

# Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 51

## Chapter 51 The Mate Is Back

Amethyst Phoenix The mood has died. It was obliterated by a single name. No longer did I feel the burning desire to be consumed and Kaden certainly reciprocated. The once passion fuelled atmosphere morphed into a mixture of anger and hatred. I've heard multiple mate tales over the years in the pack, and apparently there should be deep rooted

feelings of agony and yearning for Mason. But I didn't feel that, and I never have. I can chalk it down to the rejection being accepted simultaneously but something in my gut tells me that's not the real truth. "Don't let him in, I'll meet you at the border." I instructed through the mind link. "Yes, Alpha." I drew up the wall and stood up, putting my dress back in place. Kaden studied my actions with a scowl on his face while I shrugged on the ebony drench coat onto my shoulders. It was slightly longer than the dress and even with the six-inch heels on my feet – I still had to arch my neck to meet his penetrating gaze. He crossed his arms over his muscular chest, biceps straining against the fabric of his black shirt. Inky waves that were sleeked back with a few strands upon his forehead. Bruised wine stained lips, stubble coating his sharp jaw and those precious jewels raging with malice and something vicious.

Probably the wrong time to admire how he resembles a God. I've never seen anyone this beautiful and sculptured to perfection. My heart ached for him, for us to be mated. There is something otherworldly when it comes to us, this connection between us and I couldn't figure out why or what it is. Kaden's husky voice filled the silence as he commanded, "You are not going." I respect Kaden, as an Alpha and as my Beta but I know Mason has a massive ego and won't stop until I face him. I'm not the broken girl he needs to protect anymore, I'm stronger because of Kaden and he should trust that I can handle a fucking asshole like Mason. "I'm going and you can't stop me. Do you really want him to view me as weak?" I question, arching my brow challengingly at him. It was a low blow but if there is one thing that infuriates Kaden when it pertains to me, is that he despises when people underestimate or undermine me. I'm proven correct when he starts clenching his jaw and his nostrils flare, anger grappling at his features, "Fine, then I am coming with you." I shrug, "As my Beta, you have to," The small sliver of distance between us is quickly eaten, those clear sky-blue orbs swirling with something menacing that could easily devour me. "I'm not coming because I am your Beta. I am coming because that piece of shit needs to know that you were never his, you were always meant to be mine." Those words touch something in my soul, like his hands wrap around the very essence of it and claims it for himself. 'Now that was how you claim a woman.' Jade purrs in delight. Kaden and I leave our house and take my car, the sleek black Range Rover. I've insisted on driving but clearly, he needed to blow off steam. "Where the fuck have you been?" I question through our mind link. Jade had disappeared on me for days without an explanation "Busy. She replies, a completely

vague and dismissive answer. I roll my eyes at her; she is shit at lying just as much as me. "Wasn't too busy when you took control and marked Kaden." I sassed. The worst person to fight with is Jade because she knows my deep desires and vice versa, 'Wasn't all me Purple." Okay, she got me there. "Don't think I don't notice that you keep closing off the connection whenever you are with Axel. Are you hiding something from me?" 'No. Her answer is confirmation that she is hiding something from me. However, I won't pester her for answers. Jade is entitled to her secrets as am I, she will reveal whatever is going on when she wants to. We have been together forever so I trust her judgement on what I should and shouldn't know.

The drive carries on in silence, Kaden not saying a word, but I could cut the fiery aura around him with a knife. Irritation and annoyance plagued his features, making his body taunt as his grip on the steering wheel tightens. His knuckles turn white as the veins begin to protrude, running his fingers through his hair while attempting to contain himself. D Once we reach the border, his mood sours even more. My skin instantly begins to crawl like a million ants are on me, disgust tickles my tongue as I see him. "You don't have to do this." Kaden's husky voice reminds me, and I shift my attention. Everything slowly dies, the ball of anxiety that creeps on me begins to dissolve. That's the effect Kaden has over me, he makes me feel like I can conquer anything and anyone because I have strength that I worked for, bled for. "I don't have to, I want to." Kaden studied my features; I was beyond powerful in my mind and soul. He saw that, he recognised it and gave me a smile of encouragement. "You are truly a powerful being, Alpha Amethyst." I couldn't contain the smile and I didn't want to. We slip out of the car and that playful and comforting Kaden now became a protective Beta of his Alpha. Our eyes locked and for a split second, I see his eyes churning with uncertainty and insecurity or was that vulnerability? He quickly masked it, the sun setting a subtle glow upon his decadent features. What would warrant him to feel those emotions? I couldn't question him because I wanted to wrap up this unnecessary meeting and return home. My heels clicked against the pavement as I reached one of the guards on patrol,

