

Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 56

Chapter 56 The Coven Part 1

Kyson I really didn't want to go back. There is a certain type of hatred and rage that simmers within me whenever I am summoned to the coven. This time I was coming back of my own accord, to find a way to stop the curse, therefore all the bubbling anxiety in my chest should be pushed way down. Ancient witches have a superiority complex, they demand praise and even more power. How they gain those powers are much more gruesome than one might think, I've seen the rituals performed throughout the years and the price are always pure souls. While everyone sees the power of the ancient coven, they don't release the darkness that lurks within the soil. Loyalty runs deep to the bone, brainwashed since birth and they follow the distorted path of Magnus. The Latin coven is the most powerful in existence, some were direct descendants of Magnus while the other covens were a cheap imitation. They followed his teachings, his spells, his rituals, and beliefs to his end. Even in death, he still ruled among a vast majority of the witch

There is a hierarchy within the coven, according to your power there would be special treatment and if you were like me – a hybrid, then all you faced was abuse. It didn't matter if you outranked the top witch, surpassed even their eldest witch, your blood was tainted, and they would never accept a half breed over a pure blood. I took a huge risk with that Fated Mate spell; Amethyst could have easily been overwhelmed with the massive amounts of sifting through the history with her Fated that it could have caused her heart to permanently stop. There is always a price to pay when you play a dangerous game with spells, especially ones you create yourself. for more Daily updates visit :- www.noveljar.com None of the ancient witches can create spells and I discovered that I could at an early age. Had I disclosed that information – I wouldn't be alive today. Witches are cunning, jealous and crave power, it is a ruthless environment to live among the worst of their kind. The level of trust between myself and everyone else is rocky at best, certainly didn't earn any bonus points from that deadly spell. A powerful coven like Magnus's, they are beyond the level of regular witches, they are ten steps away from obtaining full power and none of them have been able to ascend further than the ninth step. I wish I could disclose some information with everyone, but I am spelled to not speak a word of what goes on in this coven to outsiders. Every time I pluck up the courage to cut off my useless tongue in order to speak the truth, I'm suppressed by an invisible force. One of the many curses I have to live with. We reach the back entrance of the coven, the familiar distorted path a regular memory during my miserable time here. "Doesn't seem like a good idea for me to tag along." Jasmine's serene voice rings through my mind as she walks in toe with me. "Why?" I ask through the mind-link while everyone followed our footsteps. There wasn't any hesitation as she answered, "They hurt you," With such venom that I faltered a step near the dilapidated fountain. Emotions I have never experienced spiral into an endless loop. She is truly magnificent, and I couldn't deny whenever she defended me, it made my heart beat

erratically. Jasmine provides peace and safety that I have never had throughout my existence and those instincts come natural to her. There is clearly something sparking between us, way before I casted the spell to tie her soul to mine. That was the reason I needed to stop the curse, I needed to protect Jasmine and what we have Tying her soul to mine is essential a death sentence if she ever mated with her Fated. While Amethyst and Kaden questioned my motives, they had every right to – I wasn't doing this for them, I was doing it for Jasmine. "This is another level of morbid." Amethyst declared, studying the cracked fountain with a cloaked Magnus in the centre. "It used to be blood filling this fountain, pouring from his hands. It symbolized that he gave his blood and life for this coven." I explain to Jasmine, and she relayed the piece of information to everyone else. Maverick seemed unbothered and considering his rumoured connection with witches, he probably saw the much darker side than anyone else. Amethyst shuddered at the imagery and Kaden kept a watchful eye on me. "How did he die?" Jasmine enquired. "No one knows."

It took about five minutes till we reached the house, the one secluded from the rest of the coven. The essence of this ancient ground emitted an odour of death. There is no other word to describe the scent, the shiver than runs up your spine in warning and the haunting voices that echo from the soil.

The coven is literally built upon corpses of their ancestors. Elders were under the notion that dead witches from the coven would still provide power if they were buried in the soil, allowing for the magic to flow from their soul and back into the coven.

