

## Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 31

### Chapter 31 Heat 1

Amethyst Phoenix Something isn't right. I feel worse than ever before, blazing in an inferno. I've never experienced heat to this calibre, it's like a thousand whips are continuously breaking my skin and my clit constantly aching with need. I can't rest as the episodes are continuous and intense, it brings me physical pain that can't be matched to breaking a bone, I can't even breathe without feeling like my lungs are being stabbed. There was never a time where I would cry for anyone to help me, even when I had broken ribs and blacked out for days on end – I never asked for help. This time however, I don't care about pride because this agony is like no other. Every direction is being hit, not once has it subsided. "Kaden...i-it hurts" I cry, the feel of warm tears coating my cheeks. Honestly, if there is one person I want to take away this pain it is Kaden. It has nothing to do with my crush, he is the person that saved me and somehow – I find my attachment to him deeper than romantic feelings. Jade is on edge, rolling around to relieve the pain and constantly crying for Axel. It makes sense, he is her best friend, and they have a connection separate from us. Folding myself, knees to my chest as I try to make this throbbing and desperation for release to stop. I'm in hell, fire licking every inch of my skin and a vibrator constantly keeping me on edge. I'm so fucking horny that I actually cry. It's nothing new when female wolves go into heat since it's a natural mating call. My pussy pulses, desperate for attention and I'm tired of it. I don't have a mate to relieve this pain because the moon goddess decided to grace me with an asshole. Any male can touch me, the pain wouldn't subside but at least I would get release. Damn it all to fucking hell. I deal with enough temptation when it comes to Kaden, if it wasn't for the pain, I would have been uncontrollable and probably jump him. This torturous pain would have been forgotten for a little while; his touch wouldn't stop the agony, but it would finally relieve the sexual desire inside of me.

Just call him' Jade whines in frustration. 'I can't Jade knows that I'm beyond arguing, the energy it would take would only infuriate me. I'm not sure if I am even capable of surviving this pain. Everything is too much, it's too intense. Every muscle in my body aches and screams, my nipples painfully hard and I'm aching with need. I'm soaked, head-to-toe, literally. When Kaden brought me into my room, that's when I started burning alive. He had to rip the gorgeous dress down the middle of my back because I couldn't even get it off. Sage arrived

rand helped me into silk shorts and a camisole, the thinnest fabric and yet my body wouldn't stop feeling like fire. The aircon had been on the lowest temp room becoming Alaska at some point and yet the sweat kept building, my clothes sticking onto my skin. I feel like a wet dog (would have laughed if I wasn't in pain) Olivia comes in, a glass of cold water and ice packs, placing them on vital points on my body to subside the heat as she opens my mouth and puts two pills onto my tongue. "It's to help you sleep" Not bothering with a reply, I drink the water. I would take anything for this suffrage to end,

maybe this is how I die, no bloodshed required. All I want is Kaden, I need him to take this pain away. "Kaden" I cry. "Don't worry Amethyst, it will be over soon" Olivia soothes, brushing her fingers through my damp hair. Shaking my head as I begin to feel sleepy, can I take more of those pills if it means sleeping through this agony. Somehow, I'm in the forest, surrounding by vast greenery, damp soil beneath my bare feet. Thunder erupts from the sky, lifting my head I see the clouds darken as they fill the sky. I'm alone, deciding to not stay in one spot, I continue down an unmarked path, not sure where I

