

# **I Am The Luna Chapter 81 – 90**

## **By Moonlight Muse**

Posted by **NovelHeart**, 1721 Views, Released on September 17, 2023

### **A Name ZAIA.**

Her face pales and her lips quiver as she stares at me, terror plastered on her face. What is she so afraid of? “I... can’t say.”

“Why not?” I ask. Annette is frowning as she watches her daughter, but she does not look as scared but rather... confused.

Does she not know? Annalise shakes her head as she drops onto her seat, her heart thumping. “I won’t. Just don’t ask me!” (1

“Then I’m afraid there’s nothing I can do but demand your imprisonment. With the witnesses present, who also heard your admittance. That you, Annalise Toussaint, did in fact lie about your abduction and”-

“Please stop it, Zaia! Please, we are sisters, aren’t we? I’m pregnant. How can you throw me into prison?! Please have mercy, I am carrying your nephew!”

I frown. We have never been raised as sisters...

“Who is the real father of your child, Annalise?” I ask quietly. “We both know that it is not Sebastian. Drop the act or you will be the one suffering, regardless of who is pulling the strings from behind.”

Annette stands up suddenly “This child IS Sebastian’s! How can you try to force her to lie! It is Sebastian’s child!”

“Mom... please...” Annalise mutters, tugging at her mother’s sleeve to sit down again.

“No! I will not tolerate this injustice. You are carrying Sebastian’s pup, this child deserves its right! He cast you aside so easily! After everything they have done, they must suffer the consequences!”

“Enough!” One of the court members thunders and Annette mumbles something, sitting down with a huff.

“I’m waiting, Annalise,” I say coldly. Her jaw clenches, and she looks at me, realising I am not going to budge. “Fine. Sebastian is not the father! Happy?”

The court members exchange looks, but I’m not surprised by her answer and simply look at her.

“I see... Thank you for telling the truth. Now, I understand that you won’t share the ones who put you up to the kidnapping, but Annalise, remember right now, you are at my mercy. Your safety and punishment is in my hands... so the choice is yours. Will you protect those who put you up to this, or yourself and your unborn child?”

Our eyes meet and there’s anger in hers, but beyond that, I can see the fear that she’s trying so desperately to hide. When she doesn’t speak, I sigh, strumming my fingers on the arm of my chair.

My patience has worn thin, and I can’t afford for her not to answer. I stand up, sighing as I walk over to where she’s sitting, motioning for Annette to move back.

“Alpha Zaia, please-”

“Stand back,” I command, my eyes blazing. Instantly, two guards step forward and Annette obeys much quicker, stepping away and glaring at the guards.

A wave of unease rushes through the room and I bend down, placing my hands on the arms of Annalise’s seat. I reach within me for the strength I know I hold. I feel my eyes blaze, knowing they are burning orange.

“Annalise, as your Alpha, I command you to answer the question. Who is the father of your child?” I ask, my voice powerful, and I feel the power simmer around me.

Her eyes widen, and for a moment I see her confusion before her mouth opens. “Gaspard Durand!” She bursts out, gasping for air, her heart pounding as she realises she just told me the truth.

My eyes widen slightly, but I mask my surprise quickly. Gaspard?

“That was... a true Alpha command.” I hear someone whisper.

“I never thought it existed...”

I stand up straight, ignoring their awe." Gaspard is a member of the Crystal Shadow Pack ... you have been a part of..."

Is he involved? I look back at Annalise, frowning deeply. "And does he know you are pregnant with his child?" I ask.

"Yes," she answers sullenly. "And does he know that you have been parading it around as Sebastian?" I ask sharply. She tenses before her head snaps up to me, and she glares at me.

"Stop it! Just stop it!" she screams, but how do I do that when she has lied? I take out my phone, texting Jai.

Zaia: Gaspard Durand, the member of my security from the Crystal Shadow Pack, needs to be brought in for questioning immediately.

I hit send and turn back to Annalise, who looks pale. "And now, back to who put you up to lying about being kidnapped?"

"I don't know! I just did what I had to!" she screeches.

"For who?!" I snarl.

"I can't! It'll kill me and my baby!" she screams as she jumps up, gripping her stomach.

"What will?"

"The magic!" she begins sobbing, covering her face with her hands. "What lies!" someone scoffs but I frown, something mom had said...

"Magic does not exist," one of the court members sneers.

"It does... or elements of it do..." I say quietly. "Very well, since you cannot say, that will be enough. You have admitted to lying, causing distress and trouble. You will be punished for your crimes after your child is born... but for now you will be kept in isolation with someone to take care of you. However, I don't trust you Annalise, and I can't be lenient." I say, trying to control my anger.

She is pregnant, and the baby is not at fault in this. I have pushed her enough for one day.

Annalise gasps covering her mouth. “No! How can you do this? She’s pregnant! What about her baby!” Annette shouts.

“That is enough,” I say quietly. “No! I refuse to allow you to take her!” Annette rushes to me, grabbing my arm.

“Enough Annette! I was pregnant when Sebastian and I rejected one another! No one cared for my children then! Enough is enough! If the court has no objection or questions, then we may proceed. Does anyone?” I glance at the members, who shake their heads.

“Your decision is perfect, Alpha.”

I nod, turning to the guards. “Then please have Annalise secured in a cell, immediately.” “No objection.” The court members say in unison.

I look at my phone when it beeps with an incoming message notification. Unlocking it, look at the message from Jai. Jai: Understood.

Perfect, I will question him. I’m sure I’ll get I more answers.

“You may bid your mother goodbye,” I say to Annalise, who looks panicked. “Please Zaia, don’t do this! Please!”

“It’s too late to ask for forgiveness,” I say quietly.

“I will have your father free you, don’t worry.” I hear Annette whisper as she hugs her tightly, but I don’t say anything, allowing them to have their goodbye.

“Take her,” I order, turning to Justin, Sebastian’s current chosen Beta.

“Yes, Alpha.” He’s a good man, but I do plan to make Jai my Beta officially, I also think I can use Justin’s help. Sebastian did say he was a good man. Trusting anyone has become difficult.

Once her shouting and screams fade away, I mull over what I learned. Gaspard... what game have you been playing, I thought I could trust you...

Now, more than ever, I feel the Sable team were behind that false kidnapping back then. I just need to know how to get to them. Perhaps Gaspard might be the answer to that...

Once Annalise is taken away, I turn to Annette.

“Annette. I have a few questions for you. Can everyone please leave? I wish to ask them when we are alone.”

“Why! Why not here in front of all?” She sneers. “Besides, you cannot question me when there is nothing you have on me! And don’t forget I am a Luna! Your father will hear of this!”

I cock a brow. “It’s your choice, Annette. You are not on trial. I simply wish to ask a few questions. Don’t make this harder?” I warn.

My phone beeps and I look down at it. Unlocking it, I read the message on the screen.

JAI: Gaspard is nowhere to be found, and his phone is switched off. Someone said when he heard about the hearing today, he had said he wasn’t feeling good. What’s going on, Zaia?

Fuck! I close my eyes.

Another traitor...

“Gaspard has disappeared, Annette, Clearly, he will not stick around to protect Annalise or her child. He has abandoned her and if you love your daughter, then it’s in your best interest to talk to me.” I say quietly.

She frowns, hesitating before she sighs heavily. and nods.

“Very well then.” She says, crossing her arms.

We wait for the room to empty, and when the door shuts, she looks at me defiantly.

“Before I even answer anything, you have to promise me Annalise will be taken care of no matter what. Can you honour that?” There’s a determination in her eyes, a resilience that I rarely see. She is an awful woman, but she has always taken care of her daughter.

We look at one another and I realise the one thing we have in common is our determination to protect our children.

“You have my word.”

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## An Agreement

ZAIA. She isn't innocent; I know that more than anyone. From a young age, she would be cruel to me. When I did go to Dad's to spend a little time with him, she would let Annalise pinch and hit me, then threaten me to stay silent or say that if I told anyone, I wouldn't get to come over.

I remember how she'd take things Dad would buy for me and give them to Annalise, and the one time I refused to, she slapped me.

I didn't say anything, but the things she did often stuck in my mind, and as I got older, Dad stopped coming to see me... It makes sense now, but as a child, it hurt. This woman caused me pain, but ultimately it all began with Mom's betrayal. The blame game is easy, but there are many at fault...

The silence in the room is deafening as she looks at me, arms crossed – anger etched on her face. I smile slightly, to think that this woman is my aunt...

"I won't beat about the bush. I want to know everything and anything you might know regarding those who have used Annalise." I don't think she was simply used. However, if I wanted Annette to help... 1

"We know nothing! Annalise is just a victim in all of this as well!" she huffs, crossing her arms.

"Then I'm afraid I won't be able to lighten her sentence. I have been doing my own detective work Annette... and I found some rather interesting information..." I say as I walk towards her and cross my arms, imitating her. My eyes flicker orange as I tilt my head before continuing.

"After a little digging... I learned that Annalise has no right to the Toussaint empire. After all, she is not my father's daughter." I whisper. Her face pales but it quickly changes to defensive.

"How do you-"

"Well, you better cooperate before I tell Father that Annalise is not his!" I say, making sure she doesn't think Dad told me. Her eyes narrow as I smile victoriously, pretending that I think I have won, and she clenches her jaw.

“It isn’t true! She is Hugh’s daughter!”

“Isn’t it? Shall we get her tested and make this public knowledge because rest assured if it comes out, not only will her status drop but you too shall fall from grace.” I say quietly. Her face pales and I can hear her heart thundering violently.

“Hugh- he knows!” she snaps. “We don’t keep secrets from one another, and he loves me! He happily accepted my daughter as his own!”

“That’s good, but it still does not make her his.” I don’t agree with what I’m saying, but it’s the only way I know she’ll possibly help. “And I will be the alpha of that pack soon. I can make sure you have a pleasant life, or I can ruin you all on the basis of how you treated me and Mom, forcing you to leave the pack.”

