

Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 36

Chapter 36 Let's Celebrate

Amethyst Phoenix

The Phoenix bloodline lives on.. That was my introduction into the founding family, as the new heir. Everyone erupted in false cheers and congratulations. Their smiles stretched but never reached their eyes, maybe I have a talent for sifting through the bullshit. Every warrior member from each pack mingled, they probably have grown accustomed to each other. However, most of the warrior from my pack have been here before therefore they didn't feel like an outcast. Compared to myself. Everyone from R.E.D knew someone, ranging from one pack to another while I became the topic of discussion for everyone. Obviously being front and centre ensured that all eyes would be on me, I've been scrutinized my entire life and only in the past five years have they died down. Right now? I'm thrust into my time in the Stone Heart pack. Only this time – my skin is thicker. The whispers are endless, ranging from my questionable heritage to my appearance. One of the most ludicrous tales was that I paid a witch to do dark magic in order to obtain my violet eyes. They either saw me as a threat or they saw me as incompetent, there is no in between and I'll be quick to say that they shouldn't judge a book by its cover. I do the dirty work myself. Seated on my presumed throne, according to Jasmine. Plush lilac cushions with black intricate designs spiralling outwards, almost like it's trying to exude darkness. I've been sitting on this throne, upon the podium for an hour and I finally realize why Jasmine had that look of boredom and annoyance when it was her turn.

You are seated here for people to scrutinize and judge. Sage styled my ebony hair into a half up and half down, a small bun secured with two silver sticks and a few tiny braids on the section that's down. The dress I chose is a shade of dark purple that glittered under the light, off shoulder exposing a huge amount of my collarbone with the addition of long sleeves that began halfway down my bicep made with mesh material. It dipped at the middle, exposing a tasteful amount of cleavage and my breasts were pushed upwards from the extra padding. Two slits on both sides that reached the top of my thighs, black gladiator styled stilettos with glitter that I tied around. It is purposely outstanding; I enjoyed the jaw drops and looks of awe but none of them came from the one person I truly wanted to notice me. I walked with confidence and yet I still felt bitter at his lack of attention. Brantley was here for a brief second and disappeared, whether he was here or not – no one bothered. Lucian was the most genuine when he smiled and provided praise, saying I would have made my parents proud. Maverick and Jasmine reciprocated the same action of boredom, they didn't want to be here and neither did I. –

It became bluntly obvious that we didn't trust each other. How do we expect to run smoothly as founding members if neither of us trust one another? The answer is simple,

it has been for years from what my father had written – we don't. This monarchy is dying and frankly I think it's better if it did but not before I find out who murdered my parents. The only grievances would be the vampires, a war will break out if we disperse and the last thing we need is more blood to be shed. My mind is a chaotic mess, following the trail of gossip and then shifting back onto Kaden. He has ignored me completely, it's like I don't exist beyond the line of work, and it fucking frustrates me. We are friends before anything, he saved me and taught me to be powerful. Now, it's like those five years haven't happened. There wasn't any inclination that his eyes were on me. Sure, Axel is completely captivated by Jade, but Kaden is not. I would have pretended that the whole ordeal during my heat came down to hormones, it wasn't a big deal but clearly it was a line we crossed therefore he is avoiding me all together. Kaden has been coming for years therefore everyone knows him. That wasn't my problem, the itch that crept upon my skin is on the females hanging around him. Now, I'm the jealous time and it doesn't help that they stare at him with lust and stars in their eyes. It makes me envious that he allows them so close to him, pressing their scent into his skin like they own him. He was enjoying it; I could tell by the smirk on his perfectly bloody lips. His black hair is pushed back, only a few strands cascading upon his forehead. Sapphire stones oozing temptation, his ink hidden beneath the midnight-coloured formal shirt and thick thighs wrapped in charcoal pants. The ink on Kaden's skin was hidden and by the end of the night, someone will see it and it won't be me.