Tristan. He bows, chocolate waves tumbling forwards, "Alpha Amethyst." "Thank you, Tristan, please return to your post." He nods and leaves us. That's when I finally settle my eyes on this pathetic piece of shit that the Moon Goddess deemed worthy to be my mate. Mason grew out his sandy blonde hair to the point that it reached his shoulders, burnt coffee orbs that were a reflection of what is inside of him, selfishness, deviousness and overall, an aura of evil. The dark blue suit is pristine against his lean frame and while anyone would find his golden boy appearance attractive, I didn't. It puzzled me that I couldn't find that attraction, simply because a mate connection no matter if he marked someone else or I did – it would always be

stronger. But I didn't feel a fucking thing besides disgust. Even Jade didn't react to his wolf, Ray. What the fuck was going on? I see his mark concealed beneath the fabric of his dressed shirt, a wolf howling at the sun and yet there wasn't a hint of jealousy. I didn't care that he mated someone else, and I think that bothered me the most, the unanswered questions. I feel more jealousy and possession when it comes to Kaden, I feel everything a thousand times deeper than I ever had with Mason. "Alpha Amethyst,

who would have thought.” He jokes, flashing me a fake smile. His gaze travels the length of my body, lust pegging his eyes. It made bile arise in my throat, just looking at him made my blood boil in vexation. I wasn’t the scared little orphan that was rejected by her power-hungry mate, now I am an Alpha with a family. He couldn’t intimidate me on his best fucking day. “Alpha Mason, what did I do to warrant this unpleasant visit?” He chuckles with a cocky air around him, “Is that anyway to speak to your mate?”

The words barely left his mouth before a fierce growl emitted from Kaden. His sapphires were shifting between the darkness and the ocean, “She isn’t your mate.” His dual voice stated, control slipping from his fingertips. Mason faked his power, squaring his shoulders and pretending that he could level with Kaden. That was the biggest lie that he told himself, pretending like he wasn’t a greedy wolf and a less than leader.

Kaden radiated the energy of an Alpha, of a leader and everyone respected him. Mason couldn’t even gain a sliver of respect or ooze that powerful energy the way Kaden can. They were as different as night and day, Mason being a few inches shorter than Kaden and thinner, Kaden had a beastly form that could easily eat you alive like a savage. So, Mason goes for the one thing that will make Kaden snap: me. “I think the Moon Goddess would disagree with you.” Mason retaliates, attempting to flex his muscles since Kaden temper is rising which causes the veins in his neck to protrude and the fire burning in his eyes. I laugh humourlessly, “Why are you here Mason? Because I know you aren’t claiming this mate bullshit with a mark already on you neck.” “She means nothing to me, nothing compared to you.” Mason declares. I smirk, he really thinks I give a fuck about him. “That’s cute and heart-warming. You started missing me when I became the Alpha of Blood Moon pack, am I wrong?” raising my eyebrow at him mischievously. “No, never. It has nothing to do with you being Alpha.” A solemn expression on his face. Yeah, I felt nothing, even with that puppy look on his face. “Honestly Mason, do you think I’m stupid? I don’t want you or anything to do with you. We are strangers, you are as good as dead to me.” I chuckle, Mason really came all this way to waste both our time. I crippled his ego. He reeked of toxic masculinity, and he couldn’t let a woman have the last word or embarrass him the way I did. The anger showcasing in his face as it morphs into who he truly is, “I think you should be more accepting of our connection.” “Why?” He smirks, “Because I heard if you don’t take this deal then someone named Kier will come and annihilate your pack.” I stiffen at his words and suddenly the crushing of bone can be heard. Kaden punched Mason’s face, “Did you just threaten my Alpha and our pack? I know you didn’t come here with a fucking death wish.” He spits with venom. Mason continues to laugh, and my anxiety slowly accelerates, Kier made contact with Mason. “What do you want?” I growl. “You, as my mate.” He answers, blood coating his teeth with that wicked smile. I couldn’t do this. I couldn’t endure a life with him, he would surely turn me into a mistress and even worse, he would weasel his way into destroying my pack and I couldn’t let that happen. I could never be with anyone because only Kaden owned my heart and soul. Mason has always been crazy for power, and this is his ticket to gain the most power of all. “And this guard dog is your Beta I presume,” his smile turning sinister as he continues to insult Kaden, “You will never be anything to her, you aren’t her mate. The Moon Goddess didn’t make you anything to her.” Everything slowly began to morph around

me, the purple sunset descending into darkness. "Kaden, it's happening again." I whisper, knowing that I was once again experiencing a vision. Kaden and Mason fade away and two people appear in front of me. No, they weren't people. They were something beyond extraordinary.

## Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 52

### Chapter 52 What Did Magnus Do?

Amethyst Phoenix It was something otherworldly. My entire surroundings disintegrated, and I'm met with the realm of darkness. Suddenly subtle glows began to emerge, with closer inspection I noticed it was stars, millions and millions of stars lighting up the darkness. The space felt vast, endless, and even beneath my heels were tiny molecule stars. Where am I?

I try to grab a scent and yet I come up flat, this wasn't a place on earth. From what I gather, it could be a realm created by a dark witch but why do I need to be here? Whispers began to emit from the darkness, a spine-chilling moment as the whispers continued and I couldn't decipher what they were saying. Goosebumps pegged my skin, but it wasn't cold. Furiously spinning in a circle to pinpoint the origin of the whispers, it took four turns before two people appeared in front of me. It was a man and a woman, and they were beyond beautiful. They were ethereal, flawless, and mystical that it oozed out of their aura. I couldn't tear my eyes away from them, rooted in my

spot as the hushed whispers died down. A silence slipped between them, not even the stars threatened to disturb them. For a moment I thought they were sculptures, they were unmoving for ages until I heard a symphony. "Magnus."

