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I Am The Luna Chapter 26 By Moonlight Muse

I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 26

A Scatter of Pearls

ZAIA. "Have I already told you that you look beautiful tonight?" Someone whispers in my ear. My breath hitches, not sensing him coming closer and I almost turn when a hand touches my waist, stopping me.

His scent fills my nose and I smile, tilting my head and poking my eyes out playfully at Atticus. "Twice actually," I say softly, sipping the champagne from my glass. He smirks. "I guess I just can't express it enough."

I am about to reply when Dad taps the microphone, capturing my attention. "Ladies and gentlemen, all esteemed guests, may I have your attention," Dad says, making the chatter die through the hall.

We are in one of the lavish five-star hotels not far outside of the Crystal Shadow Pack territory for Dad's dinner party he is hosting in my honour.

The night has been a blur of meeting people and making small talk, and not all of them are werewolves, hence Dad's use of a microphone.

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Atticus raises his eyebrows playfully at me as we both give Dad our full attention. Atticus's pack and our pack became allies thanks to the friendship between Atticus and

Although Atticus still makes it clear that I am the one he wants, we are simply friends, but I won't deny that I appreciate having him in my life. Even the children like having him around and call him Uncle too.

It's nice having a friend. I never heard back from Valerie and, for some reason, the emails that I sent returned to my outbox with a 'failed' notification.

"As everyone knows, my Daughter Zaia Toussaint has been a great asset to my company for the last few years. Being voted in as managing director of the company last year by the board itself. I can assure you that had nothing to do with me!" He chuckles and others do, too.

He takes a moment, allowing the rush to die down before he slips his free hand into his pocket and looks at me.

"Well, it's the truth. She has proven herself greatly and not only to me but to our company. Her hands-on approach to handling every hurdle, as well as her work ethic and professionalism towards our clients, have not only been appreciated by others, but above all by myself." Dad continues.

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I watch him, as I adjust the pearl strap of my ivory-fitted dress that reaches the floor. My hair is pulled up in a stylish updo with a small pearl hair ornament. A few small items of pearl jewellery adorn my ears and hands. Winged liner and glossy lips finish off my look.

I can sense many eyes on me as Dad continues and a few whispers, which I don't bother with. "It has been a while since Mr. Simmons has been contemplating retiring from his position and tonight, not only will I be announcing the new CEO of Toussaint.

Enterprises but also the heir to the majority of this empire! It is with my greatest pleasure to announce none other than my daughter, Ms Zaia Toussaint!) Dad says and everyone begins clapping as the cameras pan on me.

My eyes widen in surprise. Yes, I have aimed to grow, to do better every single day, but I never expected Dad to name me his heir this soon.

"Congratulations, Red," Atticus whispers in my ear, taking my glass from me as Dad holds his hand out to me, motioning me to step onto the stage. I look up at Atticus, my heart skipping a beat. He knew...

He winks at me, and I take a deep breath, smiling for the cameras as I make my way over to Father, and allow him to help me up the steps to the stage. I

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glance out at everyone gathered here, waiting for the clapping to die down. Right... a speech...

How do you do that when you are not expecting it?

“I am speechless,” I begin, rewarded by light laughter, and I smile. “I want to thank everyone for attending tonight and being a part of this beautiful moment. I want to thank my father for believing in me, the board members for always supporting and guiding me and above all, I want to thank my mother, Melanie Walton for standing by

my side through thick and thin... last but not least, I want to thank Atticus Payne for always being an incredible friend, and for always supporting me. Thank you.”

I brush a strand of my hair back, tucking it behind my ear, only for it to slip out again. Everyone claps and Dad gives me a hug, congratulating me as the camera flashes blind me from all directions.

Soon, an influx of people are surrounding me, and I’m lost in the sea of faces as I try to remember everyone’s names. I’m almost out of the crowd when I suddenly feel as if I’m being watched.

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An intense gaze that reminds me of one person and it makes my heart pound. I close my eyes, my heart thumping, goddess why does it feel like...

I spin around, my eyes darting around the hall before I find the doors on the far end, but all I see is the back of a man in a black suit, but it's only for a second before he disappears from view...

Dinner is over and I'm glad that the hard part is over. I'm exhausted mentally from all the socialising, and I just want to head home and curl up with my babies. I have just gotten off the phone with Mom, having excused myself to go to the ladies' room.

I had bid the kids goodnight before ending the call. I know I need to return... the quietness of the hotel hall is pleasant...

"Come on, Zaia, just a few hours left. Get back in there." I tell myself as I look in the mirror at my reflection.

I adjust the strap of my dress, pulling a face. I know my personal assistant picked it out, but this single pearl strap just doesn't feel enough to support my breasts. Well, I've made it through more than half of the evening. Just another hour or so to go. I'm sure I'll be fine.

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I sigh heavily, before pasting a small smile on my face and exit the ladies' room, almost tripping over the hem of my skirt. I frown, bending down as I tug it free and smooth it out.

Not looking where I'm going, my arm knocks into someone, making me gasp as something catches on my pearl strap and to my horror, the violent tug breaks the string, making pearls go flying everywhere.

I feel my dress come loose and my hands instantly go to my dress, my heart thundering.

"I do apologise, I..."

My heart thuds as the husky voice behind me trails off.

A voice I recognise...

"It's alright," I say quietly, refusing to turn. I scan the hall, my eyes darting back to the bathroom door as I clutch my dress to my breasts.

"Allow me," his seductive voice comes, still making goosebumps rise on my skin as he reaches over and pulls the door open. His intoxicating scent hits me and I'm about to rush into one of the stalls when his fingers go to the side of my waist.

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“What are you...” I trail off, as his fingers brush the satin until he grabs a hold of the string that once held the pearl’s- in his fingers, and he tugs it.

My heart is pounding as he steps closer, and I step away, but it’s a mistake because I now see him in the mirror before me. However, I refuse to look at his face. If I don’t see it, it’s not true...