It seems like hours before I stop at a clearing near a cliff but I'm not alone anymore. My jaw drops at the sight in front of me, two men stand at his side. Kaden is on his knees, blood dripping onto the ground. I can't see his face, but he is shirtless, and I recognise those tattoos anywhere. His potent scent hits me like a force along with the blood. He can barely lift his head; the blonde guy grabs his hair and pulls his face up. My vision turns red, his face is covered in blood, cuts and bruises marry his face. The heat inside of me doubles, fury pumping through my veins. I'm ready to dash forward and stop it, until I realize that they are staring through me, like I'm not even here. What the fuck? Suddenly I see myself appear; she had been running because her chest is moving rapidly. Her eyes filled with wrath and morphs into something terrifying as her eyes land on Kaden. "Look, your little girlfriend is here to save you" the blonde taunts into his ear and Kaden's eyes slowly open. Kaden is weak, shaking his head as his eyes meet mine. "Go...r-run" his tired voice feeling like a thousand knives to my heart. The Amethyst that he is looking at shakes her head, not backing down. "Let him go" The men laugh at her, everything happens in a blur and my surroundings become white noise until I see them drag Kaden to the cliff. I try to get to him, but something routes me in place, Amethyst dashes forward, screaming but it's too late. They throw Kaden off the cliff. And my painful cries are all I hear, consuming my mind as the tears flow. "KADENNNN!!" I scream.

## **Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 32**

### **Chapter 32 Heat 2**

Kaden Throne Amethyst is in pain, and I don't know how to help her. This was too much of a coincidence, Olivia assured me that Amethyst would be in the clear, especially last night. The way her heat suddenly appeared, in full force. We barely made it in time to our level, the huge metal wall locking us within the level. I mind linked Sage, Alice and Olivia the code specifically because they are always there for Amethyst when she goes into heat. I couldn't risk it with the male wolves, the only one who can remain in control around Amethyst is Lion and that is because he is enamoured with Alice. They are asleep in their room; Alice having taken care of Amethyst throughout the night.

This time, her heat is different. I'm having a hard time restraining myself, constantly fighting with my own sense of control. Her scent has evolved into the sweetest honey

mingled with roses, it is potent and a pure aphrodisiac. The number of times I've bitten into my own flesh to stop myself from tearing that door down. Amethyst is consuming my thoughts, rapidly and in a loop. Jade constantly cries for Axel; he is lethal and so willing to take her pain away. Unlike me, who just listens to Amethyst cry and beg for me. It's agonizing but I know my touch wouldn't subside her pain. Only a mate's touch can relieve her agony, unfortunately he's an asshole and I will never let him lay a finger on her again. It physically hurts my heart to hear her cry, especially for me. Amethyst is fierce and independent, she never cries for help and for that to happen now, I know that it's becoming unbearable for her. The problem is that I can't be near her, not without answering her pleas to take it all away. But I can't bring myself to leave her, so I settled for sitting against the railing opposite her door. Amethyst is crying and screaming before settling. Olivia closes the door behind her, and I gather that she gave Amethyst some sleeping pills. We are a mess, Olivia's snow white hair is haphazardly pulled into a bun, heavy lids and black eyes filled with worry and desperation for sleep. She drops to the ground next to me, filling me in on her thoughts. "I think someone gave her something to force her heat to appear" The theory has been playing on a loop since last night. "How do you know?" "She is in more pain than usual and with the double dosage I gave her prior, it doesn't add up" "Her wolf keeps calling to mine" I say. "How can I help her? I can't stand to have her endure anymore pain" I plead, looking to Olivia for some sort of answer. Olivia is deep in thought before frowning. "How are you able to control yourself right now? Even Noah and Blaze tried to break down the wall" That's the surprising question, all other times I can't stand to be around her since the reaction would be immediate but this time, I'm not impulsive. I don't know how it is even possible to remain in control while Amethyst is calling for me. Olivia stewes over the unanswered questions before her eyes light up. "I think I have an idea" . Usually, this would be the time to voice said idea but Olivia dashes into her room, leaving me in suspense. It's been an hour; Amethyst is still asleep when Olivia returns with tea. The mixture is pure black with no scent. "What is this?" raising my brow at her concoction.

