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I Am The Luna Chapter 21 By Moonlight Muse

SEBASTIAN

It's pretty late in the evening when I finally head home. I had gone to Valerie's apartment again, but there was nothing more to find other than what the squad had already learned. I took her phone from them, in hopes she'd have Zaia's new number in there, but there is nothing

I wonder if she has another phone and ask the team to bring me all her devices, but there is no sign of a second phone. I'm sure they stayed in contact, but even Jai is not sure on how Valerie didn't tell him much more than what he already knew.

Checking her emails also doesn't bring anything, but there are emails of a conversation with a doctor regarding the poison and Zaia's blood, something I d\*\*\*\*\*d copies of

I unlock the front door to the mansion, and step inside, pulling open the buttons of my shirt, as I lean against the door and stare down the hall.

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The memory of Zaia running down this hall in a rush, looking graceful and sexy all at once as she flings her arms around my neck, kisses me and helps me out of my jacket, returns with a vengeance

Zaia is everything, beautiful, strong, confident, pure and s3xy. I miss her... miss her touch; her smile.... the taste of her....

An image of her naked fills my mind, and I close my eyes.

Not now... I groan internally.

It's been over four months since I've had sex... since she left. The dreams only make it harder and masturbating to her memories is nowhere near the real thing.

I did this... I admit I deserve this. Pushing myself away from the wall, I head upstairs, passing our old bedroom. I pause and stare at the door I can't bring myself to go in there.

Is there any remnant of her scent left behind? Opening the door, I'm instantly I'm hit with a powerful wave of nostalgia. Making me unable to enter "Well, look who decided to return." Dad's crisp voice makes me turn to him. I frown slightly and tilt my head.

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"I've been busy with what's been going on," I say quietly I don't want to argue with him. Closing the door, I move past him when he calls me "Sebastian.

I don't respond, waiting for him to continue "This pack is going to the dogs. Fix it or give up your title"

I frown. He's forgetting I'm the one who made this pack better. "I think you got used to the level that I raised this pack to. We're only returning to how it was when you were Alpha." I reply harshly.

Not waiting for a reply, I walk away.

"Sebastian!" I don't have time for his crap. "Do not turn your back on me, Sebastian." He warns menacingly

"No... but I am the Alpha now, and you better not disrespect me." I snarl, my eyes flashing as I turn and glare at him.

"I made you Alpha." He hisses.

"You made me nothing! A fool can be given the title of a king, and unless he proves he is worthy to be called king, he will forever remain a fool. I'm acknowledged as the Alpha for what I have achieved. As for the shit I've

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messed up, I know what I'm doing, and I don't need to answer to you or anyone "I growl, trying to calm the rising storm within me.

Only Zaia. Because she's the one I wronged. Our eyes meet, both of us raging with anger and before this gets out of hand, I turn and storm down the hall, having had enough of his crap.

I enter the guest room where I've been staying and head straight to the bathroom and pull open the cabinet. Grabbing the pill bottle, I unscrew it and pour some pills into my hands before putting the bottle back.

I'll have these checked. Hearing a knock on the bedroom door, I quickly slip the pills into my pocket before I go to answer it.

I will fix this, Zaia, I promise. A week has passed since that day, and things are still extremely tense at home The results of the pills came back positive. Each one contained a high level of Ashbane.

The results, combined with the tension, brought me to the decision that I will leave the mansion and move elsewhere.

I now stare up at the gates to the entrance of the Whispering Mountain Pack. After not being able to reach either Atticus or Zaia via phone or email, I decided to come here in person.

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I told no one of my visit, save Jai, not wanting it to somehow get to the person watching me and also not knowing who I can trust.

I sigh, leaning against my car as I wait for Atticus. The guard is watching me like a hawk. He has called Atticus and surprisingly Atticus has agreed to come meet the

chose to go to the eastern side of his pack, the private property is entirely blocked off, and no one can enter but it's easier for me to reach Atticus on this side rather than try to enter the pack and be apprehended by security. This way I'm not on his pack territory, just the borders

Several more minutes pass when I hear the sound of footsteps and the door opens and Atticus steps out

"Give us some time alone," he murmurs to his guard. The man bows before walking away and Atticus turns his gaze on me.

"Well, well, well... look what we have here? I'm appalled at your brazen behaviour, Sebastian King When I specifically told you, you aren't allowed anywhere near my pack, yet you show up at my door..." his voice is sharp, his eyes ice-cold.

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"I came alone and I'm here to talk, not to argue " I reply, my eyes flickering from my wolves to my own as I try to control my emotions.