“Fine. Just spit it out! What do you want from me?” she snaps coldly.

“I want you to try to reach out to those who have put Annalise in such a position. I don’t know if they wish to help her and if they even will listen to you, but it’s worth a shot.” I say quietly. “How am I supposed to do that?” She asks, clearly looking confused.

I smile slightly. “I’m certain they are watching Annalise. She might have something on her phone or email. A way to contact them. You are efficient Annette, you’ll figure it out.”

“And if they agree to help her?” “Then I’m happy for her, or they may try to silence her... and if that’s the case, I will protect her and her child. I just need you to get any information you can on them. Names, ages, who they are and what they want.”

She frowns, pondering over what I said. “What about the man who is the father of her child? Maybe he knows something,” she suggests.

“He’s disappeared,” I reply. I’m not sure if she’s simply a good actress or truly in the dark, but I intend to find out. “Well then, what do I do if they reach out to me?” she asks.

“Ask them to help Annalise. Don’t threaten them. Just say Annalise asked you to reach out to them. Do not contact me, and do not try to ring me or visit me, I

will arrange a meeting. myself. They are dangerous people, Annette, those who will go to any extent to get what they want. Be careful.”

“I don’t think you care if anything happens to me,” she sneers, tossing her hair. “But your success is vital for Annalise.” I remind her. Silence falls before she sighs heavily. “Very well, and if you get the answers, then... will you let her go?”

“As long as she doesn’t constitute a threat to anyone, I will let her go. If she and you both give me the answers that I want.” I say.

“What do you mean, both of us? Isn’t harassing me enough!” she hisses, stepping closer when I raise my finger in warning.

“Careful there Mrs Toussaint, You really should be more careful who you insult,” I say menacingly. She instantly purses her lips and rolls her eyes, turning her head in a huff.

“Fine, I will do as you wish. Make sure you visit soon. I will get the answers because I want my daughter out of there.” “Then I hope for both of our sakes you are able to,” I say.

I don’t trust her, but I don’t think she’s involved ... she might be and if she is, she could feed me false information or she could prove useful and get me answers. After all, she is a sly woman. I’m sure she is cunning enough to get the answers if there’s an incentive.

She nods and I glance towards the door. “Before I let you go... I want to ask one final thing. Who is Annalise’s father?” She stares vacantly ahead before shaking her head before she looks at me. “No one.”

Our eyes meet but I can tell that is not something she will share... well, I have my own. ways of finding out and I will. It’s time for all the lies around us to be revealed. “Very well, then I look forward to our next meeting. I have faith you will have some answers for me.”

It’s been a long day. I visited Harrison, who was already concerned I wouldn’t be able to handle the project. I made sure to get things into motion. Then dealing with certain pack duties, I spent time with the kids and discussed some options with Valerie regarding Sia. My entire body is exhausted, and I am missing Sebastian immensely...



I shower slowly, my mind fixed on Sebastian... thinking of him naked in the shower, pounding into me...

Fuck.

I miss him, his cocky nature... his sexy eyes... his touch... the way he kisses me... the way he fucks me...

I want his lips on me, his fingers inside of me...

My pussy throbs and I bite my lip as I turn the shower off and grab a towel. Hmm, perhaps I should go visit him.

Deciding I will do just that, I quickly dry my hair and put on some sultry make-up. I keep it quick. A touch of smoky eyeliner and red lipstick will suffice.

I'm feeling more than horny and after I grab a black trench coat, wrapping it around me, I tie the belt and grab some black heels.

Making my way downstairs, I make my way quietly to the front door. I can hear Jai and Valerie talking, and it makes me smile. I hope soon they can resolve their differences.

"And where are you sneaking off to?" Jai's voice makes me jump and I turn back, my hand on the door handle and look at him, he's leaning in the arch to the lounge area, an amused smirk on his face. "None of your business," I say.

I should have left the red lipstick off!

"Mhmm, it is when you're sneaking out looking like that in the middle of the night... when my man Seb is in prison. Unless, of course, that's where you're headed." He snickers. Oh, he knew I was heading there...

I poke my eyes out at him. "I refuse to comment!" I say, opening the door and exiting the building as I hear Valerie laughing. I shake my head, pouting a little at the fact I was caught.

I drive to the prison facility, scanning myself in. I had been put onto the security system this afternoon and can now access all parts of the pack with ease. "Bring Sebastian King into the interrogation room," I order.

"Yes, Alpha." I enter the interrogation room. It's dimly lit, and empty save for a table and two chairs. The door opens soon, and Sebastian is brought in. To

my annoyance, his wrists are cuffed behind him. He looks pissed, but the moment he sees me, his expression softens.

“Key,” I say coldly, holding out my hand. “Yes, Alpha.” I’m passed a key as Sebastian is forced into the seat opposite me. His aura rages around him, but he’s calmer, his eyes now raking over me with a dangerous glint that makes my core knot.

“Turn the camera off and make sure no one enters,” I command boldly, letting my alpha aura penetrate the room.

I can see Sebastian smirking from the corner of my eye as he sits there arrogantly, his legs sprawled in front of him.

“Yes, Alpha.” The four guards reply in unison. They leave the room and when the door shuts behind them; I turn and walk over to Sebastian, my heart racing, and bending down, I kiss his cheek.

“So, to what do I owe the late-night visit?” he asks huskily, his eyes on my breasts that are peaking out from my trench coat.

“Maybe this will answer your question,” I murmur as I stand in front of him, looking down into his gorgeous eyes as I slowly unbelt my coat.

His eyes widen as they set a fire alight within me before they darken with desire as they rake over my naked body. “Fuck... yes, it does.”

I smirk, gripping his shoulders and straddling his lap.

“I just wanted a taste of my man,” I murmur, as he reaches up and our lips crash against one another deeply. Igniting an inferno of pleasure within me.

We kiss one another hungrily, his lips devouring me roughly. A moan escapes my lips as I feel him throb against my pussy, only turning me on even more while he hardens beneath me.

“Are you going to uncuff me then or keep that key hostage?” he growls, in between our passionate kisses.

“Mmm... I don’t know, maybe I want to keep you tied up...” I whisper teasingly, grinding myself against his cock as I run my finger through his hair, twisting my fingers tightly in his dark locks.

“Fuck Little Fox as much as I fucking love how fucking hot you are right now. I want those tits in my hands as I fuck you hard,” he growls possessively.

I smirk, yanking his head back. “But right now, you’re my prisoner.” I taunt, biting back a moan as he throbs against me. “Oh, yeah?” He challenges, his eyes flashing.

Suddenly I hear the strain of metal before his eyes blaze and he breaks the chains of his cuffs. and grabs the back of my hair, yanking my head back.

My heart pounds and my entire body is hot with desire.

“Fuck, you are such a tease.” His voice is an animalistic growl as he reaches down, unzipping his pants with one hand before he grabs my breast roughly. “You make me want to fucking ravage you until you can’t walk.”

His words send a sizzling shiver of pleasure through me, and I kiss him harder. The roughness of his kiss draws blood from my lips, the taste lingering in my mouth as he assaults it, ravishing every inch.

I gasp for air, pulling back, breathing hard.

“Oh fuck yes, I want you to do just that... fuck me like you wish to destroy me.” I moan wantonly.

A sexy smirk crosses his lips and I know he is going to do just that as he rams into me brutally ”

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### **A Steamy S3x Session**

**SEBASTIAN.** I thrust into her as her naked body presses against mine.Fuck...

I’m consumed by the intoxication she drowns me in. I can feel the cuff digging into her skin as I fondle her boobs roughly. She’s grinding down on my cock, meeting my thrusts as best she can.

Our lips are moulded against one another, both of us fighting for dominance. I yank her head back, attacking her neck with kisses.

“So... did you miss me?” I ask mockingly. ” Because you are so fucking wet... Tell me, baby girl, were you horny for me?”

She scoffs, a sexy smirk on her flushed face as she grips onto me tightly. “I was horny for your dick.” She replies cockily.

“Oh yeah? I like that...” I growl, grabbing her hips and yanking her up. As much as I want to fuck her brains out, I want to taste her first. “Bastian!”

“I want to dine on this pussy. I’m starved.” I growl, pushing her onto the table and burying my face between her thighs. She moans in pleasure, her hand twisting into my hair.

“Fuck, look how wet you are for me,” I growl as she moans, arching her back a little as I assault her pussy. “Oh, that’s it, lick my pussy.” She whimpers hornily.

I reach up, slipping my thumb into her mouth as I continue to eat her out. She wraps her lips. around my thumb, and I plunge two fingers. from my other hand into her pussy.

“Ah!” she gasps as I begin fucking her with them, playing with her clit. It’s not long before she comes and I pull my fingers out, slipping my tongue into her folds and licking up her juices that coat her pussy and thigh.

“Fuck... baby,” she whimpers as she sits up, wiping my chin, which is covered with her. juices, before she kisses me hungrily. Sliding off the table, she takes out the key, unlocking the cuffs and is about to pocket them when I take one from her and pull her coat off. Grabbing her wrists, i pull them behind her back and cuff them together. “Bastian, what are you doing!”

“What I’ve always wanted to do... treat you like my little sex doll...” I brush her hair back and she rolls her eyes. “Then you better give me your cock,” she answers seductively, making me throb harder.

I grab hold of it, yanking her forward as I stroke it and she moans, her eyes flicker to my cock, and she licks her lips. I sit back and push her to her knees. “Now be a good girl and suck my dick.”

“Yes, Alpha,” she purrs.

Fuck, she's a temptress and a fucking tease. My eyes blaze as I watch her run her tongue along my cock before she takes the tip of it into her mouth, my control slips and I grab her head thrusting into her mouth.

She moans loudly and begins sucking me off, the sound of her slurping and moans fill the room mixed with my own moans as I watch her bob on my cock.

I'm near, so damn near...