“Let go,” He commands in his deep voice that for some strange reason still has an effect on me. I spent years trying to get rid of those emotions... I don’t need him back in my life!

Why did this have to happen? “I said let go,” he repeats, yanking at the string and I gasp, loosening my hold a little. Deftly, he pulls the strings tight, yanking me against him.

My heart thunders, my breasts heaving as the heat of his body envelops me, and his knuckles graze down my back, making my core clench and awakening a terrifying desire I never knew still existed within me.

His heart is racing too as he ties the two ends of the string, yanking on the dress a few times. He finally lets go, but my heart is still thudding.

“There,” he says quietly. Swiftly pulling out the pins from my hair and allowing it to cascade down my back. “Easy fix.”

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I'm no longer able to stop myself from looking up at our reflection and my heart thuds It's him. The same black hair that I loved to run my fingers through... the same piercing blue eyes that seem to see right through me, that chiselled jaw and....

"You look even more beautiful than I remember..." he says, shocking me. My eyes widen as I remain frozen.

He runs his fingers through my hair, but it's then when I remember the faint scar that his mark left on my neck after his rejection that I am brought back to the present. I step away from him and turn, glaring up at him.

"This is the ladies' room, Mr King. Do you need me to show you to the door?" I ask quietly. He doesn't respond, his eyes raking over me shamelessly, but what shakes me the most is the carnal hunger that's clear in them.

Why are you looking at me like that, Sebastian? "I wouldn't mind you showing me a lot more than that..."

"Excuse me?" I ask sharply.

He looks away frowning, and it's then the slight scent of alcohol hits me. Is he drunk?

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“Three years... Who would have thought that a business deal I want to reject would bring me to the same place as you...”

I don't respond. Tonight is my night, and I will not let anyone destroy it. “You look good... You're doing incredibly for yourself. CEO of Toussaint Empires... I commend you. Congratulations.”

“Excuse me,” I say emotionlessly. Three years may have passed, but I have not forgotten what he has done to me. I move towards the door, when he speaks, making me freeze, my hand on the door handle. “How are they?” he asks quietly.

My heart thuds as I stare ahead.

“Good,” I reply, keeping it short. I push open the door when he suddenly grabs my arm, yanking me back inside and kicking the door shut with his foot. He pins me against the door, making my eyes widen as my back hits the door.

“I know I'm the last person you want to see right now... but... I think you deserve to know that Valerie's family have decided to pull the plug. If you want to see her one last time, then you should do so now.”

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My heart thunders as those words sink in, and I stare up at him, my body filling with dread. “What do you mean, pull the plug?” I ask. My throat feels dry and my stomach churns.

“Three years, Zaia... She’s been in a coma for three years. There’s nothing more we can do. The doctors and her family have given up.”

I Am The Luna Chapter 27 By Moonlight Muse

SEBASTIAN.

I watch as her face changes from surprise to realisation to devastation. Her heart is thumping wildly as she stares at me, her gorgeous violet eyes wide.

She didn’t know, just as I presumed, and I wish I had somehow found a way to let her know that Valerie needed her. Well, no surprise there, fucking up is my forte and I keep doing that.

She used to be the voice of logic and reason in my life, and why my father truly approved of her. Although he never liked her father, he had always held Zaia in high regard. That is a relationship that is still not the way it used to be before I divorced her.

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Looking at her, I know that she deserves that position as CEO. I won't ever say it, but I'm proud of her.

"I... How?" she asks softly. "We never caught the attacker. It's a long story and... I shouldn't be seen here with you. Can we meet somewhere else, maybe tomorrow?" I ask, swallowing as I try not to look at her tempting, glossy lips.

"Meet? You want to meet now? No. Tell me what happened to Valerie. I need to meet her. I need to, I'm an awful friend," she whispers the end part as she turns her head away.

"No. I should have tried harder to get the message through to you. Look, here's Jai's number. He moved to Valerie's mother's original pack with the Scotts' after it happened. Call him, and he'll tell you the rest of the details and give you the full address," I say, taking out my own business card and adding Jai's number to the bottom. I can't risk being seen with her, just in case.

She reaches for the card, her fingertips brushing my finger as she takes it. There's no mate bond, but the tingles of her touch rush through me, strong. My eyes flicker silver for a second before she turns away from me.

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“Thank you,” she says, turning her back to me and reaching for the door handle. I hate that she has to leave. Why can’t this moment last longer?

“Zaia,”

She pauses but doesn’t turn back to me, waiting for me to speak. “How are my pups?” I ask quietly. Her heart thuds, but instead of replying, she pulls open the door and steps out.

My own heart squeezes but I don’t fight it. I can’t risk us being seen together. Even if I’m getting closer to learning who they are, I can’t ruin it all when I’ve come so far...

Just a little longer, Zaia... Then I’ll come for you.

“Zaia?”

Fuck. “Cara? Oh... it’s been ages. How are you?” Zaia asks, her voice sounding far warmer than it was when she spoke to me. “It has been! Wow... babe, you look... gorgeous. I see you’re doing well. Not what we hear.” Cara laughs.

Not wanting to risk being seen by Cara, I stay hidden. Dad had asked me to bring her to the meeting, but right now I wish I hadn’t.

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“Thanks, I’m sure the rumours are colourful, but I’m happy. Truly. How are you?” Zaia asks her, not missing a beat and clearly not fazed by Cara’s remark.

“Oh, I’m good, actually I was here on a dinner date...” Cara trails off and I narrow my eyes. No part of this was a date, and for her to insinuate that it is, is pissing me off.

“Oh, I see, well have fun, and good night,” Zaia says. I exhale slowly, hearing the sound of heels. “ Oh, Zaia! You haven’t seen Sebastian, have you?” Cara asks, and I clench my jaw.

“No.” Zaia’s reply comes.

“Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to be insensitive.” Cara apologises. “I’ve just been looking for him. He left the table a while ago. “Not at all. He’s long forgotten, Cara. Enjoy your date together.”

“Oh, thank you, we will... I’m sorry.” Cara mumbles. I cock a brow.

Really? “Don’t be. A man like him is not worth crying over. I’ve moved on.” Zaia’s words sting but I can’t blame her when I’m just standing here. Silent. Once again.

“Congratulations.”

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“Thank you. Send Annalise my greetings.”

Zaia’s voice comes before I hear her walk off. “Where has he gone...” I hear Cara mutter as she walks down the corridor and I take the first chance I can to slip out.

I’ll alert Jai because I’m sure Zaia will want to meet Valerie. As for Atticus, that idiot should have told her about Valerie... why didn’t he? I walk down the hall, returning to our private room and walking over to our table where the client is waiting with his wife. She is the only reason I agreed to bring Cara.

“I do apologise for the delay. Now where were we...” I say as I sit down.

Where I had felt pissed off about coming here, I’m now relieved that I did. And no matter how hard I try, I’m unable to remove her image from my mind. My little fox...

This has got to be a sign... meeting her again after all these years has to mean something...

An hour later, we’re finally done, and the deal is sealed. We part ways and I’m ready to head home and let Jai know.

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“That was so good you were so on it, after the break!” Cara says, about to hold on to my arm when I move it away, giving her a cold look.

“Don’t overstep, remember I am your Alpha, nothing more,” I say quietly. She blushes, clearly humiliated, and nods, tucking a strand of her black hair behind her ear.

“Sorry Alpha Sebastian... Umm... You know I saw Zaia earlier...” she mutters, fiddling with her sleeve. “I don’t really care,” I reply coldly, ending the conversation right there.

We head through the large front lawn of the hotel. It’s mainly empty, considering the time, though it’s understandable. The gushing sound of the large stone fountain is the only thing you can hear.

The Valet hands me my car keys and we get in and I put the car in drive. Cara rolls the window down, fanning herself.

“Gosh, it’s so hot.” She says, I’m about to reply, telling her the car has air conditioning when Zaia’s voice reaches me. “Atticus! What are you doing!”,

I freeze, turning my head sharply towards the large fountain at the centre of the front lawn. Her voice is full of surprise and amusement. A flash of irritation and jealousy rushes through me.

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When I learned she had gone to her father's pack, I didn't expect Atticus to still be a part of her life. Especially to the point that they're laughing together.

"Atticus..." She sounds shocked now and I can't help but silently turn to look in that direction. What I see is not something I was expecting. Atticus is down on one knee in front of her, in a position that is far too familiar.

"Zaia... I know that this is a big step... but I want to ask you... will you, my beautiful, feisty queen, marry me?" s

I swallow hard, feeling Cara's eyes on me and I turn my gaze ahead, sliding the windows up, not wanting to hear her answer.

So she's moved on....

Three years.... It's not a short time. I knew the risk of it happening was there, even if I don't like it.

The ride home passes in silence, and although Cara tries to make small talk, I'm not interested. I drop her off at home before I drive to the mansion and park the car inside the underground garage.

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Switching the ignition off, I sit there, the image of Zaia looking down at Atticus fucking replaying in my mind. My eyes flash with irritation and I clench my jaw.

The smile on her lips, the way he was looking up at her... I clench the steering wheel, my eyes flashing, and I get out. No, I'm not losing her. Fuck, not this time.

I make my way up to the mansion and step inside, loosening my tie and head up the stairs only for Mom to call me when I'm halfway up.

"Sebastian!"

She's awake...

"Hmm?"

"Come here!"

I turn and walk to the lounge instead, where she and Dad are cuddled on the sofa. Mom has a blanket over her, her head resting on Dad's chest as he drinks his glass of scotch.

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“Evening,” I say curtly. Mom may have forgiven me, but it took her several months and when there’s an opportunity to bring Zaia into the conversation, she will.

After everything had happened and she had publicly shamed Annalise and called her a homewrecker she was hell-bent on contacting Zaia but both Dad and I had surprisingly agreed on the fact she shouldn’t. Although Dad’s logic was that I’m the one who should be bringing her back, no one else.

“How was the dinner?” Dad asks not moving his eyes from the television screen.

“It was good,” I reply curtly.

“I’m glad you took Cara,” he adds. “You told me to, since it’ll give her experience,” I say, frowning. He nods slowly. “Of course. Perhaps you need to look into taking a wife, this pack needs an heir.”

“Or bring back my grandchildren. We have heirs!” Mom adds frowning. “I doubt they’re his. Only a fool wouldn’t go after his own pups,” Dad says coldly.

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“Mm,” I reply. He doesn’t know my reasons, and there were enough threats through the years to keep me away. But I’m not taking a wife. He can keep dreaming. It’s obvious that was his reason for sending Cara with me.

“Toussaint Enterprises’ stock shares just soared, the value has gone up. I hear Hugh Toussaint has made her his heir, and it’s obvious the business world approves.

Rumours are that Atticus Payne and she may even be engaged. They will become a powerhouse.” Dad says icily. Now turning his gaze on me as if ready to analyse my reaction. “Good for them,” I say quietly.

“Indeed, but not for us, when there’s not even an heir.” He counters. “And you are clearly more worried about the business and status than the fact that groups of rogue wolves have been teeming into our cities without even being questioned.”

“You are the Alpha.”

“Yet you like to interfere,” I reply icily. “Well, I try not to. I’m trying to simply stop you from burning this pack and city to the ground.”

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My eyes blaze silver, but I try to control myself. "Goodnight," I say before turning and heading upstairs. Entering my room, I lock the door after me and shutting the blinds I head to the safe.

Taking out my burner phone, I switch it on and ring Jai's secret number, hoping his burner phone is switched on.

He picks up after a few rings. "Hey there Batman, Robin speaking." Jai's voice comes. I resist the urge to pinch the bridge of my nose. "Ok Robin, how are you holding up?"