"And that is the only reason you are alive. I don't need Zaia getting upset with your presence," he says, his voice lower

"I want to talk to her, it's why I'm here," I reply as I cross my arms.

He frowns slightly and sighs heavily

"When will you accept that she's moved on?" he asks, "and haven't you? So why are you still trying to hurt her, unless, of course, you don't really care for the woman on your arms."

Is he implying that it's an act? "This is about my kids. I know those babies are mine, no matter if you or she deny that."

"And here I am seeing them as mine, really... Sebastian, even if somehow you are the father, she doesn't want anything to do with you."

Somehow?

They are mine

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And I will never tolerate this man to ever be a father figure to my children. Just the thought makes my blood boil. My eyes flash as I push myself away from the car, closing the gap between us, wanting to punch his face.

“Call Zaia,” I growl.

He shakes his head. “Fine, I’ll go ask her if she’s willing to talk to you, rest assured, I know she won’t accept you back, but you have to promise me one thing.”

“What?” I almost snarl.

“After this talk, if she doesn’t want anything to do with you, you will leave her alone and walk away. For good?”

I clench my jaw No because I will keep trying “Fine”.

He nods and takes his phone out and dials a number I can hear it ring but there’s no answer

I lean over and look down at the screen, ZAIA...

“Don’t trust me?” He snaps, shoving me back, but I refuse to back off

I don’t trust him at all.

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“Just making sure,” I growl. “Pathetic” He mutters as the phone goes to the answering machine.

“Try again,” I growl.

But before he can reply, a message comes through. ZAIA. I’m sorry, it’s just so loud here I didn’t hear your call. Is everything ok, Atticus?

“Let her enjoy herself ” He mutters. It’s not that I don’t want her to be happy. Has she really moved on with him?

ATTICUS I’m sorry to bother you, it’s just Sebastian King is here, and he wants to have a word with you one last time. “And tell her that I have something important to tell her regarding Valerie,” I say, frowning.

ZAIA. Well, I don’t want to talk to him. We had our last talk the last time he was here. I don’t want to ruin my day, send him away Atticus.

ATTICUS: I understand, and no one can force you. He said there’s something he wants to tell you about your friend Valerie

ZAIA: you can pass a message on to him?

I frown. What do I do? She’s obviously angry. ATTICUS Tell me and I’ll pass it on

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“She doesn’t want to talk to you. Sebastian,” he states the obvious, making my irritation rise

I snatch the phone from him and hit the call button again. This time it’s picked up I can hear the loud sound of talking and laughing in the background. “Zala, listen to me.”

Beep.

She hung up.

I stare down at the phone before Atticus takes his phone back, his eyes blazing anything to do with you. Leave.

“Enough! You rejected her and divorced her! She doesn’t want Sebastian or there will be war and this time, I fucking mean it!” His anger makes his voice tremble, and I stare down at the phone in his hand.

No come on, just one meeting Zaia I’ll tell you everything. “Tell her Valerie was attacked, and she’s in a coma. If not for me, tell her to at least come visit her friend,” I say quietly.

He shakes his head and types something, and I pray it’s enough. She wouldn’t refuse her friend. The phone vibrates and Atticus holds it up. to me.

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"Here's your answer. Now go."

I stare down at the screen. ATTICUS: Your friend Valerie was attacked, and she's currently in a coma. He wants you to visit her

ZAIA. I didn't think he could fall so low ...send him away Atticus, I'm tired of him. Please don't text again, I'm busy. I'll wait for you tonight. Take care, handsome.

My heart clenches and I feel defeated.

In this cage-like pack, I've lost her....

Handsome..

The last word of the text burns in my head.

She really has moved on...

I turn away and get into my car. Call me selfish, call me fucking arrogant or whatever you want, but this is not the end.

I will find a way to reach you Zaia, because you are my Luna.a

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I Am The Luna Chapter 22 By Moonlight Muse

SEBASTIAN.

Sighing, I strum my fingers on the steering wheel as I drive towards Dark Hollow Falls Pack territory, mulling over everything. Handsome...

Why does that feel off? Then there is the way she texts saying it's too loud for her to talk... Zaia would move away, she's not that person who would have an issue with that. Maybe it's wishful thinking, but I don't think that was Zaia on the other side of the phone.

The more I think about it, the more it makes sense, but again, it could have been her simply behaving that way, knowing it would get to me. Both are possibilities.

Maybe I'm looking too much into it, but the Zaia I know would have had a few choice words to say to me. She isn't the type to let others handle her problems.