"Fuck!" I curse as I hit my release, pleasure rolling through me in intense waves as I ram into her mouth, making her gag for a second, but she keeps sucking me off until she's milked every last drop. I pull her head back, removing my now flaccid cock from her mouth, with a little pop.

"That tasted so good," she whispers, licking her lips. Her eyes glow orange as she looks up at me, the epitome of perfection.

"That's my good girl," I growl huskily before kissing her roughly. I stand up, tugging her up too and pulling her against me as we continue to exchange breathless, hungry kisses.

With her, it's never enough. Even now as I rake my eyes over her I want her again. She looks fragile with her slender shoulders, tiny waist and her big doe eyes but I know she's far stronger than she looks.

Turning to her, I bend her over the table, pushing her head down as I admire her ass. She has a few marks over her back and hips where my fingers have dug into her. I smack her ass as I position myself at her entrance, ramming into her. She gasps as I grip her hip with my other hand, pounding into her.

"Oh, fuck Bastien! Ouch fuck!" She moans loudly, the table creaking underneath us. "Tell me, Who. Do. You. Belong. To?" I grunt between every thrust.

"You, fuck..." she moans as I feel her walls closing around me and I speed up, holding out as I wait for her to come and when she cries out, I let go, coating her walls with my cum.

Her legs are shaking as I pull out and I hold on to her tightly as I drop into the chair behind me and pull her onto my lap.

“Fuck.” She whimpers as I reach down, picking up the key and untying her hands before tossing the key onto the ground. I massage her bruised wrists, the cuffs have cut into her skin and I look up at her, concerned, but she’s entirely unbothered as she nuzzles her nose against my neck. I kiss her wrists softly before I grab her coat, throwing it over her as I slip my dick back into my pants and zip my pants up, caressing her waist and hip.

“That was fucking good,” I say, feeling satiated as we both sit there catching our breaths.

“Mhmm it was,” she agrees softly. I can tell she’s falling asleep, but as much as I want to hold her, I don’t want her spending a night here. “How are things?” I murmur, tracing circles around her areola.

“Annalise admitted her child is not yours, and to the false kidnapping, we will find out who it is soon enough. Gerard is still unconscious and held under security...” she sighs, and I kiss her shoulder, looking up at her. She’s glowing, her hair a sexy mess, and her sore plump lips are slightly parted.

“What is it?” I ask, sensing she wants to say more. “Your father is still refusing to speak to me, but I have something planned for tomorrow. I’m hoping we can get you out of here.” She says, looking up at me.

“I’ll be out of here soon. They can’t hold me if I don’t allow them to... trust me, I’m fine, just take care of yourself.” Our eyes meet and she searches mine as if for something.

“I’m sorry things got this way... do you remember those carefree days?” she asks, “When I was a stay-at-home Luna, and you were dealing with everything.”

“You weren’t a stay-at-home Luna. You may not have seen it, but you handled far more than you needed to.” I murmur, enjoying the way she is reacting to my touch. “Don’t you feel we’re more connected now... I mean, you’re even kinkier than you used to be.”

She chuckles. “Mmm, I agree.”

“You sure you weren’t experimenting?” I growl, despite the thought making me feel annoyed.

"I assure you, no," she says as I slip my fingers lower, skimming her pussy and she clenches her thighs, poking her eyes out at me. "Behave." She says, "I already feel like mush."

"I think you can still walk," I growl, tickling her, her coat slipping off.

She giggles as she tries to get away from me, may not have rendered her unable to walk, but I had indeed tired her out and her attempt is futile.

"Bastien, stop it!" she hisses, glancing at the door.

I cock a brow. "Are you really worried someone will hear us after you screamed so loud? I'm sure half of the city heard you. Was I that good?" I tease. She blushes, shoving me. "Stop it!" she pouts, amusement clear on her face.

I smirk as I reach down and pick up her coat again.

I'm about to move back when she places a hand on my back. "Wait... what is that?" she says, tugging the back of my shirt down. I turn my head and am met with her gorgeous tits, these things are so fuckable...

She gasps, drawing me from my moment of admiring her breasts and looking up at her, but her gaze is on the back of my neck.

"What is it?" I ask. Her heart rate is faster than normal.

She looks at me, a glimmer of fear and confusion in her eyes. "You... it's... It's the symbol of the Blood Born..." she whispers, gazing down at my neck... 8

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## **In the Night**

**ZAIA.** I stare down at the mark. It's almost the same as mine, Val's and Atticus's, but there's one thing that sticks out to me. The triangular point is facing downwards... Where all of ours has an upside-down V that forms a triangle shape, his is like an inverted version of ours. More so, somehow it just looks more... sinister? 1

I'm not sure if it's the correct word, but deep down I feel as if something isn't right. This mark was not on him before. I've seen this man naked countless times, kissed his neck right here so many times...

Unease flits through me as Sebastian watches me intently. “How is this...possible?” I murmur, trying to mask my concern. Why is it different? 3

Sebastian rubs the back of his neck as I trace the mark, slowly ignoring the shiver that runs down my spine.

“I don’t know... but when the three of you touched, I felt a sharp pain, and I heard a voice, something like ‘Forgive me and how I’m the wildcard?’ I’m not sure... I fell unconscious after that. Maybe I imagined it all or maybe it’s linked ” he says quietly, lost in thought. 1

I stare at him for a moment before getting off his lap and slipping my coat on. “What do you mean, you heard a voice?” I ask sharply, looking down at him.

He sighs frustratedly as he sits-back. “I might have forgotten to mention it with everything going on. We got caught up with a lot of crap going on,” he says as if that explains it away as he observes me intently. His words only irritate me.

I can’t read him, he’s wearing one of his sharp shrewd businessmen expressions and I can never make out what he’s thinking when he’s like this.

“How do you forget to mention something so vital? It literally takes two minutes to share something like that! I mean, it doesn’t even take a minute! That’s not something you can just brush off, Sebastian!” I say, wringing my hands, exasperated. “At this rate, who knows what else you might have forgotten to mention!” 2

I don’t know why I’m so annoyed, but I can’t deny that the mark has left me shaken. He frowns deeply, looking up at me. “Nothing else, relax Zaia, why are you overreacting?” 5

Excuse me? “Really? Are you actually saying I’m overreacting?” I frown back at him, trying to calm my irritation.

maybe I am...

“Yes. You are. Things happened. It wasn’t intentional that I didn’t mention it,” he growls. “Well, it surely means something,” I murmur. The difference in the design is what’s getting to me the most.



“Well, I’m sure you’ll figure it out,” he says, standing up. I look at him sharply. There’s a hint of annoyance in his voice and I grab hold of his arm.  
“Sebastian.”

He sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose. “Sorry ... I just mean not everything is necessary to share. Some things are irrelevant and don’t need to be discussed.” 2

His words sting. Are they really irrelevant?

“Did you know?” I ask accusingly. “No. I’m just saying.”

“We’re meant to be a team... I’d have thought that meant sharing everything.” I say softly. Just how I shared the fact that Gerard kissed me with him.

He doesn’t answer, and the atmosphere in the room is suddenly cold. “Well, goodnight... I’ll work on getting you out,” I say, turning away.

“Don’t do this, Zaia,” he says quietly, gripping my wrist.

“Do what?” I say, looking at him over my shoulder. “I just don’t have anything to say.”

Our eyes meet and for a moment I feel like saying so much, but I don’t know what I want to say or how. Once again, he doesn’t answer, but he pulls me close, wrapping his arms around me tightly.

“I don’t want to lose you... Let’s not argue,” he says quietly.

It’s my turn to stay quiet and close my eyes, allowing him to hold me for a few moments. I just wish he understood that right now, every little thing that happens is important to share, but we aren’t seeing eye to eye on this matter and what’s worse is he doesn’t want to.

He kisses the top of my head, and I gently pull away. “I’m just worried about everything, Bastien... I just don’t want to be careless.”

He caresses my cheek. “You never are... you’ve always been the better of us two. You don’t need me.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

He smirks, but it’s not reaching his eyes.

“Nothing.” He strokes my cheek softly before letting go. “It’s late. You shouldn’t be out and about alone.”

“I know, but I have security.”

“Great.” I reach up, placing a gentle kiss on his cheek before I tighten my belt. The unease inside of me is growing and I feel restless, I walk to the door and pull it open.

The guards are standing there, and I wonder if they heard anything. Well if they did, I don’t really care.

“Take Alpha Sebastian to his room, I don’t want to see him handcuffed again. Do I make myself clear? He is your Alpha, and he is innocent.” I

say dangerously not looking at any of them.

“Yes, Alpha.” I look over my shoulder as Sebastian steps out of the room, his eyes are glowing silver but he’s not looking in my direction, lost in thought.

I’m sure the mark has concerned him too, maybe he just didn’t want to think of it.

I walk away feeling my heart hurt a little. I’m almost out of the door to the facility when it feels as if Sebastian’s voice is in my head. ‘I love her, I can’t keep hurting her.’ s I spin around but he isn’t there. I frown, touching my head as I scan the darkness around How strange...

“Sebastian?” “Alpha, Alpha Sebastian is inside.” One of my men says politely concern etched on his face.

“I-I know.” I shake my head staring up at the moon. It’s not a full moon but the urge to go for a run consumes me once more. A run in wolf form...

The driver opens the door and I get in, although my heart isn’t in it.

I just need to clear my mind... I’ve rarely shifted, the process had been extremely painful, and it left me bedridden for days but deep down I feel if I shift now, something will be different... I feel different...

The drive home doesn’t take long and when I reach the entrance, I dismiss them.

But I'm not planning to go inside though, when I'm out of view of the guards I slip away down the side of the house and take cover beneath one of the many trees here. I sit down, taking a deep breath as I stare at the moon.

"Selene... if you are watching down on us, then help me," I murmur, the memory of the pain back when I tried to shift, making me shudder involuntarily.

I can do this, I have to do this...

I close my eyes, taking a deep breath. I'm still feeling tired after sex with Sebastian, but I'm not low on determination.