"This tea will allow your touch to soothe her, similar to a mates touch"

That isn't possible, any males touch won't be able to take away her pain. But I don't have any options, if this can relieve her pain then I will do it. Accepting the tea, I stare at the semi thick black liquid. Dragging my gaze between Olivia and this questionable liquid, deciding to chug it down. It tasted horrible and bitter. The urge to vomit hits me but I swallow it down. "I'm probably going to die from that horrible concoction" I spit, literally. Olivia chuckles. "It will only last five hours so you will have to drink it constantly for the remaining days" And here I thought Olivia was my friend, instead she takes great pleasure in my agony. Getting up from the floor, my legs stiff from there position. I enter her room, Amethyst is moving side to side, groaning and in pain. "No" she whispers but her eyes are still closed, which indicates that she is having a nightmare. When I reach the end of her bed, Amethyst is shaking her head and sobbing but her eyes remain closed. "Stop, no" Suddenly she screams. "KADEN!!!!!" I'm completely astonished by the fear in her voice, encasing her heated cheeks between my palms, her tears running onto my hands. "Amethyst, wake up" Those beautiful lilac eyes are in disarray, sadness in her glossy orbs. I never see her cry and it feels like a knife to my heart. Caressing her

cheeks, I smile softly as she continues to cry. "I'm here" "I-I thought. I saw you die" she hiccups. Getting into the bed, making it easier for Amethyst to talk to me since she can't move much without suffering. We are on our sides, facing each other as I trace my one hand against her flushed cheeks. Her jet-black hair is damp, tied into a messy bun by Olivia. The camisole she wears sticks to her skin from the sweat, her nipples poking through. This wasn't the time to admire her body, especially with the way her fingers are gripping my shirt in desperation. "You are okay Amethyst" I remind her, trying not to overthink what she said about me. She continues to cry. "I don't care about myself; I care about you" We have that in common, I would sacrifice myself in a heartbeat for her. "I would do anything for you" I whisper, pulling her into my chest. She relaxes at my touch, like her heat is slowly disappearing by my touch. Amethyst feels small against my chest, her hands tightly knotted around my shirt. Her body is on fire and suddenly it begins to thaw under my fingers, and I embrace her. Rubbing comforting circles against her back, she sighs in relief. "You make it go away" she whispers as her heart rate returns to normal. Resting my chin atop her head, holding her close and never wanting to let her go. This is the only time I can enjoy a moment with her, without the chaotic mess spiralling in my mind. I'm only doing this to relieve her pain but I'm questioning whether it's for me and not her. The way my touch soothes her pain, like nothing before, like she needs me more than anything. Maybe I like that. Maybe I like that she needs me to take her pain away.

Maybe I like her.

## **Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 33**

### **Chapter 33 The Man With The Sinister Smile**

Olivia Aspin The sky is bathed in darkness, an eerie feeling licking my skin as not even the moon goddess is gracing us with her presence. There are no stars, an endless sky with no end but mania. Damp soil and earthy scents hit my nose, a shiver running down my spine. The taste of fear is tantalizing, causing me to grind my teeth, I've never experienced this before. Wandering aimlessly, for hours until fire erupts, the orange and red hues maliciously encircling the field. That's when I realize that what I'm seeing is devastation, pure carnage. Bodies, upon bodies, from humans to werewolves, torn to shreds. It's a massacre by a monster, the once green grass is tainted by the blood, it's a blood bath.

The fire suddenly starts eating at each body, burnt flesh invading my senses and that's when I realize that bitter taste that followed me – it was death. Warm liquid coats my feet, blood forming it's on trail. Frantically I search for familiar faces, and I don't find any, these are all strangers. I've been accustomed to seeing this type of death, many people assume that I would descend into mania but I'm the furthest thing from a normal wolf. Heat cloaks my skin, goosebumps arising near the scorching fire as I continue down an unknown path, until I see someone, specifically a man in the middle of the carnage.