Before they could even speak, I lifted my hand to halt their speech. Silence beckoned around us, occasional whispers from the dead in warning as I dropped to the ground. Clouds clash above us, damp soil under my fingertips as I cast the spell. "Solum non loquetur; non loquetur coram nostro." "The soil will not speak; they will not speak of our presence? As I stretch my legs, taking in the pristine single small house that resembled a cosy cabin, I'm once again faced with my childhood. for more Daily updates visit :- www.noveljar.com The woman residing in this house is the one that took care of me throughout my stay here. I wouldn't say she didn't harbour the same sort of distaste for me like others but hers wasn't as severe as the rest. She never purposely went out of her way to harm me; she didn't really care if I'm being honest. We kept to ourselves in that cabin, which is how I would explain our relationship as a

complicated one. I take two steps forward, the barrier spell alerting her that people were outside her home. She wouldn't be pleased to see me; it was bad enough that I returned without being summoned and now I brought outsiders to taint their land. I detested coming here as much as they despised when I was required to come back. They deem my powers unworthy, yet they require my presence for certain spells they aren't able to perform due to the lack of power. Hence why I keep the secret of being able to create my own spells, once they discover that secret – everything will be over. I won't give them that sort of control and power. I would take my life before I let it fall into the hands of this horrible coven. However, even creation of spells come with limitations. "Why are we sneaking here? It is clear that no one is home." Kaden observes, not

hearing a single sound but that was the result of her spell. Placing my finger on my lip, signalling them to keep quiet as I counted down to three. Almost immediately the door flew off its hinges, smacking the wall viciously. Despite being over two hundred years old, she didn't look a day over fifty. Agatha was dressed in her black gown that touched the floor, chocolate brown hair braided in different sections to form a bun and coffee infused eyes laced with venom as she takes in my appearance. Her footsteps are muted on the ground, bare feet hitting the damp earth. Instantly, her palm connects with my cheek, magic flowing through her fingers as I drop to the ground.

Almost immediately I could feel Jasmine's anger bursting through her heart. Folding my hand behind my back, I crossed my fingers. Simple spells I can cast without saying a word, hence my ability to keep her rooted in place and her mouth closed. Jasmine would defend me in a heartbeat, any threat against me and she is instantly there to protect me. It made my heart skip a beat at her devotion to my protection, the way she cared about me in a way no one has. "Devil child, why are you back?" Agatha questions, annoyance evident in her tone. Snapping my fingers with my free hand, I initiated the spell to connect our minds. Since we have been together longer than anyone else, I can easily form the mind-link without performing another spell. "I've come to collect my favour." I declare. Agatha studies me, scrutinizing my appearance and choice to bring outsiders into the coven. However, our relationship is based on give and take. I've racked up favours from Agatha, a total of three and while she might not like the thought of helping me – she has no choice. Our agreement is bounded by blood, she cannot escape it otherwise it will lead to her death. "Ah. Time to pay my debt." She scowled. "Yes." While others blindly follow Magnus legacy, Agatha follows her own beliefs. There are certain aspects where she practices those spells and rituals but there are other things she conceals from the coven. Her business is private and has been for the last hundred years. According to the whispers, something devastating happened to Agatha that turned her cold but also made her subtly go against the coven. She raises her brow, analysing Maverick, Jasmine, Kaden and Amethyst. for more Daily updates visit :- www.noveljar.com "Will they be a problem?" "No." Agatha nods and swiftly turns around, walking back inside the house. Releasing the spell on Jasmine as I motioned for everyone to go ahead. Fire flared within those emeralds, fists clenched at her sides, "What the fuck!" she whisper-shouts. Holding her attention, watching the storm brewing in her beautiful eyes. "You cannot interfere here. They will kill you before you can even conjure your powers." "Like hell I can't." Jasmine stomps her boots, ready to declare war but I spring her back. "We came here to figure out a way to stop the curse, do not make a scene because no one else knows we are here." Her eyes are laced with pain, a vulnerability I have never seen. "She hurt you. Enough people have hurt you in your life and I won't allow it anymore." She meant every single word, a promise that she didn't care who would hear. How can someone so tiny be able to defend me? fight for me? Jasmine had the power of the storm at her fingertips and yet she became the storm in my soul Pulling down my bandana to reveal my mouth, I bend down and place a kiss on her forehead. "Please do this for me, Jasmine." Drawing away from her and securing my bandana in place, I watch her eyes swim with hesitation and uncertainty. It took awhile to convince her and much to her reluctance, "Fine but don't expect me to be civil." She sassed. It was a good thing that no one could see my smile. Jasmine made me smile more times than I ever have in my entire life. Shaking my head at her, I enter