The woman's musical voice floated within the stagnant air and from this angle, I could only study their side profiles. However, the woman brought upon a feeling inside of my heart, it resembled a symphony of love and care. She could bring about peace and warmth within the darkest of man and I couldn't stop the admiration. Decadent white hair that resembled snow, it flowed and settled on the ground. Not a stray out of place, pin-straight hair that touched the starry floor. She was petite and yet she levelled the tall man in front of her. Porcelain, glassy skin contrasted perfectly with the silver fabric of her silk dress, only held together by thin straps, exposing her flawless shoulders. There is no way she is real, no one is that perfect. When she turned, I held a gasp because her eyes were completely white. It's like she knew I was watching this scene unfold and I couldn't figure out why? "Why did you do this?" she pleaded, sadness grappling her features as she refocused her attention towards the man in front of her. The difference between them resembled the moon and the dark sky, they were polar opposites at first glance but both magically beautiful. Obsidian pin-straight hair that danced past his shoulders and settled upon his broad chest. The rest of the man, I presume named Magnus, was concealed with a black robe that settled on the stars. A beard that was

neatly trimmed and black inky lines vertically on his cheek and horizontally upon his forehead. When he turned, this time I saw something sinister dancing behind those pupilless black orbs. There wasn't a smile on his lips, his type of evil ran deep and grew roots to penetrate your soul. Magnus shifted his attention to the woman, oblivious to me. They smelt of power, they radiated power and I couldn't decipher why. "You asked me for a favour Luna, I did a favour." He spoke in a deep, husky voice with an ancient accent I wasn't familiar with. Luna? She was his mate? Luna's features resembled an angel and yet I could see the sadness and betrayal ablaze in her eyes. Eyebrows scrunched and lips down casted, "And you took advantage of my weakness." She states and something in the way I felt her heart break made my eyes burn with unshed tears. "Weakness? No. I took your control, there is the difference." His voice cold and yet it held something I couldn't place with his accent. "Why did you do this to my children?" Luna's heart began to shatter, lips trembling with tears building in her eyes. I felt them coat my cheeks, the love emitting from her is slowly burning to ash. Magnus flexed his fingers at the side of his thighs, anger rolling off him as the darkness around his aura begins to thicken. "They are not your children, you created them." I could tell he wanted to scream, the veins in his neck protruding but he didn't. "And you took away what I created for them. You took away their other half, how could you destroy their love?" she sobbed in frustration. Luna was fragile and made of steel at the same time, her strength and ability to have a soft heart was deeply admirable. 1

"I didn't destroy it; I gave them something better than a temporary bond. I gave them a fate, a destiny, a love that will transcend over lifetimes." Magnus argues, and something akin to pain and rage marvels his eyes. "You don't know what you have done, they won't ever feel a connection with their mate." Angry tears leaking from Luna's eyes, "I gave them someone better, I gave them a fated mate." "Why? Why did you do this to them?" She asks. "Because there is one thing that you will never give up and that is control, I took your control over finding which soul child deserves to be with the other." A sinister ghost smile morphs on his lips, that's when I saw the hatred swimming in his black hole. "Renounce the deal, take it all back." Luna demands, challenging him. Magnus shakes his head, "I cannot." "Why?"

"If I take it back, your wolves will die, and you will never be able to create them anymore." I saw the satisfaction in his face at her distraught reaction. She stumbles, taken aback by his words. "W-what." "Who would have thought? a Witch destroying the heart of the Moon Goddess." I'm completely speechless, choking on the foggy atmosphere. Everything begins to shift and morph, the realm diminishing. That's when a subtle glow, purple sunset and a pair of

sapphires was staring at me. I was on his lap, gazing at him as his hand ran through my hair. The Moon Goddess

She was the Moon Goddess. .. What the fuck? Springing up, "Take it easy, Amethyst." Kaden warns. I connect my eyes with his, "We have to call a Founding Families meeting."

## Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 53

### Chapter 53 Relationship with Magnus and Moon Goddess, Fated Mates

Amethyst Phoenix I couldn't sleep for the next three days. The meeting I had arranged with the Founding Families could only take place today since they all have Alpha responsibilities that couldn't be placed on hold. Jasmine and Maverick arrived today while Lucian will arrive tomorrow night. With Brantley, there is no telling whether he will come or not. He definitely expressed his desire to play with my hair though, which he does often when it comes to Jasmine. Maverick certainly jumped at the opportunity to visit my pack. I don't think he is eager to share information but rather in his pursuit of claiming Sage. She is completely against the mate bond, mainly because there are a lot of scars rooted in her heart and her reluctance to be vulnerable is another wound that hasn't healed. "As I've said father, I will be back in two days." Jasmine spoke over the phone, visibly annoyed. "Yes, I am aware, but this is a requested Founding meeting, I can't exactly leave." She retaliates before ending the call.

The irritation is rolling off of her as she plops down onto the leather chair, "I see your father isn't happy about you being here." "The perks of being a Ravenstone fulfilling your father's role, the joy." She deadpans. I chuckle while Kaden appears with Maverick in tow. "Brantley will not be attending." Jasmine takes a sip of bubbly, "Not surprised, he barely attends our mandatory meetings in general." Maverick takes a seat opposite me; we were in my office for more privacy regarding the details I would question them about. Those haunting midnight blue eyes bore into my soul. While he leans back, making himself comfortable. A white formal shirt clung to his sculptured body and the sleeves were rolled up to display those sinister tattoos, specifically the spear going through a woman's heart. He crosses his ankle on his knee, "It's best if Brantley isn't here. He tends to be rather irritable sitting in one position." Kaden locks his eyes with me, "I'll be outside if you need me." he mind-linked. I nod in acknowledgement, and he quickly slips out without hesitation. I never share what I had seen in my vision between Magnus and The Moon Goddess with him, simply because I required more answers or rather the qualms of sadness that pegged my emotions at the thought of Kaden falling even deeper for his Fated Mate. "Would you like anything to drink before we start?" I ask, motioning to the assortments of whiskey and bourbon in my office. Maverick shakes his head and Jasmine continues to pour her champagne from the bottle, "More for me then." "I called this meeting because I had a vision regarding something that I presume the Founding Families might have some knowledge on." I state. One thing with each Founding Member is that you will never be able to read their expression, not even their eyes are a beckon to their soul. It's a void that doesn't provide an answer or reaction. "It involves Magnus and The Moon Goddess." The silence spans for minutes, neither of them look at each other but they stare at me in a different light. Something I am unfamiliar with, "You had the vision." Jasmine states, downing the champagne. Brows scrunched as I level with them, "Why would I be shown such a vision?" This time it is Maverick who answers, "Each Founding Member, once they take over will have the