Focus on shifting...

I do that, imagining myself turning, willing myself to shift, I pull on my aura as I do the same thing. And then I feel it, the fur springing from my hands and neck, feeling my body bend forward and then a numbing sensation washes over me before I hear my bones breaking and morphing but there's no pain.

My heart is pounding as my vision changes and I'm in wolf form! I spin around, trying to look at myself.

Dark reddish fur, and I know I have orange eyes, of course! I shifted, without pain and I feel energetic!

I'm unable to stop the howl that leaves my mouth, excitement rippling through me before I rush into the trees, speeding up with every step. The wind rushes through my fur, but this feeling, it's so.... relaxing.

I feel a surge of excitement rushing through me and if I was in my human form, I'd be smiling ear to ear. Sebastian! If you could see me right now, you would be so proud... Maybe one day we can race one another!

I can't wait to tell him. I speed up, wondering how fast I can go. The passing trees and buildings are a blur and when I finally slow down I don't know how far I've come until I hear something and I instantly slow down more, scanning the surrounding area.

I'm not even sure where I am... is this the outskirts of the city? Chilling realisation envelops me. I know exactly where I am...

Rogue territory. My sinister thought is confirmed when I hear a low menacing growl from behind me...

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

## **A Run In**

**ZAIA.** I spin around, there's no one in sight, but I can smell them. It smells like... ash and metal? It's a strange combination, and it's getting stronger.

My own senses are heightened, and I let out a deadly growl, warning them that I'm not afraid of them. The sound that leaves me shocks even myself, but it gives me the confidence to raise my head and snarl once more.

One... two... three growls follow, and I realise there's more than one rogue out there. Well, worst-case scenario, I will have to run, but that is if things get worse and there's no option.

I watch as they slink out of the shadows, ready to attack. All three have dark fur, but I can't be sure as they are rather dirty. Their eyes are glowing menacingly, but looking at them properly, I realise they aren't much bigger than I can take them if I need to!

I almost chuckle at that. When did I ever think I'd be so confident in a wolf fight? We stare at one another. What do I do? Do I shift? No... If they attack me at that time, I'll be dead...

Suddenly the middle one leaps at me, and I jump to the side, sending him flying over to where I had been standing moments earlier, but it doesn't stop him from trying again. He growls viciously, turning as the other two lunge at me.

I snarl, feeling my aura surge forward and it's like second nature. I bite into one of their necks, throwing them to the ground as I barrel into the second.

I growl at them, swiping the first one to the ground, shocked when my claws rip through flesh, drawing blood and he's thrown to the ground. I must be dreaming, yes that must be it.

I dreamt I shifted and now I have turned into the Scarlett Beast. This can't be happening! The stench of blood hits my nose, making it all the more real.

The three re-group, snarling at me, and I'm brought out of my thoughts, no matter how surreal this feels. I am in danger.

I gasp when pain rushes through my side as one of them manages to cut into me, but it only fuels me to fight back harder.

I let out a menacing growl as I counter with a bite of my own, sending him flying. They aren't that strong nor as fast as I am!

This time I attack first. I just need to weaken them a little. To give me enough time to get some words in. I'm not a pro at this, but it's as if my instincts are taking over, guiding me to act as I am. When I slash through one of their faces, they seem to be considering backing off.

Backing up and hesitating as they begin circling me tentatively. This is my chance. I force myself to shift.

I'm not sure how it'll go. Last time I couldn't even hold my wolf form for long, this time turning to a wolf was easy, but would turning back be as simple? I feel the tug inside before I begin shifting, and soon, I'm in human form on all fours.

The wolves seem to exchange looks as I draw myself up, feeling extremely bare. I am naked, after all.

I thank the goddess for my long hair and move. It over my breasts, surprised to see the cuff marks and the bite marks from Sebastian and my lovemaking earlier have disappeared.

But now is not the time to wonder about that. Something similar happened to Sebastian after he shifted too, healing him faster.

"Shift, I demand to speak to you," I say, firmly drawing myself to my full height and crossing my legs slightly as I turn sideways wishing I had something to wear.

One of them growls and I realise it's the one that attacked first. Is he the leader? My eyes blaze as I summon my aura.

"I said, shift!" I growl, my voice rumbling through my chest. The moonlight seeps through the trees and two of the wolves back away whilst the middle

one crouches down, and I see him shift back to human form whilst the other two remain in wolf form.

I'm on edge just in case any of them do decide to attack. I know I should have been more careful, and it would have been better if I had someone with me. On the other hand, I think they are more prone to not attack if I'm alone or I hope, anyway.

I keep my gaze on his face as he stands there fully naked, his muscular body is riddled with scars and his hair looks like it's been through a lot, styled back in messy braids. "Who are you?" he asks sharply, his eyes glowing. "And why is that important?" I counter.

"You are powerful, she-wolf, and one with your wolf, yet you are not a rogue. How can you be so in touch with your wolf if you aren't one of us?" he murmurs as he motions with a flick and one of the wolves runs off.

I cast a furtive glance towards the trees, hoping he isn't coming back with backup.

"I am Alpha Zaia Toussaint, heir to the Crystal Shadow Pack and Alpha of the Dark Hollow Falls Pack," I say clearly as the wolf returns and places a piece of clothing before me.

I look at it in surprise, quickly picking it up. "Thank you," I add, quickly slipping on the slightly mud-covered shirt.

"The Black Beast is the Alpha of the Dark Hollow Falls Pack, isn't he?" the man says keenly as he too pulls on some trousers that the wolf places before him.

"My husband was, but he currently handed me the title, as I am Blood Born..." I'm not sure if that was smart, but they clearly are more in tune with their wolves... would they know about the Blood Born?

A flicker of surprise crosses his face and I turn sideways, lifting my shirt and showing them the symbol on the side of my breast before I pull it down again. "No wonder you are so strong."

"I... can we talk?" I ask.

“Isn’t that what we are doing?” “I mean somewhere proper. There are questions. I have, things I need to learn and would like to learn from you. I have been under the impression that rogues are evil killers and are dangerous, but I don’t think that narrative is correct-”

“It is. We are killers.”

“But I don’t think you are evil,” I say firmly.

He’s analysing me, his eyes looking over me slowly but it’s not in a lewd way but more as if he’s trying to assess me or what I’m saying. “Why do you wish to talk to us?” he asks. “Because I want to unite our kind, those who-”

“Our kind? You mean those who consider themselves werewolves, but are pretty much measly humans?” He scoffs. “We want nothing to do with the likes of them. They may think that they are superior and call us rogues. But we are the true packs, we are the true alphas! In what way are your so-called ways even right?”

He has a point... “I know... and it’s why I want them to realise that being in touch with our wolf side is a blessing, to call them back to the path of our goddess. But I want your help to show them what they are missing.”

He throws back his head and laughs. “What they are missing? To them, we are treated like dogs! Driven to the edge of the city, chased away from shops and schools. Why should we help those entitled, blinded humans? Yeah, right, why would we do that?”

“Because I can offer you something in return,” I say quietly. His eyes darken as he closes the gap between us, balling his fists. “The only reason I am tolerating you is because you are a shifter, at true one, but don’t think I can be bribed or brought.” He snarls venomously. I can sense his aura and I smile slightly. He’s a leader...

I stand my ground. “I don’t want to buy you, but one Alpha to another, I know how important the care of those under us is. I can offer you land, your own pack territory, and recognition.” He opens his mouth to speak, but I raise a finger before continuing.

“Let me finish first, please. These are not things I will give you, but something that is your right. All I will be doing is offering you land in exchange for your help. You are helping me too. This is not buying you just a fair trade and,

hopefully, an alliance.” He’s calmed a little, and I cross my arms. “So, what do you say... Alpha... I didn’t get your name.”

“Olivan. Alpha Olivan.”

“Nice to meet you, Alpha Olivan. So, do we have a deal?” I ask. He tilts his head, clenching his jaw, struggling hesitantly. “Very well, let’s discuss details first. and if I’m on board with it all, then you have yourself a deal.”

“Excellent, I am honoured,” I say, offering my hand. He raises an eyebrow. “Hmm, you are an excellent businesswoman, Alpha Zaia, but don’t get too confident yet.”

“Thank you.,” I say, although I know he didn’t really mean it as a compliment. “Then I hope this deal between us proves profitable.”

“Amen to that. The goddess is our witness.”

“That she is,” he says, finally accepting my hand. His grip is strong, as if testing my strength and I grip it back with strength, giving it a crushing shake and he smiles in satisfaction.

“Three nights from now. Be here at this time and we will take you somewhere to talk.”

“Perfect,” I say.

He nods as we let go and I give the other two wolves a nod. “I apologise for the injuries,” I add, making one of them growl – although it sounds almost like a grumble – before I turn, willing myself to shift.

I’m confident in it this time and soon the same painless feeling washes over me and I’m back in wolf form. I nod at Olivan before I run back home...

Time is short and the Sublime Triquetra needs. to make the people realise that this is our true calling. This IS our truth and heritage.

Atticus said the Sable Triquetra- I suddenly come to an abrupt stop, my heart thumping at the memory of his words. The Sable Triquetra will be completed...

Can it be possible for another Blood Born to appear? The mark on Sebastian’s neck...



Fear envelops me as I race back towards the territory, my heart clamouring violently.

By any chance, does this mean Sebastian is the final piece of the Sable Triquetra? Please, Goddess, tell me that I am wrong!

But no matter how much I shake it off, the thought is clawing its way deeper and deeper into me and with it, the terrifying truth that maybe something could happen to Sebastian, consumes me. Please don't put us through more, Goddess, please...

I need to speak to Atticus. Now.

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

### **Late-Night Call**

**ZAIA.** I reach home, shifting and transforming into human form before I slip inside and hurry upstairs to the bedroom that Sebastian and I were going to take. I flip open my suitcase, rummaging inside.