However, Kaden doesn't occupy my mind like before. I have responsibilities and the luxury to feel fire coursing through my veins with jealousy can't be more than a minute. Being alpha has its advantages and disadvantages, mainly being that I never have time for myself. My brain is constantly working, switching focus from the mating ceremony to finding the killer and R.E.D in general. "I told you, the higher you are – the more they want to see how far you fall" Jasmine mutters, holding two champagne flutes in her hand.

She offers one to me and I accept, in desperate need of some alcohol. "Now I know why you hated being here" She chuckles. "It's equivalent to being a sacrifice" We observe the crowd in silence, and I can't help the simmering anger rolling off my skin at the smile Kaden dazzles the women with. "Men are the same everywhere. Whether they are a vampire, witch or faye, they all trash" Jasmine announces, her tongue laced with venom. Her eyes never meet mine, but she probably followed my gaze. "Sounds like you have experience" I voice. Jasmine gets another flute and sips it casually. "Maybe" The wound is too fresh, I can hear it in the way her voice bites and the mixture of longing and hatred in her green eyes.. The party continues for another hour, Jasmine and I engaging in mundane chats with the addition of Sage and Alice. I haven't seen Olivia since the introduction, and everyone seems to notice her subtle changes and withdrawal. I presume that she is going through something that she doesn't want to divulge. Suddenly, the static in my ears grow. Intensely, I can't hear anything besides white noise. An excruciating pain erupts in my head, increasing with each second and becoming unbearable. I drop to the ground, clutching my head in agony. Through blurry eyes, my vision appearing with black dots as I see everyone around me on the ground –

experiencing the same unbearable pain. Only, there is one person standing in the middle of the room, dressed like pure sin in a suit.

Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 37

Chapter 37 Pain, Misery, Death

Kaden Throne I have been ignoring Amethyst for a month, frankly I'm unable to deal with my emotions towards her. I don't want to face them; it has been five years of building this wall and it crumbled within seconds. Even when I first laid eyes on her, that feeling of protectiveness immediately surfaced and yet I'm questioning the underlining emotion because I always knew it wasn't in a sibling way and it's definitely more than friends. There is no way I can give Amethyst what she wants therefore I avoided personal interactions with her, to ensure that those romantic feelings would dwindle, keeping our interactions strictly business. She stopped initiating conversations outside of pack responsibilities and we both avoided each other at home. It is affecting everyone in the house, they constantly flock between us and walk on eggshells when we are in the same room.

Tonight, the announcement was made that Amethyst is the last living Phoenix and while I felt pride and joy for her being acknowledged as Jeremy and Sofia's daughter – it also meant that the target on her back will double in size. Amethyst is the embodiment of a goddess; I couldn't stop watching her. The hypnotic lilac eyes that practically compelled me to abandon all consequences and give into whatever is sparking between us. The chopsticks in her midnight waves and that dress – a death sentence for any man. *Fuck, I've never seen anything so beautiful Axel says in awe. "Me to" Women were surrounding me, striking a meaningless conversation and yet I only focused on Amethyst. Her exposed porcelain skin, the way my eyes lingered longer than they should at her throat and the thought of claiming her, marking her as mine appeared but I immediately pushed that desire way deep into the pit of my darkness. I could feel my fangs elongate, Axel's desire mixing with my own is a dangerous combination therefore I had to steer away from that. Those slits on her dress, that ran dangerously close to her waist made my blood boil from showcasing her toned legs and thick thighs. She sat upon her throne, like a queen and nothing was more perfect for Amethyst Phoenix. I was aware of her eyes, it's like she burns my skin with those beautiful eyes throwing daggers at me. Purposely attempting to hold a conversation with these females, so she can focus her attention on a man that deserves it. Suddenly, there's a sharp pain that appears in my head. All the voices are replaced with static and drowned by white noise. That dull pain intensified, explosions erupting in my brain and making me drop to the ground in agony. I try to get in contact with Axel but it's like the link between us is blocked. Everyone around me reacted the same way, clutching their ears and falling to the ground. I know what this is.

Someone is casting an aneurysm spell, that popping sound is coming from my blood vessels continuously bursting. There are no witches here and the first person who has a connection to them is Maverick, I search through the chaos to see if he is the one behind this, but Maverick is on the ground with the same reaction as everyone else. Lucian, Jasmine and Brantley are also on the ground. None of the founding families are behind this.

