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## I Am The Luna Chapter 6 By Moonlight Muse

SEBASTIAN.

I look at Valerie sharply as she glares at Jai, snatching the file back from me.

“You’re a pig!” She hisses.

“Like you’re any better!” He snaps.

The two always clash. They had dated for a short while and were inseparable, but after a nasty breakup, they can’t even stand being in each other’s presence.

Often, Zaia and I had to calm them down.

“Answer me, Valerie.” I say, ignoring Annalise, who has walked over to me, clinging on to my arm.

“Answer him, Val.” Jai repeats, earning himself another deadly glare.

Does he have a death wish?

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“Fine! You want to hear it? Then listen! She was pregnant, but she no longer is. Satisfied now?” She glares at the three of us.

Annalise rolls her eyes and walks off to my desk, but her callous behaviour is the least of my worries.

“Was?” I ask, my stomach twisting with nerves. A dreadful thought settles into my mind. “What do you mean? Did she get rid of it?”

Valerie hugs the file to her chest and shakes her head vigorously.

“No, Alpha, Zaia would never do that. It was your rejection that caused her to miscarry.” She says bitterly.

My head jolts up sharply, and I stare at her, letting those words sink in.

I... I'm the reason my child is dead...

“What the fuck Val?” Jai snarls, grabbing her arm.

“That is why I was saying don't tell him!” She shrieks.

“Stop it.” I say, my voice cold. My heart is thundering like a galloping horse in my chest, replaying our last days in my mind.

Why didn't she tell me?

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“She must have known that a rejection could risk our child’s life. Why did she do it?!” I growl.

Valerie looks down. “You left her no option. She tried to talk to you...” She glances coldly at Annalise. “You were too busy trying to get rid of her.”

The guilt and regret I’m feeling now change to anger and I turn, punching the first thing my hand connects with. My wine collection from my bar goes flying, shattering against the wall and spilling over the rug. The strong smell of alcohol fills the air.

“She should have told me she was pregnant!” I snarl.

“She was going to, but instead, you handed her divorce papers Alpha.”

Valerie says, I can smell her fear as she takes a step back, but even then, she’s defending her friend.

I freeze, remembering that night.

‘What did you want to tell me?... It doesn’t matter anymore...’

Was that why she had refused the wine I had offered her that day? She had been in such a rush to get the rejection over with.

Did she really plan to simply take my child and leave?

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Thanks to her selfishness, we lost the baby.

I run my fingers through my tousled hair. The entire place feels too small and their presence is becoming far too overwhelming.

“Are you serious?” I hear Jai murmur.

“I am. It’s why I said to you to not tell him. It would only hurt him as it did Zaia. I have things to do.” Her footsteps recede as she leaves the room, leaving behind the pain and regret she had brought with her.

“It’s going to be fine, Seb,” Annalise purrs, wrapping her arms around my neck.

“I’m responsible for killing my child.” I say quietly, the words leaving bile in my mouth as I untangle her arms and step back.

“You aren’t. It’s on Zaia, there are women who face rejection and no harm comes to the baby. This just shows she wasn’t strong enough to be Luna or carry your child...”

If I hadn’t rejected her, the baby would have been fine...

“Seb, are you listening?”

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“He wants space. Can you stop making this about yourself and get the hell out of here?” Jai says sharply.

“How can you speak to me like that? Don’t forget that I am going to be your Luna.” Annalise argues, clinging onto my arm again.

“Even the chickens in the coop won’t accept you as Luna.” Jai retorts.

Pulling out of her grasp, I turn my back on them and look down at my hands.

I as good as killed that child with my hands...

My child.

“Get out, the both of you.” I say coldly.

“Seb, please don’t shut me out-”

“OUT!” I snarl.

My command is crystal clear and they obey without further dispute.

The door shuts behind them, leaving me alone with my gloomy thoughts, the weight of the revelation hanging above me like a dark grey cloud.

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I drop onto my leather chair, placing my head in my hands.

She's gone. I don't know where she went, but she simply left. No one knows where she went. Even her mother, who lived in the quieter part of town, is gone. The house has been empty for months.

I know, because I have someone watching over it, just in case they return.

But her phone was never switched on again, not a single call was made from it. The alimony money I promised to pay her monthly has been sitting in her bank account untouched.

Her passport was not used, something I had made sure I'm notified about and she did not even come to collect a divorce certificate.

It's almost as if she just disappeared and didn't want me to ever find her.

Was it so easy to let go of me, Zaia?

I knew from Annalise that even her father's attempts to locate her had failed.

Annalise had complained how Zaia simply disappearing somewhere, had worried their father and changed him into a man she didn't recognise.

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Although Annalise was always his favourite, he was deeply worried and refused to stop searching for Zaia.

He had come to see me shortly after he learned what happened and he had not held back his rage, telling me I was a good-for-nothing bastard. He had tried to get Annalise to return to him, but she refused to obey him.

I sigh heavily, closing my eyes.

I had no option but to reject Zaia, but I had never expected her to disappear like this.

Where are you?

There are only a few packs that are near ours, and not many of them are allies... and I have secretly had my men go search for her, but to no avail.

The fear that she may be taking shelter and risking herself by residing in an enemy pack has been worrying me greatly.

That seems to be the only possible answer left that I can think of, but I hope if that is the case, she realises how dangerously wrong that can go.

For the first time since she left, the gut-wrenching guilt is becoming unbearable to handle.