I hear a soft sigh before he speaks. "I'm ok... trying to fight them not to do this... they say they want to end her suffering," he murmurs.

It is a complicated situation, but I know Jai held on to hope... for him I wish she'd wake up, but the chances are next to none. "I'm sorry... if there's anything I can do, let me know. You know I'm always here." I reply quietly.

"Yeah... I know... thanks." He replies. There's a pause before he speaks again. "So ... how come you rang?" "I ran into Zaia earlier tonight and told her about Valerie... she'll probably be calling you."

"Oh... cool, I'm sure Valerie will like that, although she didn't bother sooner," he replies, a hint of bitterness in his voice.

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“Jai...” I begin.

“No, it’s fine. I just think her friend could have been there for her.” “I know, but I also didn’t try hard enough to get through to her. You know I gave up after that visit to Atticus’ pack.”

“Yeah, I know, but you had no choice,” he says, sighing heavily. “I’m just I have a lot on my mind. So, she’ll probably want to visit, I’m assuming?”

“Yes...”

“Sure, got it. What is it? Something is bothering you.” He questions. Got to admit he knows me. “Well... Tonight that Payne in the ass proposed to her and I’m not letting her marry him.”

“Ah... So when she comes to see Val, you’ll want to coincidentally happen to be here, correct?” he asks, sounding a little better. I smirk slightly. “Now we’re on the same page.” He chuckles lightly and the mood lifts. Perfect. So what do you have in mind?”

I lean back against the headboard, swinging my legs onto the bed and crossing them at the ankles. I can’t help but smirk as I begin telling him my plan...

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I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 28

A Secret Visit

ZAIA.

The Moonlight Waterfall Pack. This pack used to be the home of Valerie's mother before she met her father. Growing up, although Valerie and I were from different packs, attending the same college brought us together.

Valerie had wanted to get away from everything after her mother's death, wanting to just be in a new place so she could heal.

The Moonlight Waterfall Pack is small, and it usually avoids making enemies. It took me over three hours to drive from my pack to get here. I've come alone, not wanting anyone to know, aside from Mom. Telling her I'll be back late in the evening.

No one, including my guards, knew I'll be leaving the pack territory. I've donned a wig and am driving a rental car that I booked in the name of one

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of our staff. I'm now waiting for someone to go collect Jai, as I wait at pack borders.

I have parked my car in the visitors' parking lot. I'm now waiting by the side of the building where the guard is watching me with interest. I sigh heavily, remembering Atticus' proposal last night.

(FLASHBACK)

"Zaia... I know that this is a big step... but I want to ask you... will you, my beautiful, feisty queen, marry me?"

He is down on one knee, holding up a ring with a stunning diamond sparkling under the night sky. Time seems to slow as I find myself questioning if I ever led him on? I'm certain I made it clear... 2

I know my smile has faded and I see the glimmer of disappointment in his grey eyes as I ruin the ray of hope that he held without even saying a word. "Atticus..." I say, reaching for his hand. I wrap mine around it.

I see the flash of a camera go off to the side and suddenly I realise I need to be careful about how I react. I have just become the CEO, and I can't let a scandal tarnish my name so soon. Everyone will be observing my reactions

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and decisions going forward. I can already see the headlines; Zaia Toussaint, the divorcee, rejects an excellent proposal.

“Walk me to my car?” I ask him. He looks up at me and nods before forcing a smile that doesn’t reach his eyes as he slowly stands up. “It’s a no, isn’t it.” He states quietly as we fall into step with one another.

“I’m sorry Atticus... I truly am. You have given me so much... despite everything I have gone through, and even when I kept secrets from you, you stayed by my side and supported me. But... I’m not ready for marriage or a relationship.” I whisper regretfully.

Not when I just saw the man who somehow still has a hold on me. But I also know it’s not the same, it’s just pain that I’m unable to forget, a deep wound that will never heal fully.

“You are simply letting me down slowly. Don’t worry, I won’t break,” he says jokingly, placing his arm around my shoulders and kissing my forehead.

“I’m sorry,” I say, looking up at him. He snaps the ring box shut and slips it into his pocket and deep down I wonder if Sebastian hadn’t shown up, would I have accepted it for the sake of it?

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Atticus is excellent with the kids, and they love him too. Mom has taken a liking to him. despite how uncertain she had been of him, to begin with. Also, Dad approved, and even Atticus's mom likes me.

Although initially, it boggled my mind how he could even be interested in a woman who was pregnant, I can't deny that after I had the babies, even I noticed the way he'd look at me. The flirting... the teasing... the hunger.

"I'll still wait for you Zaia... because I swear, you are the Luna I want," he whispers, cupping my face. I'm about to speak when he bends down and brushes his lips against mine. My heart thumps and I'm about to pull back, but he beats me to it.

"I'm going to wait, even if you tell me not to."

(END OF FLASHBACK)

The cold droplets of water that fall on my face make me blink and I look up at the darkening sky.

A storm is coming...

The weather has been gloomy since early this morning, but it's clearly going to only get worse. The smell of rain is growing in the air and I wrap my arms

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around myself. I'm wearing a tan-coloured leather jacket, denim skinnies, with a white fitted tee and tan coloured heels.

"Luna. You finally came." My heart skips a beat as I'm brought out of my reminiscing by Jai's voice. I haven't been called that in years...

I turn and although I have a black wig on and I'm wearing a cap and sunglasses, he still recognised me, probably by my scent.

He looks the same, perhaps a little more rugged, but there's also a tiredness in his eyes. He's been here with Valerie all these years. It must have been so hard. "Jai... I'm so sorry I wasn't here," I whisper, knowing that my absence hurt him, too.

I had called him last night, and he had replied back an hour later asking how soon I wanted to come, but this is regarding Valerie, and I asked if I could come today. He agreed, for which I am grateful.