vision of how we were created and why we have the powers that we do. When The Moon Goddess requested a favour from Magnus, she only had five remaining wolves left. Magnus performed the spell that granted us accelerated healing, speed, and other abilities. However, he also gave these five wolves powers that would protect them from future threats. While The Moon Goddess didn't want us to be immortal, she also didn't want us to die at the natural rate

as a human hence our ability to age slower than humans." Jasmine added what Maverick missed out regarding our powers, "The powers each Founding Family has is passed down to the first born, Magnus couldn't give every wolf those kinds of powers because it would be dangerous for others." Our werewolf abilities and powers came from Magnus, it was a blessing and yet something told me there is more to the story than the depicted reasoning for such actions. While I knew Magnus was a witch, I didn't quite decipher what made him special enough to perform such a spell or a favour for The Moon Goddess. "Who is Magnus?" Jasmine is the one to answer me since Maverick must have shared enough, I've never heard him speak this much. "Magnus is the first dark witch to exist, he is the creator of the ancient Latin coven. The Moon Goddess had been around for a century before they met, and she was rather lonely since everyone she loved continued to die while she remained." "Wait, The Moon Goddess was on earth?" "Yes, living in the stars of different realms is rather lonely when you don't have anyone to share your time with." Waving her fingers rather whimsically. "Magnus had been practicing dark magic for five hundred years and became the most powerful witch in existence. The spells and incantations used by different covens are cheap imitations of his creation, only the Latin coven have access to his grimoire. The most powerful witches derive from there." Maverick explains and it further confirms the theory that he is involved in various covens, which wouldn't surprise me if he was involved with the ancient Latin coven. "Wasn't he human? How could he live for five hundred years?" "It is rumoured that he created an immortality spell but so far there hasn't been any evidence

sts or not. Even witches have limits and to cast an immortality spell would take a lot of sacrifices and power." Maverick answers. Jasmine continues describing the relationship between Magnus and The Moon Goddess, "They were lovers. From what has been told to me by my father, they were deeply in love. He found inspiration from her and many of his spells were formulated with The Moon Goddess in mind. However, all those centuries together with her soulmate wasn't as fulfilling as she thought it would be. That's when she began to create us, her love for the wolves of the night. She wanted to give us the opportunity to live freely without being restrained, hence our human form." "Magnus didn't like that her attention was divided, and he put up with it until she said that her purpose in life was to create us, that is when she broke up with him. Creating us gave her joy and she couldn't do that on earth because it required power from the stars and the universe. He grew resentful and hateful towards her for leaving him, that's when his spells took a dark turn. The Moon Goddess inspired his spells, the good and the bad." Jasmine ran her fingertip along the edges of the champagne glass, her emeralds swimming with emotions as she tells the story between the pair. It was rather tragic to listen to the sorrow and hate. One found their purpose in life while the other

grew to resent them for it. "So, when her children began to suffer and die like normal humans, she grew scared." I decipher. Jasmine nods, "She asked Magnus for a favour, too trusting of him and the love they once shared."

"It was the perfect opportunity to get revenge on her." I voice, it all made sense now. Magnus knew that her weakness was control, and he took that away through the one thing she loved most, us. "The creation of Fated Mates." Jasmine leans back into the leather chair, pristine and resembling royalty. "Fated Mates are stronger than the Mates that the Moon Goddess created for us." "But I've never heard of Fated Mates. It would have come up or be recorded in historic books." She shakes her head, "Only the Five Founding Families are blessed with Fated Mates." "In my vision, The Moon Goddess said that the Mates she created won't feel the bond the way Fated Mates would." "Fated Mates are rather tricky to decipher. Magnus being a dark witch didn't want just The Moon Goddess to suffer but also her children. We are unable to decipher who our Fated Mates are, unlike a regular bond where the scent drives you insane and you instantly know who your mate is, a Fated Mate will not give off a scent or an inkling of who they are to you and your wolf." What Jasmine has said is the worst kind of suffering, while the Moon Goddess blessed Mate for us isn't strong enough to spark our hearts – we will never be able to find our Fated Mates. Magnus had explained that a Fated Bond is a much deeper level of connection, beyond

