

# Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 41

## Chapter 41 Who Is In Control?

Jasmine Ravenstone This isn't right. I am certain of it; the alarms are flaring in my head, but I didn't care. There is something magnetic about him, I couldn't quite figure out the reason but I'm chalking it down to my impendent need to solve mysteries. And that is what he is, an enigma. It's possible that I'm chancing my fate, with him, and the side of me; the Ravenstone side – it's demanding that I squash this attraction. Jasmine, however, is quite intrigued and desperate to learn more about him. The moment his heated fingers grabbed the nape of my neck, my entire body shuddered as goosebumps pebbled my skin. I wanted his fingers to drift to my chest, squeeze my tits and trail down my stomach towards my aching centre. No man could ever garner this reaction and he is doing it with pure ease. Without saying a word. Our lips were a mere breath away, I could practically taste the mint on his tongue. Then, he whispered the ancient spell and it's like honey dripping from his tongue. I vaguely remember a dark shadow seeping from his parted lips and into mine, that's when I couldn't contain myself and closed my eyes. Alarms were going off, I didn't care. It can only be described as euphoric, my blood sizzling with an intensity that I've never experienced before. An entire part of my soul feeling full, feeling consumed. Pleasure racketed through my body, my nipples turning hard and my pussy aching for him. A portion of my heart felt torn and yet mended together with another foreign piece. Opening my eyes, lust dripping heavily through my eyes, and I'm met with an intense fire morphing in his obsidian eyes. With no pupil in sight, it became a blackhole that sucked me in. Whether they were laced with desire or danger – I found them entirely enchanting. I was utterly doomed "See something you like, enchantress?" his deep, guttural voice coursed through my mind. It immediately made me jump in surprise, I didn't expect his voice to be deeper than when he chanted spells. His tone is laced with mischief, a smirk forming on his plump cherry lips at my reaction. How is that possible? Did puberty hit him with some extra magic because I've never heard a voice that deep. As if remembering my surroundings, Maverick breaks the trance between us. "Did it work?" Without breaking eye contact with the stranger, I answered, "Yes." A scowl cut through my lips as I put distance between us, I couldn't think clearly now that I knew what his touch did to me. But he all but smirked, "Are you running away from me?" his tone was laced with sarcasm and triumph. Rolling my eyes at the massive ego he has, I ignored everything else and questioned through the mind link, "What is your name?" "Kyson." Fuck, even his name is sexy. Raising my brow, "Last name?" I asked aloud. His eyes strained with hesitation, a sombre glint peaking through those black eyes, until he quickly masks his emotions. He secures the bandana back in place, concealing his mouth and hiding from me. "No." the words were short, and he didn't want to pursue the topic further. "His name is Kyson," I said aloud for everyone to hear. Considering what Maverick said about half breeds being treated like shit in ancient covens, I , can't imagine the horrors he had to endure and somehow, a whine threatens to escape my lips. My wolf Anya is growing murderous at anyone hurting him and that makes me question, why we would