the house that used to be my home for most of my adolescents. It still smelt of burnt sage, cloves, and something akin to lavender. While Agatha held a certain elegance, her style was rather earthy and filled with

greenery. Everyone was seated in the lounge, cups of tea laid across the coffee table. The silence was deafening as Agatha sipped her lavender tea. Taking a seat opposite her with Jasmine on my left. I study the way she stirs the spoon into her cup, adding another sugar cube and mint. After a fresh sip, she sighs in content and levels her gaze with mine. "So, tell me, what do want?"

Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 57

Chapter 57 The Coven Part 2

Kyson "What do you know about Fated Mates?" I asked through the mind-link. Agatha stiffens, muscles clenching and her left eye twitching. I know all her visible ticks to know that the question threw her off. Instead of holding my gaze, she refocused her attention on everyone else. Studying them and what they truly are, that is Agatha's gift. Once her eyes are on you, she can read your soul like a book. "The remaining five werewolves were cursed by Magnus with Fated Mates." Frowning at her words, "You think having Fated Mates is a curse?" Amethyst questioned before I could. Something clouds Agatha's eyes, a deep-rooted sadness that I've never seen before. She easily conceals it with a mask but this time, sympathy plagues her features, "Isn't it? You are destined to either die or watch the one you love die. Isn't that torture? Isn't that a curse?". Everyone is silent, after the revelation of the curse Magnus placed on Fated Mates, our hope is slowly withering and dying. Agatha would have simply deemed her answer of being aware of Fated Mates as her favour but instead she chooses to let me continue. "What do you know about the curse?" I ask. She shakes her head immediately, staring beyond us. "You can't stop it.". "How do you know that?" Jasmine asks with an attitude, harbouring anger towards Agatha. Agatha rolls her eyes, studying Jasmine before shifting her attention towards me. "I might not look it "Oh, you definitely look it." Jasmine smirks. "As I was saying, I've been alive for two hundred years so trust me when I tell you that you cannot stop the curse." Agatha states, giving Jasmine a side-glare. Her dismissive manner threw me off, but I know she is withholding something. "Tell everyone to give us privacy." She says through the mind-link. Shifting my attention towards Jasmine, "Take everyone outside." She shakes her head, "I'm not leaving you alone," Jasmine demands but this wasn't the time or place. We needed answers, "Please, she will only speak to me alone." Jasmine darts her eyes to Agatha in a silent threat, frustration evident on her features as she ushers everyone out. "I see you have entangled yourself with Fated Mates." Agatha states, taking another sip of her tea. I frown, "How did you know?" She gives me an unamused look, almost insulted that I would even ask such a question. "You messed with the bond, Devil child." "What?"