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Rejected and then to have your child taken from you, how is she coping?

I scrub my hand down my face, trying to control my emotions, when there's a frantic knock on the door before it swings open to reveal one of my staff members.

"Alpha, your parents are back!" John says, his face pale.

Fuck!

I jump up from my seat. This is not good, they were not meant to be back for another few months!

What am I going to tell them about Zaia?

I rush down the stairs, hoping the cook knew what she needed to do. "John, get someone to clean the mansion and stock the fridge." I command him.

"Understood Alpha!"

I barely go back there now. Every corner of the house reminds me of her. Memories of us together...

"The car has pulled up." John repeats something one of the guards tells him through his earpiece.

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Ever since I became Alpha, my parents would spend months away from the pack, not having any responsibilities now that I handle all the pack and business affairs.

However, despite their sporadic trips and returns, it was Zaia who would have everything in place, as well as a luxurious meal ready on the table to welcome them home.

She remembered everything and kept this pack in shape. She was always there keeping everything organised.

I hurry down the stairs and rush outside, fixing my hair a little, or trying to, just in time to see the driver open the door for Dad.

Jai steps up beside me, standing with his back straight, chin up, shoulders squared and feet apart. His hands are clasped behind his back and the rest of the staff who have stepped out to welcome them follow his lead.

Just how Dad likes it.

He's standing there in a dark grey suit. His dark aura swirls around him and his eyes are sharp as he scans the gardens of the Pack Hall

A man that stands for discipline, respect and power.

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His cold eyes meet mine and I give him a small nod. He doesn't acknowledge it though as Mom steps out of the car, thanking the driver for opening the door.

Mom is the opposite of Dad. She's wearing a fuchsia pink summer dress with white flowers on it and matching white heels. On her head, she has a feather plume hat.

She now turns, hoisting her bag onto her wrist and lowers her shades.

"Is this my welcome?" She says, displeased.

But she then asks the one question I am truly dreading and have no answer to.

"Now where is my daughter-in-law? Only she knows how to give a proper welcome!"

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## **I Am The Luna Chapter 7 By Moonlight Muse**

7 A New Home 7. A New Home ZAIA. It's been four months since that day. I wish I could say life is perfect, but it's far from it. I am still weak despite doing my best to remain healthy for my babies. Mom knew someone who had helped us create fake IDs, and we had managed to be accepted into a new pack. She explained to the Alpha that my mate had rejected me and I feared for the lives of my children. Leaving out the fact I was the Luna of an enemy Alpha. We had little option, and I was grateful when we were accepted into the pack.

The Whispering Mountain Pack is a 7 A New Home rival pack to Sebastian's. Not only that, but it is also in an isolated location, only open to other packs on rare occasions. Since it doesn't tie in with any large city areas, no one has any need to venture on to the pack territory. Mom had chosen it for this reason. Plus, this is a pack where Sebastian would never think to look for me, if ever he decides to. The packs are sworn enemies. The Alpha of this pack also has a reputation for opening the doors to his pack to those who need a safety net. In this way, he has won the loyalty of

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many. I know it is risky, and sometimes I 2. A.New Home wonder what he would do if he found out our truth, but we didn't have any other choice.

We learned Sebastian was watching if I left the country, too. I go by Zaia Walton now, taking on Mom's maiden name. After all, even if people didn't know Sebastian's wife's name, everyone knows Hugh Toussaint, my father. I found a job here at the local florist. It's not much, but it's enough to keep me distracted from my sadness. I didn't want to draw attention to myself by choosing a high-profile job, although there were many positions that would have worked perfectly for me. A New Honin Mom also found a job at a small bridal boutique. We are both earning enough to live comfortably enough, and we've managed to save some for when the babies arrive. We are both excited and have already begun buying little titbits here and there, although I decided to leave the babies genders a surprise. We have happily blended in and although when we first came here, everyone was wary of us; we are now a part of the pack and fit in as if we have been here for many years. I know back at his pack, Sebastian is happily living with Annalise.

He's probably already forgotten about me and removed every memory of me A New Home from that house, but for me, I truly loved him deeply and it isn't as easy to move on. I sigh heavily, looking at the chrysanthemums in my hand as I start to arrange them in the bucket that I've already filled with

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water. I place a hand on my swollen belly as I stand up again, sighing heavily. "Careful there dear," I turn as the shop owner, Mrs Watson, enters from the back holding freshly cut roses. She's an elderly woman in her seventies.

"Oh, I'm alright, here – let me help you." I say, walking over to assist her. "I'll handle these. You go get the 7 A New Home daffodils from the back. Do you know every year, for the last five decades, it's my shop that gets the order from the Alpha family to decorate the Pack Hall for the New Year's Eve Ball." She says proudly. Her white hair falls around her face in tight curls and the wrinkle lines that cover her face speak of memories of a long life. "That is amazing. Are we going for a certain colour?" I ask, still assisting her with the roses and helping them over to the table, where she would trim the thorns. She pauses and nods. "Yes, in fact, the Alpha was rather insistent this year on a colour theme. He usually allows me to choose whatever I want."

She chuckles. "I wonder..." A Now Horne "Oh, a theme! That does sound exciting." I say, smiling, but no matter who I talk to or how I occupy myself, the gaping hole left by Sebastian's rejection forever remains. "Violet, so we will bring out the Bellflowers, wisteria and geraniums, oh I have a lovely stock of hyacinths." She continues. "It's a big event. Alphas and guests

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from other packs will attend.” I listen quietly, wondering if there will even be a slight chance of someone we know coming. I would need to find out and if there is, then Mom and I will need to make sure no one sees us.. My phone begins ringing and I take it out, ‘UNKNOWN NUMBER’ I look at Ms Watson.7 A New Home “Oh excuse me, I need to take this.”