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The biggest red flag is the fact she didn't even seem a little worried about Valerie. I would presume she would check up on her for peace of mind and if it was a lie, she would then let loose on me.

Anger makes a person blind too, so I can't rule that out either. I'll find a way to get through to you, Zaia. I really will...

My phone rings and I run my fingers through my hair, glancing at the LCD screen in the car. Unknown caller?

Zaia? My heart quickens a little; maybe she did end up being worried about Valerie..

I hit the answer button.

"Sebastian," I answer.

"I don't think my warnings were enough."

I tense and I almost slam my foot on the brakes as the robotic distorted voice fills the car. It's rough, coarse and aggressive.

"Who is this?"

"Who do you think? I gave you those warnings, but you decided to ignore them. Do you remember the note from July the 13th?"

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I frown, my stomach twisting. It's been a while since the notes stopped...

Since I split from Zaia...

"I do," I say, trying to keep him talking I need to alert someone to try to trace the call. I lift my hand, ready to press a button on the phone to send a text when a slow chuckle fills the car.

"Really? Do you really think you can catch me? If I were you, SK, I'd look for a way to get out of the car before you crash. I don't think your brakes are working."

I frown as I press my foot on the brakes only to realise he's right. They aren't working and the car is moving at a pretty fast speed.

But they were a short while ago!

"I am in charge of the programming of your car. Got to love automatic smart cars! Now answer the question before the car poofs. Time is running out SK. Now focus... focus on that July the 13th message!"

July the 13th...

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How can I forget? That was the message that specifically told me that as long as she's with me he'll never leave her alone... My eyes flash, my hands tightening on the steering wheel.

"I see you remember," he hisses, the crackling in the background rings through the car as I try the car door handle.

Locked!

Fuck.

I try to unlock it, but the car is no longer under my control. "So, what do you want me to do? I only went there to tell her about her friend."

"No, no, NO SK! DON'T LIE! I call the shots here! Remember that! I told you to stay away. You put on a pretty good show by sending her away. But now I wonder, is it all just a game to you?" The voice is almost like a singsong tone despite the distortion to it.

One thing is clear: the person really is unhinged. I grit my teeth. How had I become so relaxed?

"Now... let's try this again SK. Use your brain, use your brain. I am not here to fulfil empty threats! So, you have about two minutes before that car poofs like popcorn!" He cackles and I frown. He's fucking unhinged.

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“What do you want?” I snarl. “I will give you one last warning because I am such a good person. See, I’m giving you a chance. I even called to help you understand, you dimwit!” a I frown as I tug at the door, trying to slow the car down but failing.

“Let. Her. G00000! Do you get it, SK?”

“Let. Her. G00000! Do you get it, SK? Let her go! If you continue to chase her, do you see the position you are in right now? That will be her, and those little cute babies that she’s cooking inside of her will get squished if she gets into an accident now, won’t she?”

“Hey!” I snarl. “Don’t you dare touch her! Your issue is with me, target me, not her!” He cackles, sounding choked as if it’s so fucking funny he can’t breathe.

“You are a joker SK, oh god you are so funny... but I am serious.” His voice drops the sick playfulness as it returns to deeper and darker. “Now. This is the final warning: Leave her alone or she will die, and you won’t be burying one but three. Stay away and she stays safe.”

I stare ahead. The car is picking up speed and I slam my elbow into the window, shattering the glass, trying the handle from outside as the speed keeps picking up.

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Fuck! “Oh yes! Jump jump jump! Time’s ticking!” “Listen to me, don’t touch her and I’ll... I’ll stay away,” I say, my heart squeezing, but the truth is I did get careless...

So lost in wanting her back that I forgot the threats that were the reasons I sent her away to begin with. I can’t risk her for my own selfishness...

“Well.... That depends on you. Stay true to your words, SK, and I will stay away from her and the little cute buns in the over!” He cackles, the sudden smell of something burning reaching my nose.

The brakes aren’t working at all, and I grab my phone unplugging it as I place it to my ear.

“I give you my word. I will stay away from her. Don’t touch her....do whatever you want to me, but leave her out of this.” I say, my voice trembling with rage, but I’m trying to control myself. After all, the ball is in his court.

I can’t let my arrogance or rage get the better of me, for the sake of my children and woman. “Then as long as you keep your side of the deal, she is safe!”

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The line cuts and I shove my phone into my pocket. Holding onto the steering wheel to keep it steady and with the other I smash out the large shards of glass in the window before hoisting myself up.

The car's moving at a violent speed, and I take a deep breath, holding the wheel as steady as possible as I pull myself out of the window.