Agatha settles into her seat, tapping her nails across the table. "You brought Fated Mates into my home, and you really think I wouldn't have noticed the tainted bond with that girl." Swallowing the anxiety creeping into my chest, I didn't want it to be true and her words will only solidify that I have truly messed with Jasmine's Fated bond. "W-what do you mean by tainted?" I questioned, digging my nails into my palm, and biting on my tongue to relieve the ache in my chest. "The girl is sired to you." Shaking my head, this couldn't be happening. That wasn't possible, everything ballooned to my chest and burst with an intense stabbing to my heart. "That's not possible." "Has she displayed any signs of devotion towards you? Protection towards you within a short amount of time?" That is when everything clicked, the way Jasmine instantly protected me from everyone who wanted to hurt me. The way she parroted of people hurting me, rage coursing through her veins at someone causing me harm. My heart completely shatters, I have no right to feel this way since I connected our souls and took away the chance of her ever being mated to her Fated. But I feel broken, fragments of my soul lathered on the floor as I drown. I should have known no one would want me, no one has ever since I was born – it was no different now. – To my surprise, Agatha was silent throughout my breakdown. I'm an expert at masking my emotions but she can read every detail in your face and pinpoint your exact emotion. But I didn't come here for a heart-to-heart.

I came here for answers. "Don't worry, a sire bond can only form if the person had feelings before you initiated it." She casually says. That did not help me relieve the pain because we didn't know each other. I connected our souls the first time we met, what she felt was probably attraction and nothing more. Fuck, nothing good ever comes from stepping foot in this coven. "I need Magnus's original grimoires." Agatha laughs, "Now that is more of a favour," she stands and halts before going to the basement, "Unfortunately, I can't let you leave with them and according to the spell you placed on my land, you have twenty-four hours before the coven is alerted of outsiders." I nod in agreement to her terms, and she disappears. I couldn't dwell on the sire bond, there was much more at stake. While I might be selfish, I didn't want to see any Fated Mates die. Agatha reappears with three thick books, the cover kept intact with a spell. Once she hands me the grimoires, the weight practically making me drop to the ground. I voice what has been eating at my mind, "You had a Fated Mate Agatha wasn't fazed by the observation; I knew she wanted to break the curse hence her way of helping me without alerting the coven of my appearance." "Yes. pain of losing a loved one in her eyes, the type that haunts you throughout your existence. "Magnus had been working on the curse for years before he casted it. You might be able to decipher it, but I've studied those grimoires inside and out – there is no way to break it. He speaks in riddles, the most I have figured out is the blood of all five wolves will be required." That shall be easy to obtain but something tells me that if it was that easy, she would have broken it along time ago. "Thank you." "I hope you do find a way to break the curse because if anyone can do it, it is you, Devil child." She smirks.

Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 58

Chapter 58 There Are More Secrets To Magnus

Amethyst Phoenix Kyson discovered a few things in the grimoire, but it wasn't enough, clearly Magnus anticipated the reversal and made his notes difficult to interpret.

The blood of all Five Founding Families is required, the question regarding why hasn't been discovered yet. According to Kyson, there are various ingredients involved in the curse that Magnus had spent years perfecting. The essence of the curse is directly linked to our powers; however, we couldn't trace the history of each family since Brantley and Maverick are rather secretive when it comes to their past. Constructing a curse takes a lot of time, patience, and a lot of trial and error. From Kyson's point-of-view, he explained that a curse must be tested, and I don't even want to think about the dozens of wolves Magnus has tortured in order to complete his ultimate revenge. There hasn't been a clear description on where the blood of the Founding Families should be spilled, we concluded that the viable option would be at the castle since we all experienced the vision of blood being shed on those grounds. While Magnus gifted us with powers to prolong our lives and defend ourselves against other creatures that meant us harm, it also didn't desist from the fact that he ensured our long lives would be filled with torturous pain. Maybe he wanted us to suffer the loss of a loved one – the way he did. Kyson stated that he would attempt a reversal on Fated Mates. None of us could understand the grimoires but a curse that took years of creation couldn't be reversed within a day. We were proven right because the ingredients required was riddled, or simply a mind game.

