need to share things with me before acting on your emotions then. Don’t make excuses.” She scolds lightly, leaning forward. Her breasts capture my attention and I close my eyes, exhaling, trying to focus before I look into her eyes.

“I agree and I know I fucked up, but that’s why I’m here tonight. I wanted to fix it and tell you why.” She crosses her arms. “You should do that before going all Alpha male on me.”

“You mean the sex? Does that mean that could happen again?” I ask arrogantly, although I know she meant before I intervened.

She lets out a chuckle. “Are you serious? No, that won’t happen again.” She says, shaking her head as she smiles, and I tilt my head.

“Did you just laugh?” Her eyes widen, her smile vanishing before she pouts and shakes her head. “That was a...

sarcastic... scoff.” “Oh yeah? Then how about this?” I say as I suddenly grab her waist and began tickling her.

She lets out a shriek of laughter before clamping her mouth shut as she tries to control her laughter as she wriggles in my hold.

“Sebastian, someone will hear us!” she hisses, between giggles. The shirt falls open and neither of us seems to care.

“Then you better keep it down,” I whisper, “Bastien!”

“That counts for a laugh, then?” I question as she pushes me, and we both tumble onto the floor.

“No, it doesn’t- ah!” she giggles breathlessly when suddenly there’s a knock on the door and we both freeze.

“Zaia, are you alright?” Hugh’s voice comes. We both stare at one another and Zaia takes a breath, her heart thumping.

“Watching a movie, Dad.” She says lightly. “Oh. that makes sense. Well good night, I am off to bed.”

“Good night!” She calls before placing her hand on her mouth, waiting for him to walk off before she begins laughing.

“That just gave me major Déjà vu and not in a good way,” L-mutter, remembering when we first found out we were mates, and her father didn’t want us together.

She nods as she sits up. “You used to always sneak in.” She says, clutching my shirt around her once again.

I place one arm under my head as I look at her. I miss this so damn much...

My smirk fades as I reach up with my other hand and caress her cheek. “I’m sorry.”

“For?” “A lot of things... but this one is for drowning myself in work all the time... Especially for the last two years of our married life... The expectations that were set upon me. The need to prove I’m better drove me harder into my work, yet you never complained... I lost sight of what should have truly been my priority. I’m sorry.”

Her eyes soften as she looks at me, her head tilted to the side, at some point her hair’s completely come undone and it cascades over her shoulder.

“Don’t be, you never neglected me I was happy, Sebastian... I thought we were happy.”

I sit up, “We were.” I say quietly. She moves her legs, tucking them to the side and I hope she doesn’t leave, and I don’t want this moment to end...

“Put some clothes on.” She scolds me, her gaze dipping to my cock again. I cock a brow. “I don’t mind being naked,” I reply arrogantly. She frowns when I tilt my head. “So, I made you laugh. What’s my prize?”

She looks up, her eyes softening, her heart thumping, and I wonder what’s on her mind when she looks down as she gets to her feet, stumbling slightly. 2

Ah, so that’s why she didn’t run away straight away...

Guess that was a good hard fuck. She turns her back on me, clutching my shirt to her chest, but from this angle, I can see her sexy ass oh so perfectly. But it’s the words she speaks that shake me to the core...

“I... I want the children to meet you... and you, them.”

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Chapter 44 A Father’s Role

ZAIA. My heart is thumping as I sense him stand up. “Excuse me,” I say quietly, about to step away and head to the bathroom, when he grabs my wrist and spins me around and back into his arms, making me gasp.

He’s naked and I’m extremely aware of the heat from his body. The feeling of his body against mine... every ridge and groove... and his cock, but it’s the look in his eyes that is making me lightheaded.

“You’re just going to give me the second greatest gift that I can ever hope for and then run away?” He asks, gripping the side of my face. Don’t...

My breath hitches and I close my eyes trying to focus. His closeness... his touch... We already crossed a barrier today that we never should have. The very thought of what happened makes my core clench all over again.

“I...” my voice is breathless as his finger brushes across my jaw. “Despite everything... you deserve to meet them, and they deserve to know their father.”

I open my eyes, finding myself looking into his burning silver ones. They hold so many emotions and are staring into mine with such intensity that I'm forced to look away.

"Look at me, Zaia." His voice is soft, husky, and low as he forces me to turn my head back towards him. His nose brushes mine before he touches his forehead to mine.

"Thank you." He says quietly. His hand that grips my elbow, now let's go and wraps around my waist tightly.

I close my eyes, lowering my head so he doesn't see what this is doing to me. He lets go of my face, cupping the back of my head as he pulls me into his chest, resting his head on top of mine.

It's an intense moment, but somehow him. being naked just makes it a little amusing and I won't deny that I feel embarrassed.

"I know you're happy but you're naked," I whisper, pulling away. Any longer in his arms and I will want him again "Right." He says, letting go of me as if not wanting to upset me.

There's an awkward silence between us before he runs his fingers through his hair I shake my head, hiding my smile as I turn away and walk towards the bathroom.

I feel sore. He hadn't held back, still and I can feel the aftermath of that sex session. I bite my lip, my core clenching before I look over my shoulder at him.

"Good night, Sebastian... I'll get in touch with you tomorrow," I say, stepping into the bathroom.

I'm about to close the door when he stops me, gripping the door and stopping me from being able to close it. My eyes widen, and I raise an eyebrow. "Can I help you?"

"My shirt." He says with a cocky smirk.

"Oh..." I say looking down. He leans against the door and crosses his arms clearly showing that he isn't about to turn away.

How shameless.

His piercing blue eyes are on me, undressing me with them and as much as I want to tell him to turn away... I want to tease him too. And so, I turn my back on him, slowly slipping the shirt down from my shoulders.

I hear his heart rate quicken and I smirk as I let it drop to my wrists before I tug it off and place one arm over my boobs; I turn and hold it out to him.

"Your shirt, Alpha," I say flirtatiously, blinking at him. He exhales slowly, swallowing hard as he takes it from me, and I smirk. "I think I won that round," I say before I push him out of the way and slam the door shut.

I stifle a giggle, turning I lean against the door and close my eyes, placing a hand on my chest. I know it's complicated... but I won't deny that tonight left me feeling incredibly good...

"Zaia?" I look up. It's the following day and we are sitting having breakfast. The children have already finished and have gone to play in the other room.

Mom looks at me suspiciously from across the table. I raise an eyebrow questioningly.

"What is it?" I ask, taking another spoonful of my cereal. "There's something different about you..." she muses. "Something about your face..."

Oh, a mother's intuition at work! "There isn't anything different. I was just trying out some new makeup products. Perhaps it's that." I suggest smoothly. Hoping that the hickeys he left on my neck are hidden...

Last night when I stepped out of the shower, he was gone. A single-wrapped chocolate truffle is left on my pillow as a parting gift. His way of telling me to get my energy back up... he used to always do that...

Leave me a chocolate, because he believes chocolate helps get your strength back up...

Cute... but why was he carrying chocolate around? I'm sure he didn't think he'd get lucky! I smile softly and Mom frowns, leaning forward as she sips her tea.

"Zaia... you're scaring me." I shake my head, chuckling lightly. "I officially got the job offer today, Mom. I'm simply happy," I say.

It's true, as Sebastian said, we received the official letter. Now all that is needed is signing the deal. Something that Dad had been extremely proud to see. Mom sighs and nods as if it all makes sense now and smiles. "Ah, I see. For a moment, I thought there was a man."