care who hurts him? “What did you do to Amethyst and Jasmine?” Kaden questions impatiently. Kyson runs his fingers through his hair that resembled snow and I wondered if they would be soft between mine. “Your powers were forcefully induced and couldn’t be contained, hence why they spilled out. I casted a spell that made your powers stop from spilling out and destroying everyone.” Without cutting off our connection, I answered Kaden, “He said that our powers were forcefully induced by Kier and that he casted a spell that would contain it within us instead of spilling out.” Shifting my gaze to Amethyst, I watch a frown of confusion cloud her features. There is a lot that she doesn’t know about us or about herself in general. Being apart of the Founding Families, there are a lot of secrets that make us different from the average wolf. But neither of us know each other’s secrets. So, even we couldn’t tell her what being a Phoenix meant. “Why were your powers suppressed for so long?” Kyson’s voice rang through my mind, filled with intrigue and I couldn’t help the butterflies swarming at his curiosity for me. However, I wasn’t going to openly express my confused feelings for him. Schooling my features, I twist my gaze to his. Why does he depict black and white like a devil and an angel, the perfect combination that woul “I don’t know.” I answered through the mind link, keeping personal questions from the rest of them. “How did you know about what was happening?” Lucian asked. Kyson shrugged his shoulders, “I followed Kier.” “He followed Kier” I relayed. That captured Mavericks attention, even if he only wore only one expression. “What is your connection to Kier? How do you know him?” Kyson’s eyes lack any emotion, turning completely blank and that’s a dead giveaway that he is concealing his emotions. Lacking the ability to speak, his eyes are very expressive and when they aren’t – that means he is purposely hiding his true feelings. “He has garnered witches from ancient covens across the world, no one knows why they agree but word has travelled that he is powerful enough to take down all five of you.” My mouth parts in shock, even I know that ancient covens are extremely private and hate outsiders. “He said that Kier has the ancient witches on his side, from all over the world and no one can figure out why, but he is powerful enough to take us all down.” We were at a loss for words, Kier is a bigger threat than we realized and we might not be strong enough to take him down. The Founding Families haven’t faced a threat like this in centuries, and I guess Amethyst appearance has gained an unpleasant welcome from Kier. When Lucian broke the news, Kier wasn’t happy at all and almost tore through Lucian’s jugular.

“Why did he induce our powers then?” I asked. Kyson shakes his head. “I don’t know, my theory is that he wants to control each of you and by bringing forth your powers – he is able to gain reactions out of you without your knowledge.” “So, your saying he basically owns us?” Kyson nods. Great, the time I do get my powers – it’s controlled by someone else. “Kyson said that because Kier forcefully brought our powers out, he is able to control them.” I relayed, watching Kaden’s eyes flash with rage over someone controlling his Amethyst. “Don’t worry enchantress, I’ll protect you.” Kyson’s playful voice sounds like honey in my mind, making the rage melt away. “I can protect myself.” He raises his brow; I could almost see that smirk through his bandana. “Maybe. But I think we need to be together to make certain that Kier doesn’t make a move.” “Why do I feel like that is just an excuse for you to come to my house?” I quiz. “Maybe it is.” He answers without hesitation. We are locked in a trance; I’m getting to used to speaking

with him through the mind link and its fucking with my head because I like it. “Can you help us?” Amethyst voice floods the silence, and all eyes are on Kyson now. “Yes and no,” I frown. “What do you mean?” “I can help but to an extent, I’m not even supposed to be involved in this.” Kyson vaguely answers. “Then why are you?” I ask, keeping this conversation between us. He shrugs, “Various reason.” “Name one,” Kyson’s penetrating gaze is seeping into my soul, holding me hostage and making me breathless. “Right now....You”

## Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 42

### Chapter 42 Unanswered Question, Hot and Cold

Amethyst Phoenix This is a whole lot of fuckery. I’m still trying to process the vague answers that Kyson provided us with, and they weren’t much. While I understand his hesitation to divulge his coven’s secrets, I can’t help but that he is concealing more than he lets on about Kier. None of the Founding Families knew Kier’s history, or he fed them false information with false evidence to back-up the story. His intentions are unknown, the only fraction of a theory we gained was from Kyson – saying that he induced our powers in order to control us. Power? What the fuck? I was in the dark more than ever; Maverick, Lucian, Jasmine and Brantley weren’t even fazed by the mention of powers. It practically shows that we are all predators, not providing an inch towards someone that’s supposed to be an ally. The only person in my corner is Kaden and with given time – he will begin to place heavy distance between us again.