The ashes of a phoenix, The eyes of a raven, The blood of a person consumed by darkness, The tongue of a noble wolf, The essence of the moon. Firstly, Phoenix's have been extinct for more than a century. Secondly, how would one describe a person utterly consumed by darkness, there are many things that could be related to darkness – to evil. Thirdly, the essence of the moon, you couldn't bottle the moonlight so how were we going to get the essence of the moon? We needed all Founding Families together to solve this, but we keep leaving our packs without their Alpha and that will hinder us in the long run. Therefore, I had to force Kaden to leave because Blood Moon pack needed a leader in my absence and the best option is our Beta and former Alpha. Lucian already arrived an hour ago, but he has been travelling non-stop for the past week and immediately crashed. Brantley might be on his way; Maverick did inform him that his appearance is mandatory. Jasmine was asleep, she spent all night helping Kyson and completely drained herself out. "Concentrate." Kyson scolds through the mind link. Snow white hair cascades upon his forehead, highlighting the intensity in his eyes. The bandana secured in place as he crosses his arms across his chest. Raising his brow at my distractive state. "Maybe, I will tell Jasmine about how you can communicate with anyone with the snap of your fingers." I tease through the mind-link. I could feel the grin forming on his lips, twinkling in his eyes. "I could easily seal your lips and never let you speak again." Kyson threatens and I couldn't contain the roll of my eyes. We were practicing having the flames engulf my entire body. Since our training has significantly improved the amount of control I have over the fire, being able to conjure those flames without much concentration. They can gradually increase within

my palms and spread towards my fingers, however maintaining that same amount of control throughout my body is rather difficult. Taking a deep breath, letting the cold bite of the air cut through the fire blazing within me. Closing my eyes as I envision the flames wrapping around my arms, the warmth slowly creeping onto my skin. It wasn't burning my skin like before, instead it became a comforting sort of warmth that lit my body. Kyson instructed that the fire shouldn't harm me, that it should work in tandem with me. I had to become one with the fire. "That's it, Amethyst." Kyson's words sinking into my mind as I let the flames engulf my skin. They provided protection, assurance and an armour that couldn't be destroyed without the person injuring themselves. We continued this sort of training eight different times before I reached this level of control. I still struggle with maintaining this form for longer than a minute but since Kyson is praising me – I've surpassed a minute without losing control of the

flames. The fire that was in my mind began to be eaten by a darkness, everything morphing around me. This was another vision and suddenly a force thrust me backwards until I fell onto the stony path. Stars scattered across the midnight sky, the moon glowing on every surface of the exposed houses. I couldn't pinpoint the exact era, everything was constructed of bamboo and wood, a river separating various houses with a tiny bridge to cross. Suddenly, a cloaked man appeared in front of me. Staring at me with those bottomless black eyes, and when I studied the rest of his face. That's when I realized that the man cloaked in front of me is Magnus. I was on the ground, and he towered over me, the darkness encompassing him like an evil force. It made a shiver run down my spine at his emotionless face. Could he see me? The answer was shortly revealed when he crouched down and my heart leaped into my throat, sweat emitting from my palms as I felt my body freeze. Childish giggles floated in the air, gradually increasing. It grew louder as two boys ran past me and into Magnus's awaiting arms. "My sons." Magnus said with pride, but a wicked smirk crossed his lips as he connected his eyes with mine. I tried to peek at the boys, but something purposely blocked the visuals of them, like an image being blurred. It didn't register that Magnus was addressing the two boys in his arms, that he indeed had kids, and no one had known. "One holds the moon; one holds the magic, and both hold darkness." The ominous voice began to echo, growing increasingly louder as the ground beneath me began to shake. My body jerked with the ground, unable to comprehend this vital piece of information. No one knew that Magnus had children, why would the Moon Goddess show us this? "I showed you this." The sinister voice emitting from Magnus, the boys still in his arms but his eyes were on me. He knew I was there? But how, this was a vision. "There is so much you don't know." He laughed as the ground swallowed me. I was falling, my heart beating erratically as my chest tightened. The ominous voice returned, "You can't reverse the curse, something created out of vengeance is irreversible." That's when I finally dropped to the ground, the darkness slowly fading as my eyes became engulfed in the fire. Foreign words reach my ears as the white noise fades. The fire is immediately put out, the grass that was once green is burnt, the tree in front of me completely charred. A throbbing pain began in my head as I see the mass of white hair skate over to me. "Amethyst are you okay?" the voice asks through the mind-link. That's when I realize that Kyson is in front of me, and that the destruction around me is due to my lack of control over the fire. Shaking my head, my mouth feeling dry as