The car swerves violently and I flip in the air, before I hit the ground. Landing on my feet but unable to keep my balance, jarring pain rushes through my knees and I suck in a breath.

The impact makes me groan as I fall to my knees before I hit the ground, rolling over as I watch the car swivel ahead.

With no one steering, it flips over and I shield my face as it smashes into the corner of the mountain. An ear-shattering explosion fills the air and the car erupts into flames.

The huge explosion causes debris to fly everywhere. I pull myself against the nearest tree, the taste of blood is strong in my mouth as I breathe heavily.

His words replay in my mind, and I feel guilty, regretful, and fucking useless.

"Zaia..."

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I've failed her, failed my pups and above all failed to keep her safe. I need to stop chasing her... I need to find the person behind this first. Before I even consider winning her back.

I flinch as I reach into my pocket. Pain rushes up my arm and neck as I take out my phone. The screen has a crack, but it's working. I breathe heavily as the pain in my side gets worse and I dial Jai's number.

"Hey Seb, where are you?"

"On the way back from Atticus's pack. I "Yeah... ok, listen. You need to get back here as soon as possible, Valerie's family is trying to get her out of here. They don't want to stay anymore. Someone tried to break into the hospital Seb," his voice is full of worry and I take a slow breath.

Right now, my own situation is not important, my pack needs me.

"Calm down, Jai. I'm coming. We'll figure this out and tell the Scotts to wait for me. I will do everything in my power to keep her safe."

"Ok... be quick man... we need you here."

"Coming."

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I hang up and force myself to shift into my wolf. The agony of my broken bones reshaping and reforming makes me groan, but the pain is soon dulled. I gather up my phone in my mouth before breaking into a run.

With every passing second, I feel as if I'm losing Zaia a little more as I put distance between us. This may be a hindrance to us, but I promise I won't give up. I just need to do better... and I will.

## I Am The Luna Chapter 23 By Moonlight Muse

SEBASTIAN.

"I understand," I say quietly. It's not something I want, but I have to respect that this is what he wants. "Are you sure?" there's guilt in his eyes as he stands opposite me. We are on the back patio of the packhouse.

The weather is warm, but a soothing breeze rustles the grass, yet it does nothing to soothe the storm in my mind.

"I am. I need someone to keep her safe, Jai, and who better than yourself? Something tells me she has some answers that may help us. We need her to wake up." I say quietly.

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It's going to be a great loss to have him gone, but... it's the right thing.

"Thank you, Seb... I promise I'll do what I can from over there. I'll gather what information I can too..."

I nod. It's been three days since the crash and although I made it back before I ended up dropping unconscious, I'm healing well.

I also have learned that Zaia has moved to her father's pack. One of my men was able to dig that up, and it only strengthens my opinion that it may not have been Zaia on the other side of that call that day.

Although I need to stay away, it gives me a glimmer of hope. It means she's not with him.

"Seb?" "Sorry, I got distracted... go, Jai, she needs you more than I do."

"And who will you assign as your Beta?" Jai asks. I shove my Hanus to my pocket as glance out at the sky. "I have a few options, but I think I'll be going with Justin Seagrave."

Jai tilts his head and nods thoughtfully. "Didn't the Seagraves initially belong to the Crystal Shadow Pack?"

I nod, "Actually, yes. They moved to this pack over twenty years ago, but still have ties with that pack." "And that's where she is..." he murmurs.

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I don't respond, and he grins. "Well, glad you got things sorted, I think you'll be fine Seb, and once Val is awake, we'll be back because I know she will want to come home."

I nod as our eyes meet and although deep down a part of me wonders if she'll ever wake up, I will not shatter his hopes, for his and Zaia's sake I wish she wakes up.

"Then I'll await the day," I respond quietly. He nods before giving me a hug and slaps my back, sending a pang of pain rushing through my shoulder.

"I'm going to miss your arrogant dumb ass," he says, making me chuckle.

"Same," I grunt massaging my shoulder. "Sorry man, I forgot," he grins and I can't help but smirk back. It is a while later when there's a knock on the office door and I look up.

"Enter," I call. The door opens and Justin steps inside. "Alpha Sebastian, you called for me?" "Yes, I did, Justin, sit down."

Justin is a few years younger than me. He's from a middle-class family and is of warrior rank. However, he is extremely intelligent and has a knack for strategy and battle.

"I hope I have not upset you, Alpha."

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“Not at all, actually due to certain factors, Beta Jai O’Dell will be stepping down from his position as Beta of this pack and I want you to take his place.”