My eyes quickly search for Amethyst, the throbbing is unbearable and yet nothing matters besides her. She is on the ground, tightly squeezing her hands against her ears to make it stop. I want to go to her but I'm barely able to move a muscle – almost like something is trapping me in the spot. Through the haze, I see someone walk past me and position themselves in the middle of the room. "Now, the party is just beginning" the sinister voice announces. The unknown man before me laughs and turns in his place, studying each of us on the ground in agony. A maniac smile forms on his lips, he is taking pleasure in seeing all of us in pain. "How the mighty have fallen" his sinister laughs booms. He runs his fingers through his black and white hair, the sides shaved and the top extremely messy and falling upon his forehead. The man exudes something dangerous and when I connected with his eyes, only then did that warning begin to flare in my mind. Pure white, there is no pupil. It only added to my theory, this man is a monster. Those eyes are haunting, filled with violence and I can already see the blood thirst in them. He walks around the people, heading for Maverick and I watch as he towers of him, hands situated in his pockets. "You could have avoided all of this" he sighs in annoyance and then kicks Maverick in the stomach. Maverick rolls further way from the impact, groaning from the pain and I'm sure that he broke a few ribs.

That's when I realize who this is, the man who was going to replace the Phoenix bloodline. Kier Zero. There was no information regarding him, none of them even knew what he looked like and now I realize why – he didn't want them to know.

Kier Zero is the devil.

And the founding families fear him, he can taste it. No one was prepared for the power he has because Kier is a mystery. He must be dealing with witches; you couldn't pull of a spell to this calibre without a few witches under your sleeve. Kier approaches Amethyst and I try to get up, to speak up but I'm physically unable to. "I see you finally took your place purple" he stalks towards her, and I feel my heart beating so hard that it's going to tear through my chest. Kier grips her jaw painfully, Amethyst's face comes into view, and I see blood dripping from her nose and coating her lips. His thumb smears the blood across her lips "Magnificent" he praises and to my horror, Kier smashes his lips onto hers. It's like a knife to the chest and an anger eating away at my insides, he is taking what isn't his and he is violating her, kissing her without her permission. Amethyst manages to bite his lip, because he pulls back with a split lip but that only makes him smile with lust. "Careful beautiful, I love pain" he licks his lips with hunger in his white eyes. "F-fuck y-you" Amethyst stutters through the aneurysm. Kier squats down to her level, a shadow casting upon his eyes from his hair. He studies Amethyst, tracing his index finger upon her rosy cheeks. "I like you pretty girl but not

enough to stop the destruction” His words are a riddle. “What do you want?” Jasmine interrupts through gritted teeth, Kier doesn’t even pay her any attention, his focus completely on Amethyst. “Power” a wicked smile forming on his lips. Everyone is trying to get up, regain some sort of control over their bodies but the witches are holding us back. They weren’t in the room, well not to our eyes and a few men dressed in black flood the entrance. None of them make a move but they are ready to take us down if we managed to break through the witches hold. “Let’s see what you can really do pretty girl” Kier’s maniac laugh erupts, and I see him pull out a syringe filled with black liquid. Amethyst can’t fight back so Kier uses that to his advantage and injects the liquid into her neck. I watch in horror as the black liquid courses through her veins, porcelain skin tainted with the black lines. Blood continues to pour out of her nose and tears of blood trailing from her eyes. Kier steps back and watches Amethyst in fascination. While I am in misery. She screams and it’s the sound of a banshee. Only when I find her eyes, they are no longer purple, they are consumed with actual fire. That’s when Amethyst erupts, fire coating her skin and eating her alive.

Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 38

Chapter 38 All I See Is The Flames and Something Blue

Kaden Throne Amethyst is on fire. The orange and red hues lick at her porcelain skin, crawling at every inch until she is consumed by the flames. However, the burning of skin never appeared. Instead, the flames became her second skin. The fire wasn’t causing any harm to her body whereas others would have been burned to death. Amethyst is still alive, and those flames are not endangering her. The last time I saw into her eyes, they were practically alive with fire but now – they lacked any sort of emotions. Amethyst wasn’t present, her soul asleep while something else takes over. At the corner of my eye, Jasmine drops to her knees opposite Amethyst. Those green eyes reciprocating the action of being alive, dancing with strings of blue. The flames don’t reach her, not spilling out of Amethyst’s vicinity. However, the atmosphere around Jasmine begins to crack, the sound of static filling my ears. Light blue sparks erupt around her, resembling fireworks. Amethyst and Jasmine are not in control, they are oblivious to what is transpiring through their physical bodies. Kier steps back slowly, his voice dancing in delight and awe. “Yes, yes. This is spectacular” he praises. Suddenly, everything erupts like a volcano. The fire coating Amethyst skin begins to intensify, eating away at her surroundings and the lightening emitting from Jasmine emerges forcefully. It is consuming, the lightening and fire colliding and engulfing the atmosphere around them. The problem is that they aren’t merging. There is a distinct line between the fire and lightening, separating each of them from destroying the other. A wall of blue and orange. Kier’s sinister laughter echoes through the massive hall. “It’s going to fun watching you ladies self-destruct and not know why” He turns his back on the power he has unleashed, not an ounce of guilt on his face. Kier doesn’t turn around, his men following his command as they leave us to this madness. We are forsaken to something we have no knowledge on, and it will cost Amethyst and Jasmine their lives – possibly

ours as well. The aneurysms stop which gives me the indication that the witches have left but our problem didn't lie with Kier right now, if we can't stop Amethyst and Jasmine then we will surely die here. With a foggy mind and pins and needles coursing through my body, I make a move to

go to Amethyst, but the flames repel me from getting close to her. Lucian attempts to get close to Jasmine, but it causes the same reaction. Warrior members are surrounding us, they are completely speechless to the scene in front of us. None of us even grasp a sliver of what is happening. "AMETHYST!!" I scream until my throat is raw, but it has no effect and falls on deaf ears. It's like a blur, we are watching a hurricane unfold and a dark shadow suddenly appears in front of us. Only, he is able to get closer to Amethyst and Jasmine, there is no resistance when he approaches. The man turns around, showcasing the black bandana concealing his mouth and as we try to capture him, he raises his right hand, and we are chained to our spot. Unable to move a muscle, not even Lucian, Brantley or Maverick can break his hold. The stranger gives us his back, I can see the slight movement of him pulling down his

bandana. A deep voice resonance, like he smoked a bunch of cigarettes. "Apprehende potestatem, cordis essentia potestas est, accipe potestatem" The language is foreign, something I haven't heard before. Once he spoke those words, the flames and lightening immediately decrease and are soaked into the essence of both women. It's something indescribable, watching the flames and lighting wrap around them and immediately disappear into their skin. Their eyes roll to the back of their heads and the stranger is fast, catching Jasmine in his arms. The magical hold on us disappears and I race over to catch Amethyst in mine. Her body is searing my skin, but I could care less, I will heal, and nothing matters to me more than Amethyst

The blood on her face has disappeared, leaving her skin completely flawless. Rosy plump lips, thick lashes and reddened cheeks. All the makeup has disappeared, I don't question how that is possible and instead hold Amethyst in my arms. I can feel her pulse, a steady pace which means she is only sleeping momentarily. My eyes dart to the stranger, the bandana back in its place – concealing the bottom half of his face. Snow white hair falling upon his forehead, casting a shadow on his eyes. But his focus is on her, completely enraptured by Jasmine in his arms that he pays no attention to Maverick approaching him. Maverick positions himself in front of the stranger. "You are coming with us" Lucian attempts to take Jasmine away from him, but the stranger pulls her closer to his chest, defensively. Maverick studies the action, a little to intensely. "Who are you? What is your name?" he questions.