My heart skips a beat and I laugh it off. "No Mom, there is no man," I say, the image of Sebastian, naked above me, as he pounded into me, clear in my mind...

Oh Yes... please...

Urgh, focus Zaia!

I bite my lip, shaking my head when Dad's footsteps approach, making me turn.

"Mr Harrison has requested us to join him for dinner two nights from now. This is excellent, Zaia." He says with a nod. "He is satisfied with

your business plan, and this will truly help the company, too."

I smile. "I won't let you down," I say, wondering if this might be a good time to put my plan into action regarding the children meeting Sebastian.

"I know you won't. You have proved yourself time and time again." Dad says as he looks over at Mom, who is smiling at me with adoration.

"What? I raised her well. You should be thanking me!" she says when she realizes that he is watching her. He cocks a brow but says nothing, and I can't help but smile.

"There is something I need your help with," I say quietly. Dad raises an eyebrow just as the children drop something from the living room area before they burst into giggles.

"What is it?" he says, looking back at me.

"You may not agree. And it may not be easy for me either... but I think the children deserve to know their father." I say quietly, now standing Dad's face instantly darkens, and Mom puts her mug down a little harder than unnecessary they

“What is this? You saw him at yesterday and now do you feel like you owe him? Did he approach you?” Dad asks coldly. I frown and shake my head.

“No, he didn’t.” I lie, “But I know how it feels. coming from a broken family. I know how it feels not being allowed to spend time with you. I don’t want my children to be deprived of something they have every right to have.

He slams his fist on the table, making the dishes clatter violently as Mom frowns.

“Zaia, I don’t think it’s necessary. They are only three years old,” she says the only topic she and Dad see eye to eye...

“They are three, yes. Yet they are intelligent and ask questions. Every time I introduce them to someone new, I see the questioning look in Zion’s eyes. It’s only a short while before they ask me where their dad is and why I am refusing to allow them to meet him.”

“That man hurt you, betrayed you and-” Dad begins.

“And did you not do the same to Mom?” I cut in His eyes widen slightly before he looks away in anger, and I sigh, looking down.

“Look. It doesn’t mean you are an inadequate father. A husband can cheat... a mate can betray you... but a father will still love their children... I don’t want my children to be deprived of him. I want them to meet their father.

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on August 17, 2023

I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 45

Chapter 45 A Target

ZAIA. Mom and Dad are both silent. Bringing up a painful part of their past wasn’t my intention, but it was necessary.

“Then, if your decision is made, then what do you want from me?” Dad says quietly. This is the moment, the most important part...

“I need you to arrange the meeting with Sebastian. After all, I don’t wish to talk to him.” I say, surprising both Mom and Dad. But with it, I see them both visibly relax...

As planned. I'm sorry to lie to you both... but I need to keep up the façade, so if the enemy is close, they realise that we are not together...

"I see..." Dad says, far calmer than before. He sighs heavily and nods. "I guess I can arrange that." "Thank you. Just say if he wishes to see the children, that I have agreed to allow that." I say, thinking I'll let Sebastian know, we will have to keep the act up.

Dad nods, patting my shoulder. "I may not like it... but I understand where you are coming from."

I smile slightly and nod. Once he leaves, Mom looks at me, opening her mouth when I shake my head. "I don't want to discuss it, Mom. Anyway, I need to go." I say, picking up my briefcase.

"Zaia..."

"Mom, please." I plead. Leaning over the table, I peck her cheek before I head to the living room, watching the children play. I walk over to them, picking Sia up. I kiss her cheeks tenderly.

"What are you two playing?" I ask as I brush a few strands of her hair back and she rests her head on my shoulder.

"I told you Mommy this morning I made a rocket," Zion explains as he picks up his Lego rocket and begins zooming around the room with it.

"Oh, that is amazing!" I compliment watching him run around the room before I pick up the Doll Sia is playing with. "She has the same hair colour as Sia."

"No." Sia says with a small, Mine cute "Mine is darker. It's more like Mommy's." mine, "Oh, is it?" I say, tickling her lightly, making her giggle before I place her down. "King I know I made the right decision."

I needed Mom and Dad to know because I didn't want the children to meet him and then tell my children it must be kept a secret. I don't want to instil that into them that if an adult tells you to keep a secret, you have to.

I want them to be open and not taught to keep secrets from such a young age.

I believe in honesty and speaking the truth...and I'm certain they will not be able to contain their excitement once they have met him. Sebastian was never one to mix with children, so I'm curious to see how he is with his own...

"Mommy, Grandad got us these yesterday," Sia says, pointing at some new toys.

"Oh, what lucky children you are! I love them." I say as Zion comes over to show his rocket. I play with them for a few minutes longer before I have to leave.

I message Sebastian that I will call him tonight at the same time as usual before I switch it off again. Hide it away and after locking my bedroom door, I head out.

I need to attend a private meeting with Mr Harrison to discuss the contract itself. Thank him for the job, not to mention apologies for my abrupt exit yesterday.

I wish I didn't act so impulsively! The car is ready and waiting outside and I get in, thanking the driver as he shuts the door after me.

On the drive there, I am unable to stop myself from thinking about last night. My cheeks burn at the fact I gave in to my desires.

I don't know how I will face Sebastian again!

"We're here ma'am." The driver says, and I come out of my thoughts, glancing up at the building. He gets out, coming around to open the door for me. "Thank you," I say as I step out and look up at the building.

Floor number twelve...

The sound of a motorbike roaring loudly as it approaches makes me glance at the road, frowning slightly.

The man is wearing a helmet as he zooms closer at a speed that is way above the limit for this area and he's headed right this way. My heart skips a beat.

“Ma’am,” The driver moves me back, probably worried he’d dirty my clothes when suddenly the motorbike careens off the road and is now zooming straight towards me.

“Move!” I shout to the driver. He’s human and if he gets hurt, he’ll die. I push him to the side and I jump back just as the bike whizzes past.

My guard, who has just got out of the front passenger seat, jumps out and rushes towards me as the biker turns violently and drives straight into the car that we were in moments ago. The crunch of metal fills the sky and I back away, just as he tosses a card onto the floor.

“Move back!” One of my bodyguards who was in a second car, commands as they form a human shield around me protectively.

“Get her inside!”

“It’s too risky.”

“Pass that message to Zaia Toussaint!” The distorted robotic voice from behind the helmet of the biker. I look up sharply, my heart plummeting as I hear the sound of gunshots go off and I’m pushed behind the stone pillar.

Distorted voice, Sebastian mentioned a distorted voice! Is it the person who tried to harm Sebastian on the way back from Atticus’s pack years ago?

Screams fill the air and I realise he’s begun shooting at random. I scream, as one of the men in front of me falls to the ground, dead. I’m dragged back and pushed into a corner as screams fill the air. Copper, I can smell it!

“It’s ok Ma’am.” One of the guards says. “Stay here...”

He’s about to say something more when the gun goes off and he doubles over dead, several bullets in his back.

No...

My mind is spinning. What is going on? I was meant to come to a meeting and instead, there’s a man with a gun on the loose shooting at will!

I look up, my heart thumping, the urge to protect others overtaking me and I grab one of the guns that the guards had pulled out.