He looks up at me, surprised, “Alpha... me? Are you certain? I I mean, I don’t come from a ranked family... nor do I have an influential family...” he trails off, bowing his head.

“I don’t need power or money Justin, I need a Beta with a good head on his shoulders. You will be my Beta.” I say with finality.

He gives a slow, hesitant nod. “Of course, it would be my greatest honour. That’s a position I never dreamed of... but... there are so many people who hold far more power and wealth.... I

understand you don’t need it nor want it.”

I nod. “Exactly, the initiation will take place next Monday. You are going to be my Beta and are the next best for the position,” I say, dismissing him.

He bows his head as he stands up. “ Thank you, Alpha. I will not disappoint.”

Once the door shuts after him, I stand up and walk to the window. He may think he’s got nothing... but he has ties with the Crystal Shadow Pack that

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will come in use... I may not be able to approach her, but I will have a way to keep an eye on her.

Zaia... I promise I'll find him.

Somehow.

ONE MONTH LATER...

ZAIA.

"I don't feel too well." I sigh as I enter our new home.

We moved to The Crystal Shadow Pack two days after I had talked to Dad, telling Atticus that I needed to leave. To my surprise, he didn't argue and although he wanted me to stay; he understood and respected my decision and hoped we could stay friends.

I accepted. It was the least I could do, considering everything I had lied to him about. He had been nothing but helpful and said he'll keep it quiet where I had gone.

I am truly grateful for his help and despite certain actions of his not being to my liking; I understand he was still trying to help me.

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Valerie never got back to me, and the only thing I got from her was one email a week later, saying Sebastian found out and she can't stay in touch with me and she's sorry.

I respect that, after all, I can understand Sebastian's temper. Sometimes he did lose it. I can only hope that in a few weeks or months, he'll calm down.

"Maybe you overdid it at the office. Did that witch irritate you?" Mom asks, referring to Dad's wife.

"I didn't see her today, and she can't bother me," I say confidently, feeling a spasm of pain rush through my stomach.

The doctor said I was getting Braxton Hicks contractions, as my body prepares for the birth and that it can happen for months before birth. They aren't pleasant and today they've been worse.

Mom and I are getting better. The antidote helped, and I had given one to the lab to make a new batch and I can see Mom looking better too.

As for my pregnancy, there are complications, the poison and the rejection have done their damage. I have many hospital appointments and checkups to make sure everything is going smoothly.

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Dad has been true to his word and has given us a home, security, and protection. In turn, I have got down to work and am doing my best to help and assist my father.

The start has been bumpy, with him running things so differently than how Sebastian and I did, but he's beginning to take my opinions on board.

"Zaia! What's wrong?" Mom shouts as she rushes over to me. Sharp pain rushes through my stomach, and I gasp, clutching my belly. I don't know what happened. One second, I'm talking to Mom, the next I'm experiencing intense pain.

"The doctor! We need a doctor!" Mom shouts as she grabs her phone.

"Madam! I'll have the driver ready. She should go to the hospital!" The maid exclaims as she rushes from the room.

My head feels dizzy as Mom calls someone on the phone. What's happening? It's too early to go into labour. I'm not even anywhere near full-term!

Something wet trickles down my legs and I can't even look down with my belly in the way. Have my waters broken?!

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“You’re bleeding... Goddess, Zaia!” Mom’s voice is full of horror as she drops the phone in her panic and runs to my side, “We need to get you to the hospital immediately!”

Terror, like never before, rushes through me. Nothing can happen to my babies... Fuck, please. I’ll do anything, goddess, please... protect these children....

My heart is thudding violently as I’m rushed out and into the car. Blood covers my legs and the amount is horrifying. My vision darkens as another powerful wave of pain rushes through me.

“Mom... It hurts.” I say, feeling a powerful contraction rip through me and there’s a sharp stabbing pain in my chest, one that reminds me of how I felt when he had rejected me.

The dreadful thought that now comes to the forefront of my mind is undeniable. I’m in labour, at only twenty-eight weeks.

Goddess...

“... Intensive care.”

“...Oxygen immediately...”

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“The heart rate is dropping...”

Beep. Beep. Beep.

“What’s going on...” I mumble, it takes great energy and as I look around, my vision is blurry. The last thing I remember is getting to the hospital before falling unconscious.

There’s pain in my lower abdomen and I touch my stomach. “My babies!” I gasp, my eyes flying open as fear envelopes me feeling my flattened stomach.

“Calm down Zaia, everything is alright .” I turn my head to see Mom standing weeks.

