

I Am The Luna Chapter 51 By Moonlight Muse

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I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 51-60

A Horrible Truth

ZAIA. I stare at my reflection in the mirror. Maybe I did take it a step too far. My hair is pulled back in a sleek bun, and my eyes are smoky with a nude lipstick.

I'm wearing a navy dress, it's plain, with a slight shimmer to it, and it reaches the floor with a string strap halter neck that leaves my side boobs and back on display. It has a slit down my thigh.

I'm wearing the necklace I had designed, consisting of three chains and the triangle symbol sitting right above my breasts. They had delivered on time, and it is as I had requested. Showing the symbol within perfectly.

It's the only piece of jewellery I will be wearing. A statement alongside the henna that covers my arms.

The pattern is partially floral but there are at least six of the blood born symbols drawn onto both arms. Along my back, I have the symbol drawn down the centre of my back with added gold and blue glitter to emphasise the symbol.

My left leg, which can be seen through the slit, also has henna applied. Like my back, it simply consists of the symbol.

No one will miss it and I wonder who will react ... who knows of the Blood Born? We will have other allied pack alphas and important figures there.

I smooth my dress down just as there's a knock on the door and Mom enters. "Ah Zaia, you need to hur..." She trails off as her eyes fall on me and her face drains of colour as she grips the door handle for support.

"That is a reaction I was hoping for, from some of those in attendance tonight, Mother... not you." I say, frowning.

Does she recognise it or know something about it? Growing up, she always dismissed it saying it was just a birthmark, but now her reaction says

otherwise. It's something I did want to ask her but never found the right moment, or it simply slipped my mind.

"Change. Now." Mom says sharply as she enters the room and shuts the door. She grabs my arm and begins scrubbing at the henna.

"Mom, it's a henna stain, meaning it won't come off," I say quietly, observing her. Her heart is thumping, and she stares up at me tight-lipped.

"What is it? What do you know?" I ask her intently. She looks down, her hands shaking as she stares at my now-red arm. The rubbing did nothing but flare the skin.

"All I know is, hide this- this ridiculous- ridiculous whatever this is that you are trying to prove! Unless you have a death wish!" She says, her voice shaking. There's so much hatred and resentment in her voice that it shocks me.

I grip her elbows, "Mom. Mom, please tell me. I'm sorry that I'm hurting you, but everything that is happening is because of this. Someone knows I am Blood Born. We need to know everything and if there is something that your know, then please tell us."

"Us? Who else- goddess! Your father... he knows?" she whispers, her face turning even more ashen. She's worrying me now...

"Mom..."

"Zaia, please stop this." She's frantic now as she grabs my make-up wipes and begins scrubbing at my arms. The henna won't come off...

"Mom!" There's a knock on the door. "Zaia! Is everything alright?" Dad's voice comes. "Come in, Dad," I say, despite Mom shaking her head vigorously.

"What's going on..." He says instantly, looking at my necklace, his brow furrowing but his attention goes to Mom, who is visibly shaking. Pull yourself together Melanie. What is wrong with you?"

He knows a little of my plan and although he didn't really react in a positive or negative manner, he simply said security will be finest.

its “How can you do this?” Mom shouts, spinning around and glaring accusingly at him. He raises an eyebrow, crossing his arms. “And what did I do exactly?”

“Mom, please, Dad had nothing to do with this,” I say firmly. “What do you know?” Dad asks her sharply, far firmer than I was. She looks between us, before her eyes well with tears, and she seems to give up.

“They... I... I only managed to protect her. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry, I tried to stop them. If they know she’s one too! They’ll take her too!” She whispers before she falls to the ground and breaks into tears.

Concern floods Dad’s face as he kneels before her, gripping her shoulders. “Melanie, who?” Dad asks sharply.

“I don’t know! I ... please. I’m so sorry!” Her words aren’t making sense and Dad looks at me and I instantly move forward, kneeling beside her and placing a hand on her back.

“Mom, you tried to stop who? What happened?” I ask, as she rubs her eyes fruitlessly, as more tears fall, her makeup now a mess.

She’s crying now, shaking extremely as she now clutches mine and Dad’s wrists. “When you... Hugh, he didn’t die in that car crash... he... was...”

Dad’s face pales, and he swallows as he stares at her. Whatever she is saying, he understands. “You said to me that...” His voice is ice cold as he trails off and I can feel his aura around him. Her heart is pounding violently, and I wonder what on earth is going on.

“I didn’t know how to tell you. They told me that if I told anyone, they would kill us all!” She says, “I had to, for her!”

Dad is still as he stares at her. “No. You should have told me! I could have done the right thing!” He suddenly roars as he Lands up, his eyes blazing.

“Could you have?! You could have died!” Dad scoffs as he backs away from Mom. What is going on? “You really are a horrible mother,” he whispers resentfully.

“Dad!” I exclaim. “Not now, Zaia! This so-called mother willingly let someone take her son and told me he was dead!” He roars, making my eyes widen as I stare at Mom, who is a sobbing mess. 3

“You don’t understand, Hugh! They were blackmailing me. They said he’ll live as long as I behaved!” She sobs. (2

My own mind is spinning as I sit there, frozen. The weight of the situation has hit me, and I’m torn... I understand both Mom and Dad’s points of view... but the thing is... Dad is right in this situation. And the fact that I have a brother...

It’s too much to take in. Mom did what Sebastian did, and that only hurts a person more...

“Mom... Dad is right in this matter. Even if they blackmailed me and Dad, you should have told Dad his son is out there.” My heart clenches in dread, and I look up at Dad.

He’s composing himself, but he’s breaking inside. I stand up and go over to him. Right now, he needs me more. I hug him tightly Why are things so painful?

“You wouldn’t understand. Like you cared! I didn’t think you’d do anything. You had already gone to your precious mistress!” Mom whispers brokenly.

My heart pounds as I look at her, not wanting to upset her more, but the truth is the truth. “If one of my children was taken, I would still do everything in my power to get them back,” I whisper. She looks up at me brokenly.

“Don’t you think I know? Zaia... If they knew you were a blood born too, they would have come for you. I had no one. Nothing... Your Dad didn’t care for you back then. If I spoke, I would have lost you too.” She breaks into sobs, and I realise she was pushed into a corner...

Like Sebastian...

I close my eyes understanding her dilemma, she chose to save one child instead of risk both.., how does a mother choose? 1

My heart breaks for her but I know despite Dad’s anger he knows there’s truth in her words. My own mind is a mess and I’m about to speak when Dad does.

“Enough,” Dad says coldly. “Stand up and tell us everything you know, Melanie. Who were they? We need answers.”

I walk over to her and help her up. Her head is hanging as I lead her to my bed and make her sit down, crouching before her.

“Is knowing... worth it?” She whispers. I’m about to answer, but there’s more to her question. Why do I feel as if that question has a double meaning?

“Yes-” “No.” I cut Dad off, “No... I don’t think she can tell us without a price to pay...”

Mum’s eyes flicker as she stares at me, shocked.

“How did...”

“Because I’ve learned to be careful...” I say, glancing up at Dad. “Dad we can’t risk Mom’s life, but Mom, tell me, is there anything about the Blood Born that you can tell us without consequences?” She looks down at her hands.

“There’s three...the trifecta needed to purge the world of our kind who have forgotten their creator... Each one represents one of the three... Repercussion, Retribution and Redemption. Each one serves a purpose. Your brother held the Blood Born symbol on his wrist... When they intercepted that car on the way back from the

hospital... They saw his mark and didn’t realise there might be two together.”

“And how do you know all that?” Dad asks. His voice is trembling with anger, and I know it’s because of my brother.

“In our family, we knew that a blood born will be born into our family...” She says quietly. I’m stunned. How could she keep this from us?

Before I can speak, Dad beats me to it. “For someone who seems to know so much, why did you not prepare us or even warn me?”

When I saw Zaia for the first time, I asked about that birthmark, and you told me it was just a birthmark.” He snarls.

“I didn’t believe in any of it! Until we came back from the hospital, and he was taken! And then I couldn’t mention it to you!” She shouts.

“And that is the issue in itself. Everyone is losing faith in our birthright. Even when presented with those answers. Goddess, no wonder she wants to punish us.” I say quietly as I stand up slowly and cross my arms.

“I’m sorry...” Mom whispers. “It’s too late for a sorry, Mom. We need to do what’s right, we need to fix everything and above all, we need to find my brother.” I look at Dad. “Cancel the ceremony. This doesn’t belong to me.”

“You were first born, Zaia...” Mom says quickly. “And even if you weren’t, you are the child I trust, you will be the Alpha of this pack. End of discussion.” Dad says before he turns, not

sparing Mom another glance as he leaves the room, the sound of the slamming door echoes around the now silent room...

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I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 52

A Jealous Sister

ZAIA. The glimmering fairy lights and the lanterns twinkle in the night. The music is soft and soothing, the opposite of the storm that rages inside of me. I am still unable to fully process the information that Mom shared, and neither can Dad...

Mom decided to stay home. She had originally been extremely worried about facing Annette. and with what happened, she couldn’t do it and I can’t blame her. Since we moved here, both women have avoided one another at all costs.

Dad is greeting everyone, but his constant tugging at his tie and readjusting tells me he’s stressed. Right now, I could use Sebastian’s arms around me...

Wait, stop. Did I just say that? My cheeks burn as I step out into the open. A silence falls as all eyes turn to me and hopefully, the cameras catch everyone’s expressions...

My eyes find Atticus and he’s staring at me with an expression I can’t make out. Interesting... is it me or the symbol?

“Ms Zaia Toussaint.” Someone announces me and I gracefully walk down the steps. Atticus glances around before he swiftly crosses the garden and holds out a hand to me.

“Hey...” He says. I take his hand hesitantly, but instead of his normally charming smile, he’s looking me over with a tiny frown. “Hello, Atticus,” I say. “Are you alright? You look a little... shocked.”

He tenses before he shakes his head. “No, not at all. So shall we?” He offers me his arm and although I’m tempted to refuse, his reaction has intrigued me, although after Mom’s, nothing feels like a surprise anymore.

“Congratulations Ms Toussaint, it is a pleasant surprise to learn that you will head this pack. I hope our alliance will continue.” An older Alpha from an allied pack says.

“Thank you, Alpha Bruce,” I say politely, giving him and his Luna a grateful smile. “Will we perhaps see another alliance between you and Alpha Payne?”

“If I’m lucky,” Atticus says with a charming smile, whilst I simply smile politely, not wanting to cause a scene. “Excuse us,” I say politely before I lead us away, taking a glass of wine from a passing waiter. Atticus does the same.

“You’re annoyed.” He states as he guides me towards one of the larger oaks at the further end of the grounds.

“Well, I did tell you no. I’ve made my decision, Atticus. Sebastian and I have patched things up.” I say quietly.

He stares at me. Any spark he had in his eyes vanishes as he stares at me with eyes that now look extremely cold.