The rage coursed in waves through his body, I felt his body vibrating as he held me in his arms. While I appreciated that whatever happened to me affected him greatly, I didn’t appreciate his hot and cold manner. They confused me and made hope blossom within my heart. Kaden, no matter how indebted I am to him for saving me – doesn’t have the right to continuously give me hope, only to wrap his hand around my heart and squeeze until all I’m left with is pain. I’m attempting to wrap my mind around this power that I supposedly have, the unanswered questions swarming in my mind doesn’t help either. My body ached, according to everyone, I had fire spilling out of me with vengeful force. Yet, I remember nothing after I saw Kier’s, milky way eyes with no pupil in sight. Temporarily unconscious and almost burning the entire mansion to ashes, I felt the turmoil this induced power had wrecked on my body. Jasmine collided with me, and we appeared to be lost in our minds to notice each other. “Sorry,” we mumbled in unison. Our gaze lifted, emeralds colliding with amethysts, the uncertainty and annoyance clearly visible but they weren’t directed to me. Immediately that curiosity in her eyes dampened and a soft smile curved on her lips. “Hey Amethyst, how you feeling?” her voice strained with exhaustion. “Probably same as you,” I chuckled lightly, trying to make the mood around us less gloomy. “The bath salts placed in your room helps with the pain, we have a witch that makes them, so they are of top quality.” She informed, an ache in her eyes to finally take that relaxing bath. “So, in other words, magic salt.” raising my eyebrow at her playfully. Jasmine laughed boisterously, “I like that better,”

she chided. The silence became deafening, and we were about to part ways, when I stopped her from climbing the stairs to her level, “Did you know about the powers?” I asked hesitantly. Jasmine doesn’t turn around, her back taunt against the fabric of her tattered dress until she lets out a sigh and turns around, holding my gaze as she answers, “Yes.” “Why didn’t anyone tell me?” I asked naively, stifling my anger and pain. “Here’s the thing you have to realize Amethyst, none of us are trustworthy, none of us would save each other unless its beneficial to ourselves. So yes, there are a lot of things you don’t know but there is also a lot we don’t know about each other. While we do have powers, we don’t know what family has what power until demonstrated.” Jasmine explained, attempting to answer the many unanswered questions my parents left. I swallowed, trying to process this information. “Is there any more surprises pertaining to the Founding Families?” “Only you can figure out what secrets lie with your Phoenix bloodline. The only thing we all have in common is the visions, whether they are past or present, loved ones or not – we all have them.” She said those words with a haunting look in her eyes, as if an echo of a memory played before her. “Do you believe Kyson?” I questioned. “Yes, as odd as that sounds. But I know he’s hiding more than he cares to share,” she shrugs, appearing disinterested in the man with the bandana. This would probably be the most answers I would get tonight, and I didn’t want to pester Jasmine. “Goodnight,” I called, as we both parted ways. With the disaster of an event, you would think I would at least get to soak in the magically bath salts. But no, the Goddess decided that I needed more fuckery before bedtime. “Amethyst…” Kaden’s deep voice called, making the walls close in on me. “I can’t do this tonight.” I cut, unable to dance this game with him. “You almost died tonight, you can’t possibly think that it’s safe to stay here,” he growled in warning, the sound rattling my bones in pleasure. Biting back a moan, I levelled us, those deep ocean blue eyes boring into mine with worry and lingering notes of affection. “I can’t keep doing this, stop confusing me Kaden,” my voice stern and cold. His brows furrow, a frown marring his lips, “Confusing you how?” “I know you care about me, you found me after all. But you draw the line so fucking deep and build a gigantic wall when it comes to us. You can’t show me affection in a way that will give me hope. You need to stop being hot and cold, choose a side and stop making me believe that we could ever be more.”

The shock was evident in his features before he concealed them and remained evasive. “I’m not playing any game with you; we will never be more than friends.” I took a deep breath, letting the rejection pass over me once again but this time it was different, this time we had more than our fucked-up love lives to deal with. Maybe I’m finally becoming like him, concealing the truth, and making myself at home with all the lies. “Kaden…get out.” I said, entering the bathroom without looking back.

## **Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 43**

### **Chapter 43 Fire**

Amethyst Phoenix

You could cut the tension between us with a knife. Kaden and I were walking on thin ice after I abruptly slammed the door on him – on the blurred lines of our relationship. I've never treated him this way because I was starving for affection that went over the line of friendship, but I can't do this anymore. The threats we are facing, the secrets of the Phoenix bloodline and everything else in-between is taking a toll on me,

Avoiding each other is practically non-existent in this castle and especially when we live on the same level. Kaden was adamant on leaving last night since Kier is not a normal enemy, he is dangerous and has witches and werewolves on his side. We had two unstable women whose powers were forcefully induced and might be controlled by him. Yeah...we were fucked. Kyson offered to train me in controlling my surprised power, apparently the Phoenix bloodline has the element of fire and left me no manual on how to control them. Therefore, I wasn't going to pass up the opportunity. While the communication might be difficult to navigate, I didn't have the years of training or preparation like the rest of them. Which leaves me clueless and desperate for Kyson's help and a witch surely has more experience on this matter.