Goddess...

“... Intensive care.”

“...Oxygen immediately...”

“The heart rate is dropping...”

Beep. Beep. Beep.

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“Calm down Zaia, everything is alright .” I turn my head to see Mom standing there, a small smile on her face, but it’s not reaching her eyes. Something is wrong!

“The babies, where are my babies!” I shout.

“Ms Toussaint, you have given birth to a baby boy and girl. Congratulations.” The doctor’s voice is vague and distant as I struggle in and out of consciousness, trying to clear my head.

There are too many people here... are the babies ok?

“Where are they!” I say, trying to sit up.

“They are in intensive care, but we are trying our best.”

My heart thuds as I stare at the doctor fearfully.

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“Will they be ok?” I whisper, horrified Silence.

“Tell me!” I say, my voice breaking. They are all I have. I can’t let them die. I can’t let anything happen to them! “We are trying our best.” Comes the quiet reply.

In other words, they don’t hold much hope...

“Be strong Zaia, it’s going to be ok,” Mom says soothingly as she strokes my hair, but the truth is, I’ve failed them.

I should have been strong enough to bring them into this world, but I wasn’t. I’m so sorry...

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I Am The Luna Chapter 24 By Moonlight Muse

ZAIA.

THREE YEARS LATER...

I lace my fingers together, resting my elbows on the sleek marble of my top-floor executive office. Scoffing as the man before me rambles on.

Cocking a brow, I finally intervene. “Mr Santoni, time is precious, and I have places to be, deals to close, and money to make. So, shall we get to the proof that these company records show?”

His face pales as he presses his lips into a tight line. “You are gravely mistaken, Ms Toussaint! I can assure you the miners’ project was something that we handled correctly! Those poor folk are trying to con the company! They are snakes!”

My eyes flash as I slam my hand on top of the file, making him flinch as I stand up.

“Mr Santoni. I will not tolerate you antagonising me. You embezzled millions of dollars from this company, which was set aside for the family of

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the deceased miners abroad after the accident two years ago! Did you really think that I would not look into it?" I ask sharply, my voice dripping with authority and warning him to dare deny the truth that is laid before us.

He lowers his head, swallowing hard. A drop of sweat trickles down his face and he takes out his handkerchief, wiping it away nervously.

"P-please Ms Toussaint... the th-thing ... I mean I have served this company for over twenty years, my father before me worked for the Toussaint enterprises, how can you let that all be cast aside so qu-quickly..." he mumbles his eyes darting around the office as if looking for a way to escape.

We are on the thirty-seventh floor of Toussaint Enterprises, a building that sits in the centre of the business district. There is nowhere to escape with security on every floor and at every exit.

That does not excuse the fact you took money that was not yours." I say coldly, "Those families needed it far more than you, and when they raised those concerns, you tried to silence them."

The scandal had rocked the empire, and it had cost the company a lot, despite the fact the manager put in charge had been careless and Mr

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Santoni here had only made matters worse. But ultimately the company must take responsibility for the mistakes made, and the lives lost.

I try to calm my wolf's emotions by taking a deep breath. Although I've only shifted once in my life, lately her emotions have only gotten stronger, I guess being surrounded by idiots does that.

"I... I know Ms Toussaint... but I... I'm sorry! And I will pay it back, p-please please don't press charges!" he pleads as he suddenly holds his hands up pleadingly as he rushes to the table, and gets into my personal space.

I move back, my eyes flashing as I press a button under the table. "I need security. I'm afraid you will have to take the consequences for your actions, Mr Santoni."

He freezes as if unable to comprehend those words before he tilts his head and shakes it vigorously.

"I will never accept it!" he shouts as the door opens and two security guards come in. "I-I did nothing! I'm being framed."

I raise an eyebrow, motioning at them to take him out. "Your confession is caught on tape, Mr Santoni. Anything and everything can and will be held against you."

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"You lied! You tricked me! No no! I will not accept it!"

I fold my arms under my breasts and turn away from the shouting man as he's dragged from my office.

"Are you alright, Boss?"

"Of course, please close the door after you, Carlisle."

"Yes, Ma'am."

The door shuts and I sigh as I walk towards the windows that run across the entire wall, from floor to ceiling, behind my desk. I look out at the city that is mapped with sky-high buildings in modern sleek designs.

Cars queue along the roads and the faint sound of horns blaring can be heard from drivers impatient to get to their destinations

My eyes flick to a building far across the business district. A building that towers several storeys higher than ours. The biggest here.... the exterior is full glass, with words in matt black running along the side that you can read from miles away, set against a silver background.