So much has happened and with no staff here, everything isn't even unpacked as I have not had the time. I pull on a gown before I pick up my phone and select Atticus's name, pressing the call button. Please pick up...

It rings a few times before he answers it. "Hello?" he asks. His voice is thick from sleep, and I know I've disturbed him.

"Sorry, you were sleeping, and I called so late ..." I say quietly. "No, it's ok. You can call me anytime and that offer still stands if you've changed your mind about Sebastian."

I roll my eyes. "Really, Atticus?"

He lets out a throaty chuckle. "It was worth a shot, so what's going on, is everything alright?" he asks, and I hear rustling as he seemingly gets out of bed.

"Yeah, somewhat. I have a question about the Sable Triquetra. What are their marks like? I mean, are they the same as ours?" I ask. "That's an interesting question. Why do you ask? Did something happen? Or did you see someone?" he asks sharply.

“Just answer the question, Atticus. Please.” “I don’t really know. I think they are pretty much the same. I’ve not read anywhere that the symbol is different. Why do you ask, Zaia?”

I sigh, feeling uneasy. Sebastian’s mark was sharper... and in the opposite direction of the V, but again, the symbol can be seen from any angle...

“I went to visit Sebastian a little earlier, and he has a mark that looks like ours, but where ours is an inverted V, his is a V... and...”

And the Sublime Triquetra is complete... what could this mean? I don’t say that part out loud. I’m not brave enough.

He’s silent before he speaks, and I can tell he’s choosing his words carefully. “What do you mean you saw a mark now? You two were married before and as much as I don’t want to think about that, you must have seen it at some point, correct? Unless you’re implying that it’s new?”

“It’s on the back of his neck and rest assured, it was not there before,” I say, pacing my room. He’s silent for a while. “Atticus?” I ask.

He sighs. “I was just thinking about what I told you the other night, that either way, regardless of what side you choose, both Triquetras will be completed.” He’s thinking the same as I had thought...

Deep down it makes sense, but I wanted him to tell me another solution, another reason why it could be there.

“So, you’re saying Sebastian is the last piece of the Sable Triquetra? Then they’re doomed because he’ll never choose them!” I say firmly, not wanting to even think of that as a possibility.

Please Goddess! There has to be something else! Another reason for it.

“No... I don’t think he will choose them,” he sighs softly. “But this isn’t good: We don’t know what this really means. Sebastian is strong, damn I won’t ever admit this to him, but he is stronger than I am. If he is a Sable, then we’re in trouble. The other two Sable members are powerful to-”

“Why are you talking like he’s about to join them? Goddess! That will not happen. That can’t happen.” I won’t think that into existence. Wildcard. “Zaia...”

I sigh as I drop onto my bed. “He said when you, Valeria and I formed that triangle that night, he heard a voice that said wildcard... I don’t want to be in denial, but can it be that a sixth person was chosen simply to complete the Sable Triquetra? But it doesn’t mean it makes him bad, right? Like he can’t ultimately be forced to join them?” I ask quietly.

There’s silence, but I wait patiently, praying he’ll say no. Deep down I’m terrified... but I don’t want to believe that. I just don’t...

“I really don’t know and can’t lie to you about it,” he finally says, and I close my eyes. Why? “But he won’t choose them,” I say quietly, yet firmly.

Because he is mine... he’s one of us...

“Yes, but I think that’s something you need to talk to him about, the mark, and what it might mean. We don’t know how these things work, Zaia.

We can’t risk it, can’t risk being around him because you may only see the side of Sebastian that he allows you to see, but he can be dangerous,” he says quietly. I sigh softly, nodding, although he can’t see me. “Thank you... I will.”

We end the call, and I drop back onto the bed, staring at the ceiling. Does Sebastian already have an inkling? Maybe that’s what it is? Is that why he said what he did and was acting so cryptic? I turn onto my side, feeling hopeless.

I don’t feel so strong... I’m pushing myself to keep going, but if something happens to Sebastian... if he’s somehow pitched against me The thought of it makes my stomach churn. Please let it not be so...

I grab my pillow, hugging it to my chest as I lay there. I reach one high, then hit a thousand lows.

How do I keep going? We didn’t end on a good note either. I sit up, go to my suitcase take out some clothing, and take a quick shower before getting dressed and making my way to the children’s room.

I sit on the floor between the two beds, leaning my head against Zion’s bed as I watch Sia, her breathing is more laboured than Zion’s. Gerard has an antidote...

I know Valerie has already made arrangements. for equipment to be brought here so she can begin her research, but the fact he has that answer in his grasp.

I'll talk to Aran. He has to understand for his grandchildren, right? Only will he still consider them his when he has practically disowned Sebastian? It's complicated.

I'll talk to Aran first thing in the morning and get Bastian out of prison. Setting my alarm for bright and early, I close my eyes, hoping to get some sleep...

I look down at the man on the bed. The sun is shining through the window of the hospital room.

Gerard King...

Anger flits through me as I glare at him with hatred I've never felt so strongly before.

He is no longer hooked up to any machine and although he hasn't awoken; I feel he has healed. faster than a human. I did study medicine a little and although I didn't pursue it like Valerie, there are things I know.

"Put him in isolation in the prison facility. He is not critical anymore. I want him monitored throughout the day and night. No one is to visit him aside from the medical staff." I say firmly, motioning for the guards.

"Alpha! As the head doctor, I can't allow you to do that. He isn't in good enough condition-"

"I don't care!" I snarl, my eyes blazing. "He's going to be locked up! He is the reason my daughter's health is so fragile!" My voice rings in the room, making the guards and the doctor fall silent.

I exhale slowly as the doctor lowers his head. "Is that why Alpha Sebastian attacked him?" he asks. I look down. How do I tell them it's more complicated than that?

"Everything will be explained soon." I say quietly, "For now, have him locked up. The nurses and doctors may continue to do their checks hourly, however make sure you are constantly supervised. This man cannot be trusted, and he is capable of anything."

“Yes, Alpha!” Giving them a nod of approval, I head out of the hospital with my guards. “Any update on Gaspard?” I ask Jai who is with

“No, nothing. He’s gone. I’ve sent out an arrest warrant for him and if anyone from our allied packs sees him, they will report it.” Justin says. “Excellent. Let Mr. Aran King know that you would like a word with him. Don’t mention me, or he will refuse.”

“Understood.” He doesn’t question me as he takes his phone out and walks a little away.

“Take Sebastian’s food and just fill him in on the latest happening, please?” I say to Jai, stopping in front of him. “But not what we discussed this morning. I’ll talk to him myself.”

I had filled both him and Valerie in over breakfast. He nods. “Take it easy. None of us want you to be worn out,” he says before wrapping his arms around me and giving me a tight hug. I hug him. back for a moment.

“I know, thank you. Anything from Dad? Or those watching Mom?” I ask quietly. “Nothing as of yet. Your mom hasn’t left the house.”

“Has anyone checked on her?” I ask, feeling worried. “The staff is in and out and they have taken groceries, so I’m presuming things are good.”

“Still tell Dad to check up on her if he can. “She is still your mother, and I know you care. Why not give her a call?” Jai suggests, quietly patting my cheeks.

I roll my eyes. “I know. I just don’t know what to say to her right now.” I say as Justin walks over to us. “He has agreed to see me in half an hour.”

“Thank you, then that is where I will be.” “I want to come with you,” Jai says.

“No, you need to head home. I have Justin here, we’ll be ok,” I say firmly. He nods. “Alright, Valerie needs help to set up her equipment, anyway.’

“And how is her walking going? I don’t want her overexerting herself?” I ask, feeling awful that I have barely helped her.

“Great, she’s doing good, and you’re one to talk about overexerting oneself. Once Sebastian is out of prison, we need to literally celebrate, and I mean properly. Over drinks and food, just us, deal?” he says.

I smile softly. Oh, that is a day I'd love to see. I miss those days.

I nod.

"I promise. I hope that day is soon." "We've got this," Jai says, giving me the thumbs up before he walks off.

I watch as Gerard's bed is wheeled out of his room and pushed past me. There are two guards and the masked male nurse in scrubs nods at me, and for a fraction of a second, our eyes meet.

I almost smile wryly as I turn away. Piercing blue eyes... and there was a time I only thought Sebastian's were that intense blue. 12

I glance over my shoulder as they disappear down the hallway and shake my head. Time to get this meeting with Aran, over with.

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

### **A Father's Opinion**

**ZAIA.** "I wouldn't have expected this from you, Zaia," Aran says as he sits behind his office desk in the Pack Building. His jaw is clenched, and his eyes are harsh as he sits there, watching me.

"I do apologise, but you have been refusing to answer my calls or to meet me and there is a lot we need to discuss," I say, walking in and shutting the door behind me. The sound of my heels is loud in the silent room.

"And what exactly do we need to discuss? You have already disobeyed me, and you have been visiting Sebastian when I gave strict orders not to. So why should I bother to talk to you when there is nothing to say?" he asks coldly.

I tilt my head, taking a seat opposite him and I lean back, crossing my legs. "Because you are Sebastian's father and no matter how much you two clash, he is still your son."

He scoffs. "So, he hasn't shared with you that I am not his father?" Raising an eyebrow, I play with a strand of my hair.

"Not his father? How can you not be his father? Yes, he told me you had a sperm donor, but that doesn't take away the fact that he is your son.

Whether a child is adopted, or created via a sperm donor, any child you take in and raise as your son or daughter is yours. Sebastian is your son, no one else's."

There's a glint of something in his eyes before he looks away and he swallows, adjusting his tie, but he does not reply. "You and Sebastian are far too alike, and that is why you clash," I add.

They have a lot of differences, but they do have similarities and I don't know why Aran is so against him, but I am not here to make things worse but to try to fix them. He sits back and scoffs as if what I have said is amusing.

"We have never seen eye to eye, yet despite everything I have done for him, he has done nothing but show me arrogance and disrespect. In return. Why should I acknowledge him?"