“Go ahead dear, after lunch perhaps you can help me with the arrangements for the ball.” “Of course!” I say as I step out onto the cobbled streets. The Whispering Mountain Pack is a breathtaking place. Unlike Dark Hollow Falls, it is filled with nature and beautiful scenery. With a stunning backdrop of snowy mountains and a waterfall that could be seen from afar. “Hello?” I answer the call. “Hi, how are you?” Valerie whispers. It’s always lovely to receive a call from her. I don’t call her just in case someone else picks up the phone, but A New Hope when she gets the chance, she does call. Mainly to make sure I am up to date with all the prenatal care and instructions she has commanded me to follow.

She may not be here but she’s been there guiding me and offering me pregnancy advice. “I’m well, just working at the shop. This is such a nice place. I hope someday you can visit. Is everything alright, you don’t usually call during the day?” I ask. She doesn’t sound like her usual self. “I am... but we have a slight issue.” She murmurs, keeping her voice low. My heart

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thumps as my nerves begin to get the better of me.7 A New Home “What is it?” “Jai somehow saw the pregnancy report, and-” “What!” Fear envelops me and I grip the low fence that runs along the side of the flower shop. “Calm down, Zaia, I’ve handled it. He told Sebastian, but I managed to lie and said to him that you miscarried because of the rejection.”

My eyes widen. “You... what did he say?” I don’t know why, but I want to know. “Well, he looked more upset than I thought he would.” “D-did he believe it?” I ask, placing a hand on my belly protectively. I am five and a half months into my pregnancy and because I am carrying twins, my belly is rather big already. “I think so, but Jai didn’t.” I close my eyes, feeling sick as she continues. “But don’t worry, I’ve talked to him and he understands.” “A-alright,” I say, hearing footsteps I tense. “Well, I have to go, but please call me again when you have more time.” “I will. Sebastian’s parents have just returned. This will be interesting.” “Thank you Val, for everything.” I say, truly grateful for having such an amazing friend.

“Never thank me. What are friends A New Home for?” She says before she hangs up and I frown. Mother-in-law is back? I knew from Valerie that although Annalise had moved into the mansion, that she is still not Luna and that Sebastian is keeping the divorce a secret.

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I wonder how his parents would take it. I turn as none other than the Alpha of the pack comes into view. A smile on his handsome face, his dark grey eyes are glittering with warmth and his light brown hair flops over his forehead. He's tall, over six feet for sure, perhaps almost as tall as Sebastian. He fills out his shirt well, the fabric straining against his muscles. W New Home Alpha Atticus Payne is 26 years old, single and an Alpha that his entire pack loves.

He is nothing like how Sebastian or his father portrayed him. 5 "Zaia, I was looking for you." He says, his voice is deep and husky. I smile smoothly, despite how I feel: " Oh?" "Yes, how are you doing?" "Great." I reply, seeing how he's observing me sharply. "Oh! Mrs Watson told me about the ball. It sounds lovely." That makes him smile, and he nods, crossing his arms.

"Actually, I wanted to talk to you about that. You should definitely come. I think it will do you good too. You should get out more 7 A New Home Zaia." "Oh, I don't know, I mean, I won't really fit in..." I trail off helplessly, not knowing how to politely refuse him. I know he flirts lightly and has taken an interest in me, but I have always brushed it off. I don't understand why as I am a pregnant single mother. "No, you won't, because you were born to stand out." He winks at me and my smile fades as my heart skips a beat. "Alpha, I-" "Atticus, Zaia, call me Atticus.

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" He reminds me for the umpteenth time. I nod, unable to bring myself to do that. I don't think he'll be smiling at me if A New Home he knew I was the daughter of a rival alpha and the mate of his greatest enemy. Even if it is a rejected mate. His phone rings, and I am relieved for the distraction.

"Yeah?" He answers the phone, a frown now settling on his brow. "Wait what?" He takes a few steps away from me, and his shoulders are tense. What is going on? "Really? Well... Yeah, that's fine, up the security plans around the venue and pack grounds.

We can never be too careful. Why now? I mean, he has always refused every invitation sent to him... good... Yeah, hold a meeting, let's discuss this in person." He hangs A New Home up and turns back to me. His playful mood from earlier is gone. "Is everything alright?" I ask. "Yeah, it will be. I just have something to take care of. I really want to see you at that ball, Zaia.

" I nod, not knowing if I really will go. hope it all gets sorted soon and I'll keep it in mind." "I He looks down at his phone and nods slowly. "Me too. He's never wanted anything to do with us, or considered my offers, but now... he's possibly interested in accepting the invitation to the New Year's Ball. I look up sharply, curiosity filling me. "Who?" I ask, an unsettling feeling A New Home wraps around me as I wait for his answer.

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“Alpha Sebastian King of Dark Hollow Falls Pack.” My heart thuds, my eyes widening and I look up at Atticus to find he is watching me intently.

“Is everything alright, Zaia?” I gulp, trying to force a smile, “Yes, I... I’ve heard of his reputation, Alpha Sebastian King is quite known for his power and reputation.” I lie, feeling uncomfortable under his sharp gaze. I must be careful. “Yes, he does have quite a reputation.” He murmurs, his gaze is unsettling but I’m far more terrified that Sebastian will find out about the babies.