They hadn't used it, but I will. I check if it's loaded, my heart pounding as I step out, grabbing the piece of card from the ground with shaking hands.

My heart drops as I stare at it. It's not a card, but a photograph. Sebastian and I... against the wall in my room, last night.

My head is ringing as I stare down at the picture, fear beginning to crawl into me. At the bottom of the photograph, in bold black ink, is a message. One that makes my heart churn...

I GAVE HIM A WARNING AND HE DISOBEYED.

NEXT TIME IT WILL BE YOUR BLOOD, ZAIA TOUSSAINT AND THAT OF YOUR PRECIOUS

LITTLE CHILDREN COVERING THE GROUNDS.

STAY AWAY FROM SEBASTIAN KING.

OR ELSE.

I look up at the killer as he shoots manically, his back to me. He's right before me. I need to stop him. I scan the front grounds. There are at least five other bodies that I can see. With a thundering heart, I raise my arms. Ready to shoot.

I can't tell if he's a werewolf or not... but...

I kick off my heels, not wanting to be heard as I slowly stand up and try to get closer. I haven't used a gun in ages... but I have been trained with one. I need to know his identity! (2

He's too busy aiming at someone hiding behind the bench and I'm almost close enough when he suddenly freezes and turns sharply towards me.

I gasp, pulling the trigger and he jumps to the side, letting out a menacing growl when the bullet hits his shoulder. Oh, he's a werewolf.

I shoot again, but this time he's ready. He dodges, raising his own gun and I dart for cover behind the smashed car as he lets off a rain of bullets. I'm shaking. The fear of what is happening on this street which is just like any other normal street feels unreal and terrifying.

“Come out, come out... oh if only you didn’t disobey me,” he hisses in that same distorted voice that sends a sinister chill down my spine.

I glance around at the other buildings. There are people in the windows, people hiding... but no one is here to help...

What should I do? I flinch as he slams something into the car, making the crunch of a metal ring through the air. It’s so silent...

I need to get that gun away from him...

What should I do...

I stay low, slowly keeping my distance as he rounds the car.

He knows I’m here...

“Oh, look a mouse!” He hisses, and I gasp when he shoots something. I hear the person groan before they drop to the floor. “Come out, or another one dies.”

The sound of sirens in the distance approaching sends a ray of hope through me, but I also know they are still far away, and my time is running out.

My heart almost stops as I see a girl in her teens walking down the street, headphones in her ears and clearly lost in her own world. I hear him pause and let out a chuckle.

No...

I hope Dad will be able to do enough damage control... sorry Dad, but I have to do this. I jump up, and he raises his gun. Not this time...

I duck, diving at him, and launch myself at him, knocking him back just as the gun goes off. Agony shoots through me, making me scream as I shudder, it takes me a moment to realise it’s just ripped through my upper arm and not my chest.

“Bitch!” He hissès. I hold on to him, refusing to let go and manage to throw him to the ground. I need to look at his face! I need to know who is tormenting us!

I grab his neck, the thick leather protecting him, and try cutting off his windpipe as he hits me across the head with the butt of his gun repeatedly.

My head is spinning, the pain bludgeoning through me far too powerful. No, I can't let go!

I bite my lip from crying out as he tries to throw me off him. I knock his legs from under him.

"Someone help!" I scream, but no one around wants to help, far too scared...

He hits me across the face as I hold on with everything I have.

Just until the police arrive!

You can do this, Zaia! I'm failing to remove the helmet!

"Fuck!" I scream as my back hits the floor with the man on top of me and I reach up, pushing up the visor on his helmet instead.

My heart thunders as I stare into a pair of brilliant blue eyes... eyes that widen in shock as they stare right back at me. Sebastian?

He raises his hand and this time, when the gun connects with my head, sending off another wave of pain, everything goes black...

suspenseful music plays

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on August 17, 2023

Chapter 46 A Talk

SEBASTIAN. "Get my car ready. I'm going to head out." I say through the phone to my driver, pausing when the news playing on the television catches my attention.

'... outside the Stanton Hotel Building. The mass shooting has left nineteen confirmed dead on the scene with three in critical condition and another injured when she tried to tackle the attacker...'

My heart thuds as I stare at the screen. The Stanton Hotel, Zaia's there. She was meeting Harrison there. "The following video is from the hotel itself and contains extremely distressing footage..."

The screen switches from the news reporter to a video of a man on a bike smashing straight into a car on purpose.

The scene unfolds. My heart is in my mouth when I see a redheaded woman pulled away as her men surround her. The people are blurred out, but why do I feel it's her?

Zaia. I'm rooted to my spot as I watch the blurred- out people drop like flies.

Zaia... Her men are killed, and I see her pick something up before she runs . Fuck, get out of there! Is she ok? My hands are shaking as I dial her number, It's switched off.

Fuck! I don't have her main number! I'm about to call Jai for it when the news reporter captures my attention.

"The woman now identified as Businesswoman Zaia Toussaint, heir and CEO of the Toussaint Empire and daughter of the business tycoon, Hugh Toussaint, is hailed a hero. When she spotted an unknowing girl crossing the road and saw the shooter turn his attention to her, she ran out and tackled him to the ground. Despite her efforts, he managed to injure her and get away before the police arrived at the scene..."

Is she fucking crazy?

My heart is thumping as I stare at the Television screen. "Police are now on the hunt for the shooter, someone who is deemed a risk to the city and its people... this is Pamela Greenfield..."

I turn, running to the door as I dial Daniel's number. "Fine out where Zaia Toussaint is currently! According to the news, she was injured today." I snarl.

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"Yes, boss!" My phone beeps as an incoming call comes through. Frowning, I cut the call with Daniel and stare at the name that is emblazoned across my screen.

Hugh Toussaint Of course, he would have his number listed...

Why is he calling me?

“Hello,” I answer the call. “We need to talk, King. Come to the Edmond Wall Hospital immediately, and do not question me because I am ready to unleash hell on not only your company but your pack too!” Hugh Toussaint’s snarl rips through the phone and I move the phone away from my ear.

“Understood.” I reply, cutting the call, for once not caring that he just threatened my pack. I need to get to her. I know where she is now, and I will have to tolerate Hugh if I want to see her.

Was she hurt badly?

Stepping outside, I get into the car quickly. “Get to the Edmond Wall Hospital and step on it.” I command as I sit back and scan the news articles on my phone, it’s spreading online like wildfire. She was shot in the shoulder and suffered trauma to her head...

I feel uneasy. Is it a coincidence or is it the same person? “Step on it!” I growl, and the driver instantly speeds up. I reach the hospital fast enough and make my way inside. Two of my men escort me to the entrance where I command them to wait. I can handle myself.

There are several cops in the hospital, and I spot Hugh’s men from afar. I approach one of them. He’s a werewolf and from his pack and he’s watching me keenly, knowing exactly who I am. “Tell your Alpha, Sebastian King, is here,” I say quietly. He nods, lowering his head as he touches his earpiece.

“Alpha, the Black Beast is here.” He mutters. I resist showing my irritation as I wait. After a few moments, he mutters an affirmation before he motions me to follow him, taking me down a corridor which is heavily guarded.

“She’s stable...” I hear one of the doctors murmur to another. “She was incredibly brave yet did something extremely dangerous...”

Zaia... of course she would. She never backs down. I’m led down a side corridor until we stop before a door. The guard knocks, waiting for permission to enter.