The stranger takes his eyes off of Jasmine and stares at Maverick, he doesn't make a move to answer and instead continues to hold Maverick's gaze. A few minutes pass by before I watch Maverick's back stiffen. "I expect an answer as to what the fuck you just did, and can you do that to me?" Brantley questions, pointing to the podium where everything unravelled. "He can't answer you" Maverick states, "Why not? We need to know what he just did to them" I reiterate. "Because he can't speak"

Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 39

Chapter 39 The Man Who Can't Speak

Jasmine Ravenstone One moment, I feel electricity passing through my blood stream and the next – I feel nothing but peace. It's foreign to me, peace has never been apart of my life and yet I can't mistaken the feeling of floating on a cloud or walking along the ocean with the sand between my toes. That's the only way to describe the peace flooding my heart, a dead heart suddenly bursting with life. I never want to open my eyes; I want to soak in the peace. But there is something simmering beneath the peace, a fire so intense that it makes me want to peel my skin off. Completely unnatural, a tingle shoots through my spine and creeps upon my neck. I can't escape the intensity. As if that wasn't strange enough, something demonic whispers into my ears, harsh and incoherent

That's when my eyes suddenly fly open. And my heart begins to beat erratically, maybe I'm having a heart attack. The first thing I notice is his eyes, consumed by darkness with no pupil in sight. I've never seen anything resembling the night sky, lacking the glow of the moon and stars. But his eyes, they are more than the colour of black ink, it's almost like a creation of dark magic. And it's so beautiful.

Next is the snow fall, the sides shaves which left a mass of his white hair to fall upon his forehead and conceal his beautiful dark eyes. Perfectly shaped black brows and thick dark lashes that would make any girl envious (including myself). But what piqued my curiosity even more than his eyes – the bandana concealing the rest of his face. The onyx bandana was highlighted against his pale skin, only showcasing his ethereal orbs, and leaving the rest a mystery. Our eyes are locked, I didn't even notice until I dropped my gaze to the bandana and back to his eyes. They are magical, this stranger can see into the depth of my soul and the thought makes fear tickle my tongue. Nobody can read me; nobody can dismantle the armour I have and yet this stranger practically tore the metal apart and is seeing the cracks – seeing the fucked up disaster I am. I don't even register the white noise or the fact that I'm currently in his arms until Maverick practically screams my name. "JASMINE RAVENSTONE!" Maverick used his alpha tone and while that has no effect on me, it is enough to snap me out of this dark fantasy. A scowl curls on my lips as I push him away to stand on my bare feet. The strangers' eyes twinkle, maybe I imagined that part, but I swear I could feel a smirk on . his lips. "Don't touch me" I warn the unknown man. He towers over me to the point that I have to arch my neck to keep eye contact. "Fuck, my head hurts" Amethyst groggy voice fills the silence and I finally tear my gaze away to face everyone. "The hall is empty, only leaving Maverick, Lucian, Brantley, Kaden, Amethyst, and this mystery man. "What happened?" I question, studying the way Amethyst is on the ground and the obvious disaster of an event. "You don't remember?" Lucian's brow furrow in confusion. Pulling through my memories, trying to piece together the last thing I remember. That's when I

see that messily ebony spiked hair, pure white eyes, and sinister smile – Kier. “Shit where is he?” shifting my attention to Maverick who’s staring intensely at the stranger next to me. “Someone tell me what the fuck happened?” Amethyst growls in annoyance. I can feel the anger rolling in waves from her, like fire heating the atmosphere. That’s when my eyes dart to hers, recognising that sensation. “You were on fire” I say, vividly picturing the flames licking her skin and devouring her. Those purple eyes struck with a state of confusion before widening in recognition. “And you were basically the flash” Brantley chuckles. “What?”

“What he means is that while Amethyst was being consumed by fire, you were being consumed by lightening” Lucian explains. I laugh. “That’s not possible” Brantley plops himself onto the burnt throne. “Oh, it totally happened. Can you do that to me?” he asks the stranger excitedly.