A New Home I must avoid him at all costs, there is no way that I can risk him finding out and taking them away from me. My babies are all that I have left, they are my reasons to live. “Don’t let it unsettle you, the pack will be well protected, and I’m certain he isn’t a baby snatcher.”

Atticus jokes lightly, making me freeze, and I realise I’m clutching my belly. “Oh... No it’s just something I do when I’m distracted! We must make sure the pack is indeed safe.” I reply, brushing it off as I force a smile. He nods slowly, but it is his next words that send a shiver down my spine. “Oh absolutely, we can’t have the enemy walking around unwatched.”

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## I Am The Luna Chapter 8 By Moonlight Muse

A Worry

ZAIA.

I wasn't able to focus on anything properly after that and asked Mrs Watson if it was alright to leave early as I am not feeling too good.

Taking my leave I hurry home, desperate to tell Mom what has

happened. Reaching the small two- storey home that we are renting, I unlock the door and step inside, greeted by the dark hallway.

"Mom?" I call out as I close the door quietly behind me and place my handbag down. She isn't working today, so where is she? "Mom!"

"Zaia?"

I look up the stairs to see Mom standing there with everyone a duster in hand, her hair tied back so as not to get in herEA Worry

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face. I hurry up the steps, making them groan under my weight, the old wood has seen a lot of wear.

“Careful Zaia!” Mom exclaims as I reach the top and look at her, my hand still on the bannister.

“Mom, we have an issue,” I say, brushing my hair back and walking past her and into the larger of the two bedrooms.

This one is mine. As Mom said, I will need the space once the babies are here.

It’s pleasant. With the sun shining through the ornate windows, the pattern in the netting casts shadows on the ceiling. The floral patchwork bedding adds a homely touch to the wooden bed.

I plop down onto it, gripping the sides as I take a deep breath.

BA Worry

“Sebastian is coming for the New Year’s Eve ball, Mom,” I say, frowning.

Mom’s confusion vanishes, replaced by shock and then worry. She places the duster down, shaking her head.

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“No, there has to be a mistake, Zaia, he would never come here, not only...” She trails off, quickly going over to the window and closing it before she turns to me. “We need to be careful.”

“There is no mistake. He’s coming,” I whisper, trying to keep my voice down. “Mom, Alpha Atticus got a call when I was there, and he told me himself.”

Mom frowns. “Zaia, I already told you I don’t like you hanging out unnecessarily with him. Remember, this man is known to be dangerous.”

I tilt my head, sighing. “Mom, we have only heard that from our old packs, there’s always more than one side of a

story and we have to remember it’s 8 A Worry

Atticus who has given us a home. Besides, I try not to be free with him, but neither can I be hostile or rude.” I remind her firmly.

I had spent years running a pack and even before then, I knew of the balance that you need to keep things professional yet polite.

“I understand that, but he is still a dangerous man,” Mom warns me, sitting on the bed and heaving a deep sigh.

“I know... and he invited me to attend the function, too.”

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“Absolutely not,” Mom replies worriedly.

I tilt my head at her and give her a pointed look. “Yes, I know Mom... and I know I need to avoid Sebastian at all costs. He actually found out about the pregnancy...”

BA Worry

I quickly fill Mom in, and her face is pale as she stares at me. I’m now pacing the room restlessly. Repeating it all is making me even more anxious.

“Oh no, Zaia, this is making me uneasy. You need to message Valerie to call you immediately. We need to know more.”

“Mm... I feel a little uneasy too, remember when we considered leaving the country? We were being watched. What if Sebastian is trying to find me?” I bite my thumb as I ponder over this.

“Don’t say that. Let’s speak positively.”

I tilt my head, “I am only stating the possibilities, Mom,” I say, sighing.

“I know, with your pregnancy and your health you are in a vulnerable state, and with the rejection only making you weaker, I hate to say this, but it has

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helped that Atticus can't sense that you are the daughter of an Alpha, due to BAWorry

your weakened state," she replies.

I frown. I don't think it's the rejection alone. I have seen my results and even sent them to Valerie. She's surprised that my health hasn't improved despite it being a while now.

There's something wrong with me and although I haven't told Mom, my health is deteriorating further. I rub my stomach, as long as my babies are ok...

"Ring Valerie, ask her what is happening over there. Why is Sebastian wanting to come? We need to know. Moving isn't an option right now either," Mom replies worriedly.

"Yes Mom, I'll do that. Now please don't worry too much. We'll handle it," I reply. I sit down on the bed beside her and hug her tightly.

I am sorry Mom, because of me you are B. A Worry under so much stress.

I move back, messaging Valerie to call me when she can, knowing she keeps this phone switched off.

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“Get some rest, Zaia, but we do need to find a way for you to refuse Atticus’s invitation to the ball. A solid, reasonable reason that he can’t get offended.”

I nod in agreement. “Yes, I’ll think of something. We have over a week until then.”

Mom leaves the room and I lie down on my bed, one hand tucked under my face, the other resting on my belly as I stare out of the window. When will things get easier? My phone soon rings, and I quickly answer it.

“Hello,” I answer, sitting up. Mom hurries back into the room and sits on the edge of the bed. “Hey, you asked me to call?” Valerie asks quietly.

“Yes, I just heard that Sebastian wants to come to the Whispering Mountain New Year’s Eve Ball. He never does. Why is he risking his safety to do so now?” I ask her.