"You did acknowledge him when you first made him Alpha. Why is it that things got worse between you two after my divorce?" I ask.

I'm not a fool, and although he seemed angry at me when I finally did decide to come back, our divorce was the starting point of things getting worse between the two.

He doesn't respond, staring at me as if wanting me to say what I have to and leave quickly.

"Look, I know Gerard is your cousin and you two might be close, but the way you had Sebastian arrested without hearing what happened was not right. He is your son, and you know him. Would he really harm someone like that?"

"He was possibly angry at him. He had reason to be after all. I know the way Sebastian works." "What reason could there have been, unless he was instigated?"

"He was instigated. Didn't he tell you?" He raises an eyebrow before he lets out an arrogant scoff. I mask my feelings, wondering what else Sebastian is hiding from me. What does he mean he had reason to be angry at him?

"Tell me what reason?" He refuses to answer, and I suppress my annoyance. "Well, I don't think his reason has anything to do with it, because I was the one who pushed Gerard."

My words are soft but clear, and this time he isn't able to keep his mask of indifference on his face.

"Do continue." "It's a long story. Allow me to start from the beginning. But first, tell me, Mr. King, how much do you know about the Blood Born? The Sable and the Sublime, two triquetras to either guide our kind back to our goddess or the other sent to 'cleanse' the planet or, in other words, destroy our kind." I ask. "I may have heard of it in passing," he says. casually, but I have a gut feeling he knows more.

"Of course, you would have. I have not hidden it and although you weren't at The Crystal Shadows Pack the night that the Sublime Triquetra was formed, your allies were. And I know word has spread. I know you know that I am the final piece of the Sublime, the side that I chose. And Gerard, well... not only was he the shooter when I was abroad, but he is also part of those who believe and support the Sable..."

Jai had confirmed that there was not a mark on him, which meant he was just on their side, not one of the three points. Aran frowns, and there's a glimmer of surprise in his eyes.

So, he didn't know about Gerard. He needs to know everything. I realise that if I need to get through to someone as stubborn as Aran King, then I need to be firm and clear.

Feeling a little more certain, I continue, quickly telling him how Sebastian had divorced me because of the threats, how his life was threatened and so was mine. The poisoning whilst I was pregnant, Atticus, Valerie, what the man had said to her. I tell him everything and return to Gerard.

"...he admitted to being the shooter, and he threatened me. He wants me to stay away from Sebastian and that he is the reason Sia is sick.

Before my babies were born, he had someone inject me with something. God knows which visit or where this happened, but he attempted to blackmail me. If I stay away from Sebastian, he will give me the antidote Sia needs."

For the first time, there's concern on his face. "There's something wrong with her?"

I nod, "We have tried so many avenues, even tried to heal her naturally. So many tests have been performed. Attempted treatment, nothing has worked.



She is extremely weak.” I explain, my heart clenching at the thought of my little one.

“And so learning of Gerard’s involvement, you pushed him?” he says frowning.

“Not entirely. I pushed him after he kissed me forcefully and in my rage, I pushed him off me. Sebastian only took the blame to protect me,” I say quietly.

“Then you should be in prison, not him,” he answers. “Maybe, but Gerard is a monster and Sebastian and I are a team and will always protect one another, no matter who hates us for it and that won’t change.”

He shakes his head, smirking humourlessly. “It’s too late. Far too late.”

Those words again, I’m sure he’ said them that day it all happened too. “What do you mean?” I ask. He sits back, pressing his fingertips together.

“The thing is, Zaia, you two never should have split. Your relationship will never be the same. When something is broken once, it cannot be whole again. Those cracks remain. I’ve always disliked your family, but I knew you were the one who could save Sebastian, and so I approved of you.”

He now sits forward, his face as hard as ever, but his voice isn’t so hostile. “But it’s too late now.”

Is that regret in his tone?

“What do you mean?” He shakes his head. “I was told by someone long ago that there was a possible darkness in Sebastian’s future... and as long as he united. with his fated mate, he will be safe... but if they were ever to break apart, then he is doomed.”

His words send a wave of fear through me, and I frown deeply, but they also confirm he knew a lot more than he had admitted.

“No... I don’t believe that.”

He exhales sharply. “You don’t need to, but it is the truth. I knew that day it wasn’t Sebastian who pushed Gerard. He wasn’t in the room long enough and with the door open, we should have heard it and we did not. I knew you did it,

but the thing is Zaia, when you chose Sublime, you ultimately tipped Sebastian's scale to the dark side."

"No. Don't say-

"Don't speak the truth? No! You wanted to hear it, so hear it. I may not have believed it all wholeheartedly, but to stay on the side of caution, I took the necessary precautions. It made sure you two were united. Things may be different now, but several years ago, I wanted to protect my son at all costs."

I don't want to hear this! "We can still help him. He may have the Blood Born symbol but-

"So, it's already too late... Then, like myself, you need to see Sebastian as the enemy because the moment you two rejected one another was just the start and nothing can ever change that." My heart is thudding. I don't want to hear this. I can't...

"I will give you one piece of advice, Zaia. Sebastian is better off remaining in prison. because if he is set free, I can assure you not only will you be making a grave mistake, but you will damn us all. The choice is in your hands."

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

### **A Small Victory**

**ZAIA.** It's the following day. After what I learned from Aran, I was unable to face Sebastian yesterday. I didn't want to talk to him, and after everything, I needed a moment to gather my strength. I didn't want to go before him and break down.

So, instead, I put everything into preparing for his release. I don't believe what Aran has said. I refuse to believe it. There's just something that isn't right.

Gerard still wants us apart. Maybe being together will help Sebastian. I can't give up on him. I will NOT give up on him.

Gerard is in prison and that should give me some peace of mind, but Aran's words have reinforced that worry even if I don't believe them.

I didn't sleep last night and for a short while, I felt like everything was spiralling out of control. I couldn't bring myself to tell anyone what Aran had told me, because I couldn't bear the seed of doubt in my mind.

I now stand in the council room where I have sworn an oath of truth before I tell them exactly what happened with Gerard and with that statement, I bring forward some of the notes Sebastian had received. The threats that we better stay away from one another... The sinister warnings. The Blood Born and everything else.

I finish with the confirmation of his poisoning of Sia and welcomed them to sample her blood too.

The Sable knew I wasn't going to hold back; I have openly challenged them with my stubbornness, and there's no time to lose.

The more I read the notes, the more I look through them, it becomes clearer than ever that they want us apart. They need us apart and with every card that I look down upon; I realise that my decision must be correct. Sebastian and I, need to be together. No matter what.

"We have made our decision, Alpha." I look at the court members as they stop whispering amongst themselves. They've come to a decision.

"As a combined decision, we have come to the agreement that Alpha Sebastian/may be acquitted from prison and that you, Alpha Zaia, will not be held responsible for the events that led to Alpha Gerard King's injury." The man speaks clearly, glancing at the audience.

"However, we hope that you, Alpha Zaia, will make sure that you reach out to his pack and family to explain exactly what happened because we cannot afford to be at odds with his pack. Further action can only be taken once he is awake." He finishes.

"Understood, and thank you," I say, feeling a wave of relief rush over me. "No, we thank you for allowing us to judge this despite you being our leader." They nod their heads in unison and I smile gently.

I knew it was a risk, to tell the truth, but for him. to be free I was willing to take it, in hopes they'd understand, and they did. One of the women now rises to her feet.

“Alpha Zaia, I think there’s a lot of changes needed in this pack, if what you speak is so dire, then we should make haste. Let’s show the goddess that we have not forgotten her.”

“I think that’s an excellent idea, Margaret,” I answer. “Let’s set a meeting with those in charge of security, training and all the important figures in our pack. Perhaps we can think of something together.”

“Of course, and I am certain you will want to release Alpha Sebastian now.”

I blush lightly as I feel all eyes on myself. “Yes, it’s hard being apart from him and knowing he is locked up when he is innocent.”

“Then we will not bother you today. I will set the meeting for tomorrow evening so everyone can make sure to have things in place so they can attend.” Tomorrow evening... I also need to meet Olivan tomorrow night... It should be okay.

“Thank you,” I say simply. I give Jai a thumbs up and he gives me a nod and a double thumbs up. Mouthing ‘well done.’

I hurry down from the dais wanting to get him out of prison immediately. Reaching the doors to the Pack Hall I push them wide open as I step out into the light and smile up at the dreary skies. Even this cloudy day cannot dampen my mood. “Hold up!” Jai says as he rushes to catch up and I smile across at him as a sudden idea comes to mind. “I have a better idea.”

He raises an eyebrow. “Oh?” I nod vigorously. “I want to welcome him back properly... can you get him from prison and keep him occupied for at least two hours?” I ask, unable to stop the jittery excitement that’s bubbling inside of me.

He folds his arm, tilting his head. “I would have thought you’d want to see him immediately. I’m thinking you’re up to something. Does it mean you’ll cook him all his favourite dishes and I get to eat them too?”

My heart squeezes as I remember the last time I cooked for him, and I nod. “Yes... we will make new memories.” I say softly, brushing a strand of my hair back.

The past didn't hurt as much anymore, but the memories remain. "Understood. Don't worry, I'll go get your man and I'll keep him busy for the next two hours."

"Thank you, Jai, you are the best." I pat his cheek and he gives me a pout. "Now you're treating me like a pet." I chuckle at that. "No, you're like a sibling that I never had."

"Well, I'm happy to be so. Keep me updated if you need me to bring anything home."

"I will, thanks!" I hurry to the waiting car and head back to the safe house. I quickly text Valerie that Sebastian will be home and ask how Sia is.

I then quickly make a list for Justin to get us some groceries from the shops, send it to him, and order a few items, including a cake topper that I want him to collect too.

We had just parked up at home when I call Agatha. Things might be rough between us, but she is Sebastian's mother and I want her here when we welcome him home.

"Hello?" Her voice comes down the line. "Hello Mrs King, it's Zaia."