galaxies that will reincarnate over lifetimes. "We don't know much about Fated Mates, what we learnt has only been from what the Moon Goddess has shown us and your parents." Jasmine states. "What does my parents have to do with this?" "They were the first pair of Fated Mates to exist in the Founding Families." I couldn't control my reaction, my eyes widening at the knowledge. My parents found their soulmate, the one that would carry on for an eternity. It makes my heart ache that I was never able to meet them. From what Kaden had told me, they were completely inlove, and it makes me grieve that I wasn't able to witness that. "Until now." Maverick declares. Drawing my thoughts away from my parents and to Maverick. When he saw Sage, the reaction was instant. He will break her heart; he doesn't feel the mate bond as strongly as she does. "You are going to hurt her; she is one of my best friends and I won't allow you to break her heart." I warn. Maverick isn't fazed by the threat in the least, but he continues to drop a bomb on me. "Sage

is my Fated Mate." My jaw drops completely flabbergasted. "But you called her your mate. How can you know that she is your Fated if there is nothing to prove it?" "A spell was casted on me to be able to recognise my Fated Mate." Maverick answers. "Are all the members spelled to find their Fated Mate?" I ask. Jasmine follows up on his answer, "No, that is an option, and you would need an ancient Latin witch to perform the spell. Unfortunately, as you are aware of, they hate outsiders." "That means you have a witch that can perform the spell?" I ask Maverick. I want to find my Fated Mate, there is a sensation that wraps around my heart, demanding that I find my Fated Mate. "No. The woman who performed my spell will not do it for anyone, she owed me, and her debt has been paid." Disappointment clings onto my heart, I will never be able to find my Fated Mate. I will have to mourn the loss of my other soul and I might never find them in



this lifetime and the next. "But you have an ancient Latin witch under your roof." Maverick's voice draws me out of my sorrowful state. Jasmine smirks, "Kyson."

## Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 54

### Chapter 54 Do I Chance My Fate?

Amethyst Phoenix "Can you do the spell that will allow me to identify my Fated Mate?" After the realization that Kyson could very well cast the spell being from an ancient coven, it did surprise me that he was aware of Fated Mates since no one knew besides the elder witches. He didn't need an introduction or an explanation. His pupilless abyss boring into me until he switched his attention to Jasmine. There is a certain intensity that overpowers the darkness encompassing his soul, their eyes hypnotized by each other. It was a special type of bond; he could easily speak to her without this sort of intimacy but they both yearned for it. While Kyson could easily cast a temporary spell to communicate with me, as he has done multiple times during our training here. He chooses to focus on Jasmine, and I wasn't going to destroy whatever was blossoming between them. And I'm pretty sure he casted a spell that makes me unable to tell anyone that he can cast that temporary mind-link spell. Jasmine reluctantly tore her attention from Kyson, "He said that his version of the spell is rather different than the one performed on Maverick." With divided attention, I study the way Maverick marvels Kyson, a blank stare that could shatter the earth. "How would you know what type of spell was performed on me?" It's quite obvious that if Maverick could hate someone, it would be Kyson. He has been constantly trying to find faults in Kyson's story, catch him in a lie and condemn him to death. But you didn't have to like Kyson to admit that he was valuable in the war between us and Kier.

A vein slightly popping out of Jasmine's forehead as she arched her brow, Kyson studying her side profile and the frustration is clearly leaking from her skin. During these times it would be hard to determine whether they were speaking or not, since she always maintained eye contact during their conversation. "Kyson has studied all the grimoires and historic books in the coven, he has a deep understanding regarding Fated Mates." She defended, clenching her fists at her sides. Maverick's terrifying orbs were surveying Jasmine's body language, "Did he tell you that? Tell me Kyson, why is your version different from hers?" he asks, directing those chilling eyes back to Kyson.

The bandana concealed his nose and mouth, a dark presence within any room that you couldn't decipher his reactions. Not even his pupilless eyes could display what really swam inside his brain. Therefore, these two held the most dangerous secrets. Kyson levelled with Maverick, unbothered by his domineering Alpha energy. "He doesn't have an answer for you." Jasmine grits, crossing her arms over her chest. "Why is it that you do not want to answer my question?" The atmosphere slowly morphed with the thick tension, fire emitting from Jasmine as I could hear her grind her teeth. Annoyance and irritation contouring her features, "Is this twenty questions? He doesn't have to answer

to you, Maverick. All he has to do is perform the spell, stop harassing him.” I was taken aback by her quick defence of Kyson; she never loses her temper in a way that is emotional. Kyson couldn’t tear his gaze away from her, seemingly in awe at her protection over him. Something akin to adoration lighting up the darkness. Maverick was a man of few words and didn’t press the issue further in order to avoid a heated argument. Having a brawl between them wouldn’t end well, especially with the unknown

abilities of Maverick hanging over our heads. We were all in agreement that Kyson would perform the spell, yet it began to dawn on me the severity of this life altering decision. My stomach twisted into knots as the urge to vomit slowly crept upon me, sweat pooling at my brow as my body began to overheat. I knew the reason why; it was becoming too real at this moment that my life will switch in an instant. The room began to feel claustrophobic, Jasmine’s eyes studying the panic attack that I would unleash any moment. “Can you give us some privacy; I would like to speak to Amethyst.” Kyson immediately slipped out without lingering and Maverick followed suit. I doubt he wanted to stay any longer and would probably take the opportunity to seek out Sage. My office grew a thousand times smaller as Jasmine pivoted to the seat opposite me. Swiftly pulling out a cigarette and lighting it. She took a long drag, inhaling the nicotine deep into her lungs and I quickly pulled out the vape hidden in my desk. The taste of nicotine and strawberries mingling on my tongue, the room starting to feel larger again. We were engulfed in a cloud of smoke, “You are nervous.” She states. I chuckle, exhaling the smoke. “That obvious.” The silence sits for another two puffs before Jasmine explains the severity of this spell, “If you do this spell, you will have to deal with the consequences.” She takes another drag with a type of elegance that couldn’t be matched. I knew what she said was the truth, there are a million reasons why I shouldn’t even do this. However, the main reason is because deep in my soul I know he is the only one to own my entire being. I felt it the moment we locked eyes, Kaden is imprinted on my heart, and it is much more than love. That is why I wanted to do it, I wanted to confirm my suspicions of how our love is beyond the galaxies and stars. “Is it worth the risk?” Jasmine inquires. “What do you mean?”