I attempt to relay the information I had seen in that vision. "Magnus had two sons." His eyes widen, "What?" I nod, trying to remember what he had said about them. "One holds the moon; one holds the magic-" "And both hold darkness." Someone completed. We swivelled our bodies towards the menacing voice that completed the riddle. Immediately, I'm hypnotized by his white eyes, no pupil in sight which only added to his dangerous appearance. A sinister smile forming on his lips at our state. "It's dangerous to have Magnus appear in your visions." He voices. "How did you" Kier's eyes shift between me and Kyson, "One is light, one is dark, and both are consumed by evil."

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Chapter 59 A Truth And A Lie

Amethyst Phoenix Nothing could compare to the glee of insanity in Kier's eyes, he was relishing in the fact that he had the knowledge we did not. The silence is replaced by the gentle breeze cutting through my skin, until his menacing laughter rang through my ears and consumed my soul. It made my heart thud in fear because I was afraid of Kier. . Kyson situates himself next to me and that did alleviate my heart because he is powerful, something in my bones told me that if they had to fight – it would end in a draw. "I thought you were smart enough to figure it out Amethyst," Kier laughs, placing his hands into his ebony slacks pocket. Kier towered over me, and by an inch when it came to Kyson. They weren't next to each other for me to compare in detail. While Kier was built like a monster, muscles rippling through his obsidian formal shirt, Kyson was on the leaner side and concealed behind his hoodies. Suddenly, Kyson's frame was in front of me, shielding me. I couldn't comprehend the reasoning why he would protect me but from the twinkle in Kier eyes there was an indication of familiarity. "Go inside." Kyson voice instructed, not taking his eyes off of Kier. While Kyson could take care of himself, I couldn't in good conscience leave him to this maniac. "I'm not leaving you."

This wasn't the time for me to cower in fear, taking my stance next to Kyson. I could feel his body stiffen next to me, yet we remained unmoving. "It is best to leave him to me," he cut. "I'm not-" Before I could complete the sentence, the clouds clashed above us. The subtle glow from the sun is instantly replaced by the grey darkness of stormy clouds. Thunder and lightning piercing through the sky. "Oh shit." Kyson mutters through the mind link, and I don't think he is aware that I heard him. "I've been dying to face you again Kier." Jasmine's ominous voice cut through the thunder as I watch her descend the steps towards us. The black sweatpants hung at her waist, an army green crop top with straps crossed at her exposed back. Jasmine was toned, and you could immediately tell that she worked out. Her ebony waves were in a messy braid, parted over her left shoulder and those emeralds were filled with vengeance. "Always a pleasure to see you, Jasmine." Kier honeyed voice complimented. Kier was the visionary of calm and twisted, the white streaks in his inky hair and the realm of evil

within those pupilless white eyes. There is a huge gap between us and him, metaphorically and physically. Kier came with secrets, none of the Founding Families actually knew him for who he truly is and that made him dangerous. Kyson didn't move a muscle even though I know he was attempting to reason with Jasmine, but she wasn't listening. Her anger was justified, Kier forcibly induced our powers for his own benefit. Thunder harshly cracks through the sky and behind Kier, a warning at first as I watch the static of blue wrap around her arms and sizzle between her fingertips. "You think you can induce my powers and control me." her voice boomed, the ground shook beneath my feet. Jasmine was livid, and not even Kyson could distract her from her goal of destroying Kier. Even with the ground shaking beneath us, the lightening and thunder fighting above us and "You're his son." I gasp. Kier smiles, satisfaction in his eyes. "It took your pretty brain awhile to figure out what is standing right in front of you." There were too many questions, how are they alive? Magnus was alive for centuries; did that mean they were immortal? However, the second boy remained a blur. Something was deliberately forcing the fog in my mind, making me unable to piece together who the other boy was. "Then the other boy..." "Is my twin brother." Kier smirks. My vision suddenly became distorted, my body feeling weak. "Where is he?" Kier smile is the last thing I see before darkness consumes my vision. "Right here."