Who is he? I should run, instead I continue towards him, unbeknownst to the reason I'm drawn to him. We are five feet apart, the man is shirtless, the only clothing on him is pristine charcoal slacks. His muscles are defined and huge, prominent eight pack that I've never seen before. He towers over me, like a skyscraper and I could continue to admire his physique had it not been for the blood coating his skin. His head was tilted back, staring into the sky. Prominent Adams apple that stuck out against the thick veins coursing through his neck. A cloud of smoke escapes his mouth as he exhales, a feral sound that makes my heart race in excitement. He slowly brings his head down, like a predator. The fire blooms around him, making him more dangerous. Dark black hair filled with thick white streaks in them, it falls upon his forehead and casts a shadow upon his eyes, making it unable to meet his gaze. His mouth stretches into a sinister smile, showcasing perfect white teeth that is covered with blood. He looks downright terrifying.

Time seems to slow, his head lowered but that nightmarish smile is branded into my brain. "My little oracle, you shouldn't have seen this" his deep voice filled with malice and sarcasm announces. Everything goes black and a harsh breeze catches my skin, making me open my eyes. The white ceiling blinding my eyes, the only source of light coming from the moon cascading through the window. Sweat drips from my brow as I sit up, trying to construct a valid reason for that sort of vision. While I never have a vision without reason, this one is different since I've never met this person and because he was able to communicate with me. He knew I was there; he knew I saw him. I've never encountered an experience like that in my thirteen years of being an oracle. The same icy feeling hits my spine, radiating from outside and that's when I see that my door is open. We have the level on lockdown, only Alice, Lion and Sage are on this level besides the alpha and beta Kaden. None of them would open my door, which meant that someone is on our level. I wouldn't put it past the other founding family alpha's, they are eager to take down alpha Amethyst. The urge to snoop isn't strong but then something captivates me, an intoxicating scent. "Go find the source" Pink urges. Rolling my eyes at my wolf, Pink is always curious and eager to walk into danger.

She snuffs me, a mischievous glint in her eyes. "Maybe I am" Great, a suicidal wolf is just what I need. "Fine" Honestly, I'm intrigued myself and taking care of my alpha takes up all my time, I sleep for four hours before getting up again to make tea for both of them – made for different purposes. People think that mixing herbs and spices is easy, trust me it isn't. Throwing on my sweats and leaving my grey crop top with slight tears on it, I walk to my death..maybe, we will see. The security wall is still secured in place against the stairs, we have another day left before alpha Amethyst's heat surpasses. I'm about to turn around and go back into my room when I catch a shadow at the corner of my eye. That intoxicating scent mingling with the shadow as I follow, turning at the corner and feeling goosebumps arise on my skin, a mixture of dread and excitement. The hallway is dark, not a light in sight, doors are closed and even though this place could possibly be haunted, I continue to turn right and surprisingly I hit a dead end. Frowning, I could have sworn the scent led further than this, it's not even faint but completely potent. That's when I hear a sound, light footsteps and I drop low, skidding my leg in order to trip my intruder but they anticipate that move and surprisingly does a

backflip. Grabbing the knives from my sweats, one in each hand. The scent suddenly strong powerful, like I'm practically inhaling it into my lungs. I freeze, the man takes slow steps towards me, and Pink goes crazy. "Mate" It's addicting, like an aphrodisiac. A mixture of bergamot orange, tobacco flowers, sandalwood and a hint of vanilla, I keep breathing it in because I desperately want more. I feel like an addict, eager for the next hit and sadly it originates from this man. Black slacks with matching formal shirt, only the buttons are completely undone, and I'm solely focused on his beastly structure. There's a faint glow from the moon, casting a shadow on a defined eight pack that instantly makes my mouth water. Prominent veins threading through his hands and crawling to his neck. Thick, bloody lips and a familiar sinister smile. That giddy feeling dissipates as I recognise the man in front of me. Sharp jawline, thick white stripes running through various sections of his pitch-black hair, falling onto his forehead. This is the man from my vision or nightmare. Am I fated to a monster? He runs his fingers through his hair and that's when I see it, his eyes. They are completely white, no pupil in sight, like a crystal. It's scary, resembling a monster with no soul but a sinister grin. "My, my, little oracle, you are quite invasive aren't you" he chuckles, and it's like everything inside of me liquidises. He is charming, I gather that from his tone, even with the lethal aura surrounding him. "Who are you?"