"I wish you were here for her," he replies quietly, making my heart clench as he wraps his arms around me, pulling me in for a hug.

That is the sad truth. I should have been here, but I wasn't.

"Come on... I'm sure she'll be happy to see you," he says, moving back and turning away from me, leading me to his red car. He truly loves her...

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He motions to me to get in, opening the passenger door for me before he gets in. The pack is pretty quiet, much to my relief, and we reach the Scott home soon enough. It's an ornate home set on a slight hill, and surrounded by many trees. Jai mentions he also lives with them. He's been by her side. for the last three years and it only makes sense.

I wish she would wake up and see how much he's done for her. That he's been right here and deserves a chance. And me, I'm the worst friend ever.

"It's so silent. Are the Scotts not in?" I ask. "No, I made sure they aren't around as Sebastian made it clear you being here should be kept a secret. They'll be home late tonight."

"Sebastian? He knew I will be coming today?" I ask sharply.

Why did he want it kept a secret? He curses under his breath and looks at me apologetically, rubbing the back of his neck.

"Uh, just that you would message me, nothing more. He has his reasons to be careful Zaia... trust me, he's only keeping an eye out for you," he mutters.

I frown but don't reply. The urge to ask him why Sebastian even cares is on the tip of my tongue but I don't say anything further. "Here." He says quietly as he slowly pushes open the door to one of the rooms.

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My heart thuds as I peer inside. Pale wallpaper that contains sunflowers is the first thing I notice, the steady beep of a machine loud in the silent room. The door opens wider and my eyes fall on the hospital bed that sits to the left of the room.

Valerie is on her side, her back to the door, the bed sheet over her and Jai instantly goes over to the bed, moving her onto her back and putting the bed slightly up.

Being in a coma means she needed constant care for the last three years of her life. Which would include her body being exercised to keep her body muscles trained, being cleaned, changed, and fed. Things that can take up to several hours. Seeing Jai now made it even clearer how much he has done for her, and my heart breaks for the couple before me.

They both loved one another. I just hope that they can still have their happily ever after. I can't let them pull the plug on her. Not like this. She deserves a chance to live.

"Val, guess who's come to see you?" Jai asks as he steps back and motions me forward.

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My heart thumps as I slowly make my way over to the bed and I lay my eyes upon my best friend. She's lost weight, her hair has lost its lustre and in those moments, I feel my heart crumbling.

Goddess...

"Val..." I whisper as I walk to her side, my vision blurring as I take hold of her limp hand. My heart is breaking at the fact I have not been by her side, that not once have I visited her. Through the intense emotions I'm feeling, I remember the email reply and those that bounced back...

What is going on?

Val...

"Fuck!" Jai's voice brings me from my thoughts. "There's brain activity. Look!" I look up, my heart thumping as I stare at the bis monitor. I gasp, even if it's small, it's something!

"Val, can you hear me?" I whisper. "We can't let them pull the plug," Jai says quietly and although I'm too overwhelmed to speak, I agree, wholeheartedly.

"That night..." I place my head in my hands as I sit beside Valerie. The guilt that eats up at me is ever-growing, and I wish I could turn back time and fix this.

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It's almost an hour later and Jai is filling me in on exactly what went down that night. Valerie was attacked on New Year's three years ago. Right after that ball. I look up sharply, glancing out of the window as thunder cracks in the sky.

The weather is getting worse; I dislike driving in a storm, especially since I have had a few chilling experiences over the last few year.

"I... something isn't right Jai, I received an email from Valerie following that night..." I say, taking out my phone. I go into my email and find it, a message I've stared at thousands of times. I pass him my phone, not missing the concerned look in his eyes when he reads it.

"Fuck... Zaia, I don't know what this is, but Seb never would have said that. In fact, he went to the Whispering Mountain Pack to-

"-To let you know that Valerie was critical, but apparently you didn't want to believe me. Or so I was told by Payne."

My heart thuds as I look up at the man standing in the doorway of the room. So lost in conversation, I didn't even notice him.

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He's completely drenched by the rain. His soaking black hair falls in front of his eyes. His wet white shirt is sticking to him, emphasising his incredible abs and his firm chest.

It's almost see-through, and through it, I can see the new tattoo that covers the side of his left flank and his arm.

My gaze dips to the front of his black pants, and I knew it was a mistake. They are soaked through, but I can't help but notice the definition of his cock.

My stomach does a flip and my throat suddenly feels dry. He raises his arm, brushing his wet hair back, and I can't help but swallow as his muscles flex.

"Eyes up here." He says cockily. Oh fuck, I was shamelessly checking him out ... accidentally!

My cheeks burn in embarrassment before I turn my attention to Jai, who is snickering, and I glare at him. I stand up and send another scathing glare in Sebastian's direction.

"Why are you here, Se- Mr King?" I ask sharply as I step away from the bed.

"You two planned this, correct? Did you two use Valerie to get me here?"

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Jai shakes his head, and my eyes flash dangerously, seeing the guilt in his eyes. How dare they!

Sebastian walks over to me, tossing his jacket onto the seat where I had just been sitting moments earlier before he takes hold of my chin. My breath hitches, his proximity and scent dizzying.

My heart is pounding, but all I can do is stare up at the man who cast me aside and try to understand the look in those brilliant blue eyes of his.

“I’m here to do something I should have done three years ago. There was no way for me to get you alone, Zaia... I’m sorry it’s taken me so long, but I need you to listen to me.”

He’s cold, but the heat between us is overpowering the cold. I open my mouth to refuse him, but he presses his thumb to my lips, making my core clench with desire.

“Hush, Little Fox, I want you to listen.” He whispers that name, and I almost can’t refuse him... that is until the idiot opens his mouth again. “Be a good girl for me?”

My eyes narrow and I push him away from me, raising my hand. I’m unable to stop myself from slapping him across his damn face.

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“Don’t you dare touch me!”