"Oh, hello dear... You know I'd like it if you would stop being so formal..." She sounds tired although she tries to hide it. "How are you?"

"I'm well. How are you?"

"As well as I can be when my son is locked away." She says sadly. I smile as I enter the safe house. "Well then, you will be happy to hear Sebastian is free to leave. He will be home in a few hours, and I was wondering if you would like to be here when he does."

"What! You mean he's not being trialled!" "We had somewhat of a trial, however, when all the facts and the situation that took place was presented, he was proven innocent. So will you come?"

There's silence, and she sighs softly. "I- I don't think Aran will allow me to... thank you for the invitation, Zaia, but I don't think I can."

“Will you not meet your grandchildren?” I ask softly. I know it would mean a lot to Sebastian if his mother was here.

“Oh, I want to, but I don’t know if Aran would be happy if I did without his knowledge... maybe I can come without him knowing... Yes, I’ll do. that. Where are you staying?” “I will have someone come collect you in two hours. Have dinner with us too.”

“Oh, I missed your cooking, Zaia! That is I presume you will be cooking!” “Yes, I will be,” I say, smiling softly. She was always a good mother-in-law. I can’t wait to cook for Bastien.

“Alright, tell your driver to wait in the car around the bed on the left. I will come to the car, but first I need to get some presents! I’m finally meeting my grandchildren! Goddess! I am so excited!”

“Well, I’ll see you soon then,” I say to the very excited woman, who no longer sounds tired, chuckling as I hang up.

“So congratulations on the good news,” Valerie says as I step into the lounge. She isn’t in here, but there’s a door on the far side that stands open and I can tell she’s got her things pretty much fully set up. “Thanks. So how have you and the kiddies been, and where are they?” I ask, taking off my jacket.

“Over here.” She says, motioning inside the room. I cross the room and peep into the lab to see them playing on the floor with coloured foam.

Once again, they are mumbling incoherently in a language that sounds like French, but it isn’t. The strangest thing is they seem to be conversing with one another, although they aren’t making sense. Hmm, I might need to switch to Spanish next!

“Mommy! Look what Auntie Velly gave us!” Sia says patting the foam. “Auntie Velly?” I raise an eyebrow as I go over to her.

Valerie chuckles. “It’s unique. I just hope Jai doesn’t hear it.” “That it is.” I smile. “How exciting!” I add to the children, giving them both a hug and kiss and prod the foam.”

Valerie turns in her chair as she removes her gloves. “I was just checking the blood samples, but I’m going to continue when I have a few more things I need.”

“Sounds good. Do you think you’ll be able to?” I ask in French. She nods. “I think so, and I will find a way.” She reassures me.

Standing up, I nod. “Well children, your daddy. will be back today, so Mommy is going to go cook some delicious food, ok? So will be good for Aunty Velly?” I can’t help but giggle at that, and Valerie gives me a look. Aunty Velly the Smelly.

I chuckle again.

“What are you thinking!” Valerie protests, but I don’t tell her. “We will be very good. We need Daddy home.” Zion says. “I have been worried about Daddy being gone.”

“Awe really?” I say, ruffling his hair. He nods gravely. “Everyone has been worried but now things are ok.”

I feel a sliver of guilt, no matter how much I try to hide my worries, they still pick up...

“Well, no need to worry. He’s coming home.” He nods as Sia bounces up and down where she’s sitting, clapping her hands in excitement. “Yay! I like Daddy!”

Me too. I give her a smile before deciding to quickly do my prep before I get changed. “Do you need help? I mean, I’m no cook, but I can chop things?” Valerie offers.

I smirk. “No, thank you, my dear Velly, the Smelly, I’ll manage,” I whisper before I rush from the room, leaving her staring wide-eyed at me.

“Zaia! Oh, girl, I’m coming for you!” She shouts as I burst out laughing. “Got to catch me first.” I taunt as I enter the kitchen. I feel light... It’s been so many days since I’ve felt this happy and serene...

Valerie is better. We are all together and Sebastian will be home soon! 1“Oh, I will!” She calls, amusement clear in her voice.

Yes, you will, because you, my girl, are a fighter. I wash my hands and roll up my sleeves, ready to prepare for Sebastian’s return...

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## Coming Home

**ZAIA.** I look in the mirror, feeling all jittery and nervous. Two and a half hours have passed, and I am all ready. I managed to have the food ready, showered myself, dressed the children, set up the welcome home banner and balloon and finally got dressed myself. I like how I look. I think so will Sebastian...

I blush again as I touch my volumised curls. I have smoky eyes and matt red lips which I have paired with a backless, long-sleeved

shimmering black dress. It reveals my legs and hugs my figure. Two glitter silver straps cross my back and I'm wearing black heels.

I know I went all out like I'm going on a date, but this is going to be a special night and even more so since we'll all be together. "Look at you," Valerie teases as I walk down the steps, making me blush all over again. "

Someone looks an absolute catch. I wonder why She's not in her wheelchair and although she doesn't go for too long, I like that she is walking, but I'm glad she also knows her limits. Being a doctor, she is responsible.

She's wearing black pants and a satin blue top that has a slight plunging neckline. I pout. "It's nothing much," I mumble, staring at my sparkling nude nails. It is a bit much...but I wanted to dress up for him...

"It's not much she says." Valerie teases, giving me a quick hug. "And what about you? You look stunning yourself!" I say, admiring her once more, just as Sia runs over.

"Thanks, Zaia, I'm still thinking of a good revenge name for you, payback for earlier – don't think you're off the hook!" she says, making me chuckle.

"I'll be waiting!" I reply as we step back, and I look down at Sia in her gorgeous pastel pink dress. "Oh, wow Mommy, you look beautiful," Sia says, cupping her cheeks. I crouch down and hug her gently. "So do you, my beautiful princess."

"They're here!" Valerie whispers. My heart skips a beat as Zion comes rushing out with the party poppers. "Daddy is home!"



The four of us stand there, side by side as the door opens and the two men step inside as Valerie and Zion let off the party poppers. "WELCOME HOME!" The three of them, along with Jai, shout, but I'm unable to speak.

Sebastian's eyes are fixed on me, those piercing blue eyes meet mine, he's obviously cleaned up, fresh trim, clean clothes consisting of smart pants and a white shirt, holding his jacket over his shoulder, his other hand in his pocket as his eyes slowly look down trailing over me.

They linger on my breasts and legs, almost as if he's undressing me with his eyes and imagining what he wants to do with me...

The moment is broken suddenly when Zion and Sia rush to Sebastian, breaking our eye contact. "Daddy! Daddy, you're back!" Zion says as Sia hugs his leg.

Sebastian looks down and a faint smile crosses his gorgeous features, and he crouches down, pulling them both close, a hand on the back of their heads. "I'm back." He says. "Sorry, I took so long. Have you two been good?"

"I'm always good," Zion says confidently, making me smile as Sia nods. "I was good too." She says, wrapping her arms around his neck. He kisses her cheek. "I knew you were. I was more concerned about Zion."

"Daddy! I was good!" Zion protests making Sebastian chuckle. How many times do we have to be apart? Why can't we just live a life without fear of something going wrong or something happening to someone?

"Hey there, beautiful ladies," Jai says as he comes over to us. "Looking good Valerie, looking good Zaia." He whistles.

I see Sebastian frown at him as he stands up carrying the two kids and comes over to us, giving Valerie a nod before he looks down at me. "Are you not happy to see me? You didn't welcome me home," he says, making me bite my lip.

His tone is serious, yet seductive. Those piercing eyes burn into me, and I open my mouth to reply when he leans closer, his lips grazing my ear.

"Of course..." I reply breathlessly. Why does he consume me so? His scent dizzies It's an addiction, an intoxication that devours me.

“I’ll await my real welcome tonight.” His husky growl makes a shiver of delight rush up my spine, and I bite my lip at his words as my eyes flutter shut.

The tingles I feel from his touch rush through me tantalizingly. His lips graze my jaw before they meet the corner of mine.

“You look ravishing, my Alpha Queen,” he growls quietly, and I turn my face, needing a taste of his lips against mine.

My breath hitches as every sound fades away and he kisses me painfully slowly, almost as if he’s trying to control himself.

“Sebastian!” Reality suddenly returns, tearing us from one another and I step back, realising the kids are giggling. The sound now fills my ears and I turn to see Agatha standing there laden with gifts. She looks a little teary but otherwise happy. “I’m so sorry I’m late, the gifts were all taken to be checked before I was allowed in and there.

were so many...” she says, wringing her hand at the bags that she’s just placed on the floor. “Mom, what are you doing here?” Sebastian asks, frowning slightly.

“I was invited by my daughter-in-law, it’s none of your business! Now where are my grandchildren?” she says, staring at the children. Her eyes well with tears as she rushes over and cups their faces. “My... oh my, it’s a mini-Sebastian and Zaia... you two made such beautiful children!”

Sebastian and I exchange looks, and I can’t help but smile. We really did. Agatha showers both Zion and Sia with lots of kisses.

“I’m grandmother Agatha. You can call me Granny Aggy ok, your dad is my son. Will you remember that?” she gushes, kissing them both again. “Aggy? Really?” Sebastian says, cocking a brow.

“I was thinking the same.” I giggle. Eggy. “What did you just think?” Sebastian asks me, and I shake my head, feeling guilty.

He looks amused and winks at me, making me all giddy under his gaze. His eyes dip to my lips before he forces himself to look away. “Ok, children? Granny Aggy?” “Yes Granny, now please don’t cry, the house might get flooded,” Zion says making Sebastian smirk.

“He’s right, Mom, calm down.”

“How can I calm down? These are my grandchildren! I love them more than I love you!” she sobs as she hugs them again.

“It’s ok Granny Aggy. We are always going to be together!” Sia says gently. My heart clenches as Gerard’s words fill my mind and the reminder of her health weighs down on me. I’m pulled out of my dark thoughts when Agatha hugs me tightly.