The moment the door swings open, my heart races as I look at the hospital bed. Her eyes are shut, and she’s hooked up to a machine as well as a blood bag. She’s wearing a pale blue hospital gown, her breasts rising and falling with each breath she takes. Her head is bandaged and so is her shoulder and arm.

Zaia! I step inside, wanting to go to her side, but I am instantly grabbed by the guards. I let out a menacing snarl, throwing them off me. "Remember who you are manhandling." I snarl.

"Enough," Hugh says coldly. "Let him be."

"Yes, sir." They shut the door behind them, and I fix my jacket, my eyes flashing. "You really are a beast... can't you control the animal within you?" He sneers and as much as I want to punch that arrogant look on his face, I control myself.

"I understand you wanted to see me, but it does not mean your men nor you can disrespect me!" I growl menacingly.

I've always hated this man to the very core. He may be her father, but he is as arrogant as Dad and always looks down on me.

"My daughter is in that bed because of you!" he thunders as he crosses the room, "What do you want me to do, roll out the welcoming carpet!"

"Because of me?" I ask coldly, glaring at him. How can he blame me without any reason? "Who fucking else!" he snarls, shoving something into my chest. I glare at him, snatching up the card, but before I even look at it my stomach churns with unease. The same card...

There's a photograph of me and Zaia last night ... I have her pinned against the wall, but it's obvious that we're in an intimate position. There's no way to deny that when her skirt is up around her waist and my hand is between her thighs.

Luckily, I'm covering most of her, and you can only see the side of her thigh... the bold writing at the bottom draws my attention.

I GAVE HIM A WARNING AND HE DISOBEYED.

NEXT TIME IT WILL BE YOUR BLOOD, ZAIA

TOUSSAINT AND THAT OF YOUR PRECIOUS

LITTLE CHILDREN COVERING THE GROUNDS.

STAY AWAY FROM SEBASTIAN KING.

OR ELSE.

Fuck. It is the same person... and I thought I did a good job of keeping that visit to her bedroom on the low, clearly not.

And how do I hide what happened from Hugh? There's no denying the clothes she's wearing are the same ones she was in yesterday, or the bedroom walls...

He scoffs, shoving his hands in his pockets. "So, what do you have to say?" he hisses, turning sharply towards me. "Nothing comes to mind? When will you stop playing with my daughter! Is this why she wanted you to see the children because you manipulated her?!"

"No. I never asked her... can we not argue?" I say quietly, staring at the paper. "This was the reason I divorced her to begin with, because of these notes. I swear I was thinking we could tackle this together. I never meant for this to happen."

Guilt. I feel fucking guilty. Once again, I couldn't protect her. I run my hand through my hair, twisting the strands as I stare down at the note. "So, are you two together again?" He asks coldly.

"No." "Then what is that picture depicting?!" He asks. "I don't fucking know, it just... that's up to Zaia to label," I growl, glaring at the paper. "Fuck this..."

"Sebastian." I look up to see he's watching me sharply. "What do you mean, the reason you divorced her, to begin with?"

I look down at the note again. What do I say? "I made stupid decisions.... And I lost the one I loved above anything else. It's a long story... how is she?"

"She'll live if that's what you mean. She acted recklessly by going after the attacker, but she survived. She may not have been so lucky, but this time she survived. Clearly, this man was out to get her, clearly a message to you!"

I walk over to the bed, brushing her hair back. She's pale, but she's breathing steadily. I'm grateful for that...

Bending down, I kiss her forehead, hearing Hugh tsk in irritation. I don't really care...

I run my fingers down her cheek before I force myself to step back, not wanting to push it. “You have a lot of explaining to do.” He says. icily.

“I do... and I can’t deny that as long as she remained within your pack, she was protected. Any threats I received that included her and the children were taken from afar. To think the moment she stepped out of that pack, someone was able to get close.”

“I don’t trust you either. When did this begin and why was I not alerted?” He asks, bristling with anger. “Because I didn’t know who we could trust in my own pack, I was being blackmailed and given doses of Ashbane. Zaia, as you know, was poisoned...”

“Well, it’s clear you weren’t able to figure it out. Why didn’t you reach out for help or advice from an elder?” “I just told you I didn’t know who to trust.”

“Well, I am her father, and though our relationship has been rocky, I can assure you that although I may not always show it, she is important to me. Start talking, this person has just made himself a new enemy,” he says coldly.

I look him dead in the eye, tilting my head.”

Then, in return, I’m sure you will willingly talk about her birthmark. Why does she have the symbol of the Blood Born on her? Tell me what you know, because I’m certain there is no way that you could have simply ignored that unique mark and pretended it was just ordinary.”

I watch him intently and, although he doesn’t even bat an eyelid; he swallows slowly. I smirk, so I was right. “Do we have a deal, Alpha Hugh?”

He’s struggling, but when he looks at Zaia, his hard expression softens slightly before he sighs heavily. “Very well, you have yourself a deal, Alpha Sebastian.”

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on August 17, 2023

I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 47

Chapter 47 A Few Answers

SEBASTIAN. An hour has passed, and she's not awoken. Hugh is a jerk and what pissed me off is that he wants me to explain everything first, and I do, leaving only a little out.

What I don't mention is the fact that I contacted Zaia or anything to do with our run-in back when she had her promotion dinner. Neither do I mention how we plan to work together, instead I say I wanted to work on the deal with her to get her to listen. I had broken in.

We are both silent as a doctor comes in and carries out some checks. Once he leaves, Hugh looks at me scathingly.

"I can have you arrested for trespassing." "From everything I just told you, is that all that stuck in your mind?" I ask coldly.

He frowns. "Yes. Stay away from my daughter... Even if you did things for her, you still hurt her. I feel you really are losing your common sense and becoming a beast that should be contained within." He sneers as he stands up and crosses his arms.

Ass. "Annalise was never kidnapped... however... Did you find out where the money was transferred from? Zaia would never do something of the sort. She is like her mother in that department. They may talk harshly at times, but they have... good hearts." He finishes off curtly, clearly not wanting to discuss his ex-wife.

We really aren't that different. But it makes me wonder why they even split, from what I know and have seen; Annalise's mother is nowhere as pretty as Zaia's mother. So, what did he see in her that made him leave his mate?

I'm one to talk. I casually dated Annalise although Zaia had caught my eye before her. I observe him as I ponder over his words.

"I did try to check, but there was no sign of a security breach on her account or anything, almost as if it was done from her computer or phone itself." I shake my head. It still baffles me.

"Then perhaps someone who possibly has access to those devices and is always around her." He says, glaring at me.

I frown back. "And since your daughter wasn't kidnapped, it has to be someone working with her." I counter coldly.

He irks me. He raises an eyebrow. "She may be my daughter, but I am not the one who chose her over Zaia." He says, striking where it hurts. "I already told-

"Yeah, yeah, you told me why you did what you did. Fix up that arrogance, Sebastian, or you will turn out to be as bitter, arrogant, and hated as your father." He says.

He really does hate him... "And is he the reason you have always resented me? My father?" I ask quietly as I stand up. He doesn't reply, clenching his jaw and turning his head away sharply. I frown. "Is it?" I push. "Answer me, Hugh."

"The apple never falls far from the tree." He replies as I walk over to him, stopping a metre or so away. "Yet every apple of the same tree doesn't taste the same. I am not my father and if it's any consolation to you, he can't stand me either. Especially since Zaia left." Hugh cocks a brow.