“Really... after everything he has done?” he asks, clenching his jaw. “I’m sorry, but I have never led you on, Atticus, what I do is up to me.”

“Don’t make a mistake, Zaia. He can’t protect you.” He says, glancing around before he looks down. “We’ll talk later.”

What is there to talk about? I frown but I don’t argue as someone else approaches us and pasting a smile on my face, I step forward to greet them.

The night has passed by with ease and with the full moon at its fullest I feel even more confident that it'll help Valerie. Dinner is almost over, and I'm almost done with having to sit through Annette's displeasure.

She's got her lips pursed in a pinched line, irritation clear on her face as she stares at me haughtily, making snide indirect jabs every chance she gets.

She's a little too touchy-feely with Dad, but he is still distracted, not noticing nor entertaining her. Not that he usually entertained her much.

I know he feels guilty for the fact that he had pushed Mom away so she didn't think she reach out to him...

Life can be painful sometimes...

Would "I still wonder how you think you will manage, Zaia. Are you prepared for such a position? I'm worried you are biting off far more than you can chew." Annette murmurs the moment Dad is distracted by another Alpha.

I look at the woman seated beside me and wish I wasn't sitting right beside her but when Dad had made to sit between us; she had pushed herself in between. I now raise an eyebrow.

"You need not worry, Luna. Dad knows I am capable." I reply, taking a spoonful of my chocolate cake. She rolls her eyes, picking up her drink. "Well, as long as you are confident, what's with the getup?"

"I was trying something," I reply simply. "Trying to look like a fool." She mumbles her breath, but I hear under. She looks me over, her eyes lingering on the henna before she shakes her head and looks away.

"Zaia. Ready?" Dad says quietly and I pick up my napkin, patting my mouth and nod. "Whenever you are," I respond with a smile.

He gives me a nod before he stands up and clinks his glass as he looks out over the garden. We're dining out in the open. The weather is good save for little bursts of wind at times.

"May I have everyone's attention?" Dad says. The chatter dies down as everyone turns to the front, giving Dad their full attention. "As you all know, recently I have made my daughter the head of my company and named her

my heir. Today, I wish to announce that I am also naming her the future Alpha of this pack.”

A ripple of surprise flits through the room and although it's not unheard of to have a female alpha, it is rare.

“My daughter has proved time and time again that she is suitable for this position...” Dad says quietly. He's not himself... I can see it in the way he's talking. He's distracted and upset. For Dad's emotions to show through, it's obvious Mom's secret has impacted him.

He doesn't need to do this... maybe he's even rethinking if he wants to make me his heir, and I don't mind. But right now, he needs me, I stand up and move past Annette, placing a hand on my father's arm. He observes me for a moment before looking ahead.

“I do apologise... it's just... a moving moment.” He says quietly, he places his arm around me and gives me a small smile. “I present to you, the future Alpha of the Crystal Shadow Pack, Zaia Toussaint!”

Everyone stands and begins clapping, and I look up at Dad. “You didn't have to,” I whisper. He shakes his head. “I wanted to.” He replies quietly before he pulls me into a tight embrace. “Thank you.”

I'm not sure what he is thanking me for, but I hug him back. I know it's a devastating hit, but I do hope he can come to terms with everything that has happened and doesn't blame himself for the loss of his son.

Why mom? “Well well well... look at this. I am hurt father, you are giving Zaia everything, but what about me? Am I not your daughter?”

A voice I have not heard for years but is familiar as the morning sun, reaches my ears. I turn slowly, as Dad lets go of me and we both look at the latest arrival.

Annalise stands there. She looks almost the same as she once did. Her hair is shorter than it used to be. It's curled and frames her face, but what captures my attention is her swollen belly.

She's pregnant? My heart thumps in surprise. Sebastian never mentioned she had moved on. Maybe that's why she hasn't been meddling lately.

“Annalise...” Dad says, a frown crossing his forehead.

“Father.” She responds. Annette stands up, knocking her chair back as she runs to her daughter’s side and flings her arms around her, breaking into tears.

“Oh goddess, Annalise baby, where have you been... and you’re pregnant!” She says, cupping her face.

“I’m sorry, Mother, but I was forbidden to return.” She says, now looking at Dad accusingly. “Dad said I am not allowed to set foot in this pack after what I did. I think he forgets that she is the one who stole my boyfriend! I was with Sebastian King before she came along!”

Dad frowns. “If I had given you an order, why did you disobey by returning, if that’s even the case?”

he asks coldly, clearly not wanting to address the latter part of her statement. “What?” Annette asks, shocked. “You refused to let me see her! You said that she’s the one who should come to us and when she tried, you pushed her away?”

“Because she destroyed her sister’s house!” Dad thunders, making a tense silence fall over the gathering. Of course, people knew and have heard of what happened, but for Dad to address it himself...

“He was mine first!” She retorts, her eyes flashing. I know Sebastian said it was never serious... but she isn’t wrong that he was with her when we found out we were mates.

Something I wish I did go into depth about with Sebastian, but it was hard for me, and I never did. It was his past... right?

But when the past keeps meddling, maybe you do have to step up. “We were mates Annalise, you know the meaning of destined mates.”

“Of course, let’s just put it down to that.” She sneers. “You have clearly moved on. Stop this nonsense, Annalise.” Dad warns her. “Moved on? I’m carrying Sebastian’s child and the heir to the Dark Hollow Falls Pack!” My heart skips a beat as I look at her, but it’s only for a moment before I internally roll my eyes.

“Yes, we’ve heard the fake pregnancy news before Annalise. I know how manipulative you can be and the web of lies that you weave. So, now that we are on the topic; I want to know something and I have asked you this before, but this time I want an answer.”

I step around the table as I stride towards her as she glares at me, looking unnerved, clearly not expecting me to speak.

“Tell me, who are you working with? Who helped you frame me when you pretended to be kidnapped?” I ask, my voice loud and clear.

Her eyes scan over me, but aside from the look of disgust, there’s no sense of recognition from her when they skim over my necklace.

“I... don’t need to answer anything when it comes to my personal business!” She snaps. “Yet you are out here airing your own dirty laundry and making false claims when it comes to my mate?”

“Your mate?! He rejected you!”

“Oh, do forgive me. Have I not mentioned the news? My mistake, I would like to share that Alpha Sebastian and I, have rekindled our indle relationship and we are together again.” I say, knowing that everyone here has now heard those words.

Oh Zaia, you will look like a fool when all of this is over. Sebastian will not let me live this down.

“Leave Annalise. I will deal with you later.” Dad says coldly. “But she’s only speaking because she’s upset, Hugh! Besides, she’s pregnant, show some compassion-”

“Compassion?! Where was your compassion when Zaia was pregnant, and I told you to talk to your daughter!” Dad snarls, slamming his hand violently onto the table, making several of the glasses tip over.

“Hugh... how...”

“Get out, the both of you! I will discuss this later, but I am not in the mood for any of this tonight.” Dad warns Annette. He’s at his limit for the day and for her own good; I hope she listens.

There's a look in his eyes that I can't understand, but there's something between them... Something only they understand.

And the way Annette's heart is thumping with that challenging look in her eyes tells me she isn't going to be backing down without a fight. "Not a wise move, Hugh." She murmurs. I have no idea what she has on Dad... but there certainly is something... 2

Annette takes Annalise's arm before she guides her away and I look around as Dad slowly takes his seat and Atticus pats his shoulder, murmuring something to him before he stands "Well, ladies and gentlemen, let's not allow anything to ruin this special night for the future Alpha, Zaia Toussaint. Congratulations once more on everything you have achieved." He begins clapping, and the mood lifts a little, and despite everything, I am grateful that he spoke

He motions for the musicians to begin playing the music I didn't even realise had come to a stop before he looks at me and I give him a small appreciative smile. This night has not gone the way I planned at all.

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I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 53

An Explanation

ZAIA. "Well goodnight, Ms Toussaint. I am thoroughly impressed with how far you have come. Oh, and..." Alpha Robert leans forward. "I hope you are recovering well."

"Thank you, I'm fine," I say, touching my shoulder lightly. It's obvious no one wanted to openly mention me being shot; not wanting it to take away from the celebration at hand.

knowing that despite surviving and experiencing that, it means someone did try to kill me. I also know that it made people think highly of me; the whispers I have heard occasionally proved that.

"That is excellent to hear. You are a hero and so brave." He walks away and Atticus approaches, hands in his pockets.

The expression on his face clearly shows he is a man on a mission. “Not now Atticus, I’m heading back,” I say quietly. The night is over, and I just want to return home to my family.

Dad said he had things to deal with and I’m sure he means the mother-daughter duo that left earlier. He is leaving now too, and most people have retreated. Some of the pack members remain and the staff will soon clean up.

“Zaia, I need to talk to you, Now.” His words are sharp, and he suddenly grabs my good arm, pulling me towards his car.

“Atticus!” I’m about to shout for him to unhand me when his hand clamps over my mouth, stopping me and an arm wraps around my waist. He glances around before pulling me into the shadows.

“Stop struggling. If you are smart, Zaia... don’t cause a scene...what you did tonight was incredibly stupid,” he whispers, his lips

brushing my ear.

My eyes flash and I’m about to hit him with my head when I pause. My heart is still thumping violently but I’m more curious about why he has been off all night and he had said he wanted to talk to me. Does he know something?

When he realises, I am calm and won’t fight him any longer, he slowly releases me. “What is it?” I ask, glaring at him. “Do not manhandle me next time.”

His gaze falls to my necklace before he shakes his head. “Really Zaia? You aren’t even listening.”

“Then tell me what it is?” I reply, exasperated. “Let’s get out of here.”

I’m not going anywhere with anyone...

“No.”

“Zaia. Not here.” He mutters, glancing around. “Trust me... not out here...”

“Then at my home. We’ll talk at my mansion.” I state, just as my guards hurry into view and I step out of the shadows before someone raises the alarm.

“Ms Zaia...” Leon, one of the guards, says in relief when he sees me. He’s one of the new ones since we lost the previous ones. Dad had assigned some more of his trusted men. Their bodies falling so easily as they were shot down is something that still gives me the chills. Oh, how easy it is to end a human life...

“We will take you home, Ma’am,” Neil, another guard says. I glance at Aleric. “I’ll meet you at my mansion,” I say swiftly.

He frowns, but nods. “Very well.” The guards exchange a look before nodding and escorting me to my car. With everything going on, I can’t trust anyone, not even Atticus, and with the way he’s behaving it’s making me even more suspicious.

The journey back is fast and uneventful, but I don’t miss the way those who accompany me are on edge the entire way. Alert and ready for anything to happen. When we are at the mansion, the car is searched before we are allowed through the gates.

It’s only a few moments before Atticus’s car drives in and he gets out, walking over to where I stand on the front steps. “Can we talk somewhere private?” He asks.

I nod before I motion him inside and lead him to the drawing room. Two guards flank us when I stop them at the door. “We’ll be ok,” I say.