I Am The Luna Chapter 29 By Moonlight Muse

I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 29

A Single Question

ZAIA. Jai tries to cover his surprised snicker as I glare at Sebastian, seeing the flicker of irritation, humiliation and anger in his eyes as he glares at me.

“What was that for?” He growls menacingly, touching his jaw. “That was for overstepping your boundaries, Mr King. If you don’t wish to be slapped again, remember personal space exists,” I reply icily.

My eyes flash orange as I glare up at the man that is now looking down at me with dangerously cold eyes. “You were checking me out when I entered.” He snarls, menacingly. I scoff and look at him scornfully.

“Really? So just because I was surprised at the fact that you’re not as buff as you were several years ago, you thought you could just say, and do as you wish?” I reply in disbelief, hoping he bought my lie.

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He cocks a brow as he slams his hand against the wall, caging me in between his arms. My heart thumps and I hate how my pussy clenches.

Focus, Zaia. “We both know that’s a lie.” He replies arrogantly. “Oh please, don’t get ahead of yourself.” I shoot back. I cannot let him know he’s getting to me!

–

He smirks, “So tell me, what bothered you was it that I called you a good girl... correct, then are you a bad girl, Zaia?” My cheeks burn, remembering Jai is right there, listening to us.

“No, but if you keep stepping into my personal space, you will end up becoming a girl too, good girl or bad girl. That will be your choice.”

He cocks a brow, and I frown. “Since you’ll be lacking a dick when I’m done with you?” I explain myself, speaking extremely slowly, making Jai burst into laughter.

“Damn, what’s the plan, cutting his dick off or ripping it off?” He says through his laughter. “I might let Sebastian choose. I reply, pushing the soaking man away from me.

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It already feels hot in here and I hate how my heart is feeling funny about his close proximity. I become serious, waiting for Jai to stop laughing before I look between them.

“Why are you here, Sebastian?” I ask quietly. “I want the truth, nothing more, nothing less. Stop playing games, it’s been three years... let me live.”

His gaze dips to my hand and he frowns deeply before he nods.

“As I said, I wanted to talk to you,” he says. Without anyone knowing I’m here, everyone believes I’ve gone to another state for a business meeting, and I want to keep it that way.”

“Why the secrecy?” I ask, crossing my arms and turning away from him. His intense gaze is becoming too much. My arm brushes his chest, but I refuse to look at him.

“Because I was and still am, being blackmailed.” I can’t help but look at him sharply at those words, my heart thumping a little faster.

His brilliant blue eyes meet mine and I open my mouth, not even sure what I am going to say when my gaze flits to the bed. It can’t all be a coincidence. The way Jai explained seeing someone in Valerie’s room, and then the email...

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“Let’s take this to my room. Let’s give Val a break from all the shouting,” Jai says, motioning for us to follow him.

I look at her lying on the bed and, walking over; adjust her position, placing her hand straight. I hope she isn’t uncomfortable. I give her hand a gentle squeeze.

I promise you, Val, I am going to find a way to wake you up. I will. Sebastian picks up his jacket, brushing his wet hair back and I hate that he looks even sexier now. I wasn’t wrong for thinking that at the hotel last night.

I look away quickly, not wanting to be caught checking him out again, and after grabbing my wig and bag, I follow Jai to the room next door and step inside.

It’s fairly clean, a large bed sits against one wall. There’s a two-seater sofa with a television and a PlayStation by the window. A door leads off to what I can see is a bathroom.

I perch against the dresser as Sebastian walks in and Jai throws him a towel. “You’re going to catch a cold man.”

“No, I won’t,” Sebastian says, wiping his face and tossing the towel onto the sofa.

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I cock a brow about to speak when a blinding flash of lightning makes me look out of the window instead. The room instantly becomes darker.

“Ah, the weather got worse...” Jai grumbles. “You will get ill, because you’re an alpha doesn’t mean you won’t,” I say curtly, tossing my hair.

“Are you worried for me?” comes his cocky reply. “Not at all. I won’t mind seeing you dead.” I say, instantly remembering my little ones.

No, I don’t wish you dead... I hope one day you’ll be able to acknowledge them, and I’ll be able to accept that, too. Even if you hurt me, you are their father. I look away as a tense silence falls between us, and Jai clears his throat.

“Sebastian... Why don’t you start at the very beginning?” He suggests.

Sebastian nods before he walks over to a briefcase that sits on the table, one I hadn’t even noticed when I entered and unlocks it.

“It all started back when we were still together, in the form of messages.” He says, taking out a few cards and holding them out to me. I frown as I take them from him.

HOW WOULD YOU FEEL IF YOUR LUNA’S

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GUTS ARE STREWN ACROSS THE ENTIRE

PACK TERRITORY? UNPLEASANT RIGHT?

THEN GET RID OF HER.

My stomach drops ominously as I skim through the rest. Some were less disturbing, and others spoke of something about my truth, whatever that was and others were threats to Sebastian to get rid of me or they will do it for Sebastian and then some promising not to touch me if he divorced me....

My head is spinning as I flip through the messages, faster and faster. There are photographs, several of my birthmark. What is its significance?

What on earth....

My heart keeps thumping as I see pictures of me and the kids. Even though these are blurrier, they are clear warnings to Sebastian.

JUST POPPING IN TO TELL YOU I HAVEN'T

SHREDED THOSE KIDS INTO MINCE MEAT

YET! THEY STAY ALIVE AS LONG AS YOU

KEEP YOUR DISTANCE!

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Another picture of Zion eating ice cream, and I recognise it, it's only from a few months ago. Again, the image is extremely blurry and clearly taken from afar, but even I know that there are long-range weapons.

He could be harmed from far too.

DOESN'T THAT LITTLE CUTIE LOOK LIKE

YOU? HE'S CUTE EATING THAT ICE CREAM,

ABIDE BY MY RULES SK AND THERE WON'T

BE ANY EXPLOSION OF BLOOD AND GUTS!

