

## Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 25

### Chapter 25 Founding Families 1

Amethyst Phoenix I walked into the lion's den. Quite literally. Three males and a woman. Guess those surprises have begun. The room resembled an endless vortex, no walls in sight and that's probably due to magic. There is a spotlight at the centre, upon a circular cemented table that seems to be here since they built this castle. The scene in front of me was straight out of those action movies I've been watching, where they judge and hold your fate in their hands. I suppose they do. The atmosphere had a simmering energy of distrust and comfort, immediately shifting into tension and anger. That reaction was understandable, I'm here to claim the Phoenix seat at this table and become a founding member after they went five years without one. "Well, well. Amethyst Phoenix in the flesh" a menacing voice chuckled. That's when my anxiety seemed to make an appearance, but I awaited the crash of destroying me, only it didn't come. Maybe whatever Olivia gave me to smoke dampened the build-up. I was grateful, I couldn't have my brain in shambles in front of them. I'm surrounded by predators (no pun intended) and they would eat me alive at the first sign of weakness. All that anxiety, stress, and fear had to be locked away because I am not weak, they won't run me out of my position at this table. for more visit :- [www.noveljar.com](http://www.noveljar.com) There is any empty seat, considerable space between two men. Without giving them a chance to run me off, I take the seat and the scent of spices along with something bitter. The chair was built into the ground, like the table in front of me. 'Look at you, being a boss bitch' Jade smirks in my head, pride in her eyes. 'Good, I'm going to need your confidence to get me through the meeting' Luckily Kaden obtained pictures of each alpha in the founding family, it became easier to determine who was who. The one on my left is none other than the number one ranking founding member: Maverick Hale. Kaden explained the gist of his personality, a silent killer, ruthless and almost never attends these meetings. Therefore, I'm shocked that he is here, of all days. Maverick was dressed in black slacks, muscular thighs clinging onto the fabric, matching formal shirt that had the sleeves rolled to his elbows, married with tattoos. They were different from Kaden's, more sinister and disturbing. The buttons were undone, exposing his tattoos that are on every inch of his skin, crawling onto his neck. The sides were shaved, midnight waves that were shorter than Kaden's and sleeked back. His eyes connected with mine and I was in awe, I've seen various shades of blue eyes but nothing like Mavericks. They were dark blue, and it became like neon lights were flashing every time he blinked. They were unnatural and truly depicted the supernatural true existence, glowing in the darkness and hypnotizing you. What sent a shiver down my spine is that they were dead. There wasn't a smidge of humanity in those eyes. Maverick had beautiful haunting eyes and they were dead, like there wasn't a soul in there.

Now, it made sense why he has an assassination team and why everyone thinks he murdered

his parents. He gives off that vibe. There are no words exchanged between us, even though we are trapped in this trance for than a minute. The small interaction is disrupted when the man next to me calls me "Amethyst" On my right is Lucian Harrow, my father's best friend. Although he is forty, you wouldn't tell from his features and built. Unlike the rest of the men I have encountered, Lucian had short brown hair that had no style. Warm chocolate eyes scanned my face, a gentle smile following his lips and the kind gesture helped me ease into my place here. Charcoal formal pants and a white dressed shirt, only he wasn't exposed like Maverick, completely reserved. He is built like a monster, his beard making him feel even more ruthless. "Nice to finally meet you" he smiles, offering his huge hand to me. I shake it. "Likewise"

Opposite me is the voice that spoke when I arrived. His entire aura is death, he is the epitome of the grim reaper, for more visit :- [www.noveljar.com](http://www.noveljar.com) ready to collect souls. Jet black hair, the same style as Kaden's with much more hair falling upon his forehead. Pitch-black eyes, like a blackhole ready to consume

everything in its path. It was terrifying, the sinister expression on his face. This was Brantley Knight. He was the only one not dressed in formal attire, a casual black V-neck shirt. The rumours have to be true, the menacing grin on his lips make me agree with the rumours, maybe he really is a psychopath. "Like a baby bird, so easy to kill" He sings, studying me with curiosity. I didn't want his attention, once you get it, you are dead. The most surprising thing about this entire situation is that I wasn't the only woman in the room. To my knowledge, I have recounted for everyone except Mark Ravenstone and Kier Zero. Although I knew nothing about Kier, I knew his appearance.

So, this mystery woman must be from the Ravenstone family. "Jasmine Ravenstone" she salutes with two fingers and a bored expression on her face.. "Our other little baby bird" Brantley teases, trying to play with her braids but she smacks his hand away. "I'll fucking tear your skin off the bone if you call me that again" she growls, her anger surfacing. Brantley isn't affected by her threat, simply laughing at her. Jasmine is ethereal, her thick and long raven hair is in natural waves that seemed endless. A braided crown rounded her head, styling it half up and half down. Her olive skin shined under the spotlight but what captured your attention is her green eyes, like emeralds of the rarest calibre. What do these people eat? Because I wanna look like them. "Jasmine took over from her father today" Lucian informed. She smirks, a genuine playful one. "Guess we have something in common, today is our first day" We were the only women in the room but that didn't mean we automatically trusted one another. I can't let my guard down. "Since you have appeared, we have no choice but to confirm your blood as a Phoenix before moving forward" Maverick's deep voice is emotionless, like he isn't even present. "How are we going to determine that? Apparently taking my word for it wont do?" "Everyone lies" Jasmine says with an emotion I couldn't decipher. She isn't wrong. "How do we do this then?" I ask. "With blood" Brantley moans, watching me with hunger. The table has patterns engraved in them, all leading to the centre that has a black hole within it. Only, you couldn't see under the table and then I remembered that it was built into the floor. "It's connected to the ground where our ancestors first shed blood, marking that they were the first werewolves. You will have to shed blood and it

will seep into the ground, if you are indeed a Phoenix then it will be confirmed with a vision that you will receive, if not, then well

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“Then its bye bye little birdy” Brantley grins, hoping for the worst outcome because I know it means that they will kill me. Lucian hands me a knife that seems ancient by the handle, I don’t pay it much thought as I slice my palm and watch the blood gather in the middle before turning it over to spill into the hole. After a minute of my blood continuously falling, Lucian says that should be enough. Now we wait. And wait. And I get anxious, what if I’m not really a Phoenix? The space around me suddenly changes into a vast open field, the night sky lit by the fire mere metres away from me. Five men gather around the spot I’m in, only they cannot see me. Stepping back, I watch them bite into there wrists like vampires and spill there blood onto the ground. “Phoenix” “Hale” “Ravenstone” “Knight” They each speak their surname until another guy appears, while I can see each founding father clearly, I can’t see this guy. for more visit :- [www.noveljar.com](http://www.noveljar.com) He repeats the action, but his face is blur. Who is he? There isn’t any time to get closer because my environment changes and I am back at the table. Everyone’s eyes are on me, Brantley seemingly disappointed that he couldn’t kill me, Jasmine smirking like she is happy, Lucian smiles but somehow it doesn’t reach his eyes and Maverick doesn’t even bother looking at me.

“Guess you are a Phoenix after all” Maverick announces,