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Chapter 60 The Truth About Kier and Kyson

Jasmine Ravenstone "You can't save them Kyson." I'm surrounded by darkness, something forcibly keeping my body at bay, restraining any sort of movement, and leaving me immobile. Yet, it feels like I'm suffocating, and a huge weight is collapsing inside of me. All I could hear is the voices, they echo and cause this impending doom to fester within my heart. "Death is salvation from what will come." The ominous voice declares. Those words echo in my mind and mingles with my rapid heartbeat, the suffocating sensation deepens until I feel myself choking on an invisible sensation. The words have a deeper meaning, it entices fear into my heart, and in that exact moment – my eyes spring open before I fall off the cliff. I gasp, the sound mingling with my thundering heart. Pressure arose in the centre of my forehead, throbbing uncontrollably. I attempted to blink away the blurry vision and hazy mind. Everything was clicking into place, illuminated by the soft glow of the lights.

ached and my muscles screamed in pain, I wasn't used to controlling large amounts of lightening.

That's the thing with having your power forcibly activated, I might have trained my entire life for this, but I am nowhere close to controlling it. All thoughts are pushed away when I catch the sight of snow-white hair glowing within the darkness, a figure perched against the wall. His eyes are closed and while I've seen him without his bandana, this is the first time where I have an opportunity to study his features. The plush cherry-

stained lips, high cheekbones, dominant jawline, and lashes that any woman would be jealous over. There is no denying that his ethereal beauty is that of a God. The black bandana is secured around his neck, I watch the way his lips move silently and rapidly. There is complete silence wrapped around us and yet he sits crossed legged with his palms exposed. I shift off the bed and I realize we are in my suite in the mansion. Everything rushes back, including all the lies that piled on were exposed by Kier. A sharp pain spears through my chest as I take in Kyson, his head tips back and I notice that even without a mask – he remains evasive. There is no deciphering what goes on in his mind, he is the embodiment of secrets. As if hearing my judgement, his eyes spring open and they are completely black. For a moment, my heart jumps into my throat and the ringing in my ears intensifies while I feel goosebumps arise on my skin. Kyson is truly terrifying. Within a second, all the black bleeds away. He doesn't move an inch, simply staring into an abyss with a solemn expression. "Kyson." The cloud across his eyes clears and it's like we are transported to our own universe, only the two of us. Yet the moment is bittersweet because all I taste is betrayal. I snap out of that fantasy, even if there weren't any lies between us, I couldn't possibly be with him without tarnishing the Ravenstone name. While I don't care what others think, my father will do everything in his power to diminish any sort of happiness I have if it isn't beneficial to him. Kyson props himself up and leans against the wall, hands situated in his pockets. He makes no move to answer, simply staring at me with a mythical haze in his eyes. "You lied to me." Ignoring every ache in my body, the pain that intensifies with every step I take. I halt a few feet away from him. Everything is spiralling within my mind; Kier, Kyson, sire bond. He couldn't lie, Amethyst might not have seen because she passed out before me, but I saw Kier point at Kyson with his last words. "You're Kier's twin brother." I should have noticed the similarities between Kier and Kyson, the pupilless eyes and the contrasts between dark and light. Kyson swallows, his Adams apple bobbing before his honeyed voice floats in my mind, "Yes." He answers. Sparks pop within my brain, the ringing in my ears intensifying. The urge to scream lodged within my throat, sweat beginning to pool at my brows. It wasn't humid, it was freezing and yet I couldn't contain the way my body vibrated in anger. Clenching my fists at my sides, my claws digging into my palm and the scent of metallic blood filling my nostrils. "Your father is Magnus?" I ask calmly, even though my blood was boiling Kyson doesn't hide from the truth anymore; his eyes are sunken with sadness lurking in the background. "In a way," his vague answer only spurs on my frustration and rage. "Kyson, stop fucking around. You lied to me, you pretended to help us defeat Kier when he is your brother. I don't like being used and lied to, so tell me what is going on." I'm close to tearing this room apart, with Kyson as the focal point. He exhales loudly and closes the distance between us, the rage ripples in waves and yet our close proximity almost makes it disintegrate. He makes no move to touch me, but I feel him everywhere, inside my body and in my heart. "It's a secret that stays between us." Kyson declares. "Do you understand what we are up against? Kier wants to kill all of us." I state the obvious and somehow, I can't help but wondering if they are working together. "But you already know that." I decipher and analyse the way his jaw clenches painfully. For the first time, I watch Kyson's face transform to express his true feelings. His nostrils flare, heavy breathing consuming the room with tightness locking in his features. Heat radiated from his body, and we mirrored each other, the urge to scream lodged in our throat. "You