I turn away, tossing the cards at him. My head is squeezing, and my stomach is twisting. I feel sick.

"My children are being threatened, and I didn't know?" I whisper. "What if they get harmed because we are meeting!"

I'm terrified. What if something happens to them today? "They are safe. I know for a fact we have managed to pull one over him. He has no idea I'm here." Sebastian says quietly yet firmly as he places the cards and photographs back in the briefcase.

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He begins telling me exactly how the messages started, and how he didn't know what to do. How he didn't think much of the first couple, ignoring them at first, but then when they became more disturbing, how he tried to find out who was behind it and failed.

Then when the threats became worse, and Annalise had returned, he decided to use her as a pretence and decided to orchestrate our divorce only for me to accept it. Something he didn't expect me to do.

I scoff, looking at him in the dark room as Jai pulls the blinds shut and switches the light on. The storm is pounding against the window, and I shake my head..

"Sebastian. You chose Annalise before you knew we were mates. It was her that you picked, remember? Of course, if you take your ex back and also accuse me of having her taken care of, I will reject you. Do you think I have no pride? That I was going to simply stand by and take it?" I ask, pulling my jacket off. I feel hot and irritated, and my anger is only rising at the idiocy of the man before me.

"We were mates. One would presume you would care enough to try to stick around." He says icily, and I close my eyes. Men are dumb. I don't know if it's his ego, arrogance, or plain stupidity.

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Honestly, when the goddess made Alphas, she gifted them with amazing looks, incredible sex drives, and power. But in the brain cell department? They are lacking greatly!

“The goddess didn’t make Lunas to be the other half of their Alphas.... She gifted them Lunas to make up for their rice grain-sized brains!” I snap. “The only thing I’m getting from this entire mess is one question,” I say, my eyes flashing.

Sebastian frowns as he stares at me arrogantly. “And what may that be? Since you’re oh so smart, I’d have assumed you’d know the answer to everything.” He retorts. The urge to smack him across the head is tempting, but instead, I ball my fists and glare at him.

“I’m afraid my brain doesn’t process stupidity.’ My question is: why didn’t you tell me? I get that someone was watching us, but surely you had at least a moment alone where you could have whispered the truth to me!” I exclaim.

The pain in my chest is growing and a thousand emotions are consuming me, but above all, all I can think of is my babies.

“Zaia...”

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“Don’t Zaia me! if we didn’t reject one another, my little Sia would not be going through what she is today!” I say, my sharp voice breaking, the words spilling from my lips before I can stop them. I regret it.

Because he is now looking at me with a deadly look that makes me shiver. He now stands up, but before he can even speak, a flash of lightning seeps through the blinds.

Suddenly the lights go off as the resounding crack of thunder fills the now silent room as he advances on me like a predator ready to kill... 3

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I Am The Luna Chapter 30 By Moonlight Muse

I Am The Luna by Moonlight Muse Chapter 30

A Heated Moment

SEBASTIAN. Her words echo in my mind as I advance on her. “The power! Val!” Zaia says suddenly, trying to push me back as she looks at Jai.

He shakes his head, smiling slightly, but I can see he doesn’t want to be here, looking a tad awkward. I don’t blame him, this has just got personal...

“We have a generator, but due to the number of storms we get around here, it’s only Val’s room that’s powered by it. I’m going to go check on her. There are candles over there... if you want to put them on, feel free to do so.” He says with a smirk as he pushes himself away from the wall and leaves the room. Clearly relieved to be away from the both of us.

The moment the door shuts, I close the remaining distance between us, not missing the way her heart is beating faster than normal. I still have an

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effect on her, no matter how much she tries to deny it. I can see the same look of desire in her eyes that I'm trying so hard to mask from mine...

Three years apart from her has only made it harder. The dreams and memories are nothing compared to the real thing. And even when she's mocking me, it only makes me want her more... because that attitude reminds me of the woman I fell for.

Back when I first saw her... even then, I knew she liked me, but she still had to act like the sassy redhead she was. But right now, as much as I want to tease her, kiss her, and fuck her right into next week, I want to know what she meant about our daughter...

Sia.

My daughter, Sia. No matter how hard I tried, I never learned their names.

The Toussaints kept their identities extremely secret. And I am

grateful for the extreme measures that Hugh Toussaint put in place for the children and Zaia. It has kept them safe. He did better than I could have...

which had been one of the major clues for me that the enemy was not from his pack.

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“What is wrong with our daughter?” I ask quietly. She looks away, her hair falling in front of her face, shielding her face from my view. I reach down, brush her hair back and force her to look at me. There’s guilt in her eyes, and frown.

“I... I’m sorry... for what I said, I can’t blame you... The rejection wasn’t the root cause... I mean it weakened me and I was told I will most likely not be able to have any more children but...”

I stare at her as she speaks quietly. The rejection did that. Guilt eats up at me and I feel as if someone just punched me in the guts. I ruined her...

“But it was the poison that left lasting damage to Sia... but she’s strong, she’s fighting, and she is an Alpha blood born,” she says now looking up at me. I frown, “Wait, what? Poison?”

She nods. “Valerie figured out I was being poisoned. The day you asked for the divorce I found out I was pregnant and the following day, she called me to tell me that my body was weak... and it is possibly the reason why I wasn’t getting pregnant... but even after I moved to the Whispering Mountain Pack, I was still weak.” She says, sighing

“She then had some tests run on my blood and found out I was being poisoned and so that night at the New Year’s Eve Ball, she gave me an

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antidote from a friend of hers and it helped.” She explains, with each word, the emotions that are spinning in my mind are just becoming harder to contain.

She was going through so much, and I will bet my entire pack that the poisoning and the messages were linked...

“Mom was affected by the poison too and she was getting ill, but luckily the antidote helped and once we were at Dad’s pack, I had more created, using Val’s as the prototype. I owe Valerie so much. I want to help her now.” She whispers, brushing her silky hair back only for it to fall in front of her face again as she now looks into my eyes.