The stranger feels no threat as I raise my knives, he is defenceless, but I don't think he needs a weapon to be dangerous. His hands are bigger than my face, he could easily crush my skull.

He puts them into his slacks, legs widened and the power that radiates from him isn't normal, it makes me want to submit, something so stronger that urges me to get on my knees and obey. He is holding back because I don't listen, I'm able to withstand that command. "Who would have thought that I would be mated to an oracle, the moon goddess surely loves to play cruel games" his honeyed voice states. "Who the fuck are you?" the evident in my tone. He shakes his head in disappointment but smirks. "That's no way to speak to your mate" "How were you able to see me in my vision? What are you?" His shoulders shake with laughter, and it somehow causes a tremor through my body, I'm becoming aroused by a mere laugh – fucking mate bond. Those pupil-less eyes are distracting because I feel enthralled and intrigued by him, I want to keep staring and become lost in them. I've never seen anything more beautiful. "You are the oracle, shouldn't you know?" raising his brow. I keep quiet and he answers his own question. "Oh, you don't. Isn't that funny" tilting his head to the side, a cute gesture. Ah fuck, shut up Olivia. Shaking my head, getting my thoughts in order. "What did you do?" "It's not what I did little oracle, it's what I'm going to do" his menacing voice radiates danger and power. Who the fuck is he? "I don't even know you, why would I get visions about you?" He sighs, rubbing his nape in exhaustion and ridding himself of the notes. "You weren't supposed to see that mate, but since I found out who you are to me, my wolf seems to have formed an attachment to you. However, I don't feel anything for you" "Feeling is mutual" He smiles. "Great, we are in agreement then. Stay out of my way, don't go searching into me because you won't like what you find"

This time I laugh. "Why would I want to do that?" He turns to leave, not before I catch that wicked grin on his lips. "Because you are curious little oracle and bored"

## Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 34

### Chapter 34 Giving In, One Taste 18+

Amethyst Phoenix Whatever vision or nightmare that plagued me on the second night hasn't resurfaced. Almost like a fluke but I knew better, the founding families have secrets and maybe this is one of them. Jasmine wasn't transparent but that tiny hint made me realize that there is more than what meets the eye. That's what made me hyperventilate, fear clinging onto my heart and squeezing until I couldn't breathe. Pathetic as it sounds, my whole life flashed before my eyes. Kaden is everything to me, he is the entire reason that I have this new life and what is it worth if the only man I will ever love is dead. It means fuck all without him. Sometimes I push the thought deep down, that he will find his mate and I will become insignificant in his life. But I would take that, I would endure the suffering. Nothing is more painful than watching him die, or even having to go through life without Kaden. Maybe I'm not as strong as I thought. Kaden hasn't left my side, I mean other than to shower or change, which is a waste since he always ends up shirtless. His touch instantly relieves the torturous pain, how? I didn't know. Tonight, will be the last and we can finally leave this creepy castle but a part of me is sad that the physical contact between Kaden and me will disappear. He is only doing his duty as my beta, nothing more. We haven't crossed any lines, our friendship still intact. There hasn't been any inappropriate touches, mainly due to my medicated state of constant sleeping. However, Kaden's fingers trace my bare thighs or arms lightly but never delves deeper. It sucks. Time seems to evade me and judging by the glow of the moon in my room, I think it's way into the night. The window is open and a chill passes through, only I barely feel it because my body is engulfed in heat. Not that kind.

Heat radiating from someone.