“Thank you, Zaia. For these beautiful children, for giving my foolish son another chance and for being the best daughter-in-law one could hope for.” She whispers as she cups my face. I smile at her and shake my head. “You don’t need to thank me,” I reply, giving her a kiss on the cheek.

She smiles happily as she looks between Sebastian and me before cupping his face. “Keep her happy, always.” She smiles, the corner of her eyes wrinkling before she slowly moves back.

“Come on everyone, we should go eat first. Zaia cooked everything.” Valerie declares as I offer Agatha a tissue. “Come on, kiddies!”

Jai picks up Sia, as Zion motions, Sebastian to follow. “Mom made too much for you,” he states. Sebastian smirks. “Oh yeah? Well, I’ll join give me a minute.”

Zion nods before rushing off and I turn slowly, wondering if he wants to say something or if I should follow everyone else.

“Shall we-“I gasp when he grabs my arm, spinning me around and pushing me up against the wall behind me.

“Not so fast...” he growls dangerously. His voice is possessive and sexy as he cages me between his arms and I blow a strand of hair from in front of my face, in an attempt to move. it back. His eyes flicker as he slowly brushes it back, admiring my face.

“Oh? And why not?” I whisper. His eyes are now burning silver and I know my own have changed too. ‘Because I fucking need a moment to show you how much I missed you.’

My heart thunders and it's not only from his words, but because he's somehow telepathically communicating with me.

"How..." I whisper as he grips the side of my face. 'You know the answer to that,' he murmurs once again as he closes the gap between us.

I look at him. The old tales suggest of a telepathic bond between mates, families and packs where they could communicate without even speaking a word out loud. Legend says that's how they communicated in battle... 2

Is it truly happening between us? It is...

This is another part of us that we have lost... 1

I focus on him, willing him to hear me. "Then kiss me." I try He smirks.

"With pleasure," he whispers back. I did it! But the happiness of the moment is consumed with something far better, far more intense. And when his lips press against mine in a delicious, deep kiss. I am his.

His body presses firmly against mine. One of his hands roam my body, before it settles on my ass, squeezing it hard as his tongue delves into my mouth and with it... A combustion of emotions. Intense, powerful, full of love and possessiveness.

Emotions that belong to him... but through our bond I can feel them all... almost- no, not almost, but as if I am reading his mind...

"That is the true gift of fated mates.' he murmurs, his voice like a late-night melody, humming through me like magic...

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12. A Moment with Family or I Am The Luna Chapter 90 By Moonlight Muse

**SEBASTIAN.** The need for her is clouding my mind. I want her, want to taste every inch of her, kiss every part of her... devour her...

I bite back a groan as I squeeze her ass. How is she seducing me like a siren? Every wriggle, every movement, every breathless moan that leaves her only tempts me further. Luring me to a place in my mind that I cannot regain control of.

I massage her breasts, my cock straining in my pants, and wanting nothing more than to be buried inside of her; pounding her hard as I tug on those silky red locks. “Bastien...” she whimpers erotically, although she’s gently pulling back.

Her cheeks are flushed as she looks up at me through her lashes. She’s a s3xy little minx and the lust and love in her eyes is only pulling me deeper. She could ask me to walk off a plank right now and I would...

“You are tempting me further, Foxie... those eyes and these lips are my undoing.” I purr deeply, my voice a deep rumble in my throat as I run my thumb over her s3xy red lips. I’m rewarded with a delicious erotic moan.

She parts them slightly and wraps them around my thumb, twirling her tongue around it and making me throb hard. “Your behaviour isn’t helping,” I growl, pressing my body fully against her so she can feel how hard I am.

Her eyes flutter shut for a moment, and she lets out a shaky breath. I brush my nose down her neck, inhaling her scent. “I hope you are well rested because I don’t plan on sleeping tonight.”

“I can’t wait,” she whispers, arching her back as she presses herself fully against me. Reaching up she cups my face and the lust in her eyes is clear, but the concern that replaces it is not something I wish to see. “I’m glad you’re home.”

“Why are you worried?” I ask quietly. She smiles and shakes her head. “I just am,” she says, placing her hand on my abs and resting her head against my chest. She wants us to be honest... but will she tell me what’s worrying her?

“Sebastian! Zaia! You can make me more grandchildren later. Come join us!” Mom’s voice comes, making me narrow my eyes.

“How do you make children?” Zion asks curiously. “I don’t think we need more babies.” “We’re coming!” Zaia calls making me sigh internally. She really stepped into that one. As if on cue, Jai’s laughter reaches us, making Zaia’s eyes widen as she realises what she’s just said.

I spank her ass. “So, how close are you?” I tease, making her blush and push me away.

“Let’s go!” “You really walked right into that one.” I mock as she’s about to walk off, but I tug her back into my arms.

“It’s good to be home,” I say, pressing my lips to hers. She kisses me back softly, her heart thumping, and she nods. “It is... I love you, Sebastian.”

“I know,” I reply cockily, making her smack my chest. “And?” she pushes. Our eyes meet and I smirk. “You know I always have and always will love you.”

She pecks my lips before she leads the way to the dining area. I place my finger to my lips as I admire that booty. I close the gap between us, falling in step with her as I squeeze her ass once before she casts me a glance and steps into the dining room.

I follow, staying behind her and take my seat before anyone notices my obvious hard-on. Zaia and Valerie exchange looks and Zaia blushes as she sits down beside me, and I instantly put my hand on her thigh.

“So, shall we tuck in?” Zaia says, her cheeks still pink. Mom smiles happily. “Yes, of course. I know you two are in a hurry but-”

“We aren’t.” Zaia firmly adds with a smile. “I am in a hurry to eat because then we can have dessert. There’s chocolate cake!” Zion says, making Sia smile as she looks up at Sebastian. “Do you like cake, Daddy?”

“I do,” I reply, I never was a sweets person until Zaia began cooking for me. I remember those days. I really did take advantage of her.

We all tuck in as Zaia plates food for Sia and me, whilst Mom dishes up for Zion. She’s made a variety of dishes and only now do I realise how hungry I am. I knew she was up to something the moment Jai showed up to get me, saying I’m free.

When he was delaying, I was expecting a welcome. That’s just who she is. Jai had told me how Zaia told everyone she was the one who pushed Gerard.

I had been in a rush to see her... but looking at her now, all dolled up s3xily and this meal, which smells good, sure made it worth the wait. I place two chicken drumsticks on her plate, and then on my own before adding the pie, and she smiles up at me. ‘Thank you,’ she says through the mind connection. ‘Always.’ I respond.

I could get used to this. She's made all my favourites from cheese and potato pie, grilled ribs and steak, roasted potato, chilli con carne and there's vegetable rice. There are two salads, as well as a few dips. She really did go all out.

She's a superwoman. I smile, watching the kids tuck into their chicken happily. I look down at Sia. She's a lot smaller than Zion. Gerard...

She's blood-related to him, yet he had no remorse and still tried to kill my children... I want him dead. But right now, the incentive is doing what's needed for Sia and I don't care who has to pay the price.

She looks up at me as if noticing I'm watching and picks up her tissue, wiping her mouth quickly, and gives me a huge smile.

"Princess, you can have a dirty face, and I wouldn't care," I tell her quietly, making her giggle and nod. I caress the back of her head as she continues eating and my brows furrow.

The antidote...

"Bastien?"

I glance over at Zaia, who is watching me with concern, her hand resting on top of mine on her leg. "Yes?" I answer, pushing my thoughts away and giving her a small smirk.

"Is everything ok?"

"Absolutely," I respond, winking at her. As expected, she smiles softly and relaxes. She doesn't need to worry about my problems. "The food is delicious, by the way." I compliment, taking a bite of my pie. "Thanks," she replies.

The others chat and I give my input here and there as we eat, enjoying the food and I relax in the company of my family.

It's much later, and I had to force Mom to leave. If Dad figures out where she is it would just be more drama. She leaves reluctantly, begging to be able to see the kids again, and only when Zaia promises she can, does she leave?

My mother has the power to mentally exhaust you in a short span of time and make you wish that you don't have to see her for at least a few years.

I put the kids to bed and due to their excitement; it took them much longer to go down, telling me about everything they've done and asking where I have been.

I now look at the top of Sia's head as she's snuggled against me. Her breathing once again getting to me as she sleeps. Why her?

That is a question anyone who has lost a loved one to an illness asks when they learn of it...

Why? Why does it have to happen to the ones we love? Why us? When time is running out and you know that anything can happen, you wonder why.

I hug her gently, making sure not to squeeze her and kiss the top of her head. I am going to make sure she is healed.

I tuck her in and get up, fixing the blanket around Zion before dimming the light and leaving the room. I know Zaia is waiting for me, but I also don't want to have the talk that I know we need to...

She knows what my future holds and so do I. The inevitable cannot be denied. I knock on the bedroom door before I push it open but end up coming to a stop.

The room is dark, lit with candles that flicker. A seductive scent, which is Zaia's favourite fragrance, fills the air and petals are scattered over the bed. I glance down the hall before stepping inside and locking the door behind me. Talking can wait...

The curtains are drawn and there are two glasses of wine and a platter of chocolates and strawberries with dipping sauce sitting beside the bed and, as for the star of the show herself...

I turn and see her leaning against the wall behind the door. A tiny black satin gown is slipping off her shoulders, her tiny lace black lingerie only emphasising her smooth creamy skin and her boobs are almost spilling out. She has her arms wrapped around her waist.

She has one heeled foot against the wall and she's looking directly at me with those gorgeous amethyst eyes. She smiles seductively at me as she slowly backs me up to the bed before placing her hands on my shoulders and forcing me to sit.



I oblige, leaning back as I look up at her. A few curls fall in front of her eyes, and I reach up, brushing them back. "Hello, S3xy Seniorita..." I murmur, making her smirk as she pushes me onto my back.

"Welcome home My S3xy Beast..." she purrs as she climbs on top of me, pressing her pussy to my already hard cock and her lips to mine...