The warriors from each pack returned home as every Alpha was fearful of leaving them unprotected, which is why I sent everyone from R.E.D back home. I insisted that Kaden leave as well since none of the Alpha's ever bring their Beta around each other. And while I'm not blind to the fact that having my Beta by my side brings more security and protection, it also feels like a sign of weakness. I've changed into my training gear since I didn't want to burn any of my casual clothes with my inability to control this newfound power. While I jog down the steps towards the forest

that seems endless, I'm surprised to find Jasmine and Kyson in a staring competition. A rock skates past them and the direction of that rock was coming from Brantley. He keeps chucking rocks at Kyson and he simply raises an index finger and deflects them without a care. "If you don't fucking stop that Brantley, Kyson won't need to snap your neck because I will do it with my bare hands!" Jasmine growls in frustration, apparently the conversation with Kyson wasn't putting her in a good mood. "Aww come on, I'm bored – lemme play," Brantley pouts. "No!" As I get closer to the pair, I take in Kyson's attire. He has on black sweatpants that are matched with classic Converse sneakers, a crisp white V-neck shirt that showcased the outline of his six pack. You could hardly tell that he had defined muscles from all the black he wore last night. Kyson is truly beautiful in a dark way, the contrast of his snow-white hair that's messily tossed and pupil-less obsidian eyes that seem like an endless night sky. The man is breath-taking and enchanting. When my gaze slips down, I see that his bandana is secured to conceal the rest of his face. "I'm warning you," Jasmine grits, jabbing her finger into Kyson's chest. Jasmine, while being the most chilled during our encounters hasn't shown her true rage yet. But whenever her attention is on Kyson, it's like there is a permanent scowl and fire emitting from her pores. Kyson on the other hand finds her quite amusing, not even fazed by the she-wolf's rage. His left brow arches and I'm certain that if the bandana wasn't in place, we would see the smirk of satisfaction on his lips. "Hey, how come you're dressed like that?" I ask, gesturing to her workout gear because I wasn't aware that she was going to train with me. Jasmine gives Kyson a lethal glare

and he isn't the least bit intimidated, "Training." I frown in confusion, "I assumed you already knew how to control your powers?" Jasmine doesn't take my question to heart and shrugs, "I am but they never come naturally so I don't know how it will affect me." I nod and before the training can initiate, I feel Kaden. It's the way I notice him before he even steps into my field of vision. It's the way me and Jade search for that distinct scent he emits, a fantasy escape morphed into my most calming scent, rain. By the way Kyson connects his eyes to the person behind me only confirms my theory. Brantley is next to us, leaning against the tree as he takes a nap. Kyson has no fear in his eyes, considering that Kaden emits Alpha intimidation. Kyson is a half-breed and that alone makes him feel more powerful than any of us, imagine having the blessing of two powers and yet the world treats them with no respect, wishing death upon them. I shouldn't have looked; I should have suppressed the urge to see him but I'm a fool. The moment my eyes meet his beautiful sapphires, precious jewels that are as cold as ice, I feel the shiver run down my spine. Whether it was from pleasure or pain, I wouldn't know. He emits a dominant aura that seems to match the energy of the men in the Founding Families, which makes me realize that he is never intimidated by them. Pulling my gaze away from him, I divide my attention between Jasmine and Kyson. Something I can't figure out if they are glaring at each other or communicating, "Um, isn't this going to be a lot of work for you? I mean you would have to relay everything he says to me," I ask Jasmine, but she simply smirks, "it's no trouble,"