"I highly doubt that." "The Blood Born; I've told you everything. Now it's your turn." I say sharply. He isn't getting out of this one. He frowns as he looks at the bed. "It's just...

things like that don't exist. It's just... a fluke." I almost laugh and cock a brow. "A fluke? You know what, it doesn't matter if you think it's a fluke or not, someone is firmly of the belief that she is Blood Born.

So, we need to know what that means and if you know anything, then tell us because it might just help us figure out who is behind all of this." I say.

"He's right, Dad."

We both turn sharply to the bed, where Zaia's eyes are now open, and I rush to her side instantly.

"Zai-"

"Zaia, you're awake," Hugh says, pushing me aside as he takes her hand. I growl menacingly, letting my displeasure be known but allow him to step forward. Simply because I fucking need that information.

“Yeah, good as ever,” she says, smiling at her father, but her eyes flit to mine. Her heartbeat quickens, and I see Hugh’s eyes flicker with irritation. “So where were we? The quicker I tell you, the quicker you can leave.”

I almost snort. I’ll leave when I want to. “When you were born, I did think I had seen the symbol... and so, I did my research.... But it’s... it’s far too outlandish to even consider.”

“We’ll decide that. Just spit it out.” I snarl. Zaia tilts her head as she looks at me, and I cock my brow. “Am I wrong? He’s obviously dragging this out because he doesn’t want to tell us.”

Her cheeks burn a little, but she doesn’t reply, looking away. “You are insolent.” Hugh hisses. “Fine! All I know is that they say Blood Born are here to purge the disbelievers. Those who have turned away from their Goddess. See?

Foolish! Tell me, what does that make Zaia, someone who will carry out judgement simply for evolving in life?” I glance at Zaia. It isn’t so far-fetched... she is a little more in touch with her wolf side and beliefs...

“What if it’s a misconception? I mean, I don’t think anyone deserves to be... purged. But what if I just need to show people that we need to embrace our wolves the way we once used to the children! Dad, where are the children?” She jolts upright. “There was a threat, my babies-”

—

“They’re safe Zaia, calm down. I had your mother, and the children escorted to a safe place where they are extremely secure. I can’t let you speak to them so as not to give their location away, but I give you my word they are safe.”

She relaxes a little and I just wish it was me who was able to keep them safe. I keep failing... Does it mean the enemy is within the walls of my pack?

“Thank the goddess...” She relaxes and her father forces her to lie down again. “I don’t know much else about the Blood Born... but there are usually three in existence at once. Each one stands for one point of the triangle. Each one holds a different ability... or so it says...”

He doesn't believe a word he's saying and probably thinks it's a sick prank. But I believe it, there's something going on and I don't know why, but if there's three... Could it be another Blood Born behind this? 3

It would make sense why they know about it But what incentive could they have? "Thank you for sharing that, Father..." Zaia says. She's frowning thoughtfully too. "You have some explaining to do." He mutters to her.

She nods before she glances at me. "Did you see him? The attacker, I've seen. the uncensored video footage. You were trying to get his helmet off. Did you manage to see anything?" Hugh asks.

She glances at me, then back to him, her heart thumping, before she shakes her head. "I'm afraid not." She says quietly.

"Dammit!" Hugh says, losing his calm for a moment. It's obvious he hoped she had. "So, you risked your life for nought!"

"She tried. Leave her alone." I say coldly. He pinches the bridge of his nose and nods. "I know... I know. I'm just angry he got away." He sighs heavily.

"Can I have a word alone with Sebastian, Dad?" she asks him. His frown deepens before he glares at me, Behave like a man and not a beast." He snarls as he walks past me. That's up to me.

I resist the urge to roll my eyes and when the door shuts behind him; I look down at Zaia, taking a seat beside her.

"Sorry about that. He riles me up." I say. "Mhmm, and what are you doing here?" she asks. "Your father called, believe it or not. He found the note you were given." I say quietly.

"And he wanted to know what happened... that's what he meant..." She closes her eyes and sighs. "It's fine, he'll get over it. He just doesn't like me. Guess I'm too much of an animal for them."

Asshat of a Toussaint. She smiles as she sits up. I instantly place my hand on her waist, tugging her up gently, as I look down at her bandaged shoulder.

"Black Beast... you got that name for a reason." She says softly, tilting her head. "Yeah, although I don't think your father sees that as an

achievement.” She looks at me, and the way her eyes are raking over me is doing things it shouldn’t do to me, not here...

“You know that was one of the things I always liked about you... that animal side of you... Not only is it sexy, but it showed who you were...” she whispers, her cheeks flushing. “Oh, yeah?” I question as I lean closer to her, cocking a brow.

Our eyes meet, and her heart is racing wildly. “Yeah... Where others saw you as a dangerous beast, I relished in that behaviour ... that possessiveness and that dominance. I didn’t marry anyone, I married an alpha, one who is a beast. And one I want to be ravished by.” she says.

I cock a brow, a smirk crossing my lips as I reach over and grip her chin between my fingers. “Only that last part... wasn’t in past tense...”

Her heart pounds, her eyes flying open as she realises what she just said.

“I...”

“I don’t mind ravishing you either, princess ...” I murmur. Her gaze flutters to my lips when her expression drops, and she looks up at me. “Bastien... I lied.”

“Lied?” I ask. “Bastien... I lied.”

“Lied?” I ask. “I saw his eyes before he shot me... I saw his eyes.” “Did you recognise him?” I ask sharply. ”

Tell me.” This is a major clue! “Blue, he had blue eyes... and at first glance ... I thought it was you.”

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on August 17, 2023

I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 48

Chapter 48 A Troubling Thought

ZAIA. My shoulder is aching, and my entire body feels like I have been run over, but seeing him sitting there makes me forget it all. I know I’m not ready to take him back, even if I want him...

I need time. My heart still hurts, but at the same time, I'm terrified, terrified that something could happen to any of us at any time. "Blue eyes..." He says, frowning deeply. "Who has eyes like mine?"

I look at him, frowning slightly. "I don't know... your eyes are pretty sharp. The kind of eyes you don't miss..." I muse, slowly leaning back against my pillows.

"That's a clue, and I'll work on it." He says, looking down for a moment, pondering over what I've just said before he looks up at me.

Maybe... maybe it was better if I stayed away from you. You weren't harmed until I came back into the picture... that was a wrong decision made on my part. I'm sorry."

I look up at him, thinking of life without him in the picture. I enjoyed his presence... even if it hurts at times...

I was just getting used to him again. Not that I'll admit that. "No, we need to do this together. I mean, whoever is behind this is adamant about splitting us. Surely there's a reason for that." I try to reason.

A slow smirk crosses his lips and I wonder if I'm saying a bit too much because I am delirious or high on medication.

"Or is it you just want me around?" He growls. Why is that low, deep, guttural sound such a turn-on? "You must be dreaming." I roll my eyes as I suck in a breath, resting back against the pillows. I bite my lip, looking away smoothly.

He stands up, leaning over. He adjusts the bed positioning, his scent invading my senses. I glance up at him. From this angle, I can see his chiselled jaw and Adam's apple perfectly.

He looks down at me, his gaze dipping to my lips before he swallows, making my stomach flutter. He places his hands on either side of me on the bed and leans closer. I don't look away, defiantly holding his gaze.