The black bandana is still in place, his hands tucked into his formal pants. He makes no move to answer Brantley question, the matching V-neck shirt tucked into his pants, and I watch his chest rise and fall which means he is real and not a statue or a figment of my imagination. “How do you know he can’t speak?” Kaden’s voice growls through the air as his eye’s stations on Maverick Now that has my attention darting from the stranger to Maverick. “Um, what?” I ask, completely confused. Maverick sighs in exhaustion, the ocean in his eyes crashing in violent waves. He runs his

fingers through his already dishevelled inky hair and connects his eyes to the stranger next to me. “You casted a spell in latin, those spells are only used by the old witches” Maverick states, studying the man. I’m not involved in witch business, they tend to get messy. But Maverick is practically part of every coven around the world, the man is a mystery, and his heritage goes far beyond werewolves. “Are you pausing for dramatic effect? You totally are” Brantley chuckles in amusement. Maverick doesn’t acknowledge him and continues. “When it comes to the old witches, they don’t approve of mixing with races therefore when a half witch is born from there lineage, they are cursed. They are not able to speak, half witches are only to speak their tongue of latin spells but will never be able to speak beyond that” Almost immediately, something stabs my heart at the realization, and I refocus my attention to the stranger. My heart feels like someone is squeezing it, causing an ache to form in my chest. The man slowly pulls down his bandana. Only then am I able to see the stubble on his cheeks and thick blood stained lips. He slowly parts his lips and I expect him to speak, tell me that Maverick is lying but he sticks out his tongue. Against the pink tongue is black vines dancing in every direction before forming a circle and a pentagon within the middle. A strange sensation creeps on my skin, the stabbing pain in my chest intensifying at the reality of his fate. He quickly places the bandana back in place, concealing the bottom half of his face. His eyes quickly dart to mine, as if he is surveying my reaction before tearing them away.

Is he embarrassed? I feel the anger course through my veins, running through my stream like fire. It’s overwhelming, I want to protect him when I don’t even know him, its like my soul wants to keep his for myself. What the fuck is going on? “How are we supposed to get any answers from him if he can’t speak without saying bibbidi bobbidi-

boo” Brantley questions, seemingly annoyed. D Before I can punch the twisted fucker in his face, the stranger snaps his fingers and Brantley’s neck snaps, his body dropping to the ground. “Oh my god, did you just kill him?” Amethyst stares in shock.

The stranger shakes his head no. “He will wake up in an hour” Maverick answers. “How do you know that?” Lucian questions. Maverick doesn’t answer. “What’s more important is that we get him to talk” “I agree, I want to know what you did to Amethyst and Jasmine” Kaden states. “Can you speak through sign language?”

The man shakes his head. “Old witches are meticulous, it’s a form of communication therefore he can’t do it” Maverick answers. Now that is cruel on another level, I can’t imagine how isolating he must feel. “Can you speak to anyone here?” Kaden asks, the desperation hanging on the tip of his tongue. He nods. “Who?” That’s when he lifts his hand, pointing his index finger – at me.

Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 40

Chapter 40 Rotten To The Core

Kyson The precious emeralds in her eyes swarm with confusion at my actions, I couldn’t exactly explain myself but even if I did – white lies were ready at the tip of my tongue. Maybe it was a good thing that I couldn’t speak. Jasmine Ravenstone is beyond ethereal, her beauty danced along the lines of dark magic. She is the perfect embodiment of the ancient magic we practice, if a spell took physical form – it would look like Jasmine. Being half wolf and half witch, a curse itself for being a half-breed, I wasn’t going to be blessed by any Goddess with a mate. It’s the fate I have to suffer, and I was content with that until I saw her. I’ve studied everyone in this room and while that might sound stalkerish – I didn’t have a choice.