“Are you sure? Because I don’t think he will,” she sounds doubtful.

“No, he’s planning to, the alpha here said so himself. There has to be a reason he’s suddenly decided to.”

“I’m not sure, Zaia... but I’ll ask Jai,” she offers, making me tense.

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“No, they are best friends Val, plus I know you two clash.

“It’s alright Zaia, besides he understands why you are doing what you are doing and his words and I quote: She’s still the Luna in my eyes.”

can’t help but smile. That is big coming from Jai and it warms my insides.

“So, is he happy to be an uncle?” I tease.

“We aren’t together. What do you mean, uncle?” she protests.

I chuckle. “Well, he’s still their uncle ...” Just as Sebastian is their father...

She sighs in relief. “Ah, you scared me! I thought you meant the two of us... anyway, I will ask Jai about it. If he goes, then I will ask him to bring me as well. I want to see you.”

“That’s risky,” Mom whispers.

“I’ll be careful, don’t worry Ms Walton,” she reassures Mom.

“Well, if you do find out, please let me know and please, keep me updated,” I say, before ending the call. Mom pats my shoulder. “We’ll be ok,” she promises before she leaves the room.

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Half an hour later, I managed to get both the chicken and the potatoes along with some other fresh produce that was on discount at the farmers' market. Catching them just as they were packing away for the night.

Growing up, we were never short on money, but Mom still told me to always be sensible with money.

“You can earn thousands in a day but unless you spend wisely you will save nothing,” I murmur to myself, looking at the apple in my hand.

A memory of Sebastian biting into an apple after his morning workout returns to my mind. Drenched in sweat, his black hair a sexy mess and those grey sweatpants that I loved him in.

It's times like this that remind me strongly about how different my life is from what it used to be. A wave of sadness washes over me. Four months have passed, but he still crosses my mind every day.

Everything I do somehow reminds me of him, but I am certain he has forgotten me, though, happily living his life with Annalise.

The setting sun looks blood red, making the apple look even more vibrant. I bite into it when a shadow falls over me.

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My eyes flash, thinking how didn't I notice him approaching? I plaster a smile on my face and look up at the Alpha.

"Oh hello," I say. "We run into one another once again," he says charmingly. His brown hair looks golden in the sun.

"Yes..." I say and I begin walking when he grabs hold of my arm, my heart skips a beat and I instantly feel a wave of unease wash over me.

"Can I help you Alpha?" I ask sharply, "Oh sorry, I didn't mean to alarm you. I just thought you might need a lift. In fact, I was calling you, but you were distracted," he says, pointing to his sleek car.

I glance around, feeling the stray eyes of the people on me. His attention towards me is creating unnecessary gossip.

"Of course," I say, thinking I'll take the chance to tell him I can't come to the party.

He holds the door open for me and I slip inside, while he places the bags in the trunk.

Oh goddess, are we now on such friendly terms that he will help me with my shopping and give me lifts home?

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“What kind of music do you like?” he asks me, as he fiddles with the radio once he’s back in the car.

“Country,” I reply without thinking.

He puts some country music on and leans over, grabbing my belt. His arm brushes my chest and we both freeze, our eyes meeting as I press myself back into my seat.

He looks away quickly, pulling the surrounding belt, and buckling it in. His heart’s racing and I suddenly feel like the car is too tight.

I struggle, wanting to refuse him, but it might look too suspicious if I bring the topic up again.

“Zaia?”

“Yes, Atticus...” I begin. He looks at me and smiles faintly.

“Finally, after months of asking you to call me that,” he says, reaching over, he brushes my hair out of my face and my breath hitches. “Sorry, it’s tempting.

“It’s ok,” I reply, although I feel so uncomfortable right now. “You were saying?”

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“Oh, yeah.” He shakes his head. “I was wondering, what pack you’re from, I mean your mother said you were both from the Forest Oak Pack, but you remind me more of a city girl.” He finishes with a chuckle.

I tilt my head. “We are from the Forest Oak Pack, however, I did study in the city, maybe it’s that,” I reply smoothly.

“Ah, I see.” He smiles at me and I smile back. However, the fact he asked me that has worried me.

Does he think we are lying about something?

I think the time has come for us to leave this pack.

I turn my head to look out of the window. Darkness is falling over the town. A  
Worry

town and with it, the fear of not knowing what the future holds begins to eat at me.

“Zaia...” I look back at him and he reaches over, giving my hand a gentle yet firm squeeze. “I know that you’re running from your ex, and I know you don’t want to talk about him to me and that’s ok. But, I want to let you know that you are safe here, I won’t ask you again where you come from. I’m sorry.”

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I smile, looking down at his large hand over mine. "Thank you," I say quietly.

I know I can't trust him fully, but at least we are safe here.

## I Am The Luna Chapter 9 By Moonlight Muse

A Dissapointment SEBASTIAN.

"Get out! Get her out of here, before I have her thrown from the pack!" Mom's shrieks make me flinch as I slam my foot on the brakes of my car, pulling up outside of the mansion.

I get out only to see two suitcases tossed on the ground and a sobbing Annalise standing there as Mom blocks the entrance, her face blotchy as she screams.

"What on earth is going on here?" I ask as I rush over to the two women.

Mom's eyes flash dangerously. "You're asking?! You are asking me what is wrong when I learned that you have taken a whore! A mistress! Whilst kicking out your wife! Where is my Zaia?" she screams.