"If that's the case, Foxy; then I'm probably dreaming from the moment you said you want to be ravished by me," he whispers. My heart thunders as he leans closer, his nose brushing against my neck, making my breath hitch.

"Bastien... I..." I place my good hand on my chest, but it's a mistake because all I can think of is how his chest feels beneath my fingertips... 1

“You always do smell absolutely divine...” My core clenches and a part of me wants him not to respect my wishes and ravish me right now.

I must have hit my head hard. He suddenly moves back, and it takes me a second to realise the door is opening as he stands there so smoothly, as if he wasn't just leaning over me.

“The doctors want you to spend the night, and well, I'm not going to be at ease unless the children are under my watch.”

“Then I'll watch her,” Sebastian says. Dad frowns. “That's not necessary. I don't trust you fully yet.” “I can assure you, I won't let anything happen to her in my presence.”

The moment the words leave his lips he looks away and I don't need to be a rocket scientist to know he's blaming himself for not being able to protect us.

“Very well, I will handle Harrison, Zaia. And once you are discharged, we will fly home. I know my properties here are safe, but I'm not sure how sufficient they are...” he's talking more to himself now.

I want the kids with me and safe, and knowing that they may be at risk is worrying me. “I think you should leave... for now. I don't want the children to be at risk.” I say softly to Sebastian. “I don't know if that's wise,” Sebastian says.

“The kids are our priority,” I say. Our eyes meet, and he frowns, giving a small nod. “Then I'll watch them, and you should stay with Zaia.” He says to Dad. Dad looks surprised at that before he frowns.

“I don't appreciate being told what to do... Zaia has full security at the hospital.” He says firmly. “They are my children too, and even though I may not have a part in their lives, I want them

safe, but I also want to make sure Zaia is safe. I can't be here... I get that, then at least let me try to protect my children.” Sebastian says coldly.

“It is not up for discussion,” Dad says. I look between them before Sebastian nods curtly. “Fine.” He says, “Then I'll take my leave.” He looks at me and I give him a small, apologetic smile. “Take care of yourself.”

I nod, and he glances at Dad. "Make sure the security around this place is tight, and anyone coming in this room, including the doctors, should be under the watch of one of your men," he says before he glances at me.

He wants to say something, but he changes his mind before he walks to the door and leaves. The door shuts behind him with a snap, and I look at Dad.

"He isn't wrong." "I know, but I don't plan to keep you here. Everyone, including my men, will think you are here, but it's not safe. I want to see if anyone attempts anything." Dad says, his eyes glinting dangerously. "They've messed with the wrong Alpha."

I open my mouth, wishing he had at least told Sebastian, but I don't say anything. "I see," I respond quietly. "You still have feelings for him," Dad states, making me look at him.

It's not a question. His face is unreadable and I look down. "It would be a lie to say I don't, but he has hurt me and that is not something Lean forget," I murmur.

"He is a mistake, Zaia. I need you to remember that." "We were fated," I reply softly. It is the one thing our kind still holds the importance of somewhat, anyway.

"Even a destined mate can be a mistake. Don't hold importance on such meaningless things, Zaia. I still hold to my words, Atticus is an ideal option. Consider him." He's lied to me too...

I remain silent and after a moment of waiting for a reply; he frowns and walks to the door. "Someone will come get you soon." He says quietly. He leaves the room and shuts the door behind him, leaving me alone in the room.

I sigh heavily as I stare at the ceiling, unable to stop myself from delving into what Dad had said about the Blood Born...

Three... Does it mean there is more out there? And does Mom know about them? I need to ask her too. A birthmark on one of your children isn't just nothing. I remember growing up, when I asked she'd brush it off, almost as if she didn't want to discuss it...

She must know something. I'll ask her when I get home tonight. It was nearly midnight when I finally reached the house where Mom and the children

had been moved to. It was on a local road in the human area, but if Dad said it is safer, then it must be.

I had a jacket and hood on as I'm led inside from the car by Dad and the first thing I do is rush to see the children. Mom intercepts me, giving me a gentle hug and kiss before she allows me to hurry up the stairs to the children.

Thank the Goddess they are all ok. I kiss them softly so as not to awaken them, struggling to bend down with the pain in my shoulder and gently sitting on the bed beside Sia. What must they have thought?

I told them I'll be back early and then I was gone the entire day. "What did you tell them?" I ask Mom. She sighs. "Just that work was busy. They were upset, but they understood."

"That's the sad part... they will soon become accustomed to me never being around," I say bitterly. "Zaia, it's not your fault." Mom comforts me gently.

"Isn't it? I didn't even think Mom, I was so determined to find out who it was behind that helmet that I just acted recklessly. I could have been killed and then what about these two?"

"They need me." I say as I look up at her. The thought that has been niggling on my mind all morning now making itself known.

"Zaia... child, you acted to protect someone, don't forget that. Under stress and fear, we do things... don't blame yourself."

"I don't know, Mom, life is short, and I want them to know Sebastian... because if anything happens to me. They will need him." I whisper.

"Zaia... Nothing will happen to you, do you understand?" Mom looks shocked, but I mean it, from the bottom of my heart.

"They need their father. "Still, they need him in their life." I respond. Deep down, I am scared, scared something will happen to either Sebastian or I. She sighs and nods in understanding.

"Mom, there's something I want to ask you," I begin as I now turn to her as she begins to set a few pillows behind me to make it easier for me. I know once the pain medication wears off, I'll struggle with the pain more so.

“What is it?” Mom asks. I’m about to ask about the birthmark when Dad opens the door without even a knock. His face is pale, and I know something is very wrong before he even speaks. His eyes flit to mine and I know it involves me.

“What is it?” I ask sharply. “Sebastian was shot.

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I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 49

Chapter 49 A Father’s Decision

ZAIA. Two days have passed since the shooting and although Sebastian made it, he is still in critical condition according to the doctors. Luckily his body is fighting, and I know he’ll make it.

He just needs the time to heal and let his body do the work. Our Pack doctor also said Sebastian’s healing speed was something he has not seen before and is healing far faster than the average Alpha.

It made me happy to hear, my crazy, infuriating, yet sexy Alpha will get through this. “We need to tell the Kings,” I say quietly, looking at Dad.

We are back home and although I had managed to handle things as his men agreed to listen to me; I know I need to tell his family. Currently, his family think he is still on a business trip.

And if I don’t tell them, his men will. Some had already been hesitant for me to take him, but Daniel and Jai had helped turn that around in my favour.

Dad sighs. “Yes, I understand that, so I’m presuming you will do it.” “I have to. This is no longer a joke or something we can keep a secret. We are all in danger...”

“It’s like one step forward and ten back, Jai says quietly. I look at him and smile sadly. I can understand that...”

When we returned, the first thing he told me was that Valerie’s brain had shown some activity several times. And with the moon. almost at its fullest, I have hope it’ll help her even more.

“This was a deadly fight... there are chances that Sebastian saw the attacker.” Jai says as he looks at the injuries, burns, and bruises that covered

Sebastian's body. The state he is in is not just by one bullet, he had been attacked violently. Brutally.

They wanted him dead. His hands had been a mess of cuts too, to the point, I don't want the kids to see him like this. This isn't the first memory I want them to have of him.

The guilt I feel is worse. I wish I had let him stay ... I had told him to go, thinking only about the children and my own safety. I didn't think he'd become a target...