ARAN KING

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I look away, the pain that would once clench at my heart as a reminder of my ex, a pain that would claw at me like poison is almost non-existent.....

Almost.

I stare at my reflection in the glass. Before me is a woman with hair styled into a high sophisticated updo, a few tendrils of red hair frame her face. Sharp eyes that are winged with black eyeliner, and bold red lipstick covers her lips.

A woman who is the image of control and composure.

I'm wearing a white satin blouse that is emphasised around my breasts. I've gained weight there since I had the little ones. The blouse is tucked into my beige pencil skirt, that hugs my hips and waist.

Zaia Toussaint, the Managing Director of Toussaint Enterprises.

It has taken me three years to get to this position with only my father and the CEO above me. In three years, I achieved what many take decades to attain.

I fought with everything I had to get to where I am, proving myself at every corner, fighting against those who tried to thwart me and pin me with false accusations.. Annalise may have ruined my past but

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not my future... Though the pain remained for years, I realised that if we had truly been strong enough, nothing would have been able to ruin what we had.

I lived in a world of delusion and fallacy, but now, now, I live in a world of wit, deceit, and power. I prefer the latter because, in this world, no one can break my heart. A knock on the door makes my breath hitch, bringing me out of my thoughts.

Turning, I walk over to the desk; I click stop on the audio recording I had been making on my laptop and look towards the door.

“Enter,” I say clearly. The moment the door opens, and the scent hits me, I realise it’s father before he even comes into view.

I sit down in my seat and cross my legs. We may still not agree on everything, and we may not be close, but we have formed a pleasant working relationship.

“Zaia,” he says, closing the door behind him. He opens his suit jacket button and takes a seat on one of the chairs opposite me. “I hear you had Santoni reported to law enforcement, and you are charging him with multiple accounts of embezzlement, abuse of power, and defamation.”

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I nod, twirling a strand of my hair around my fingers.

“Yes. As well as presenting misleading and false information to the law. I understand that Santoni has been a part of this company for many years and even the board of directors are rather concerned about my decision, but this is not about loyalty, but betrayal. And I, for one, will not tolerate it.”

“You are playing a dangerous game, Zaia. You do know that the Santoni family is powerful.”

“I know, and you don’t need to worry about me, father. I know what I’m doing. Santoni’s arrest will be an example for the rest. A warning that the Toussaint empire will not tolerate criminal activities.”

Dad smiles and nods slowly.” Impressive, you really are born to be a businesswoman, Zaia... or I should say a boss. I wish I had seen it sooner, but then, you are only twenty-four years old, you have your life in front of you. I wasn’t too late.”

“Thanks to me.” I say lightly.

He chuckles and nods in agreement before he glances up at me.

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He's observing me, but seems a bit lost in thought before he shakes his head and taps his knee. "Well, I have arranged a business dinner party in your honour. Make sure the weekend is free," he says.

Weekends... I made it clear that weekends were not work time, although yes, I did work from home every week, but I didn't like to leave the house for work.

But I don't refuse, it's a one-off... so instead, I simply nod. "And why are you throwing a dinner in my honour?" I ask instead.

"You will see." He stands up and so do I as we make our way to the door.

"I look forward to it, I reply with a smile.

Dad is about to reach for the door handle when there is a knock on it and Dad pulls it open to reveal my secretary, holding a tray of hot drinks."Oh, I'm sorry Mr Toussaint! Ms Toussaint..." She trails off meekly and I shake my head.

"It's alright Nancy, Dad is leaving." I say as I take my mug from the tray.

"Yes, but thank you," Dad says to her politely before he leaves, and I return to my desk.

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Now, what's next on the agenda?

## **I Am The Luna Chapter 25 By Moonlight Muse**

ZAIA

I press my foot on the brake as I wait for the security guards to unlock the large gates that leads to the entrance of our home. Once the large gates swing open, I drive through.

“Good evening Madam,” the night security guard says, tipping his hat to me.

“Good evening, Aaron,” I reply, sliding my car window up.

I glance up at the house when it comes into view. The upstairs window lights are on and due to the warmth, a few of the windows are open.

The sound of a child's laughter reaches my ears, and it's like music. I park up in the driveway and turning the ignition off, I get out and shut the door quietly, wanting to surprise them.

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I lock the car doors and make my way up the three steps that lead to the large four-bedroom home. Dad did not hold back. He gave us this when we first arrived.

Not only is it in a private area, but it's extremely secure on all sides. The property itself has large walls topped with spikes surrounding it.