I step back, swallowing. I've never seen Mom so angry. She's shaking, her heartbeat is erratic and her eyes are blazing in rage.

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“Seb, Seb baby. Tell them we are together now,” Annalise sobs. Mom looks at me, hurt, her lips quivering as if daring me to agree with Annalise.

“Look, how about we all talk about this calmly?” I suggest.

I’m trying to figure out how mom realised? Annalise resides in a guest room, and I have made it clear to her that I’d break the news to my parents myself, so how did they find out? This is bad.

“Calmly? How can I be calm when Zaia is long gone!” Mom shrieks, making me internally wince. Goddess, the woman is an angel until she’s pissed off and then she changes into a banshee.

“Don’t touch him!” she growls, yanking me away from Annalise.

“Mom... please, let’s not cause a scene, let’s talk,” I say gently, gripping her elbows as I pull out my phone and hit call when I find the number I’m looking for.

“Hello, Alpha.”

“Ethan, I have a job for you.”

‘Yes, Alpha?’

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“Come to the mansion and get Annalise accommodated into one of the flats,” I command.

“Seb, tell your Mom, please,” Annalise sobs as she grips onto my elbow.

A sliver of irritation rushes through me and if it wasn't for the fact that I need the cover, I would have rather enjoyed this drama between Mom and her. 4

“Ethan will take you somewhere safe. I'll talk to you later.”

Mom doesn't speak, more upset than I had originally thought. Great... if Mom is this upset... I wonder how Dad is going to be after he learns of this revelation – if he doesn't already know

Footsteps make me turn and Dad's manager steps out of the mansion, holding his briefcase. “Ah, Alpha Sebastian, your father is waiting for you.”

I frown as I glance at the mansion. It's already hard coming here when she isn't here.

“Don't keep your father waiting,” Mom says quietly, as she turns away.

“Mom...”

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“Excuse me,” she murmurs, clearly upset with me.

I frown as I stare down at the ground. How do I explain to them when I don’t know who or where the enemy is? All I know is he is watching my every step...

I make my way inside and head to Dad’s office. The hall is darker down this side of the mansion. The lighting is far less than in the main hall since Dad had refused to renovate this area when we had the house remodelled.

Stopping outside his door, I take a slow breath before I knock.

“Enter,” he says, his voice cold.

Stepping inside, I shut the door behind me. This room has been locked for several months, and I try not to cough as the dust fills my throat.

He’s standing in the centre of his large office. The musty smell of the closed area fills my nose, but he refuses to allow anyone to enter it in his absence.

“King.”

His voice is quiet, yet the power in it makes it ring off the four walls of the room.

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“The name of the Alpha family of Dark Hollow Falls Pack. A name that not only the world recognises us by, but a name that is associated with our reputation, our traditions and our ethics...”

There’s a dangerous edge to his voice. His back is still to me, yet the dark energy that swirls around him is obvious proof of the anger he is trying to contain. “Did you think you could defy me and cast aside the very condition you are holding the Alpha position upon?”

He now turns, his eyes ice cold as he glares at me.

“Zaia and I were not compatible,” I lie, my face unreadable as I look him dead in the eye. “As for this pack, in the three years that I have taken over, I have expanded this pack, its borders, and the business. You can’t deny that I am a good Alpha, Father.”

He looks up sharply. “Do you dare question me?”

I frown, “I am only trying to say that by divorcing Zaia, it does not make me a bad Alpha,” I reply quietly, balling my hands into fists.

He looks away as if disgusted by me. Time will tell, but as long as I am alive, my rules and laws will apply. You may be the Alpha, but as long as I am alive, my word is law.”

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Dad's words are fresh on my mind as I ignore the fifteenth call from Annalise. I told her I'll drop by when I have a moment, but right now I feel like everything is spiralling out of control.

I clench the steering wheel tightly, pressing my foot down on the accelerator, my eyes flashing with irritation as I cruise down the road, dangerously fast.

I'm the Alpha. I'm not a fucking kid anymore, yet he doesn't see that, always acting like I'm not good enough ... as if I'm not capable of making my own decisions.

Despite everything I do, no matter how many times I prove myself, it's never enough.

The phone rings again and I clench my jaw, slamming my hand onto the steering wheel as I hit the brakes hard. The horn blares as the car skids, the screech of the tyres and the smell of burnt rubber fill my nose before it comes to a grating stop.

"What?" I answer, snatching up my phone.

Annalise's sobs. "Sebastian, I'm scared. What if something happens to me again? Just- just like the first time."

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I freeze, my anger diminishing as her words echo in my mind.

Despite the proof that points at Zaia being the one to get rid of Annalise the first time, I don't think it's something she's capable of alone... What if she had help from Dad?

Feeling uneasy, I quickly start the car up.

"I'm coming, Annalise."

Although her crying irritates me, the least I can do is treat her right. Plus, the trauma of what she's suffered for the last three years in imprisonment must be adding to her anxiety.

I drive towards her flat, mulling over the situation..

Despite Annalise's past, the more time

I spend around her, something does feel off. For someone who has been kept captive for three years, she doesn't seem to have any signs of post-traumatic stress. Almost as if it did not phase her at all. 10

I park up outside the flat where Ethan had told me she is staying and I get out, making my way to her second- floor flat.

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The door is pulled open before I even knock and Annalise flings her arms around my neck, sobbing.

Hesitantly, I pat her back, feeling guilty as I step inside and close the door behind me.