Fuck... not only was she pregnant but also handling so many things by herself. I let go of her chin and grab her elbows, pulling her against me. She gasps, her gorgeous amethyst-coloured eyes widening.

“Sebastian...” she whispers, breathlessly.

A memory of me pounding into her as she breathlessly moans my name fills my mind and I push it away, despite the fact the memory has already sent blood rushing south and my cock is hardening.

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“Don’t use that tone, Little Fox, because you know it makes me fucking crazy,” I growl, tugging her closer, so she can feel what she’s doing to me.

She gasps, and my gaze dips to her breasts as they rise and fall rapidly, making my eyes flicker to silver.

Fuck yes...

“Seb... uh...” She clears her throat, her pounding heart only fuelling the fire that burns within.

“I’m sorry... but they are useless words that will do nothing to fix this mess... or take back the pain that I put you through... Physically... mentally. Leaving you to handle the birth of our children alone, I am sorry,

Zaia, for all of it.” I say quietly, my gaze dipping to where she’s biting her lower lip. Another blinding flash of lightning rips through the sky, followed by the roar of thunder and I gaze into her eyes. “Can I have one chance?”

She closes her eyes, taking a shuddering breath as she firmly pulls away from me and turns her back on me.

“We need to find out who is behind everything... in fact, I thought it was Annalise, I do feel she has a part to play but there’s also someone else... perhaps when it’s all over, you can be a part of the children’s lives. But... We

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are over Sebastian, there's no return, because even if you were trying to trick or show this person that you were truly ending it with me you still hurt me..."

I know she's right, that I have hurt her far more than I should have...

"You blamed me for Annalise's so-called fake kidnapping. Also, she practically admitted having lied about and then at Atticus's pack, she was talking to someone too." She adds quietly.

Yeah, I never trusted Annalise. There were far too many discrepancies in her stories. Who was she talking to at Atticus's pack, Atticus? But I know for a fact that Ashbane was also clouding my judgement at the time. However, I won't mention it, because it's simply an excuse for my poor behaviour.

"I know... I know I hurt you, and I won't try to reason with you... instead, I will show you that Zaia Toussaint is the only woman I want and have ever loved."

Her heart thunders and I take her elbow, spinning her around to face me. Not missing the look of shock and conflict on her face.

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Raising my hand, I brush knuckles over her cheek and neck. Satisfied to see her eyelids flutter shut for a moment, but when she tries to pull away, parting her plush lips to speak, I cut her off.

“Because I know... you’re still affected by me,” I add with a small, cocky smirk. I know the reaction she’s going to give me but I’m ready for it, I’ll rather have her anger than her calm rejection telling to hold hope me not

Her eyes snap open and she narrows her eyes and opens her mouth, but I push her up against the wall, my thigh forcing her legs apart as I press my body to hers.

“In your nh!” I cut her off, smashing my lips against hers. Pleasure rushes through me as I use my fucking all not to plunge my tongue into her mouth, instead devouring her lips in a bruising kiss.

The scent of her arousal hits me, and I feel her body react to mine. She arches her back involuntarily. A soft moan escapes her lips. as I throb against her stomach and for a split second her lips caress mine before she pushes me back, reality hitting her.

Her eyes widen, her heart pounding as she stands there looking so fucking sexy.

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“You...”

“That was revenge for slapping me earlier,” I reply, trying to calm my mind which is already in overdrive. She narrows her eyes. “Don’t make excuses. Next time, I might just bite your tongue off.”

“Ah... that’s why I made sure there was no tongue play,” I reply, cocking an eyebrow. Besides... I considered spanking your ass as revenge, but then I remembered you actually enjoy that...”

Her cheeks burn and she glares at me, about to reply, when there’s a light knock on the door and it opens.

“Wow...”

Jai looks between us, his eyes dipping to my hard cock, before he sniffs the air and pulls a face. I suddenly feel a little protective. That scent is only for me.

“Fuck guys, I didn’t expect you to be moving so damn fast.” He mutters, glancing out the hallway. He’s agitated. “Look, the Scotts are back. You two need to lie low in here until the storm calms.”

Shit. No one is meant to know we’re here.

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“Weren’t they supposed to be gone for the entire day?” I ask sharply.

He nods worriedly. “Yeah, but they headed back the moment the first signs of the storm showed in case they were trapped. Keep it down in here. Seb, lock the door, I’ll make sure your scents are not left lingering-”

He cuts off when we hear the sound of a car door shutting. “Got it,” I say as he quickly grabs a perfume bottle from his dresser and hurries from the room.

I walk to the door swiftly and lock it. Zaia and I are both quiet as we hear the Scotts enter and Jai greets them faintly.

“How are we going to get out of here?” Zaia replies, hugging herself as she stares at the window. “I need to get back to the children.”

“We wait,” I reply quietly, pulling at my collar.

My clothes are beginning to dry, but they’re beginning to itch. She looks worried as I cross the room and pull open Jai’s drawers, searching for some clothes to wear.

Taking out some sweatpants, I toss them onto the bed as I begin unbuttoning my shirt. “What are you doing?” she asks sharply, staring at me.

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I raise an eyebrow. "I thought it was men who have the pea-size brains-"

"Rice. Rice is smaller than peas. Don't kid yourself," she corrects. I frown, giving her a pointed glare. "Whichever, but since you're clueless as to what I'm doing, I'll tell you, I'm changing, since I'm soaking wet."

"I know you are! But go to the bathroom!" she says in a hushed, furious whisper as she points at the bathroom door. I raise an eyebrow, unable to stop myself from smirking slightly.

"Oh? Why though? I mean... you've seen me naked before... or is it that it's been far too long since you've seen a naked man?" I taunt her huskily and with those words I pull my shirt off, slowly tossing it aside as I keep my eyes on her and reach for my belt...

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