"Come on, time for bed!" Mom's voice rings in the air. Oh, he's being a handful again!

I shake my head, unable to stop the smile from spreading on my face. I step inside and lock the door behind me. Putting my bag and keys down, I kick my heels off and stretch. Goddess, it's been a long day...

I cross the large square hallway and hurry up the carpeted stairs, glad I made it home before they fall asleep. The door to their bedroom stands open, there're toys and towels strewn across the carpeted floor, and I pick them up. I massage the back of my neck as I stop in the doorway and peer inside.

Mom is sitting on one of the two beds that are against one wall with a chest of three drawers standing between the two beds.

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“Mommy is home!” I gasp when my three-year-old son barrels into me, wrapping his arms around my thighs.” Mommy! I made an airplane!”

I smile down at my little Zion, and he stares back at me with bright blue eyes and black hair. A spitting image of his father, right down to the dimples in his cheeks.

I crouch down and pull him in for a hug. “Hey Superman, show me this plane,” I say when I move back and tug his cheeks lightly. “Ok, Mommy!” He runs off, and I slowly stand up as I scan the room for my little Tinkerbell.

I notice her in the bed, hidden behind Mom, I walk over to them and kiss Mom’s forehead softly as she beams up at me. “Ah Zaia, you’re home, thank the goddess.”

She always worries until I’m home and safe. That’s what mothers do. She gets up and I sit down as the girl in the bed stirs. She’s already asleep....

I brush back her dark copper-coloured hair, my heart clenching slightly.

My princess almost never made it... she spent six months after her birth in hospital until she was deemed strong enough to leave... despite being three years old, she is extremely small, unlike Zion, who looks older than his age.

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They both are of Alpha blood, but my Tinkerbell doesn't have much weight and is quite petite in size, but she's no less bright than her brother.

"Mommy..." she whispers, her eyes fluttering open. Grey eyes stare back at me, and I nod. "Yes, my darling, I'm right here," I whisper, kissing her forehead. "I'm happy..." she says with a gigantic yawn. "Will you tell us a story?"

I nod before I turn around.

"Zion! Do you want a bedtime story?" I ask the boy who is gathering up the airplane he has built with Legos. "Yes, please, but look at my plane. Sia helped me," he says, glancing at his sister in bed.

"Oh, did she now... that is incredible, you two are incredible and so clever! Look at this amazing plane!"

I see Mom slip out of the room, leaving me with my two dew drops as we all shuggle into the bed, and I read them a story of a young boy who goes on an adventure to discover lost treasure.

Soon they are both fast asleep, but I continue the story, letting them drift into a deep sleep. Only then do I slowly lift Zion up and put him into his own bed.

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“Goodnight, Mommy...” he murmurs sleepily. “Goodnight my Superman,” I reply, kissing his cheek softly before pulling the bedsheet over him.

I turn back to Sia and fix the sheet around her. I feel her pulse in her wrist, frowning slightly. Irregular...

I kiss her forehead softly, trying to soften the pain in my chest..

My little Sia... until this day, the doctors don't know what's wrong with her. But we aren't giving up. We will find a way for her to get better.

I sit there for a while, gently caressing her hair before I pick up the toys that lie around the bed and place them aside before dimming the light. I make sure the monitor is turned on before I leave the room.

I leave the door open a crack as I take out a few pins from my hair and shake it loose just as Mom comes down the hallway.

“Long day?” she asks sympathetically. I nod. “Yes, but it was a good day,” I reply. She smiles with understanding, “Then come, let's go have some tea. You can tell me all about it.”

The dim hallway lighting makes her face glow, and I can't help but smile as I walk over to her and give her a hug. Thank you, Mom. That would be amazing.”

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“What else are mothers for?” she replies. I hug her tightly. She’s right.

Without her, I wouldn’t have been able to do all of this...

“Thank you, Mom,” I whisper before I move back. “Now come on, let’s go get that tea.” Mom nods as we both make our way downstairs. She puts on the kettle and I take a seat at the kitchen counter.

“Any update with the doctors Sia flew out to see?” Mom asks after a moment. “They are being analysed by a doctor currently, hopefully soon,” I whisper as I stare at the glitter in the black granite counter, trying to mask my guilt.

Mom nods. “This is not your fault, Zaia, she will be ok. I can feel it, in my bones,” she says determinedly. I look up at her, our eyes meeting, and I slowly nod.

I will believe it too and I will make sure my little princess gets the right treatment that she needs. 2

No matter what. Because she is my daughter, and she is a fighter.

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