"I'm going to go back," I say quietly. "Back?" Dad asks me sharply as I step closer to Sebastian and tenderly caress his jaw.

"Yes, I will go back and take my place as the Luna... until he is better. Enough hiding, enough obeying this monster's threats. It's time to show them that we are united and that I am his Luna. He wanted me back... so it won't be a lie... I need to go there and do this our way." I say.

"Yes, damn girl, that's it. You are our rightful Luna. The pack will not fault you. Come home." Jai says, making Dad glare at him with irritation. "Uh sorry, Alpha..."

"It's dangerous," Dad says. I nod... "I know... and it's why I want to request that I can take my security team with me...."

those who have been there and are trusted from day one," I ask. It's big, and I know I'm asking a lot...

"You were meant to become the next head of this pack... will you abandon me?" Dad asks. quietly. His voice is emotionless, but I know he's upset. I walk over to him as Jai silently leaves the room. "No. I will be here for this pack too..." I say softly. He frowns. "You mean combine the packs?"

I smile softly. "Are you saying that you have already accepted that I am going back to Sebastian for good?" He frowns. "No! Not at all. Who knows, he may never wake up!" He scoffs. We both know that's not true. He's just in bad shape.

"Dad... I want to be able to leave the house without the risk of someone wanting me dead. I want the children to be able to live freely. I think we need to find out who is behind this before one of us actually ends up dead."

He takes my hands and sighs. "Very well... I understand..."

"And that includes you, you have been pulled into this and I'm worried for you too," I say, hoping he listens. He has been my rock, and we have become closer. I can't deny that despite his strictness, he has been nothing but good to me.

"I will take care of myself. You need not worry. However, before I allow you to leave and if anything is to happen to me... I want to announce you as the future... Alpha of this pack.

I need to talk to Annette too..." He frowns and I know he hasn't told her a lot of things. "Ok, I will wait until you are ready for me to leave, but please let's not delay. I will call the Kings and let them know about Sebastian for now." I say.

He nods and adjusts his jacket, taking out his phone. I see the multiple missed calls from his wife and smoothly look away. "Very well, we will have the ceremony tomorrow evening. It is a full moon after all. Something you would be proud of."

"I think it's befitting," I say, knowing he, like most, didn't care about the moon cycle. I glance back at Sebastian before I leave the room and return to where the kids are currently sitting at the dining table waiting for dinner. I take a deep, calming breath before I paste a gentle smile on my face and stride in.

Jai is currently staying here too. He has been here ever since we left on the business trip. Dad didn't question why he has remained and I am grateful for it.

"Ah, that smells so good! What's cooking?" I ask. "Fish and fries!" Zion says, waving his fork. "Sit down, Mommy! I saved you a seat!" Sia says happily. "Aww thank you baby, and that sounds so yummy! Do I smell steamed veg too?"

"Yucky," Sia whispers before she giggles when she catches Jai smirking at her, "Oh, you don't like your veg?" He teases her. She shakes her head before hiding behind me.

I kiss the top of her head as I look at Mom, who is preparing the food, having sent the staff away after they had done their part. "I am hungry," I say, not

realising I hadn't eaten since last night. "Well eat up," Jai says. "So did he agree?"

I nod. "Yes, tomorrow evening there's a pack ceremony where Dad will announce me as the next Alpha." Jai isn't the only one who looks up in surprise as Mom turns, her eyes widening and even Zion's mouth drops open.

"Mommy will be the next Alpha?" He asks in surprise. "Yes, not yet, but someday," I say! "Oh wow!" He says, high-fiving Jai, who chuckles.

"You will be Alpha one day too," Jai says and Zion nods vigorously, not realising the real meaning behind Jai's words. Zion has always had this thing about the pack hierarchy and I can't deny that it is something I made sure they know.

"So, you know what Alphas and Betas are?" Jai asks him as Mom places the food on the table. "Thank you, Melanie." She smiles at him before she goes to get the next plates.

"I do," Zion says. "I do too!" Sia chips in, her eyes sparkling. "Oh, do you princess? Then tell me about Betas." Jai says picking up his fork as we all dig

"Betas are the Alpha's closest friends, and their trusted... trusted..." she trails off, confused as she tries to find the right word and Zion smirks.

"Person, their most trusted persons." He says proudly. "Who will be your Beta, Mommy?" I tilt my head. "I think Jai here makes a good Beta," I say smiling slightly.

"I used to be Beta at my old pack." Jai says proudly. "But you aren't part of our pack..." Zion says thoughtfully. "I know, but I'm just saying I a good Beta."

"Then why were you fired?" Sia asks and that one question makes us all burst out laughing.

A light-hearted moment we really need. "She has a point!" Mom says. Jai chuckles. "Well... you know Aunty Val, who is sleeping? She needed me." He explains gently.

Sia's smile vanishes as she nods sombrely. "Yes... like sleeping beauty... but Mommy said she will wake up. I believe it too." She says determinedly.

“She will,” I say. “Who is the man in the other room?” Zion asks, making me freeze, my heart thundering. I didn’t realise he knew someone else was brought in...

“Hmm?” I say, trying to buy myself some time to think of an answer. “There’s a man in the other room... Where you went last night... who is he Mommy and who hurt him?” Zion asks me. There’s no fear or worry in his eyes but there is a deep curiosity, and I can’t lie to them. I need to tell him in an appropriate manner...

“He’s... He’s a little hurt... but once he’s better I will introduce you to him, ok?” I say, struggling to find a proper way to explain it.

He nods slowly. “Ok.”

I smile slightly, taking a piece of fish in my mouth before glancing up at Jai and Mom. It’s clear neither was expecting it either...

Once dinner is over, I make my way into Sebastian’s room. Two nurses are tending to him as a doctor does some checks, with two security guards watching them. I step out again and go into the lounge, which is empty, and bravely dial my ex- mother-in-law’s number.

I take a shaky breath, feeling nervous as the phone rings. A part of me wants it to go to voice mail but my hope is shattered when a woman’s voice that I recognise answers. “Hello?”

“Hello.... It’s Zaia.” I begin. I hear her gasp and a rustle and I’m sure she’s calling her husband. “Zaia... Goddess! Zaia! Oh my god Aran, it’s Zaia!”

A hushed exchange follows before I hear Aran’s voice. “What a surprise. To what do we owe this... pleasure?” His voice is calm, but there is a hint of hostility in it.

“I’m afraid I’m not calling to exchange good tidings.... Sebastian was injured and he is here in my pack. Rest assured, he is being taken good care of.” I say, thinking this is so difficult!

I hear Agatha gasp and I wait with bated breath for an answer. “What happened to my son, Ms Toussaint? And think before you speak because you would not want war.” Aran’s snarl comes through the phone. I was not expecting any less. Closing my eyes, I say the words I wish I didn’t have to.

“He was shot, Mr King, and I am certain by the same person who targeted me a few days ago. This is not the time to let your anger cloud your mind, but the time for us to stand together against the common enemy. Wouldn’t you agree?” There’s silence and I wonder if I have said too much...

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I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 50

Chapter 50 A Past Mistake

ZAIA. “You speak as if you care... not once have you allowed us or Sebastian to see the children. What was he doing with you anyway?” Aran replies.

I frown. It’s not like they reached out determined to see the children. Perhaps Sebastian didn’t want them to, but regardless, it’s not like they tried.