I don't trust anyone in the Founding Families, but Jasmine is the most forthcoming with information. Kyson nods his head, and he places distance between us. I vaguely notice that Kaden hasn't left yet but I brush the thought to the back of my mind. "Slow down, I can't translate a whole damn paragraph in one breath," Jasmine scolds. Kyson is enjoying her temper and it's the way the darkness envelops his eyes and yet seemingly liven at her presence – like the night sky finally being graced with stars. Jasmine scoffs at something he said, and I have to admit that I am jealous of this bond they developed so easily. Jasmine directs her attention towards me, "Okay, Kyson said that in order to control the fire, you need to conjure up the image of it in your palm. Focus on the fire, how it feels on your skin and how you control the intensity of the flame. He said that you have to become one with the element," she rolls her eyes at the last part since it's a generic line that's been recycled plenty of times. The instructions are vague and seems easy, but I doubt it is. Taking a deep breath, the taste of the forest and rain seeping into my lungs and settling my rapid heart. Closing my eyes, letting the darkness envelop me as I extend my hand. Imagining my palm flickering with the tiny flame and I focus on the heat that fire emits. It's been ten minutes and none of my attempts create a surge through my bloodstream, leaving my palm empty. The sky begins to cry, crackling as the clouds clash together with a gigantic thunder scoring through them. My attention switches to Jasmine and I realize that the gloomy weather that is shadowing us is because of her. Her hand is tangled with the blue lightening, resembling an array of diamond necklaces that wrap around each finger – its beyond ethereal.

Jasmine speaks but her eyes never leave her hand, she speaks as if she is in a trance, "Feel the fire coursing through your fingers, in your veins and then gather them at the centre in a ball. Feel the heat scorch your skin in pleasure and relish in the power it

gives you.” I concentrate on her words and feel the orange and yellow flames lick at my skin, wrapping around each finger and coursing through my blood as heat trails the path. It takes me awhile to conjure that sensation of pleasure from the fire when it’s something causes more pain. Once I feel ready, I gather the flames around my fingers to form a ball in the centre of my palm. I hold that imagine in my mind and focus on every specific detail. It’s been five minutes and when I open my eyes – to my surprise is a ball of fire sitting in the centre, with delicate flames dancing at my fingertips. “I did it,” I smile. My excitement seems short lived when all the voices of praise around me switches to white noise and become entranced by the flames until they are all I see. It’s like I am in a trance and everything around me switches to a field consumed by fire. Shit, I’m having another vision.

## **Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 44**

### **Chapter 44 His Past**

Amethyst Phoenix Everything is engulfed in fire. The fire feels alive like a beating organ pumping blood throughout the body. Only this time, it’s pumping poison. I’ve never seen this much carnage, the blood seeping into the wet soil and mingling with the pouring rain. It causes my hair to stick to my skin, all the heat surrounding me should have dampened the icy feeling creeping up my spine, but it did not. Dead bodies littered the vast earthy ground and left no space untouched. There were more than hundreds, torn to shreds, both in wolf form and human form. The scene in front of me is bone-chilling, the echoing silence as the fire eats away at there dead bodies. From the cabins burning and the roof toppling in, I concluded that this was a pack that lost a war. Flames of gold and orange danced around the fallen pack. Fire is truly an element that doesn’t care whether it’s being used for good or evil – it exists to turn everything to ash. Goosebumps pebbled my skin under the touch of the harsh rain, and it wasn’t because of the cold. I didn’t want to move, physically unable to stop my eyes from meeting those of dead pups. The back of my eyes started to burn as I prevented the tears from falling, not like it would matter when the rain is disguising the agony. My chest tightens and I feel helpless, how can I even prevent this from happening to my pack or anyone else’s. It’s not that I care to protect the Founding Families, but a pack consists of families and pups – how can I watch them have the life drained from their eyes? That’s when it appeared, when all my muscles locked, and I didn’t want to move. A red thread was conjured in the middle of this bloodshed, and it led down a straight path. An overwhelming sensation tugged at my subconscious, urging me to follow the thread otherwise I would regret it forever. It glowed in the middle of this darkness, everything faded and all I could focus on is the red thread pulling me towards something I might not want to see. I followed the path with shaky steps, letting my fingers touch the silky thread. It wasn’t getting tarnished by the rain, unlike myself. Every step towards the end made this pit of agony and sorrow build until I choked on it.