A picture couldn’t do her justice, the feel of her soft skin against my fingers caused an electric current to pass through me. Do I sound completely whipped if I say that she is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen? My feelings are irrelevant in the matter, because despite my urge to get on my knees and worship her – I’m still unwanted, undesirable, and unable to speak. Yeah... living in an ancient coven that despised half breeds to the point of inciting a curse on them – that’s a whole different type of self-loathing. “What do you mean? Why am I the one that you can speak to?” Jasmine growls in annoyance. I couldn’t blame her, not being able to speak or even sign is hindering to both parties. They wanted answers and while I’m all for giving it to them – I also cant. Everyone’s eyes are on me, while that usually would make my insecurities flare, I’m grateful to the bandana concealing half my face from there intense gaze. While I couldn’t voice my answer, I had a temporary spell made in order to communicate with an individual through a mind link. But with Jasmine, I want something more permanent. Call me selfish, but the beautiful goddess has awoken that side of me. I may be selfless

majority of my life; I don't really have an option with the coven constantly breathing down my neck and using me as a weapon, only to throw me out when they are finished.

I want to be selfish now, I want to combine our souls. "With a spell?" Maverick Hale questions. Maverick is well-versed with spells and witches, whilst newer covens are more accepting of outsiders – gaining the acceptance of ancient covens are non-existent. Therefore, I wonder how he knew about the curse. I nod because what else can I say, that I'm going to cast a spell that will essentially bind our souls forever? Because that is what I'm going to do.

To get Jasmine. Even if I have to tell white lies in order to get her. The girl known as Amethyst Phoenix, the one he is particularly fond of, is staring at me as if she can see through the lies. I can understand why Kier wants her, she is an enigma and a powerful she-wolf – two things that captivate him the most.

"Can't it be someone else?" Jasmine groans. I admit that her reluctance causes a sharp pain to echo within my chest. Truth be told, I could cast the temporary mind link spell on anyone in this room but I'm planning something permanent and that is only for her. Shaking my head, keeping my eyes as innocent as possible. Jasmine runs her fingers through those luscious, tangled obsidian hair. It's so thick and long, I want to wrap it around my fist. The image makes me grow hard and I have to think about the nasty old hags at the coven to deflate the action. Can't have them catching onto my real motives here. She is on the brink of cursing me out, I see the snarl forming on her plump red lips. "Fuck, fine." She curses, "let's get this over with." Try not to contain your enthusiasm. Jasmine reaches my shoulder and the more I close the distance between us, the more I analyse the way her chest rapidly falls and rises. Maybe I do affect her or maybe she hates being touched, either way – I will have her craving me in the end.

This spell is different, it's intimate and I've never performed it, mainly because I didn't feel this overwhelming urge to tie myself to anyone. She is going to be hesitant, especially in a room filled with eyes burning into us. Closing the distance between us, her scent is a mix of sweet and spice, perfectly capturing her essence. Those hypnotic green eyes connect with mine, no disgust and it scrambles my brain. I'm used to horrendous looks and cruel words at the mere sight of me and my 'devilish' eyes.

But Jasmine stares at them with intrigue and awe, admiring something she hasn't quite seen before. And fuck if it doesn't make my heart thump rapidly in my chest. Pulling down the bandana, I watch her gaze drop to my lips for a split second before the thought dissipates – all in due time my love. Bending down a little to match her, my fingers dance at the nape of her neck, testing her reaction to my touch and almost immediately do I feel goosebumps skate across my fingers. Oh, so I'm not the only one affected by this attraction. This time, I feel that dormant beast demanding to crawl out of its darkness. My hand grips the back of her neck possessively, drawing her closer to me until our lips are a mere breath away. I wanted them to collide, to taste the soft pillow of her lips but I couldn't. Instead, I casted the spell in a mere whisper, "Liga linguam meam ad tuas, liga cor meum tuo, liga animam meam tuo" 'Bind my tongue to yours, bind my

heart to yours, bind my soul to yours' My soul seeped out of my parted lips, a glowing shadow of darkness feeding into her. Drifting my eyes to hers, I find them rolled back in pleasure. The binding of souls is a pleasurable

experience, and while I feel my cock hardening for her – I can't react to those urges without drawing attention to the blatant lie I have told. Jasmine will hate me once she finds out the truth, I have taken away her chance of ever finding her mate. By some miracle of the Goddess that they do find each other, even if they complete the mate bond, she will never fully be mated because I own her soul. She will only crave me, she will only yearn for me, she will never be whole without me. Maybe the coven was right, I'm rotten to the core.

Scanned with CamScanner