My eyes switch attention to the tattooed arm wrapped around my stomach and instantly I feel the butterflies erupt, going wild. The veins popping out of his hands as his fingers are spawled over my stomach and it looks too good to be true, the way we fit perfectly together. Kaden pulls me closer, his arm tightening as if he's afraid I will leave. Without waking him up, I turn in his arms. His scent of rain and trees invading my senses. Kaden's features are soft during his sleep, lips pursed together and dark inky waves messy from tossing and turning. Everything about him is beautiful, like a perfectly crafted piece of art and the tattoos add to the uniqueness and make it priceless. Every path I took, studying his features always led me back to his thick, blushing red lips. I've never been this close to him, aside from training. I wondered what those lips tasted like, it hasn't even been an hour since he returned and barely slept due to my agonizing pain.

The stress I am putting him through weighs on my heart, including everyone else who helps get through this heat. I don't want to burden them, especially as there alpha. Suddenly, a tempting thought creeps into my mind. Should I kiss him? Sure, I've kissed plenty of guys before, but they were never Kaden. He wouldn't remember and it would be my only chance to ever kiss him. Kaden doesn't see me in a romantic way nor am I desirable to him. I'm positive this isn't a good idea. I am aware that kissing the man I have been in love with for five years is not the way to get over him. But I will have the memory, something that will carry me through seeing him be fated to another and have pups. The thought makes me recoil, the urge to vomit arising. I hope this will let me get over him but deep down – I could never stop loving him. Kaden Throne is in my mind, in my heart, in my fucking blood, in my goddamn soul. Throwing caution out the window, I lean forward. Our lips are a breath away as I dart my eyes to his, waiting for them to open but they remain closed. Pushing aside my anxiety, I press my

s and they are impossibly soft. Like an electric shock passes through and courses through my veins, instantly detaching my lips from his due to the unexpected sensation. My eyes flying to check if Kaden is still asleep. He was not. Those clear crystal orbs are a tornado of emotions, fierce waves crashing onto the sand. I couldn't quite figure them out, expecting him to immediately jump out of the bed and lecture me on being inappropriate with him. Instead, silence blanketed us, the rapid beating of my heart filling my ears. Our eyes are locked, until he breaks the spell and drifts down, stopping at my lips. "Kaden, 1-" I never finished the sentence, all I felt was his hand at the nape of my neck and our lips collided. It felt like the sky turned grey, lightening and thunder with fierce rain pelting onto my skin. Every molecule in my body electrocuted at the parting of our lips, his heated tongue showcasing dominance between us. Kaden's kiss is penetrating my soul, the taste of mint and orange on his tongue. I craved more, I needed more. Kaden rolled me over, his hands caging me in. Our eyes locked into something powerful, those orbs glowing to showcase his wolf is in control. "The way I want to own you babygirl" his deep voice hitting me straight at the core. Fuck, if that wasn't the hottest thing I have ever heard. "Then do it" The challenge sparked in his eyes, along with desire. I felt him everywhere, the way his hand painfully squeezed my waist. A sinister smile forming on his lips as he straddles my waist and locks both my hands above my head. "Pretty girl, I'm going to break you" The words make my skin arise in goosebumps, I wanted everything he had to offer. He presses his lips onto mine, even more intensely than the first, like he wants to drink my soul and I would gladly let him. It's pure desperation as the hand on my waist drifts down and into my shorts, a finger skating through my folds. Kaden hums in approval. "So wet for me" Our tongues are practically moving in desperation, the only oxygen I required – I took from him. He gathered my arousal; I could hear how wet I am as he attempts to push a finger inside of. "You would think with all that toys you have; you wouldn't be so fucking tight" he grins playfully. My hips lift in desperation to have his fingers inside of me. "Kaden" I moan. He tugs on my bottom lip, pushing a second finger inside of me and the burn is present, but I want more of it, more of him. "You are so fucking tight that I can barely get a second finger in babygirl, it makes me want to put all four fingers inside of you and see how your pussy handles me" Fuck, his voice vibrates through my body. "Yes please" a mixture of a moan and a cry. His fingers move in and out, rotating and