My feet are brought to an immediate halt when I see what lies at the end of this red thread. Tied to the finger of a little boy who is on his knees, crying so hard that I can physically see him fighting the urge to pass out. As I near his shaking body that is hunched over with a woman on his lap. She was utterly beautiful, dark obsidian waves that ran down to her waist and high cheek bones with full plump lips. The woman is the definition of goddess beauty, and the most heart-breaking thing was that her eyes are closed. Blood tainted her flawless bronze skin, and I can see a huge chunk of her neck was torn. The boy was crying, his forehead pressed upon hers and screaming his lungs out in despair. His pain made my bones ache and my heart shatter, his white shirt was soaked in blood along with his golden skin but there weren't any visible injuries. "Momma, come back," he cried with all his tiny heart, wrapping his tiny fists in her emerald coloured blouse.

That's when I noticed the red thread on his left hand, wrapped into a bow on his ring finger. He wasn't aware of the thread, and it seemed only visible to me. The little boy rocked back and forth, his pitch-black hair dancing with his movements. "Don't leave me." he sobbed and somehow that's what brought me to my knees. I was in front of him, unable to let him go through this alone even if he couldn't see me. His pain seeped out of his pores and into my body, making it harder to breathe. I desperately wanted to make his pain go away, to hold him in my arms and tell him that everything will be okay – even if I didn't believe it. His entire body is soaked in rain and blood and despair. I sat with him for what felt like hours before he lifted his head, and nothing prepared me for what I saw. Beautiful sapphires that could never exist in the supernatural world and that wasn't what made my heart shatter into a million pieces, it was the familiarity of those jewels. Tears mingled with the rain, but I could see the glassy red rimes of his eyes and I found myself speechless. "Kaden," I whispered, desperately wishing this is a figment of my imagination and not a vision. His lips tremble, "Don't leave me Amethyst." I couldn't hold back my tears, the massive headache slicing through my brain and the knife in my heart making it impossible to conceal my emotions – especially when it comes to Kaden. Reaching over until my hand finds the back of his head, I place a soft kiss onto his forehead. He stares at me, awe-struck at the action but sheds even more tears. "I will never leave you." I promise. Suddenly everything dissipates, fading into the blackhole and I open my eyes. I'm back on the training grounds, the flame in my palm fading away until I'm left empty. It's like my head was in a fog as I take in my surroundings, I was back on the grounds with Kyson and Jasmine. They were bickering and on normal circumstances I would find it hilarious that he simply stands there like a statue while Jasmine animatedly argues with him. I felt him, the electric shocks emitting from his fingers as they wrapped around my wrist. He swivelled me on the balls of my feet until I faced him, and I couldn't help but stare at those magnetic ocean blue eyes filled with power and dominance – completely different from the small boy who desperately cried for this mother. Kaden's features were laced in worry, he encased my face in his warm embrace and the pads of his fingers brushed under my eyes, catching the tears. "What happened?" his voice was stern and demanding for the cause of my pain. "I saw you," I whisper, unable to swallow the lump in my throat, "I saw you holding a woman and crying." His body stiffens, knots forming in his broad shoulders as he lets his hands drop from my skin. The warmth and



comfort leaving with him. When I watch his eyes flash between agony and grief before concealing any traces of his vulnerable emotions. “What...tell me everything that you saw.” he commands. While my heart broke for him, I needed answers just like him, I never knew his past before my parents and that is all going to change. “Tell me everything that happened to you before the Blood Moon pack.”

## **Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 45**

### **Chapter 45 The Truth**

Amethyst Phoenix The question caused him physical discomfort. We resided deep within the forest, away from the castle and all the people in it. It probably wasn't our best plan, but we were equally desperate for answers. Once we were alone, I could see his mask slipping, the one he wears because he feels like he can never show his emotions. He runs his fingers furiously through his inky waves to the point that they might tear from the root. Kaden takes deep breathes that correspond with the chaos ensuing above us. When his eyes connect with mine, it is filled with pain. Kaden takes powerful strides towards me until he looms over me like the dark clouds in the sky. He is aiming for intimidation, for me to backdown. “Tell me what happened before you came to the Blood Moon pack.” I demand with an even tone. Kaden's jaw clenches painfully hard that his teeth would likely shatter at this rate. His fists furl and unfurl at his sides, “I already told you what happened, we were ambushed, and everyone was killed.” His lethal tone is a warning for me to stop asking question, but I've never feared him.