She remains evasive, all traces of emotions concealed and yet there is a sliver of remorse. “Once Kyson performs the spell, he won’t be able to undo it. What happens if your Beta isn’t your Fated Mate?” It doesn’t even register in my mind that she knew of my love for Kaden, instead I ask, “But what if he is?” Swallowing the lump forming in my throat, like a thousand shards of glass cutting my insides. “The chances are one in a million. If he isn’t, what will that mean for you two?”

That was the question that haunted me the most, what would it mean if we weren’t Fated Mates? The truth hung over my head like a dark cloud ready to rain upon the hope blooming in my chest. I can’t imagine my life without him but what if the spell has repercussions and I no longer harbour any love for him? We wouldn’t be the same, I marked him and in two months the mark will fade, and we might become strangers. The thought makes my skin

crawl, pain shooting towards my chest. Kaden wanted to mark me before Mason disturbed our peace with his threat, he wanted me to keep him forever and I'm chancing that over a fate that could last a lifetime. I'm risking happiness with Kaden over discovering if he truly is my Fated Mate. Jasmine stands from her chair, "Just think about it before you make a life changing decision. Contrary to popular belief, who you love and spend the rest of your life with is the most important thing." She slips out and leaves me brewing with my thoughts. All the bubbling negativity spirals in my mind, darkness flowing in my veins as I begin to take deeper puffs. Kaden held a position within my heart, within my soul and I couldn't chance that to gain the knowledge of him being my Fated Mate or not. I heard him, the way his footsteps were harder against the tiles because of his boots. It took a few minutes until he reached my office door, a few seconds before he chose to come in. Kaden's mere presence is enough to make the anxiety disappear but tonight it was different. "I can feel your anxiety." His honeyed voice says with a soft glint in his eyes as he closes the distance between us. His muscular body looms over me, midnight waves cascading upon his forehead with concern marrying his orbs. It made my heart physically stop beating at the mere sight of his worry, the gentleness in those ocean eyes. His palm encases my cheek, smoothing my skin with the pad of his calloused thumb. "What is wrong?" My heart thuds painfully, threatening to burst from my chest. Butterflies swarm in my stomach as he leans against the edge of my desk, slowly encasing my face in his scorching hands. His forehead descends upon mine and it's like electricity passing through my veins, the scent of rain bringing all the comfort I desired. "You weren't supposed to feel that." I whisper. "You can't hide anything from me, Amethyst. No matter how thick and high the wall is, I will always get through." Kaden knows every secret I harbour; he knows the true love I have for him and he has become accustomed to breaking through my defences. "What happens if you find your mate?" I couldn't stop the question from escaping my lips, weighing me down a thousand times more if I kept it in. Kaden sits back, confusion marrying his features. "Where is this coming from?" "What happens if we mark each other and then you find your mate. Our mark won't be strong enough and you know that." –

There is no hesitation in his eyes, no lies on his tongue as he declares, "No one will ever be my mate but you." "But your mate—" He shakes his head, holding me captive with those domineering eyes as he once again rests his forehead on mine. "You are my mate, whether we complete the bond or not. You will forever be mine." It's a hurricane inside of me, emotions overwhelming me at his declaration. My eyes began to burn, my head throbbing from keeping them at bay. Every single pain that latched on my heart began to smoothen. I pull him into a kiss, this one exploding with all the emotions he evoked within me. The fact that nothing mattered besides him, I didn't care if he was my Fated or not because I will never give him up. When we detached, Kaden sported a satisfied smile. "All better?" "Yes." I smile. We make our way to the lounge area and Maverick isn't in sight. Jasmine was chewing on a

ore dumping the stems onto a large pile on a white place. She pops another and smiles as she sees us. Switching my attention to Kyson who was leaning against the wall, hands crossed against his chest with his eyes closed. For a moment, I thought he was

asleep until they sprung open, immediately capturing my attention. "I'm not doing it." I speak. Kaden is obviously confused by the way he scans our interactions; Jasmine throws me a wink with a smirk catching at her ruby stained lips. The moment however is short-lived, the smile flipping into a frown. Without a single word, she crosses the distance over to Kyson and they begin what I presume to be a heated argument within the mind-link. "What aren't you telling me, Amethyst?" Kaden questions at my side, studying the interaction in front of us. Before I could provide him with an answer, he is thrown away from me and into the wall. Kaden quickly shifts to his knees, ready to annihilate the person responsible. Only, his hands are quickly bounded behind his back and a crushing weight pushing his chest onto the floor. Turning towards Kyson for any sort of explanation on what is happening, I halt when I see the terrifying glint in his eyes. "What are you doing Kyson, let him go." I demand. "What the fuck do you think your doing?" Kaden growls, his eyes shifting into the darkness. My biggest mistake was turning my back to Kyson, before I know it there are two hands pressed against the side of my head. Panic and anger morph into Kaden's eyes, I see his mouth moving but I cannot hear anything. "I'm sorry." I hear Jasmine whisper against my ear. And then my ears are burning as Kyson begins to chant something in his Latin tongue. Everything becomes white noise, and a high pitch sound bursts my eardrums. Every vessel in my brain begins to burst as I scream, everything turning black. The darkness only surrounds me for a moment before I'm transported into a mirage of scenes. I couldn't decipher the scenes from how quickly they played out, like a gigantic screen until I was thrown into a castle. The décor reminded me of the late 1600s, a couple stood at the altar, both adorn in robes as a priest told them to recite their vows. What I didn't expect was to see Kaden as the groom, longer hair, and a slimmer physique but I recognised him anywhere. The bride he gazed upon lovingly was..... me. She had my face, my physique, my purple eyes.