“Then we will be right outside,” Leon says firmly. I nod. “Thank you.” I close the door behind me, motioning him to take a seat.

He shakes his head, refusing me before he shoves his hands into his pocket and exhales. “May I ask why you are wearing that symbol?”

he asks. I cock a brow. “Does it mean something to you?” I counter. He looks down, clenching his jaw before his eyes meet mine before he speaks. “I know of it...

and I assume you do too...”

I watch him. Nothing is surprising me anymore. “The Blood Born. I am one, and someone wants me gone.” I state as if it’s the most ordinary thing to say. I cross my arms, ignoring the twinge in my shoulder.

His frown deepens before he walks over to me and, bending down, pulls up his trouser hem and pulls his sock down. My gaze falls to a symbol that is almost identical to my birthmark I'm stunned, how... how is that possible? 2

"And so am I." He says, making my eyes widen. "You got shot, Zaia. You could have been killed if they wanted you dead. Have you forgotten?" 4

His eyes go to my shoulder. I had wrapped it in a skin-coloured wrap to blend in with my skin. He sighs and I look down. "You need to be careful. Tonight was like you were challenging them."

That is the aim...

I had a moment when I wondered if Atticus was somehow involved, but this is not what I was expecting...

He fixes his sock and stands up, frowning deeply. "Zaia... I saw your symbol years ago, but it was obvious neither you nor your family knew what it meant and I know the Sable Triquetra needs you and we can't let that happen."

The Sable Triquetra?

What is that?

"What are you going on about, Atticus?" I ask sharply. He runs his fingers through his styled hair, messing it up as he looks at me, "I was told by my father before he passed away that you are the final piece of the puzzle to complete the Triquetra and that I must protect you at all costs to determine you chose the Sublime Triquetra. I tried... and everything was going perfectly fine since you left Sebastian, but tonight? By wearing that symbol, what did you think would happen?"

I frown, trying to make sense of it all. It's too much to digest... too much to understand. I place my hand on my head, closing my eyes. "I wanted answers and it seems like I got a few. What do you mean by the Sable and Sublime Triquetra?" I ask.

"The two forces, one of which will decide the future. The Sable will purge the land of us all... The Sublime's aim is to bring our people back to the Goddess. You are the final piece. Whatever you choose, the path you take will complete one of the Triquetra." (1

“But I thought each point stood for Redemption, Retribution and Repercussion?”

“The Sublime Triquetra does.... Only one point is the same in each trifacta, Zaia, and that is you depending on what you choose.” He says quietly.

“Then... what else makes the Sable Triquetra?”

I ask. “Revenge, Rebirth and Retribution.”

“And that means... I am Retribution?” He nods. “Yes, and they want you to deliver the right retribution. Yet you openly challenged them, showing them that you know what you are,” He says quietly as he glances towards the window. “You are no longer safe here.”

“I’m not safe anywhere... why do they want me separated from Sebastian? Why hurt him? Does this mean the Sable Triquetra has the other two beings who complete it?” I ask as the thought fills me with unease. The look in his eyes tells me the answer before he even speaks.

“Yes.” “And you... the Sublime, who is the third?” He looks down and my heart sinks, so we are still missing a point...

“I haven’t been able to find them.” He says quietly. Silence falls between us, and my mind is spinning even more. One thing I do know is that he had so many chances to tell me, but he didn’t.

“Well, I wish you told me earlier so I could have actually been prepared for all of this. You didn’t tell me anything when you had enough time to do so, Atticus.” I say quietly. “I know, but you had a lot going on-”

“And still, I could have handled it! I don’t need people making decisions for me, Atticus. Tell me, back then it was all an act, wasn’t it? Wanting me? I was pregnant with another man’s children, yet you pretended to want me still... correct? This is all an act, correct?”

“Zaia, listen, yes in the start it was an act, but that changed... I have fallen for you.” I shake my head. “Whatever, I am sick and tired of the secrets. Please leave.”

“Zaia, you need to-”

an

“I need to do nothing! Goddess! It’s been exhausting night, I just... I just need a break for my sanity. I will think over everything you have said, but I really just need some rest. I’ll go over everything tomorrow. Good night, Atticus... Please, leave.” I say, raising my hand as I turn away.

He knew of the Blood Born; he knew so much more, and he didn’t think I should know. How dare he suddenly just say I’m the final piece? The scary truth is we can destroy or rebuild who we are. I massage my temples and he sighs softly.

“I tried to do the right thing, Zaia... I didn’t know what to expect... I never wanted you hurt.” He says quietly.

I don’t reply and he sucks in a breath, and I hear him head to the door. “Good night.” He says quietly. I don’t reply.

The door opens and I close my eyes as it shuts with a small snap. I drop onto the sofa, gripping the edges as I hang my head. Atticus has an almost identical birthmark. There are three points. The Sublime Triquetra...

Repercussion, Retribution and Redemption. The Sable Triquetra...

Revenge, Retribution and Rebirth

Trifecta needed to purge the world. I am the final point...

I have a brother with a matching birthmark that they took...

So he’s part of the Sable Triquetra? Goddess knows if he is ok.

Mom’s secret...

Atticus’s secret...

Annalise’s secret regarding where she was for the three years after she disappeared...

Annalise’s pregnancy...

I take a deep, steadying breath, but I’m feeling dizzy. So many questions, so few answers...

I can't do it tonight.

Tonight, I just need a moment to clear my head. I stagger to my feet, feeling the ground move, and I lurch forward. I grab out blindly, hitting my knee on the table before I drop onto the sofa, clutching my head.

Breathe Zaia...

You are stronger than this....

Breathe...

Suddenly, the door bursts open, and I look up, my entire vision spinning. "Zaia! Come quick! It's Valerie!"

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

I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 54

A Light at the End

ZAIA. My heart skips a beat as I stare at Jai, my legs refusing to move when he rushes over to me and quickly puts his arm around me to help me up faster, not wanting to hurt my arm.

"Quick!" Panic fills me as I rush from the room, stumbling as the floor seems to move and bend and I close my eyes, following him blindly.

Calm down Zaia....

"Look!" he says with uncontained excitement. I open my eyes, my vision blurring as I stare at the bed, it takes me a moment to realise what he's showing me and my heart thumps as I gasp.

The steady beeping of the machine fills the room, and I stare at the EEG machine screen. There's brain activity!

Not just a faint spurt, but a steady rhythm of increased activity. Hope fills my scrambled mind and my heart leaps in excitement. Valerie... It's working!

I look at the moon, hope filling me. Thank you, Goddess...

My breath hitches as her lips move ever so slightly, as she lifts two fingers a little before she relaxes into her pillows and the machine calms down.

But neither of us is devastated, because one thing is clear, it's working. It's working! Meaning my Val is coming back to me – to us!

Jai looks at me and I've never seen him happier. "She's going to make it. Everything be damned if she's going to come back." He says, giving me a smile that I have not seen on his face in a while. 1

"She is," I say softly as I walk over to the bed and Jai goes around the other side, caressing her hair and her cheek. His heart is racing and my own fills with warmth. He really needs this. "Valerie..." Jai says, lifting her hand and kissing it tenderly. "You got this..."

I take her other hand, praying for her to wake up quickly, but I remain silent as I stand there, smiling softly watching Jai whisper encouragement to her.

"She will wake up," I say after he falls silent, gazing down at her and I believe it. He's remained strong, not given up hope, but seeing him like this meant deep down he did fear losing her...

I look at the moon before I kiss her forehead gently. I'm happy yet exhausted. The events of the day have been too much.

"Thanks, Zaia," Jai says quietly. "You didn't give up hope, and she's getting better. Thank you for not allowing her family to pull the plug. I look across at him and shake my head.

"There is nothing to thank me for. She is as important to me as she is to you." I say softly. He nods before he seems to observe me. "Are you alright? You look... pale..."

I shake my head, masking my emotions. Tonight is a good night for him. I don't need to ruin that. We'll talk when my own mind is clear too...

"Yes, just tired. Good night, Jai, I'll talk to you in the morning." I say. "She is going to wake up." He nods, giving me a small smile.

"Goodnight Zaia." He responds with a small smile. I leave the room, closing the door silently behind me, and head upstairs. I tread carefully to the twin's

room. They're fast asleep cuddled against mom who is asleep as well. A storybook lies open on her stomach.

She looks tired, and it's obvious she cried herself to sleep. My heart squeezes as I gently pick up the book, not wanting to disturb her and place it down on the bedside table.

I can't help but smile at all three squeezed into Sia's bed, but they look content, so I don't disturb them. Switching off the lamp, I fix the duvet, pulling it up and making sure all three are covered.

I place a soft kiss on each of their foreheads, Mom frowns slightly and I quietly move back before I turn and tiptoe to the door. I pause, my hand on the door frame as I cast another glance back at them and smile softly.

All I want is for everything to be alright so my children can have the life they deserve. One free from risks and danger. I leave the room, silently closing the door behind me.

I am about to make my way to my own bedroom when I pause and glance down the hall at the room Sebastian is in before I make my way there. Opening the door quietly, I slip inside. He's still unconscious, but I can tell he's getting better...

I'm sorry...

I lock the door before I take off my heels and necklace, dropping the jewellery onto the bedside table. I unpin my hair, letting it down.

before I walk over to the bed and slowly slip in beside him. His scent and his warmth welcome me and right now I need it. I rest my head on the edge of the pillow, not wanting to hurt him.

"Wake up Sebastian, there's just so much going on... and I... I miss you." I whisper, staring at the side of his face. So much has happened... and who did this to him? We still don't know.

I lift my head, cupping his handsome face as I slowly lean over him and press my lips against his. Tingles of pleasure rush through me, my heart pounding, and a single tear falls from my eye. I need you...

With all the secrets and lies around me, he is the one I feel I can truly trust. Please wake up. I brush my finger along his short beard as I gaze into his face.

Please...

His chest rises and falls steadily, and I close my eyes. I sigh, as I lean up, planting a soft kiss on his forehead and I'm about to move back when his eyes open and I find myself staring into those brilliant sharp blues. My heart thuds as I stare down at him, it takes me a moment to comprehend that he's actually woken up.

"Zai..." He croaks and I let out a shaky breath. "Bastien!" I say, flinging my arms around his neck. He grunts and I gasp, "Shit! Sorry!"

I jerk back, hoping I haven't hurt him as I sit back on my knees, placing my hand on his chest as I look him over.

"I'm sorry!" "It's totally fine. You can jump me anytime." He says, his voice thick and hoarse. I can't help but smile, ever the cocky one!

But he's awake! Goddess! He's awake!

I quickly get off the bed, rushing to get him. some water from the decanter that sits on the dresser.

He struggles to sit up, and although I know it's taking a lot out of him, he pushes through, his pride not letting him give up, and he manages to do so before I even get back to the bed.