Tugging on my bottom lip as I try to compartmentalize the appropriate way to handle this situation. He did tell me this on the first day that I arrived at the Blood Moon pack and back then I didn't think it would affect us. But maybe it affects Kaden, maybe it's the reason he cries out in his sleep and has nightmares. There must be a reason as to why I had that vision of his past, why else would the Goddess let me see that tragedy if it didn't lead to something – whether it be to stop Kier or the emotional blockage between Kaden and me. “You are not telling me something. I know you and you keep everything to yourself, Kaden.” I state. Jade is attempting to break down my barrier, urging me to stop this. “Stop it Amethyst, he isn't ready for this.” She growls and whines as if it hurts her just as much. ‘I can't’ I tell her, bringing the wall up between us. Axel is the complete opposite of Kaden; he doesn't mind opening up to Jade and it makes me jealous that her relationship with him is easy while mines is slowly disintegrating until it becomes non-existent.

Our attachment has grown roots and they are in too deep to pull out now. “Tell me.” I grit, my temper rising as I lose my patience. A forced laugh escapes his bloody red lips as he moves in circles, running his fingers through his already messy hair. Kaden is unravelling before my eyes, and I've never seen anything like it. He is losing control and the urge to scream is heavy on his tongue. He is reaching his boiling point and I don't even care. I study the way his eyes move in various directions before the land on me,

those ocean blue eyes bleeding with malice. "What do you want to hear Amethyst? Do you want to hear how I watched my mother die in front of me? Do you want to hear every fucking detail of what happened on that miserable night?" his taut voice enunciates every word like he is trying to threaten me. We've fought before, lost control and let out anger get the better of us but never like this. And I think that we have reached our limit, we finally fell into the pit of fire. Kaden glares at me with venom and hatred, like I'm the bane to his existence. It shatters my

heart and makes my blood run cold. And I have no one to blame but myself. "Kaden, I have to know-" "That's bullshit!" he laughs maniacally. Swallowing the lump in my throat, my hands beginning to feel clammy as I stare into his eyes, watching them shift between the ocean and the darkness. He is fighting with himself; he is fighting his control and his emotions. "This is about you trying to find an excuse to make something out of us, are you that desperate?" he smiles wickedly. Just like that, the switch inside me flips and I wasn't going to be considerate of his feelings. In all these years I have never fell to his feet and kissed the ground he walked on. Bawling my fists, "You think I'm that fucking desperate for you?" my laughter mixes with the thunder that crackles through the stormy sky, "I don't worship the fucking ground you walk on Kaden. I don't care who you fuck and I sure as hell don't need you in my life." My words only infuriated him further, Kaden marches over to me and immediately wraps his fingers around my neck, pushing me into the tree so hard that the branches shook from the force. "You don't need me?" a sinister smile forming on his lips. Kaden squeezes my throat until I'm unable to take a breath, his lips coming impossibly close to mine as he grins, "If it wasn't for me, you would have still been known as that pathetic little girl that was rejected by her mate. You would have been dead if I never found you." His words are lethal, aimed to cut me deep and he succeeded. But not because I cared for my ex-mate but because he said the truth – he did save me, and I fucking hated that. I push with all my strength against his chest, and he places the distance between us. My throat hurts but I make no move to soothe the ache, "I saw you crying, I saw your mother on your lap and you were crying for her to not leave you-" "Stop." Kaden pleads, covering his ears and turning away from me so he doesn't have to hear me. "Everyone was dead around you, the fire kept spreading and you sat there crying. You had no one and yet you looked me in the fucking eyes and told me not to leave you." Kaden shakes his head, not wanting to acknowledge me as he closes his eyes when I proceeded to eat the distance between us. "Your visions were messing with you." "Tell me what happened Kaden?!" I screamed and his eyes open, turning completely black.