There was no mistaking that the couple in front of me was Kaden and I. I'm yanked out of that scene and transported into another in the 1700s with the exact same scene, the late 1800s with a ceremony in the forest and the 1900s. The castle was brighter, gold adorning every inch as I watch the wedding play out yet again. Each time our attire changed with the era but what remained was us.

. For years. What the fuck was going on?

## **Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 55**

### **Chapter 55 The Curse Of Fated Mates**

Amethyst Phoenix This couldn't be possible, this wasn't possible. After the marriage, my surroundings began to morph into the darkness and the echoes of a crying baby filled my ears. Suddenly, an invisible force sucked me into a vortex. I'm falling, my heart skipping a beat as I watch the images play out in front of me. I've given birth in the 1600s to twins, in the 1700s it's a baby boy, in the 1800s it's a baby girl and then 1900s

we have twins again. All I could see is the all-consuming love swimming between our eyes as we hold our babies, my heart suddenly pulsating painfully in my chest watching the tears fill our eyes. The result of our love in the purest form, it was the embodiment of happiness with Kaden playing in front of me. I couldn't fathom not having that with him because no one else could ever bring me that immense joy besides Kaden. I didn't realize that I stopped falling until my body harshly hit the ground, the pain cracks at my body until they are replaced with something entirely devastating, something worse than physical pain. I was hyperventilating, goosebumps coating my skin in terror. All that happiness immediately squashed by something horrific, with blood and fire. It consumed my peripheral vision yet everything around me felt blurred, absolute carnage as blood coated our skin. The smoke and agony filling my lungs and threatening to destroy me from the inside. Kaden was on his knees, a sword plunged straight into his heart. My vision tainted with the sight of blood spilling from his plush lips, leaking from his chest and coating the white shirt. From his attire, this had to be the 1600s. I could see myself running towards him, skidding on my knees against the earthy ground. I was in a white gown, tainted in blood as I tried any possible way to help him. Everything was muted and yet I could feel her pain as she

pted to pull the sword out, but his hand stopped her. Shaking his head, a gentle smile forming on his lips as his eyes began to drop. I wanted to scream, desperately run towards him but a force kept my body on the ground. Unable to move even an inch, I couldn't even breathe. The scenery changed, cabins of wood burning to the ground. Destruction all the same and yet everything began to blur because the sole focus became me. This time I was on my knees, a sword slicing across my neck as blood began to spill out. Every inch coated in red, my purple eyes wide in fear as the 1700s version of Kaden screams. It's so loud that I have to clutch my ears, he was being restrained and forced to watch me die. Streams of tears fell upon his cheeks, repeatedly trying to fight the iron grip on him. I was speechless, unable to process what is actually going on. My surroundings once again shifted to the 1800s, and I watch Kaden die all over again. I watch myself experience this torture yet again and then the scene switches to the 1900s, where I watch myself die once again and Kaden mourns me yet again. It is an endless cycle of excruciating pain, of losing your other half and being unable to save them. Banging on my chest to rid myself of this dreadful pain piercing through my heart. Blood, death, repeat. A vicious cycle that I couldn't escape. Everything fell into darkness, an endless pit of sorrow and rage. The muted silence was replaced with my sobs, choking on my own tears. Suddenly, an ominous voice practically boomed through this vortex, "In each life, you are destined to die for the other, that is the curse you have to bear." Shaking my head, this can't be true. But those words play on an endless loop, torturing me with images of Kaden's death, my death, our pain. It became overwhelming, covering my ears in an attempt to drown out that scary voice but to no avail. I could almost hear them laughing at my anguish.

A scream tore through my throat, cutting my insides as the hurricane of emotions continues to stab at my heart. "Please stop." I beg through my tears. I gasp, attempting to take in any source of oxygen but I physically can't breathe. The darkness chokes me as those words suffocate me. Exhaustion plagues me, rocking my body as the