touching every spot that pushes me closer to the edge. "Say you're mine" his menacing voice demands. My eyes lock on his, those fingers moving impossibly fast inside of me that I cannot think straight. Only one thought is perfectly clear, from the beginning. "I'm yours Kaden" Suddenly those glowing orbs dampen, normal clear sapphires in place as I fall over the edge of the cliff, diving into a deep orgasm that I never reached before. Kaden is staring at me, his jaw clenched and a frown on his lips. "I'm-" "This will never happen again" He states coldly.

## Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 35

### Chapter 35 Visions?

Amethyst Phoenix I think our friendship is fucked. Ever since that night when we kissed as if we were starved for each other, his fingers inside of me, Kaden hasn't mentioned it again. He purposely avoids any sort of interaction that doesn't

involve work, at home he simply avoids me all together. In turn, I stopped trying to speak to him and only focused on the work he needed to get done as my beta. Hence why I said our friendship is ruined. I wouldn't have brought it up but clearly, it's a bigger issue to him. It has been a month since we last had a proper conversation – not pertaining to work. I have deduced that we are afraid that if we have that conversation regarding our feelings – everything will be ruined and come to an end. I'm not naïve enough to assume that he reciprocates my feelings, even if he did there is the issue of his fated mate that will eventually come into the picture. Then where would that leave me? I'll be too emotionally involved to think straight because when it comes to Kaden Throne – I feel everything a thousand times more. Maybe it's good that our friendship is stagnant and completely non-existent now.

It doesn't get any easier since tomorrow is my induction into the founding families, everyone is going to know that the Phoenix bloodline isn't dead. We arrived at the castle during the day and it's close to nine at night. All the images of what happened between Kaden and me resurface but I push them away, I can't afford to lose focus when tomorrow is the most important day for myself and my pack. I can't risk my sanity trying to decipher what the fuck is going on between me and Kaden. for more visit :- [www.noveljar.com](http://www.noveljar.com) "Damn, that scowl could kill a bitch" Sage whistles, strutting into my room. A frown finds its way to my lips. "This is my usual face" Sage rolls her eyes, not convinced. She plops herself onto my bed, pulling out one of the blackcherry lollipops and begins to suck on them. "Kaden still hasn't spoken to you outside of work?" "Nope" taking a hit from my vape. "Men are trash" she declares with a scowl. A chuckle escapes my lips. "Yeah, I'm certain this extends to a certain someone that is ranked number one and has connections with witches" Sage can deny the mate bond all she wants; fact remains is that they are drawn to each other like a moth to a flame. Last time we were here, Maverick was angry at Sage's rejection. I understand her pain, with her history, it is a miracle that she hasn't turned rogue and lost herself. "You know you are

going to see him again tomorrow” She crushes the candy with her teeth, inner turmoil reflecting in those metallic orbs. Sage doesn’t hate Maverick; she hates the mate bond. Under different circumstances, they would have completed it, but they are two vastly different people with pasts that seem to weigh heavily on their heart. “Is Olivia acting strange to you?” Sage asks, biting onto the lollipop stick. “Yeah, she seems distracted” When we left the castle, Olivia became distant and seems to be searching for something. Whenever any of us try to question her curiosity, she shoots us down and changes the topic all together. Now, Olivia avoids us simply because she doesn’t want to lie. What is she hiding? “We all have our secrets” Sage whispers thoughtfully. The words are true. I never divulge about the vision or dream I had about Kaden being thrown off a cliff. Mainly because I don’t want to face if it is a vision. Those emotions consumed me, of fear, anger and pain that felt too real, like a knife through the heart. A mere dream wouldn’t ignite emotions like that, which left the alternative. And that is worse. If I want answers about the visions I am having, I need to turn to a founding member. Which won’t be easy since I don’t trust any of them. “I need to check on something” I state lamely. Sage furrows her brows but doesn’t dig further, simply switching on my flatscreen and putting on Netflix – specifically Twilight. “Really, again” I sigh. “What? Jasper gets me going” she smirks. We have watched all the twilight films a thousand times and while it makes me cringe, it seems to be a guilty pleasure for everyone, even when real vampires are nothing like the fictional one.