“I do apologise for that,” I begin, deciding to be the better person. “As for Sebastian... we have... rekindled our relationship.” I close my eyes, hoping I’m not making things worse by saying that. Although I think Sebastian would simply find it amusing and probably won’t let me live it down.

“Oh? So let me get this straight. You kept us away from the children for years, then you suddenly get back with Sebastian and that’s when he’s suddenly attacked. And now you want to talk to us?” Aran’s words sting.

“Because I thought you’d be more concerned about his condition, than why I’m the one who is making this call? Not once have you asked how he is, Mr King...”

“You said he’s doing well. I know my son is strong enough to recover.” He says curtly. “Then... would you like to see him?” I ask.

“Ye-” Agatha is cut off, and I wait for Aran to speak. “We won’t step onto that pack’s ground. Since you two have made amends, then isn’t it correct you bring my son, and my grandchildren to me?”

“Very well, as soon as I have my things prepared, and Sebastian is a little better, I will bring him home,” I say. This isn’t the way this conversation was meant to go. “Make haste.”

"I will. Thank you for your time, Mr and Mrs King. Have a good day." Aran hangs up and I sigh. The relationship between us will not be the same as it once was, but I guess that is ok...

I'm not going back to be the perfect Luna. I'm going back for business, with a mission on my mind and one I cannot afford to lose.

Standing up, I make my way to Valerie's room, Jai's there fixing the pillows under her head. When she wakes up, and she will,... I want to see these two together. Everything he's done for her.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" He asks, cocking a brow – an amused smile on his face.

"How?" I ask.

"Like you want to cry." I smile. "No, I just want her to wake up and realise you two belong together," I say softly. His amusement vanishes before he looks down. "I don't know if I deserve it... not after what I did ..."

I frown, tilting my head. That's something Valerie refused to tell me, too...

"What exactly happened between you two?" I ask quietly. He lowers his head, and my own stomach twists with unease. "Jai?"

"I cheated on her... I was drunk and I was at a party and... I don't know how one thing went to the next and I ended up screwing some other girl." He says quietly.

My eyes widen as my heart clenches. I know how that pain feels and now it makes sense to me why Valerie never told me. Because she didn't want it to affect the relationship we had as I was the Luna, and he was the Beta.

"How- I mean, did she find out or did you tell her?" I ask, trying to control my emotions. "When I woke the next morning and saw that woman in my bed... it all rushed back, and I realised I fucked up... I had to tell her the truth. I'll never forget that look in her eyes though..."

I remain silent, how do you forgive someone who cheated?

"Even you are disgusted in me... I don't blame you. I feel the very same way. But it's why I will be here for her, not because I want to win her back..."

because yeah, that would be a dream come true, but I don't deserve her. I'm here, because I want to make up for what I did to her. After all, I still love her even if I did fucking mess up. I didn't and won't expect anything in return."

A silence falls over us as the open skylight above lets the moon shine down upon her. "I've been there... and it breaks you..." I say. She is so strong. She always has been. But I do wish she had told me..."

He nods, guilt clear on his face. "You know... I know it's not much, but for what it's worth, I don't think Sebastian would have done what he did and in the way, he did if it wasn't for the Ashbane." He says. "He's a better person than me, Zaia. He does deserve a second chance where I don't."

I stare at him, those words replaying in my mind. One sentence sticking out.

"Ashbane?" His eyes meet mine, a glint of confusion in them before they widen with realisation. "He didn't tell you."

"No. Sebastian was on Ashbane? When?" I ask, my heart thundering. "When everything happened, him.... Annalise, all of it, was definitely influenced by Ashbane.

Shit, don't tell him I mentioned it. If he didn't tell you, it must have been for a reason." I scoff in disbelief, my heart thumping. Ashbane That made it all... so much easier to accept...

Why didn't he tell me?

I know why. "Because he's trying to act noble or something. He is such a fool! Goddess, he might have won some points back." I mutter.

"Only I don't think he wants that. He wants you to accept him without knowing of the Ashbane... am I correct?" Jai mulls as he massages his jaw. I nod slowly. "I think so."

Idiot. "I think I see that day in sight, Zaia. The day you and he are together again, and the kids can come home, we can come home." He sighs heavily, looking at Valerie. "You really believe that moon healing is a thing, right?"

I glance at the moon and then back at her and nod. "I do and you have seen the improvement... right?" He nods. "Yeah, it's just pretty hard to believe..."

makes me wonder what more we could do if we weren't so distanced from who we truly are."

"I've always said that," I say. "Go to bed Jai, I'll watch Valerie tonight... tomorrow there is a pack event, and I will need you to be watching Valerie during that time."

"Understood Luna, and thank you for everything." He leaves the room after kissing Valerie's forehead and I move the armchair closer to her.

Taking my seat beside her, I place my hand on top of hers. "You will wake up, Val, and when you do, you will tell us who did this," I whisper.

I sit there, staring at the moon as I ponder over the Blood Born and everything we know. I'm almost drifting off when there's a knock on the door and mom opens the door quietly. She's holding a mug of coffee, and I can't help but smile at her.

"Zaia, you should sleep. You have a long day ahead of you tomorrow." She whispers as she passes me the mug despite her words.

I smile slightly. "I'll be fine, besides I might doze off in between checking on her," I reply, looking at the open window of the conservatory. This place is fully guarded at all times. "Well, make sure you are fresh for tomorrow. What will you wear?" Mom asks me.

I run my fingers through my hair. "I haven't even thought so far," I reply with a sigh, before. I pause, a sudden idea popping into my mind...

"What is going on in that mind of yours?" Mom asks, knowing me well. "I have the perfect outfit in mind... I just need a few accessories. By morning I'll have that sorted, just can you let Dad know I want the entire thing under strict surveillance?"

Mom observes me curiously before she nods. "As you wish, you are cooking something up, but I know you won't tell me until tomorrow." She smiles before she lets out a small laugh. Oh, and your father is sleeping in the lounge. You should go tell him yourself."

"Hmm, he doesn't seem to go home much lately ... I wonder..." I smirk at her before she frowns. "Oh please, he left me for that witch, and do you really think I'll be the reason he'd stay around?"

Pfft, he's here for you and the kids." She leaves the room, and I can't help but smile. I don't think he's staying for me and the kids only... but I do think there's something between them... 2

I place my mug down and pick up my phone messaging Dad about my request, something I was planning to do anyway, but teasing Mom is a little fun.

DAD: That was going to be in place anyway, it would only make sense. I can't help but pout before I smile and thank him. Now... my plan...

I first need to see if there is a henna artist in the area... it's time to make a statement and see if anyone reacts...

Now to see if I can find something that'll work in terms of jewellery. It takes me a while before I manage to locate a local job that can do personal pieces.

"I hope they can..." I murmur as I quickly type a message about how I have a special event tomorrow and want a specifically designed piece.

I get to planning my outfit when my phone pings and I see a reply. Ah, someone is working late! My heart skips a beat when I open the message.

Hello Ms Toussaint, It would be our greatest pleasure to work with you and we will be more than willing to have this piece ready for you by tomorrow evening. Please forward us your chosen design and we will work on the mock-up first thing in the morning.

Regards, Ethereal Handmade Pieces. Perfect...

I stand up and leave the room quickly, returning with a pen and paper. Sitting down, I take a deep breath before I begin drawing the symbol of the Blood Born...