He groans as he adjusts his position and looks. at me, gripping his left flank. "Here," I say, my heart thundering, and I raise the glass to his lips. He reaches up but grits his teeth as he slumps.

back against the cushions, and I lean over, helping him drink. He takes a few big gulps before he moves his head back and I place the glass down.

"I'm impressed I'm alive." He mutters, staring at the ceiling before looking at me. I sit down beside him, and he lets go of his flank and places his hand on my thigh. He's breathing hard.

I bite my lip as his eyes meet mine, not missing the hunger in them, and I'm very aware of the way his thumb is caressing my bare thigh. "What happened?" I ask as his gaze skims over my breasts, and I feel very aware of how revealing my dress is.

Only Sebastian can ignite this *désire* inside of me. The way he's looking at me is drowning me. Please say something before I submit...

He frowns, staring at my thigh, removing his hand and looking at the symbol there. "What is going on and how long was I out for?"

He asks, his voice sharper now. "Not long, just a couple of days... but a lot has happened," I say as he struggles to sit up again.

I place my hands on his shoulder and gently force him back. Right now, I'm stronger than him, and he groans before he gives in.

"I still feel like hell."

"I never knew you know how hell feels." I tease, running my fingers through his hair that falls over his forehead, making him look much younger.

"I do...when you left..."

I glance at him, about to say something, only to see his gaze on my breasts. I cock a brow. "Eyes up here, Mr." I scold lightly His gaze flicks up, and he tilts his head.

"It's hard not to stare when you look so fine, besides I may have hit my head hard, but I swear I felt your lips on mine... care to explain?" he whispers huskily, making my core clench.

"I..." I begin as his hand finds my leg again.

This time he slides his hand right up the side of my thigh, grazing the side of my ass. "Care to explain?" He murmurs, squeezing ever so tantalisingly.

Is it evil of me that I am relieved that he can't pull me close right now? Because if he could, I wouldn't be able to resist...

Do I even want to?

“I was just wondering since you’re such a perve, if maybe kissing you might make you stand to attention,” I reply with a smirk as I glance towards his midsection. Thoroughly happy with my comeback.

He raises an eyebrow. “How long did that one take you to come up with?” He says mockingly. I roll my eyes. “Hey, not long. It was a good one. Besides, I was only stating facts. You are a perve.”

“Whatever you want to call it, Little Fox. I don’t mind...” he remarks, his eyes on my breasts again. He isn’t telling me what happened, and I need to know.

“Tell me... what happened?” I urge. He frowns, “Then after I do, I want to know why 11/12 you have the Blood Born symbol on you.”

“Deal.” I reply.

He stares up at the ceiling; the mood darkening.

“After I left the hospital, I didn’t feel comfortable enough to leave, so I stayed outside the hospital. When I realised you left, I shifted to wolf form, yeah I know, how improper right?” he frowns and shakes his head. “Not at all.” I reply with a smile.

“I went for a run to clear my head and that’s when out of nowhere I was attacked. There were two of them. I wasn’t expecting it, it’s pretty much a blur... but their aim was clear, they were there to kill.”

“Did you see them? Anything?”

He’s silent for a moment before he looks down. “Just their eyes.... A pair of grey eyes and a pair of bright blue...” 5

“The biker,” I say, my stomach twisting as dread and fear fills me.

“Possibly, they were similar enough to mine...

but I don’t think I’ve seen them...”

“And the grey?” I ask, trying to think who has grey eyes and why, why do they want to hurt him?”

He shakes his head. "I have no idea... but they worked well together." He says quietly, but it is his next words that send a chill down my spine. "One thing is clear: they won't stop, not until they succeed."

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on August 18, 2023

I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 55

A Strong Woman

SEBASTIAN. I watch her as she sits there; her plunging neckline enticing me but the concern and worry I feel for her outweigh my desires – wanting to take away all her worries. Those men were there to make an example of me, but I turned out far stronger than they anticipated. Idiots.

But I also can't deny that they managed to do damage. My entire body is in a lot of pain, and I can barely sit up. They wanted me dead, and I'm certain they left me to bleed to death...

I don't know how I made it, but I'm glad I did. "We will handle this, don't worry," I say quietly. She looks down, her heart pumping fast. She's trying to control her emotions and feelings just like she always used to, but she's failing.

That's why she is in here... I remember in the past when she had a lot going on, she would come to me if I was working late. She wouldn't bother me. She'd simply come and curl up beside me as I worked.

She never demanded attention, never wanted to bother me, but I wish she did... I took advantage of her silence and strength. I never thought to push her and make her tell me, thinking if it was important, she'd tell me herself. Instead, I would simply comfort her, but I lacked in many ways...

I never tried to ease her burden, but I won't make that mistake again, not anymore... it was our silence and miscommunication that made matters worse.

"You don't need to hide what you feel from me, Little Fox," I say quietly, reaching for her. I grit my teeth as pain shoots up my arm and my neck, but I manage to touch her chin, my body screaming in pain that I refuse to succumb to, as I take hold of it gently.

I'm unable to force her to look at me. I can barely keep upright, but she looks up anyway. Her gorgeous amethyst eyes are full of so many emotions and she's struggling with them.

She grips my wrist providing some relief and cradles my hand to her chest. I try not to focus on the way my knuckles lightly graze her breast. My hand is bandaged too, I had grabbed one of the blades in them...

"Zaia, what is it? Answer me."

"I'm impressed you're even able to move." She says softly. "Come here," I say, wishing I could pull her closer, but I'm barely managing to stay upright as she so obviously pointed out. "Don't attempt to divert the conversation, Zaia."

Her heart skips a beat, and she looks down, sighing softly. "Do I need to command you, or will you obey?"

I ask, cocking a brow. She raises an eyebrow in return, crossing her legs, only to make the dress slip to the side, displaying those sexy legs to me.

"I don't take orders from anyone, besides, you are looking at the future Alpha of the Crystal Shadow Pack." She says proudly. "Respect to your fellow Alphas, Alpha Bastien." I look up at her surprised, Alpha?

"Wow... congratulations..." I say, smirking slightly. She deserves it, she's worked hard, and that is a title she is worthy of. I'm damn proud of her. "I'm incredibly happy for you."

Her eyes widen slightly, and she tilts her head. "Really?"

"Really. Why wouldn't I be?" I ask, but as the words leave my lips, I realise what it means. It means that the possibility of 'us' is dwindling.

She shakes her head. "I don't know... I just thought... never mind." She brushes it aside, running her other hand through her hair.

I cock a brow. "That's a lie. What is it?" I ask sharply. She looks up at me hesitantly, nibbling on her bottom lip, and shrugs. "I don't know. I was under the impression you wanted me back as your Luna."

My eyes flash in approval. That's exactly what I want and, using all the energy I can muster, I lean in closer to her.

“Do you want me to want you as my Luna?” I whisper seductively. “Or do you want me to beg you to come back to me... because if that will work, I’m willing to do so.”

Her heart skips a beat before she rolls her eyes and pushes me firmly back onto the pillows, making me groan slightly. “Careful I’m injured,” I complain and she looks at me, unimpressed despite the blush on her cheeks.

“Don’t act too big for your boots, Mr King. I was just going to remind you that you’re still injured. You should stop flirting until you’re better!”

“Yet you didn’t deny what I said,” I remark cockily, having had enough. I take a deep breath, hook my hand under her knee and yank her unceremoniously closer to me. Oh, fuck that killed!

For a moment my vision darkens, and white spots cloud my vision as I clench my jaw. My head drops back on the pillow as the intensity of the pain numbs my senses.

“Sebastian! You’re hurt! What are you doing?” She gets up, cupping my face, “Bastien? No... please...” she whispers, and I want to force my eyes open. I feel her breasts graze against my face.

Hmm... maybe being injured isn’t so bad... I could take advantage of this...

Smirking smugly, I crack open an eyelid and she sits back, exhaling in relief.

“Thank the goddess!” I place my hand on her thigh, enjoying the feel of the smooth skin of her thighs clamped on both sides of my hand. ” You’re so careless.” She scolds, more concerned about me than my hand on her thigh. She’s so cute...

“Stop smirking like that.” She frowns. “Then let’s get back to the conversation, Zaia. You haven’t told me why you have the Blood Born symbol all over your body.” I say breathlessly. I need to know at least what happened in case I do end up unconscious again.

Just like that her face falls and I can sense her turmoil. “Where do I begin?” she questions quietly.

“At the beginning, doesn’t matter if it makes sense or not, just let it out,” I say, caressing her thigh with my thumb. “If I don’t get anything, I’ll ask you after.”

She bites her lip as I feel her press her thighs together, and I resist a smirk. Seems like now she's noticing it.../

"You're distracting me." She says pointedly. I smirk arrogantly. "How so?" I ask, feigning confusion.

She frowns, and just as I predict, she doesn't say. She's too sweet for her own good, and I plan to use that to my advantage. "So, shall we start?" I ask, cocking a brow.

"For someone who is so badly wounded, you are far too cocky." She remarks before her expression becomes serious and she takes a deep breath. "Yes... let's."

I wait patiently for her to continue, wondering what exactly has happened.

"What I am going to tell you first, just remember, this is what I've heard from others, who knows how much of it is the truth, I don't trust anyone, and it's been such a long night I can't even focus." She frowns. But the trouble I can sense in her voice makes me frown slightly.

Who exactly told her this stuff? I remain quiet allowing her to continue. "The Blood Born form two triquetras. Two sets of three, both who have separate aims to fix things. Each Blood Born stands for one of the points of the Triquetra. The Sublime Triquetra stands for Redemption, Repercussion and Retribution, their aim is to bring our kind back.

to the goddess. Then we have the Sable Triquetra, which stands for Revenge, Rebirth and Retribution and they wish to end our kind...

There are five Blood Born, I am Retribution... which means whichever side I choose, I am the vital point that both side needs as I'll form a complete Triquetra."

For a moment, I'm silent as she takes a deep breath. I'm trying to understand. "So I'm assuming that is why they are after you "I muse, feeling uneasy now. She nods, sighing softly. "Atticus is Blood Born and from the Sublime Triquetra, but..."

Atticus? I frown. "Can we trust anything he says?" I ask, cocking a brow. She looks up. "He has the mark of the Blood Born on his ankle."

“And what’s to say he isn’t from the other side?” I ask sharply. I don’t trust that man at all “He could simply be tricking you.”

“I know, but so much has happened, Sebastian. I’m trying to think with a clear mind. He could be lying, he could be trying to trick me, I honestly don’t know, but he said what I did.

tonight was wrong, that I am openly challenging them and maybe I am. I’m done hiding from them. I’m tired!” Her walls come down as she lowers her head, placing it in her hands, her elbows resting on her thighs.

“What else has happened?” There’s something more to it all...

“Where do I begin? Do I start when Mom told me that I have a brother that was taken and she pretended he was dead, that he too had the Blood Born symbol? That she lied to protect me?” She looks up, and there is frustration, anger and sadness in her eyes.

Her words have shocked me too. Who would have thought her mother would keep something so big a secret? But I hate that she had to go through so much without me.