Like who the fuck sparkles in the sun? pretty sure vampires burn like roast chicken.

Leaving Sage to her guilty pleasure, I step out of my room and head towards my destination. The only founding member that has been welcoming is Lucian, but I don’t have a relationship with him, and something tells me that he will be reluctant to spill all the secrets that have been passed for generations. After all, he is the only one that cares about the founding family’s legacies. There are so many questions I have, are the founding members oracles? Does it only pertain to the Phoenix bloodline? Is this what makes us special? Tomorrow will be my official claim to the Phoenix throne, and I still don’t know the secrets

The only person who seemed forthcoming the last time we spoke is Jasmine, she did inform us about the security measures for our level and went as far as to warn me not to trust any of them. That’s why I make it to her level, above mine. However, this doesn’t mean I trust her.

Jasmine is in her lounge, I expected to see her other warrior pack members, but she is alone. The fire illuminates the room, a subtle hint of heat coating my skin. She sits on the floor, leaning against the sofa with a cigarette dangling from her lips and a journal next to her. Jasmine writes in cursive but doesn’t look at the pages and instead is intensely focused on the fire. Emeralds within a trance, it’s evident that she wasn’t present. I call her name multiple times, but she doesn’t respond, instead she continues to write until her trance is snapped on the fifth try. Jasmine refocuses her attention onto me, her eyes a mixture of confusion and sleep. “Amethyst, what are you doing here?” Taking a seat next to her, we both refocusing our attention on the fire, a dance between

orange and red. The pages in her journal are concealed with black ink, completely unreadable to me.

“Do you get visions?” I ask, straightforwardly. Her laughter fills the silence, I hear the burn of the cigarette as she takes a pull. “What makes you think I do?” “You were writing in your journal without looking at the pages, I saw your eyes – you weren’t here but rather somewhere else” I theorise. “Ah”

There is a moment of silence and I pull out my vape, needing to occupy myself. We smoke, two different choices but the effects are the same. “Oracles have visions that involve the past, present and future but they only started to exist after centuries. The moon goddess blessed oracles with that power since more packs came into existence. for more visit :- [www.noveljar.com](http://www.noveljar.com) But the founding families are the original werewolves, the moon goddess gave them that power first” Jasmine continues after lighting another cigarette. “We aren’t like normal oracles, we get the same visions; past, present and future but they aren’t permitted for oracles” “What does that mean?” I question through my confusion. “Oracles have visions of significance, but they are rather tamed and never include violence. Their visions do not involve life changing situations. We have visions that will depict the beginning of our downfall” Drawing my attention away from the fire and towards her. “Are you saying that our visions have historic changes?” She nods. “Yes” “Is there anything special about us besides visions?” “Maybe, maybe not” Now it makes sense, the reason I saw Kaden being thrown off a cliff, because he is a pivotal part of my life and if he died – what will become of me? “You shouldn’t trust anyone” Jasmine voices absentmindedly. “I don’t, but do you?” I question, pertaining to the rest of the members. Jasmine has known them longer since her father groomed her for this position. \* “First thing about being a founding member – never trust anyone. The people always closest

to you are the ones ready to kill you” The words are morbid, but they are the truth. for more visit :- [www.noveljar.com](http://www.noveljar.com) “Tomorrow is your introduction as a founding member, are you ready?” Jasmine asks. “Not even close” I reply, truthfully. “Good, cause once you’re in, the only way out is through death”