“Calm down, Annalise,” I say quietly. “I’m only here for a short while. Look, I have to return home. You know how my father is-”

“Seb I’m so scared. Please stay with me tonight,” she begs, tears splashing down her face.

I frown, glancing out at the night sky through the small window that stands open.

“Annalise-”

“Seb... Why don’t you call me Anna anymore?” She whispers when I slowly untangle her arms from around my neck.

“Times have changed, Annalise... Maybe you should try getting some rest? I know the place isn’t as pleasant as the mansion, but right now, Dad and Mom are both angry at me. We need to tread carefully.”

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I turn away, scanning the modest- sized flat when she wraps her arms around me from behind, her tears having suddenly stopped.

“I want you, Sebastian... It’s been over four months since your divorce, yet you have not come to me,” she whispers, slipping her hand under my shirt and stroking my abs. 2

I grip her wrist, stopping her in her tracks as I untangle her from me and turn to face her.

“I may love you, Annalise, however, my soul was bound to hers... it needs time to recover,” I explain quietly.

Saying I love her leaves a bitter taste in my mouth, but I have no other option.

We shifters can transform into

werewolves under a full moon, however not every werewolf can. Some will simply get their fangs, or claws. Not many can handle a full shift or even want to. It’s painful, but after the first few times, you get used to it.

However, aside from that, we are faster and stronger than the average human, with a heightened sense of smell and hearing.

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Then there's the mate bond, something that pulls us towards our soul mates. There is a powerful connection, one that makes you yearn for their company and presence constantly.

Just the way I used to look forward to seeing Zaia... After a long day at work, coming home to her... she'd always make me a hot drink, and even when I was too tired to make conversation,

she would understand. She'd sit quietly, snuggling into me, or massaging my temples or shoulders.

I miss her.

The crushing pain in my chest returns with vengeance, and I turn away.

"Seb! Are you really leaving?" She gasps as she grabs me from the back of my shirt. "Please don't."

"I have things to handle Annalise," I mutter, shrugging her off as I head to the door. "You're clearly fine... get some rest."

I don't wait for an answer as I step out into the darkness and get back into my car.

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My phone that I left in the car shows several missed calls from Jai, as well as several texts from him. I'm in no mood to talk to anyone and so I look at the texts.

JAI: Your father has stopped the funding on the apartment block project you were working on. Not only that but he's put a stop to the youth training facility. Do something man, because if we stop that work now, we are going to lose millions of dollars.

I stare at the message, my heart thundering as blistering rage flares through me like a volcano rumbling, ready to burst.

How dare he!

I know why he's doing this. He's trying to force me back under his control.

My phone beeps again and I glance down at the next message. A message that makes my blood boil and any self-control I have left vanishes.

DAD: I'm certain you got the news by now. I am putting a stop to all the projects you are working on. You may be the CEO of Aran King Enterprises, but I am still the Founder and Owner. Remember your place, Sebastian. Without me, you are nothing.

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## I Am The Luna Chapter 10 By Moonlight Muse

A Threat

SEBASTIAN.

A loud knocking on the door makes me jerk up. The incessant pounding in my head makes me flinch, the hammering sound of the knocking only making it worse.

“Stop it.” I growl as the door is thrown open to reveal a very cheery and energetic Jai. Why the fuck are we friends?

“Rise and shine, Cupcake!” he says, dunking the paper bag of what I can tell is breakfast from the smell, before he places a foam cup of strong coffee next to it. I guess he has his uses.

“I hope you aren’t thinking of ways to kill me,” he remarks, observing me suspiciously I smirk, “I was just wondering why we are friends, then I remembered you make a good maid.”

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He casts me a glare before opening the blinds, the dazzling sunlight only making my head hurt more

“Close them!”

“No, it’s morning. Why the hell were you drinking?” he asks, scanning the empty bottles that surround my desk, scattered on the floor

How much did I drink?

“Because I wanted to,” I reply quietly, a sudden thought entering my mind. The day of the rejection I had offered Zaia a drink of our favourite wine

Deep down, I was hoping that the memory would make her falter and refuse to accept my rejection. Yet she bent far faster than I could have imagined, throwing water all over my plans.

“So you mentioned the Whispering Mountain Pack Ball yesterday. Are you actually considering going to it?” he asks as he drops into the seat opposite my desk.

I’ve searched all the packs around here, even those we are not on friendly terms with. There are only a few packs that I have not managed to get into and those belong to enemy packs.

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Whispering Mountain is one of them, and this is the perfect chance to infiltrate their grounds.

“Yes, I’ll be going.”

“Then I’m coming with you. You know it’s going to be risky Are you seriously considering this?”

“Like I said, yes I am Besides, when the invitation came last week, Annalise saw it and she wanted to go.

It’s a good idea, and suddenly it begins to make even more sense that I should go. There’s a high chance that the one behind all of this may be there. If I take Annalise, they will realise I truly have moved on...

Who is it and what do they want from me?

“Cool, then I’ll take Valerie,” Jai says casually I look up sharply and frown.

“Valerie? As in Valerie Scott, your ex?” I ask, opening up the brown paper bag.

There’s some hangover medicine in there too. The guy can be so damn annoying, but he’s a good friend, half the time anyway

“Yes, Doctor Valerie Scott,” He replies sarcastically, making me frown.