“How do I deal with the fact that maybe I’m the reason that my brother may be brainwashed? That he could possibly be one of the Sable Blood Born? That Annalise showed up and declared to the entire guest list that she’s carrying your child?” Her eyes flash, her heart pounding as she stares at me.

What? Annalise... a flash of irritation fills me and my brows furrow. “I have not been with her, Zaia. Rest assured that there is only one woman I want children with and that is you.”

She opens her mouth, but I place my thumb to her lips, cutting her off. “Seems like my Little Fox has had a lot going on

... I’m sorry I wasn’t here, but I will be more careful going forward. I won’t leave you to handle things alone. I’ve done that far too many times...” I look down at her thighs, which are still clamped around my hand.

“It’s not your fault, not this time nor last time.... I heard you were being drugged with Ashbane. when you divorced me. Why didn’t you tell me, Bastien?” “What difference would it have made? I hurt you. There’s no excuse for that.”

“But it was under the influence of Ashbane.” She says, leaning forward. It takes all my willpower not to look at her breasts, but I hold her gaze cocking a brow.

“Am I right to assume that Ms Toussaint seems to want to forgive me?” I murmur softly. Her lips part, drawing my attention to them before she pouts slightly. “No, it’s not that, but they would have won you some brownie points.

“she mumbles. “Mmm, points... how about a taste of those lips for a reward instead?” I murmur, licking my own lips before I look back into her eyes.

Her heart is pounding, but instead, she rolls her eyes, brushing me off. “In your dreams.” “Yeah, like earlier... I swear I felt as if someone kissed me...”

Her cheeks flush before she tosses her hair. ”

There’s something else I need to tell you.” She says quietly.

“Oh?” “I’ve... I’ve told people we are together. I didn’t know when you’d wake up and I was ready to go to your pack and try to face things head-on. I’m not living on eggshells! I even told your parents that. Sorry.” She looks sheepish, her cheeks a pretty hue of pink.

A slow smirk crosses my lips before I chuckle.” Really? Then I guess we should head home, my dear Luna.” “After this threat is sorted.” She says, but this time, there doesn’t seem to be much weight behind those words.

“Fair enough, but spending time in my presence. as my Luna... I can guarantee you won’t be able to leave when the time comes.” I reply cockily.

“Oh? We’ll see, because I don’t plan to be the perfect Luna, the Zaia Toussaint you once knew is gone. This Zaia... she doesn’t take a no from anyone, and she will do things exactly how she wants. So, are you prepared, Mr King?”

Prepared? Prepared to have my Luna back home with me? No. Not at all. It feels like I’m dreaming. “No, but I am worried about your safety,” I reply honestly. “I’ll be fine, rest assured. Now get some rest, I should go...”

She stands up, and I grab hold of her wrist without thinking. Her head whips back as she looks down at me, surprised and I find myself saying one single word, but one that has a huge impact. “Stay.

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A Helping Hand

ZAIA. My heart skips a beat as I look down at him. His gorgeous piercing eyes are burning into mine and as much as I wanted to be near him... with him awake... I'm not so sure I can, but I know once we go there, we are going to have to pretend to be together...

"Excuse me? I don't think that would be proper, Mr King." I reply, trying to mask my emotions. "I don't think the other night was proper either, Ms Toussaint, yet I remember you moaning in pure satisfaction." He counters cockily, placing his other arm under his head.

I roll my eyes, trying not to admire his s3xy body. "Oh please, I was drunk." I retort. He's in pain, I can see that, but his arrogance and cockiness far exceed that. How stubborn!

"So then why were you on my bed whilst I was unconscious, were you planning to assault me in my sleep?" He asks mockingly, making me frown.

"You need a smack." I frown, not knowing what else to say! He yanks me towards him, and I stumble, falling back onto the bed.

He grunts from the force he just used on himself, but doesn't let the pain phase him as he looks me over shamelessly.

"As much as I want to fuck you all over again, I'm in far too much pain... stay... I could use the company." He says quietly.

I hesitate, almost agreeing when he opens that mouth again. "Besides, I might need help to undress or pull my pants down. I can barely I move and as you've told everyone that we're together again, then it's only fair you help me." He adds with a smirk.

Idiot! "You wish!" I growl, tugging free. "Then at least send a nurse or someone to assist me, I need to go to the bathroom and freshen up a little," he says as he sits up, flinching in pain. I clench my jaw, knowing exactly what he's trying to do...

“Fine, I’ll send one,” I say, turning and sauntering to the door. He doesn’t respond, but I can feel his gaze on me; I reach the door, unlock it and I’m about to step out when he speaks.

“Zaia.” I look over my shoulder at him, and he smirks. “Now what are you smirking about?” I frown.

“Nothing, just wondering why you made yourself so comfortable...” his gaze dips to my discarded heels. “The locked door...”

My cheeks flush as he lies there, completely relaxed with that smirk plastered across his smug face, that makes me want to smack and kiss him at the same time. “You are such an ass, Sebastian.”

“Sure, if it makes you feel better,” he taunts.

“Sebastian!” I growl. “Goodnight, Foxy, make sure you aren’t thinking of me as you try to sleep, but if you do, and you need some help to finish off, I’m right here.”

“Urgh, you ass!” I growl. I pull the door open and storm out, shutting it behind me. But I don’t move for a moment, he probably does need assistance...

I stand there silently, hearing a low groan and a thud. My heart skips a beat and I’m about to turn back when I pause. He wanted a nurse, then I’ll call one!

How annoying he is!

I know I’m feeling jealous, and I shouldn’t! I knock on the door beside Valerie’s room where the nursing staff are staying whilst they tend to her.

“Hello Ma’am, is all ok?” One of the women says. My heart sinks as I realise she’s one of the younger ones. “Yes... Valerie doing ok?” I ask. She nods. “Yes, it’s incredible news that Doctor Scott is on the mend, it is nothing short of a miracle.”

“Thank you... I’m happy too. Mr King needs some assistance as he walks. Is there anyone available who may help him?” I ask.

Her eyes light up in a way I’m not too fond of, and she nods. “I’m on duty, I will go.” She replies, sounding a little too happy.

I nod slowly; I know I'm testing him or trying to show myself something. I really have no idea anymore. She hurries off, and I give her a few moments, now wishing I had just helped Sebastian. I know I'm being silly, but when it comes to him, I am irrational at times...

I turn when I hear footsteps and see the nurse walking back towards me, visibly upset. "I'm sorry, Ma'am, but Mr King said he didn't need any assistance and to leave." She mumbles.

My stomach does a flip. "Oh... I see.... thank you." I say, feeling guilty I had sent her, yet a part of me feels happy.

That annoying Alpha...

"He is in pain, ma'am, and I think he's overexerting himself. Maybe he will allow you to help him, or perhaps Mr O'Dell."

"Thank you, I'll handle it and I'm sorry for his behaviour," I say before I walk past her and head back towards Sebastian's room.

Taking a steadying breath, I knock on the door. "I said I don't need assistance!" he snarls, making my heart thud. He sounds so cold....

"Mind if I come in?" I ask.

There's silence and I take it as a yes. I open the door to see him standing there, in just those sweatpants he was on, but seeing him standing up showed the sheer level of his injuries. So many parts of his body are bandaged up.

The faint smell of blood hits me, and I walk towards him. Has he opened a wound? "What do you want?" he asks, making me look up at him sharply.

"You refused assistance from the nurse," I say. He looks like he might topple over at any moment. He tilts his head and cocks a brow. "And did that make you feel sympathy for me?" He asks.

"No," I say. He's upset, but he's trying to control his emotions. "You're angry. Is it because of the pain or because I said no to helping you?"

He looks at me before looking away and glancing at the bathroom door. "Neither." He takes a step, his body tense, his jaw taut as he tries to act like he can handle it.

“Then...” I say, blocking his path, and taking hold of his arm. His heart is thudding erratically, and I can tell he’s about to fall. Stepping closer, I wrap my arm around his waist, placing his arm around my shoulders.

He looks down at me, his eyes holding emotions that make my stomach feel all fluttery. “You know exactly why,” he murmurs before turning away. Because I sent a woman to help him...

“You yourself said you wanted a nurse,” I state, as I help him towards the bathroom. “Hmph, didn’t it bother you?” He asks.

Yes, it did....

But instead of admitting that, I cock a brow. “Not as much as it bothered you. If you can’t handle it, don’t threaten me with it.” I scold.

He looks away. “I know it’s my fault. I pushed you away... I don’t have any right to get angry.” He is speaking quietly and I don’t reply.

There’s still healing needed... for us both... I feel guilty for making him feel like that but I stay silent. We reach the bathroom, and he leans against the door frame.

“You ok from here?” I ask. “Yes, unless you want to help me with my pants?” Any trace of guilt I had vanishes and I narrow my eyes. “No, thank you!” I say, gently pushing him into the bathroom, and closing the door with a snap.

I wait in his room for him to come out or call me. After five minutes, I knock lightly on the door. “Sebastian? Are you alright?” I ask, hearing running water. “Sebastian?” Worry fills me and I open the door.

He’s sitting on the edge of the bathtub beside the sink where the tap is running, his elbow resting on the counter and his eyes closed.

His face and the front of his hair are soaking wet. The toothpaste sits on the counter with a toothbrush, the smell of mint reaching my nose.

“Bastian!” I rush to his side, crouching down and cup his face. His heart is beating steadily. “Bastien?” I whisper, tenderly brushing his wet black locks back.

His eyes flutter open for a moment, and it takes him a moment to realise where he is as he scans the room around us. "Shit... sorry, I guess I still lack a lot of strength."

"You think?" I sigh, standing up, I turn the tap off and grab hold of his arm, Come on, you need to get back to bed."

He doesn't respond and I manage to get him back into the bedroom, once he drops onto the bed, he this." He mutters. groans. "I hate "You never did like being bedridden, but you need rest," I say, fixing his blanket around him.

He doesn't reply, his face now becoming serious. "You really won't stay?"

I pause, my heart skipping a beat before I slowly look at him. He tilts his head slightly. "I can't do anything, what are you afraid of?" He asks, "I mean, I might need your assistance again." I frown, what if he ends up falling...

"Fine, I'll stay but you better keep to your side of the bed," I state.

He smirks. "Sure." I dim the light and walk to the bathroom to wash my makeup off. Once I return, I climb into the bed from the other side, staying right on the edge. His eyes are closed but I know he's awake. "Are you up to seeing the kids tomorrow?" I ask softly.

Life is terrifyingly short, and I can't keep them apart any longer. He turns his head sharply towards me before groaning slightly.

"Damn..." he curses.

I smile faintly before our eyes meet. "I'd love that." "What will we tell them? I mean... how do we explain why we aren't together?" I ask softly.

"Leave that to me."

I search his eyes, I might call his brain rice-sized, and he can be an idiot, but I also know he can be smart, whatever he chooses to tell them, I'm sure I will approve of it and so I nod.