blackhole begins to dissipate. Everything blurry from the tears clinging to my eyes, vivid lights streaming through like a beacon. Everything slowly melts away, that intense pain beginning to be replaced by something akin to peace. A gentle wave in the ocean, the calmness and euphoria I feel when the familiar scent of rain floods my sense. It drives me insane; it makes Jade desperate to sink her teeth into the source. A wreckage of pleasure that consumes my body, as if nothing exists but the source of that scent. The fog slowly begins to clear, and I search for the source, eager and desperate. That's when my eyes find it, find him. The clear blue in his eyes morphing with the black, a mixture of horror and rage consuming those irises. I could feel my eyes glowing, Jade's possessive and domineering growl as she roared, "MATE!" My head begins to feel light-headed and the only thing I hear is Kaden's panicked voice, "AMETHYST!" I gasp, jolting awake. My body automatically jumps upright, sweating clinging to my skin. Everything is hazy in my memory as my heart beats a million miles a minute in my chest, threatening to be burst. "Hey, Little Phoenix, you're okay." A soothing voice states, fingers caressing through my hair and massaging my scalp. All too familiar as I fight the urge to purr at the touch. Shifting my attention to the source and I find those captivating eyes, studying me with love. That is when everything clicks into place, "You're my Fated." Expecting confusion to shift in his features but he smiles tenderly at me, like I am the source of his existence. Considering I haven't told him the meaning of Fated Mates, his calm demeanour is throwing me off. Raising my brow at him, "Why aren't you surprised or asking me what Fated Mates are?" He places an ice pack against the back of my neck, and I sigh, the scorching heat slowly dying down. "I explained to him what Fated Mates are." A feminine voice answered. I twisted my head too fast towards the direction that an instant headache pounded against my skull. Blinking past the throbbing, I come face to face with Jasmine and Kyson. The betrayal sinks in at what they did, forcibly doing the spell I asked them not to. "Why did you do it?" I questioned. Jasmine had a hint of remorse and guilt on her face, emeralds swimming with an apology as she leaned her hip against the arch of the passage. Kyson on the other hand is a mask of emotions, literally. Within those pupilless obsidian eyes, I couldn't find a hint of regret. He simply crossed his arms, a powerful stance and held my gaze. "On the bright side, the Beta is your Fated Mate. Congratulations." She smiles, trying to simmer the tension between us. Yeah, I wasn't going to let this go. Kaden encouragingly rubs my back, understanding the situation and that I needed to hash this out first. Although I couldn't help the giddiness coursing through my veins at the realization that Kaden is my Fated Mate. It explains the instant connection, the way I have never felt even a sliver of emotions for my mate the way I do for Kaden.

That smile slowly dies when I remember what I had seen, our death on a constant loop. Throughout the centuries, I watched us die a gruesome death with a painful memory of not being able to save the other. My eyes drift to Kaden, unable to get the image out of mind. He must have noticed the fear, the pain, because he quickly takes me into his lap. Caressing my face, "What happened?" I needed answers and his touch brought a calmness over the agonising emotions swirling within me. Dividing my attention between Kaden, Jasmine and Kyson. "What spell did you do?"

Jasmine drifts her attention to Kyson, moving towards his side but his eyes remain on me. "The Fated Mate spell." She answered. Shaking my head, "Then why did I see us throughout the centuries?" "What?" I hear Kaden gasp in shock and confusion. Jasmine's lips downcast, her eyes turning serious. They were communicating and yet he didn't leave my vengeful gaze. "Kyson's version of the spell involves seeing your Fated Bond throughout the years." Grinding my teeth, "Then why did I see our death, why did I hear something about a curse?" Kaden's hands tighten around my waist as I hold their eyes, Kyson doesn't seem surprised, but Jasmine did for a split second. He runs his fingers through the already dishevelled white hair, a weight on his shoulder. The frustration in his eyes as I couldn't figure out the problem without having him to spell it out. Jasmine and Kyson conversed in a private conversation, and I could see the fear deepening in her eyes. "That is the curse of Fated Mates."

The words spilled out of me, echoing in my mind. "In each life, you are destined to die for the other, that is the curse you will have to bear." The silence was deafening, you could hear a pin drop. "How did you know?" I ask Kyson. "His coven holds a lot of secrets." Jasmine answers vaguely, a soft glint in her eyes as she studies him. "That is why you wanted me to see it. Because no one knew about the curse." He nods. "Wouldn't the Moon Goddess be able to warn us?" Jasmine shakes her head, "Magnus casted a spell that omitted her from seeing the effects of a Fated Mate. She isn't aware of how deep his hatred grew for her and her children." "That's why my parents died." I whisper, concluding that they were indeed Fated Mates and that the curse took them away from me. Shaking my head. "Okay, you showed me the curse, but do you know how to stop it?" Neither of them utters a word, Jasmine's shoulders sagging in defeat. "It's a curse by the first

dark witch in existence. No one can stop it." I didn't even register Kaden taking me off his lap, all I saw is his massive body marching over to Kyson. Immediately Jasmine placed her smaller frame in front of Kyson, while both men towered over her, she still held all the power at her fingertips. Holding her palm up, I watch the static blue electricity course through her fingertips in a warning. Kaden halts but the anger is rolling off him in waves. "None of this would have happened if you stuck your nose out of our fucking business." He growls in anger. "I understand you are upset but you so much as touch him and I will make your heart stop." Jasmine warns, protecting Kyson. I can't help the growl that escapes my lips as I stand, marching over with anger rippling through me, the threat to my mate overriding every single logic. "Do not threaten my mate, Jasmine." A dual voice peeking through as I feel the heat emitting from my palms. We were close to fighting, burning this place down. Until Kyson lifted his hand, dampening all our powers. Jasmine gritted in annoyance but crossed her arms, "Really?" He nods at whatever the conversation transpiring between them is. "Kyson says we have to go to the coven and find a way to stop the death of Fated Mates." I eye him sceptically, "Your coven doesn't like outsiders and why would you even do that for us?" Her brows furrow in confusion as she answers for Kyson, "Who said I'm doing this for you?"