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Sighing, he shrugs, “Yeah, she’s still super hot, and I wouldn’t mind seeing her in a sexy gown again. I mean, she’s gorgeous as hell and I’m bored of seeing her hiding her assets behind that boring white doctor’s coat.”

He smirks and he sits forward as I down the medication he got me and gulp down some water, hoping it helps.

“Right, and are you forgetting the fact that both of you jump at each other’s throats the moment you’re in the same room?” I remind him.

He winks at me “Who knows, she might succumb to how hot I look and decide to engage in some smoking hot angry sex I kinda miss that ”

“I don’t want to know your bedroom antics. I don’t think she’ll agree, but I mean, if she does, then fine I’ll be happy if Annalise gets some company, too.

“What? So she doesn’t eat your mead off for the full evening?”

I cast him a glare and he snickers.

“Jai, did you ever manage to get me an assessment of everyone who had come in and out of this pack for the last year?” I ask as I bite into the sandwich

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His face becomes serious, and he shakes his head. "I'm still working on it Seb, you're asking for everyone who has come in and out of the city for a full year. That's... that's not an easy feat I've been on it for several weeks, and I'm not even half done, but I'll get there I know you have your reasons not to ask the IT team, but care to share why you want to know?"

He's asked me several times, but I can't bring myself to risk anything by telling him Over one year ago, was the first time I received a message.

Until this day, I still remember what was written on the plain white card in bold black font

YOUR WIFE TRULY IS PRETTY, ISN'T SHE?

I had brushed it aside as a prank and had commanded my men to find out where it came from, but nothing came up and I didn't worry about it and soon forgot about it. That was until a second one came two weeks later.

I WONDER HOW YOUR WIFE'S BLOOD WOULD LOOK RUNNING DOWN HER PRETTY LITTLE NECK?

That's when things got darker and the beginning of my worries started.

"Sebastian?"

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I look up to see Jai's eyes filled with concern.

"You spaced" "Sorry, I was thinking."

A tense silence falls between us, and he looks at me. "I am your friend before I am your Beta Sebastian. If something is troubling you, tell me. You know you can trust me

"It's nothing." I brush it off, not wanting to discuss it.

Dad is already pushing me into a corner, forcing my hand when it comes to the business, Mom is angry at me. Goddess knows where Zaia is and how she's doing

The thoughts given birth by fear are clawing to the forefront of my mind.

What if in my attempts to protect her I

have put her in worse danger?

"I'll find out as fast as possible

I look up and raise a brow "What?" I ask."The full breakdown of who has entered and left the pack, Sebastian"

I shake my head, massaging my temples. "This hangover is rough

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“Yeah, sure,” he replies, standing up He’s upset, because I’m not telling him, but whoever it is made it clear I couldn’t

If it was my life on the line, I wouldn’t care, but she’s the target. She’s the one they will hurt if I defy them.

“I’m sorry...” I reply quietly

“Well, whenever you’re ready to share, you know where I am.” The door shuts behind him with a sharp snap, leaving me alone in my office which stinks of alcohol

Standing up, I draw the blinds shut before walking over to the door and locking it

I push my desk back, pulling the rug up and move the chair away, before turning and walking to the large 3D artwork that hangs behind my desk, depicting a wolf. His eyes filled with rage and his fangs bared.

Staring at the image, I place my finger on the centre of his forehead, feeling something buzz and then a faint click.

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I look to the ground where my desk usually stands, watching as the panels move back, revealing a metre square area. There's a panel on it and crouching down, I place my hand on it, allowing it to scan my hand.

'Enter Pin' Flashes on the screen and I quickly thumb it in and finally the key

I pull out the chain from around my neck that has a metal tag at the end that I always wear underneath my clothes. Clicking on the small indent, it clicks and a slim intricate key-like panel pops out. I remove it and place it into the small square that awaits it

A faint blue light scans over the entire surface before a faint whirring sound comes from it and the door of the safe swings open.

It's half a metre deep, and it's filled with money, papers, files and old books and boxes.

I reach for one specific box, and take it out I unlock it with a pin, and flip it open, taking out the yellowed paper that's been torn from an old book along with a white envelope

I stare at the torn paper, reading the italic text at the bottom of the page.

'Beware the one that wears the mark of discord, mischief and death.'

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But it isn't the message that makes my heart race, but the image itself  
Despite how battered it has become over the years, it's clear. An ancient  
symbol that does not align with any language, but what gets to me is that  
it's identical to Zaia's birthmark that sits on the side of her left breast

A mark that somehow holds far more importance and meaning than we  
know. Someone knows about it and I don't know if others found out about it, it  
will only put her in danger. Even those who currently love her would turn  
upon her

I place the paper down and take out the envelope from the box. It contains  
another white card, but this time there's also a photograph included. A  
photograph of Zaia on the balcony of our mansion, with her hands in her  
hair, and circled in a red pen is her birthmark

Anger flits through me as I glare at the card once more .

WHAT WOULD THE PACK DO IF THEY KNEW THEIR LUNA WILL BRING  
THEM DESTRUCTION?

I toss the photograph down, running

my fingers through my hair

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Someone knew about the mark, I don't know how, but they were able to get close enough to take this picture

I've messed up, I thought I'll send her away and I'll keep an eye on her, what if I've put her at a greater risk by doing so?

The unanswered questions spin in my mind, like a foreboding cloud hanging above my head.

Who are they? Where are they hiding? And above all, why? Why are they doing this?

The ultimate question is, is there really more to Zaia and her birthmark, or was it all a myth of the past?

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