This is what I needed, someone I can lean on. Having him beside me, his scent clouding my senses, the heat of his body against mine... and I soon feel the exhaustion of the day overcome me.

"Night..." I murmur.

“Good night, Foxie.” He murmurs as I “Night...” I murmur. “Good night, Foxie.” He murmurs as I close my eyes. With him by my side, I’ll overcome everything....

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on August 18, 2023

ZAIA. I’m blanketed in warmth, and I snuggle against the firm chest in front of me, biting my lip when I feel something hard poking my stomach. My core clenches and I arch my back, wanting something between my thighs...

A deep husky growl rumbles in the chest before me and I let out a moan when a pair of lips touch my neck. Oh, fuck yes...

I gasp in pleasure as they suck on my neck, his cock throbbing against my stomach, when I suddenly freeze, my eyes snapping open. What am I doing?

“Sebastian...” Only it comes out as a horny moan. “Fuck...” He growls, his hand raking down my bare back, my hardened nipples press against his chest and my heart thumps as I realise my dress is not covering my breasts at all having moved out of position whilst I slept.

I love the way his body feels against mine, the promise of what he has to offer, the tantalising throb of his manhood that is standing to attention, ready to be played with and pleased by. We can’t do this again...

“Sebastian, I have to go,” I say quietly, “I gently combing my fingers through the back of his hair. I bite back a moan as I shy away from his touch.

He tenses as if just realising the situation we’re in. He moves back slowly, grunting slightly as he rolls onto his back, and I quickly fix my dress, covering my breasts as I sit up. How did I even get into his arms again?

I glance over at him, not knowing what to say, and realise his eyes are closed, one arm resting on his forehead. He looks a little healthier today. I’m giving him mixed signals. I can’t fault him for his reaction...

I don’t know what to say and glance at the bathroom. “Do you need any help?” I ask quietly. “Nothing you can help me with,” he responds quietly.

“Ok, I’ll see you soon,” I say. I slide off the bed and rush to the door as fast as I can without breaking into an actual run.

He doesn't respond and I pause, glancing back at him to see him lower his pants. My stomach flutters, and desire rushes through me as he pulls out his hard shaft. "Close the door on your way out." He says arrogantly, as he shamelessly runs his hand down his shaft.

My pussy clenches as my eyes dip to his manhood, and it takes all my willpower to turn away and walk out of that room with burning cheeks and a pounding heart.

I close the door behind me. The last thing I hear is a low groan escape from him, my own body aching for a release that I know I won't get.

An hour later, I still feel a bit flustered, unable to remove that image of him stroking his dick from my mind. The urge to get down on my knees and take his cock into my mouth is enticing.

Fuck... Focus Zaia!

"I can't believe you didn't tell me Seb is up, Zaia!" I look up from where I am styling Sia's hair into two piggy tails when Jai pops his head in, his eyes are sparkling and he's grinning from ear to ear.

"Oh? Have you seen him?" I ask, trying not to think of him stroking his cock. "Just now, Melanie asked if I could take him breakfast." He says, grinning. I can't help but smile back. He reminds me of a kid on Christmas.

"Things are looking up. Valerie is waking up and Bastien is healing." I say, glancing out at the sky before I look back at Jai as I put two little black bows in Sia's hair.

It gives me strength too, knowing that things are looking up. "Yes! Damn, yeah, we got this." He makes a fist before he smiles at me, winking at Sia before he leaves.

She looks at me, raising her eyebrows. "Why is he so happy?" She asks in her cute little voice. "Because those ill people are getting better," Zion answers for me as he focuses on the boat he's building.

"Oh." Sia nods in understanding and I take a deep breath. "So... you guys have met Aunty Valerie today I want you to meet our other guest." I begin.

“Who is he?” Zion asks, looking at me sharply. He’s been curious about Sebastian for a while... Has he seen him or something?

“He’s...” I look down, beckoning Zion over to me. I look them both over, both a mix of Sebastian and I, our little beautiful angels.

Sia is wearing a pretty little white lace dress with black collars and cuffs and two pearl buttons on her neck and sleeve cuffs. She’s wearing matching black shoes and white knee-high socks.

Zion is in a white T-shirt with a wolf on it, black jeans, and black boots. I brush his black hair back and look into those eyes that are just like his dad’s.

“Let’s sit down and have a little talk,” I suggest, wrapping my arms around their waists. I hoist them up, making Zion chuckle and Sia shriek in excitement before bursting into a fit of giggles.

“Mommy is strong!” She laughs. “Yes, I am!” I say chuckling as I spin around once making them both laugh before I place them both on the sofa and sit on the ground in front of them, crossing my legs. “Now about that talk

...” I say, tugging at their cheeks gently.

“I don’t like big people talk,” Zion says, crossing his arms as he observes me. “Well, this is important,” I say softly, with a warm smile. “It’s about the man. “Yes, I ask who he is already, and you always don’t answer.” Zion huffs, shrugging dramatically.

I take both their hands in mine. I need them to know who he is before I take them into that room, but I never realised it would be so hard.

I take a deep breath and nod. “Well, that’s because it was a surprise.” I begin quietly looking at Sia, her grey eyes filled with curiosity as she tilts her head. “He is... He is your Daddy.” My voice is barely above a whisper as I watch them.

In that moment, I realise how scared I am. Zion’s face instantly changes to a deep thoughtful frown, whilst Sia stares at me, her eyes large and soon they begin to shine with unshed tears.

“My Daddy?” Sia is the first to speak. I nod, my own chest tightening with too many emotions. They exchange looks, and Sia’s lips quiver before she buries

her face in her hands and begins crying. "I have a Daddy." She whispers in a pitiful voice and I pull her into my arms, feeling a surge of guilt.

"Yes, you do, baby," I whisper, rubbing her back as I look at Zion, who is staring at the ground sharply.

"Zion?" I whisper. He looks up at me, snapping out of his trance before punching his thigh. "I knew it!" I look up sharply, my heart skipping a beat.

"What?" I ask. He doesn't answer, jumping off the sofa and running to the door. "Let's go meet him!"

"Zion baby, wait!" I say as I quickly stand up, carrying Sia, who clings to me as I hurry from the room. Zion is already at Sebastian's door, knocking on it by the time I reach him. I wanted to let Sebastian know prior!

"Come in." Sebastian's deep voice comes.

"Zion, wait." I whisper. Zion grins at me before turning the door handle and stepping inside. Sia hides her face away as Zion stops in his tracks and looks at Sebastian, who is sitting on the bed.

He's dressed in black pants, his white shirt is half-buttoned and his hair is wet. The smell of shampoo and soap reaches my nose.

Did he shower? What about his injuries?

I don't ask as I watch both father and son look at each other. Sebastian's face is unreadable, but his heart is thundering violently, giving away what he's feeling.

"Zion." Sebastian says, his gaze flickering from him to Sia to me before returning to our son.

Zion stands there, the sudden burst of confidence he had is gone as he stands there unsure. I'm about to speak when Sebastian gets off the bed and kneels on one knee in front of him. I know he's in pain, but he isn't showing any signs of it as he smiles at our son.

I can sense the sheer level of emotions that he's experiencing right now, my own throat is choked up and I can't help but want to cry.

Right now, in this room, the four of us are together and I feel... complete.

“Hey,” Sebastian says, reaching for Zion’s hands. Zion looks up at him, his little heart beating strongly as he steps back and balls his fist by his sides.

“Zion...” I say softly. He was so excited moments ago, Sebastian glances up at me as I step closer, concerned; both of us unsure how to react to him.

Sebastian is about to say something when Zion looks up and finally speaks, but when he does, the words he speaks but when he does, the words he speaks in his little precious voice shatter my heart.

“Where have you been all my life, Daddy?”

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on August 18, 2023

SEBASTIAN. The first words my son says to me are of my failure to my family, a reminder that no matter what, this is a time period they will always look back on and know I was not here.

The intense emotions I’m feeling being in the same room as them for the first time make me want to pull the three of them into my arms and never let go.

I want to hug them, kiss them, apologise to them, make them laugh, play with them, wipe away their tears and promise I’ll always take care of them. Is this the love of a father? I don’t know how to explain what I’m feeling.

I love them; I love them so damn much. For the first time since they were born, we’re together, but I can’t simply pull them into my arms and promise them that from this day on everything will be alright. I am going to do my best to make up for the lost time.

They may only be three years old, but they are still old enough to understand everything. Zion’s question is proof of that. Zaia instantly moves forward, kneeling beside Zion as she holds our daughter.

“Zion, that’s because-” she begins, but I cut her off, placing a hand on her arm. Her heart skips a beat as our eyes meet, a questioning one in hers.

“I’m sorry son, but I hurt your Mommy and made her sad, so she decided to go away and take care of you where she knew you would be safe and happy,” I explain, that lump in my throat going.

Zaia looks at me sharply, and I know she's about to argue with me when I give her a look and shake my head.

"Let me handle this," I say quietly. I know it's been on her mind, but I can't let the kids blame her for this. I was the one who messed everything up. The way I handled things was wrong.

Zion's looking at me as he tries to remain brave and I reach out for his hands again and as much as I want to pull them into my arms and hug them both, I need them to be the ones to take the step willingly.

I clear my throat as silently as possible as I watch my son observe my hands.

"What did you do?" He asks curiously. His blue eyes remind me of mine, and I can't help but smile faintly.

He's a smart little one, he gets that from his Mom.

"I hurt her feelings. I lied about things, and I broke her heart, but I promise I won't do that anymore. Ever. I will always take care of all three of you. From here on I will never hurt your Mommy again and I will make up for the hurt I've caused her... Deal champ?" I say.

There are things I can never replace. The pain I dealt her will always be something I'll regret. There is no way I can forgive myself for that, even though I hope one day she'll be able to forgive me.

He looks at Zaia, but I refuse to, knowing it'll only mess with my emotions even more. I want her so damn much, but I don't understand what she truly wants.

I love her with everything I have. I want her in my arms. I want to wake up to her by my side and fall asleep with her in my arms every night of my life.

I know she's still struggling with the past and I am willing to give her the time she needs. I just wish I understood what is going on in that mind of hers a little more.

I look at Zion, who is deep in thought as he ponders over what I have said. My arms are throbbing from being stretched out for this long. The jarring pain up my back and in my leg threatens to topple me over at any minute, but I am not about to let my body give in, in front of my children.

He looks at Zaia once more before he turns to me and nods.

“Deal!” He says before he steps forward and flings his arms around my neck, almost sending me backwards. 2

My heart hammers as he holds onto me tightly, his heart beating strongly, and I close my eyes, trying to hold myself together as I catch him.

My son. I wrap my arms around him tighter, rocking him gently.

This is my son.

I kiss the side and top of his head. I promise I will protect the three of you with all I have. This time, I won't give her an excuse to be upset.

I close my eyes for a moment, burning his scent into my mind. The feel of his hold, the rhythm of his heartbeat. Zion Toussaint-King future Alpha of the Dark Hollow Falls Pack.

Our son. He's already an Alpha ready to protect his mother despite his tender age.

I look across at Zaia, who's crying silently as she hugs Sia, wanting to wipe those tears from her cheek. My gaze dips to the back of our daughter's little head of beautiful dark copper curls.

My princess.

My eyes meet Zaia's and she nods slowly as she begins to move Sia away from herself.

“Sia? I say softly.

I hear a small gasp as she clamps her hands over her mouth. The sound of her thumping heart reaches my ears, but a flicker of worry rushes through me when I hear her heart rate dip a little.

It's irregular...

Fear and concern flood me, and I remember Zaia telling me about her not being well.

I watch as she kisses her cheek softly.” Sia... Baby, look, it’s Daddy,” Zaia whispers gently, placing her on the floor. Her gorgeous hair slips from behind her ear, curtaining her face.

She’s about to tuck it back, but I reach over, brushing it back. She looks up at me, her heart skipping a beat, but this moment is not ours – it’s our children’s.

We both turn back to Sia, who has her head bent shyly.

Zion moves back slightly, but he still holds onto me as he looks at his sister, who now turns ‘slowly towards us.

Tears glitter in her gorgeous grey eyes. She’s beautiful. The innocence on her face makes me want to shield her away from the world forever.

“Hey there, Princess.” I say softly, my eyes stinging as I try to contain my own emotions. Her lips quiver before she bursts into tears.

“Daddy....” she whimpers as she rubs her eyes. I reach for her, pulling her into my arms and hug her tightly, kissing the top of her head and rubbing her back comfortingly.

She’s far smaller than Zion and between her sobs, she gasps a few times, as if trying to get her breath back.

“I’m right here, and I’m always going to be around, Princess. Always. So, no tears, alright?” I say, trying to control my own.

I’m not one to cry, but this moment has overwhelmed me far more than I could ever have imagined.

She looks up at me and nods as she struggles to calm herself. I plant a soft kiss on her forehead, and she begins giggling, tears still streaming down her cheeks.

“Daddy’s beard is tickly!” She exclaims softly, making Zion and Zaia chuckle.

I can’t help but smile at that and she looks up at me, the smile on her face lighting up my world and I realise this is it; this is how Zaia has had the strength to carry on.

These two.

“It is, isn’t it?” I say, slowly adjusting my position and sitting on the floor. I lean back against the bed as I tug both into my lap.

There’s so much I want to ask them, so much I want to promise them, so much I want to know, but right now I’m unable to do any of it but simply hold them and cherish the moment.

Zion is smiling as he rests his head against me, trying not to appear too happy, whilst Sia is looking up at me, her eyes full of adoration. I chuckle lightly, kissing her button nose before ruffling Zion’s hair.

“I like Daddy!” Sia says, looking at Zaia, who is sitting opposite me, looking the vision of beauty and perfection.”Do you now?” Zaia says as Sia looks up at me and nods.

“I do.” She says happily.

“And I love you both.” I reply, hugging

them both.

“And what about Mommy?” Sia asks innocently as Zion’s head snaps up to observe me sharply.

I look up slowly and my eyes meet Zaia’s, reminding me of a deer caught in headlights, her heart pounding and I can’t help but tilt my head and smirk.

“I loved her first. I have always loved her and I still love her as much as I did when I first made her mine.” I say quietly.

Her eyes widen, a beautiful blush coating her cheeks as the kids giggle innocently.

It isn’t a lie, because I will love this woman until the very end. I smirk as I raise my eyebrows at her.” Won’t you join our hug, Little Fox?” I say, making her blush deepen.

“Little Fox? Is Mommy a fox!” Zion says before bursting into laughter as Sia holds her arms out.

“Come here, Mommy!” she says.

Zaia shakes her head as she crawls over to us. She sits beside me, and I let go of Sia, allowing her to wrap her arms around our princess, and I wrap my arms around Zaia, kissing the top of her head. Her scent making me inhale.

She's beautiful.

I can feel Zion's gaze burning into me and I look at him, pulling him tighter into our family hug.

This one is going to keep me on my toes.

"Mommy... Do you love Daddy?" Zion asks and I can't help smirk.

Seems like I'm not the only one he will target.

"Do you?" I ask Zaia, who is now staring between us. "You two are so alike!" She says, and I cock an eyebrow arrogantly.

"Thank you... now how about you answer that question?" I suggest.

She looks at Zion, her heart thundering as she nods. "I do... I always will..."

My breath catches, I wasn't expecting that...

She looks up slowly, gorgeous amethyst meeting blue, but for once I have nothing to say, her reply rendering me speechless.

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on August 18, 2023

ZAIA. It's the truth, and the moment those words leave my lips, I know it has always been the case no matter what.

He's shocked as he stares at me. For someone who has been so shamelessly flirting with me, you would think he wouldn't have been so surprised.

But right now, he deserves a little praise. He protected me. He took the blame when I was at fault too, for our separation. I kept them away from him, yet he didn't let it come onto me. How can you not love that sexy confidence and dominance he exudes?

"Thank you," I say quietly. I'm not sure if he knows what I am thanking him for, but I don't mind. I'll thank him again when we have a moment alone.

I look away, very aware of his arm around me. I close my eyes, cherishing this moment. It feels complete, this family of ours. I want this... somehow; I want it forever. This feels so perfect.

"It does." He murmurs.

I freeze, as I look up at him sharply before I turn away. I... Did I say that out loud? I shake my head to clear my mind and turn back to him, only to end up inches away from his face. His gaze dips to my lips and I swallow slowly.

"They're going to kiss," Sia whispers as she leans closer to Zion, making me move back, flushing.

"No, we aren't!" I say, jerking back as they burst into giggles. "Now, how about you both go play?" I suggest, trying to pull them away from their silly thoughts as Sebastian sits there, clearly finding it all amusing as he smirks away.

"So Mommy can kiss Daddy?" Sia asks. "Yucky," Zion adds before laughing again. "No, so Daddy can rest," I say, daring not to look at the man in question.

"But I want to stay with Daddy," Sia says, pouting adoringly at Sebastian, who returns her expression with a smile.

"You can stay," he answers. Hmm, seems like she will have him wrapped around her finger very soon, or ... maybe she already does...

"Why do we have to go?" Zion questions unhappily. "Because your dad is still a little hurt. He needs to get some rest." I explain as I stand up, very aware of Sebastian's gaze raking up my legs.

I'm wearing a pencil skirt, with a tucked -in silk Cami, but the way his eyes are drinking me up is as if I'm naked.

"Oh no, how did Daddy get hurt? We look after Daddy." Sia says as she touches Sebastian's cheek. His gaze softens, and I see the concern in his eyes. I'm sure he's picked up on her heart rate.

He kisses her forehead, cupping her cheeks for a moment before brushing her nose with his own. "I'll get better. I just need to be a little more careful with what I'm doing," he reassures her quietly.

I don't know what it is, but seeing him talking to them, and just falling into that role he was always meant to fulfil, is making me feel all warm and cosy inside.

Goddess, what is this feeling?

"Come on, let Daddy rest," I say gently. As I lift Sia up, she looks unsure. "But what if Daddy is gone?" she whispers, making my heart squeeze. Oh, my baby.

"He won't go, I promise you," I say gently. She's about to reply when the sound of shouting reaches my ears and I frown.

Women's voices...

"Zion!" I say as he rushes to the window.

Is that my Mom shouting?

"Oh, no Mommy! It's the troll!" Zion says, staring wide-eyed at me. My eyes widen, and I know exactly who he means. Sebastian looks at me questioningly, and I sigh.

"Annette," I say quietly. He frowns before understanding seems to dawn on him. "Your father's woman." He says.

"Yes, I need to handle this. You two stay with your daddy, ok?" "Ok, Mommy!" Sia says happily as she settles down on Sebastian's thigh once again.

"Oh, boy..." Zion says, sounding adorable, shaking his head as he continues to look outside. I turn and leave the room making my way outside as fast as possible.

The front door is open, and Mom is standing there, blocking Annette's path as she tries to get past her. Why was she allowed onto the premises?

"You aren't welcome here!" Mom snarls. "Step aside Melanie! This is between Zaia and I! I refuse to talk to a conniving woman like yourself!"

"What is it?" I ask, looking at the guards, as she is the Luna of the pack. They seem to be unsure what to do, but she had still disobeyed orders. My eyes flash and I don't hold back my aura.

“First of all, you will lower your voice,” I say coldly to her before I cast the guards a look. “The Alpha has given clear rules that on these premises me and my mother are in charge. If my mother is saying this woman needs to be gone, Luna or not, she should be removed!” I snap, making a couple of them flinch.

Annette gasps and even Mom looks shocked, but I have had enough. “Sorry, Alpha Zaia.” One of the guards says, stepping forward. I raise my hand, stopping him in his tracks, my eyes blazing.

“A little too late for that,” I say coldly. “I will deal with that issue later.” What worries me is if they simply allowed her onto the premises of our house. Who knows what else they allow her to do?

I scan them sharply, my blood boiling. I know how this woman triggers Mom after what happened last night. This is the last thing Mom needs.

My heart is thundering as she stands there smirking. “I am still Luna of this pack, Zaia, and you are on my land. I am tolerating this woman.”

“The first Luna! The Luna of the Alpha you stole! She was once Luna of this pack and don’t forget she is the mother of your future Alpha!” I snap. My chest is heaving as I glare at Annette. “What do you want?”

“You-you can’t speak to me like that!” She splutters. “Oh, can I not? Then shall I call my father instead?” I snarl.

After last night, I am unable to hold myself back. The scene she had tried creating, the drama was all uncalled for, she and her daughter have been nothing more than thorns in my side!

“There’s no need. This is between us women, or is it that you cannot stand your ground, Zaia?” She retorts.

I cock a brow. “Or is it that you know that he will be angry? I hope for the sake of all the guards here that he won’t be because otherwise, some might just be getting into a lot of trouble.”

A few of the guards, both those who are stationed around us and those who accompanied her, appear worried and I glare coldly back at them.

“Don’t deviate from the conversation, you two have been filling the Alpha’s ears with goddess knows what! So much so that he has begun treating us harshly. That woman is a homewrecker!” Annette shrieks, pointing at Mom.

Mom’s face flushes angrily, and she opens her mouth. “Mom, go inside. Now. Please” I say. My own emotions are getting the better of me and I know it’s upsetting Mom even more so. “No! And look! The pot is calling the kettle black! You stole my man from me, remember?” Mom snaps.

“My daughter is pregnant with Sebastian King’s child, yet I hear that he is here with you! You left him years ago, now that she’s carrying his baby, you are trying to steal him-”

“ENOUGH!” My voice rings through the air. My eyes blaze orange, and my voice is deeper, almost a growl as I glare at the woman before me.

I can feel my simmering aura swirl around me. A few gasps and murmurs spread through those present, and even Annette steps back, her heart thumping. Yes, it’s not a full moon, yes I am letting my wolf unleash her rage.

“You... you’re a monster...”

“No, you are. How dare you come to my house and threaten my mother! Then continue to spew baseless accusations and, above all, disrespect us? You are the home wrecker here. You are the one who came between my parents, and you are the one who raised an equally disgusting daughter!” With each sentence I speak, I take a step towards her, forcing her backwards.

I know I’m being harsh, knowing it takes two hands to clap. Dad is not innocent in this, yet how dare she come and attack my mother like this?

“As for Sebastian, he is not the father of your pathetic daughter’s child! So please, do go and ask your daughter how many men she has been spreading her legs for!” I hiss, glaring at my stepmother. 3

“You... How dare you! You will this, Zaia! You will-” pay for this, Zaia! You will-”

“Enough.” The deadly growl from behind me makes my heart skip a beat and I can feel his aura, recognising him as I hear his footsteps approach.

I turn, worried for him, but the way he's walking you can't tell that he's in pain, save his pale face.

"I have not touched your daughter. As for her accusations, let her know that Sebastian King will be taking her to court for defamation." He says coldly. His hand goes to my lower back for a moment before his eyes flicker dangerously. "Also... as she is still a member of my pack, let Annalise Toussaint know that two days from now she is to report to the Dark Hollow Falls Pack Hall at 9 am sharp to be questioned by myself. That is an order."

Her face pales. It's obvious this visit didn't go as she wanted. "No, she's pregnant, she will stay-"

"Do not defy me, Luna Annette, because rest assured you do not want the wrath of me and my pack against you. Now leave." Sebastian warns, his eyes glimmering dangerously. "Or does the future Alpha of this pack have to have you thrown out?" He looks at me and gives me a small, sexy smirk. "I do apologise for stepping in when you were handling the situation so perfectly. I just get a little mad when someone disrespects the mother of my children."

My stomach does a flip and once again I'm reminded why I fell so hard for him in the first place, despite him being my mate.

Goddess, this man knows how to melt my heart.

Chapter 60

Posted by **NovelHeart**, ? Views, Released on August 18, 2023

ZAIA. Annette's face pales as she glares at Sebastian. "Lies. Complete lies. My daughter is pregnant with your child, Alpha!" Her voice is shaking, but I look at her sharply. Does she really believe that?

Sebastian looks at her unphased and cocks a brow. "You should really tell your daughter she needs to stop lying. Now leave. If you wish to speak to me, you may join her in two days." He dismissively. says

I look at the guards, my eyes glimmering, and I know my wolf has surfaced again by the fear and nervousness in the eyes of the guards. "Escort her out."

"Yes, Alpha." One of them replies, bowing his head to me before he motions for the men who had come 60 A Mother's Displeasure with her to take her out.

“And one more thing... I want the eight of you to report to the pack house at eight tonight. I will talk to you all there.” I say quietly.

A tense wave of unease surrounds us, and I cross my arms. “Yes, Alpha.” They murmur in unison. “My men will be on duty,” Annette says, her voice shaking with rage.

“Someone else will have to cover, no excuses,” I say before I turn away. My eyes meet Sebastian’s, who is smirking, but there’s that sexy glint in his eyes that makes me giddy.

He watches as Annette leaves and I’m about to walk back inside when he grabs my upper arm and pulls me back, looking down at me.

I poke my eyes out questioningly at him, refusing to be the first to look away as I gaze into his gorgeous piercing eyes that are devouring me with ease.

“Why is it so damn sexy to see go all Alpha mode on those assholes!” He murmurs, “It’s so damn sexy seeing you act so dominant.”

Oh, he’s such a charmer. I cock a brow, tossing my hair back. “I never knew Don’t tell me you like being submissive?” I whisper back tauntingly. You liked a woman to be dominant. It doesn’t phase him, and he smirks. “

Don’t get too ahead of yourself sweetheart, a woman who doesn’t bow down to a man is all the more satisfying to win over.” I roll my eyes. “Mhmm, your sweet- talking won’t work on me,” I whisper, but I don’t sound so confident.

He scans the now-empty garden before leaning closer, his lips grazing my ear. “Are you sure about that? Because I’m certain if I slip my fingers between your sexy thighs, they might just be soaking wet.” a

My cheeks burn, my core clenching and I realise once again he’s won this round. I glare up at him, pulling free. “You wish,” I say haughtily before I head back inside.

He chuckles as he follows, and I come to a stop, seeing Jai leaning against the door frame, grinning with amusement. “Check you two out. Seems like the both of you are turning up the heat.”

“Nothing of the sort,” I say, walking past him. “Obviously we are.” Sebastian’s cocky reply comes from behind me. “What is going on?” Mom asks. She’s standing there tight-lipped, and I can tell she’s visibly upset.

I walk over to her and touch her shoulders. “Nothing we can’t handle. Something happened last night. I need to talk to Dad and ask what is going on.”

“She said her daughter is pregnant.” Mom whispers, looking at Sebastian suspiciously.

My heart squeezes, and a sudden thought niggles in my mind. Mom has always been negative and distrusting of Sebastian.... Did it subconsciously become the reason I never pushed for answers back then? I did distance myself from Mom, and rarely visited because it was always negative when I did...

I shake my head, pushing the thought away; no, that was my fault. I can’t pin the blame on anyone else. “Mom, please, Sebastian is on our side, please accept it if not for him, then for me and the children. Please stop this.” I whisper to her.

She looks hurt before she turns away. “I just pray that Annalise is indeed lying” She whispers. “I don’t want you hurt again.”

I want to say more, but the boys are right there and I’m unable to bring myself to say anything, so I remain silent. I will have a talk with her when we are alone. “I won’t get hurt,” I say quietly.

I glance at Sebastian and although he’s talking quietly to Jai, there’s a frown on his face. I’m certain he’s heard everything.

I look down, suddenly feeling down. He was never accepted by this family either ...Mom and Dad both felt I was too good for him...

I smile softly, “Excuse me.” I say. I turn away from Mom and go to find the children before Mom can stop me. I hear the sound of their giggling spot them in Sebastian’s room.

“Mommy! Has the troll gone?” Zion asks as he looks up from where he’s jumping on Sebastian’s bed.

Tilting my head, I go over to him and lift him onto the floor. “What have I said about jumping on the bed?”

“Daddy said we can do anything we want but to stay away from the window,” Zion says with a shrug.

My heart warms at that. Smart move, Bastian. “Oh, did he? But we know that jumping is naughty.” I say tickling him. He cackles as he runs away and I look at Sia, concern flooding me.

She looks tired as she sits on the corner of the bed. She’s definitely overexerted herself today. I pick her up, listening to her heartbeat before I stand up.

“I think it’s time Sia had her and gets some rest. Do you want to come with us, Zion?” I ask. He looks at Sia, hesitating before he stands up and I can’t help but smile.

He’ll always come to join Sia when she’s having downtime, although it’s extremely hard for him to stay in one place.

“We should tell Daddy, Sia needs downtime.” He says sombrely. “We will,” I say, holding my hand out to him as I carry Sia, making our way down the hall to their room.

It’s a short while later and Sia has fallen asleep, her heartbeat a little steadier, and Zion is building

something out of Legos on the floor. I caress her hair, pondering over everything.

If I move back, Mom will come with me, albeit perhaps unhappily. Would the children be happy and safe if Sia’s health isn’t good, and I don’t want her to experience any distress or to overexert herself.

There’s a light knock on the door, and I look up to see Sebastian standing with his arms crossed.

“Daddy!” Zion jumps up and Sebastian places a finger to his lips as he crouches down, opening his arms to Zion, who runs over.

“Careful,” I say, knowing he’s tired. “I’m good.” He says as he walks over to Zion’s bed and sits down on it. “Sia’s asleep!” Zion whispers loudly, pointing at our little princess.

“Then we better not make any sounds,” Sebastian says, ruffling his hair as he slowly lies back on the bed.

I hear him suppress a grunt, as he backs up and Zion happily lies down behind him, putting his arms behind his head as he imitates Sebastian, making both Sebastian and I smile.

Sebastian has one arm under his head, with the other he runs his fingers through Zion’s hair slowly, and I can see he’s already drifting off into a deep slumber. Neither of us speaks until Zion’s eyes shut and his breathing becomes heavier as he falls asleep.

“You’re upset.” I look up at him. It is not a question but a statement. Our eyes meet, but I can’t read him. I sigh softly, running my fingers through my hair.

“I told your parents we’re together and we’ll be returning soon.... I told my father I’ll still head this pack, that I’ll make it work and it’s an act... although he doesn’t think I’ll come back. OW he’s made mistakes in his life, but he’s still my dad and right now he’s going through a lot.”

I sigh heavily as I lean back on my hands and tilt my head back, staring at the ceiling. About them... Annalise’s lie, Annette’s interference.... The Blood Born

“Mom’s attitude, and the secrets she’s kept, secrets I know that have eaten up at her and I still need to talk to her. Triquetras, who are the missing pieces? To what extent will this go before it’s over? What will we lose in the process? We’ve seen what they will and can do.”

I look at him, the weight of it all hitting me hard. “Valerie is improving. People know that. What if something happens? I mean, what if she knows who did this to her? Did she see her attacker? Will she remember him and if so... will they come for her?” I whisper, terrified.

“Zaia...”

I shake my head, turning away and looking at my little angel. “Then... my princess... she’s not well, Sebastian. We don’t know what’s wrong and I just

want her to be safe and stress-free. I'm terrified, if something happens if she's overwhelmed, her heart won't be able to take it."

"Look at me." His voice is quiet yet firm, and I slowly look up at him. "That is a lot when you put it like that, but we're going to deal with it, one step at a time. Let's tackle one issue at a time. You aren't alone, Zaia, I promise you." I nod, before I look away, not knowing

what to say. "I... umm, so when do we head back?"

"Home?" I nod before I realise what he did, and a smirk crosses his lips. "Whenever you're ready."

"Cool..." I exhale. "About earlier, thanks for taking it on yourself when you told the children – you didn't need

to do that."

"No, I did. It's my duty to take care of the three of you and I'm the one who keeps on lacking when it comes to that. There will be changes when we go back in terms of where we will stay, and the security. I know my family will see it as extreme, but I don't trust anyone." He says seriously. That makes me feel better and I nod.

"Thanks, the children will be happy about coming with you... so, how did you feel about your first meeting?" I ask, leaning back and resting my weight on my hands.

He smiles slightly as he looks at both of our sleeping children. Seeing him side by side with Zion shows how similar they are. From their dark hair, to their blue eyes. I look down at Sia smiling softly, she's a lot like me, just far more beautiful and precious.

"It was incredible, the fact that you can feel so deeply for someone you have just met. They are my pups and that makes me incredibly proud." He says quietly.

I look up at him, my heart skipping a beat. "Pups..."

"We are werewolves." He says, winking at me, and I nod. Yes, yes, we are and although others may frown at him for using that term; I