think I don't know that!" He yells within my mind, irritation evident in his tone. Kyson has never lost his temper, and it was both shocking and infuriating. He didn't have a reason to be angry. Silence passes between us before he makes a move to leave, "Where are you going?" He shakes his head, towering over me. "I have to leave." I chuckle, an empty laugh passing through my lips as I think about Kyson having the audacity to run away from this entire disaster. "You realise how this makes you look? Everyone already doubted you and now you proved them right by withholding valuable pieces of information." Kyson lulls over my words, "Kier and I have always been on opposite sides, but we always have a common goal. We have for centuries." Every muscle in my body clenches, my mind becoming hazy as I feel any sort of control over my body slip. "Centuries? How long have you been alive?" I question, feeling my heart thud painfully in my chest. Kyson slips his fingers through his soft waves, "Kier and I... We have lived many lives and experienced many deaths." Words evaded me, what did that even mean? "We have been reincarnated multiple times; this is our hundredth time." Kyson explains. I could feel my eyes widen, the way in which his tone shifted into a manner of despair that held something deeper. "Why did you say it like that? How do you even know if you have been reincarnated?" "Because this is our last time. We won't be reincarnated anymore after this life." A chill runs up my spine, like I'm thrust into the ocean and the cold-water cuts through my skin. "But you were born into the Ancient Coven, that's how you got cursed. How is that possible if you are simply reincarnated, you guys are twins – shouldn't he have been there to?" The thread between us seems to thin and yet it practically glows red in the darkness. "When Magnus had us, we inherited a portion of his power thus he developed a spell that enabled us to be reincarnated with the same powers in every life. We were born as twins but every life we inhabit, we are born to different people. Kier and I always retain our memories from our past lives, that is how we know our history with Magnus. I didn't lie, I was born into the coven but the first child with cursed tongue has always been me." Kyson explains, and there is so much emotions swimming within his eyes that I'm falling into that abyss without a clue on how I feel."

I feel an array of emotions, all shifting between empathy and anger. This doesn't seem like a blessing because Magnus wouldn't have let them endure that sort of suffering for years if he loved them. I couldn't decide if my judgement on him was right but all I felt was a hand squeezing my heart when it came to imaging the type of agony Kyson has suffered through... for years. I wanted to hug him; my heart was ready to cling onto him, but my mind kept me from giving into my emotions. "Why were you guys reincarnated so many times? Why is this your last life?" Kyson shakes his head, "You aren't ready for that." I study his resistance, the way his voice sounded strained. "I'm not ready or are you not ready?" I question. Kyson silence is my answer, whatever secret is suffocating him with a heavy burden. He has carried this for all his life and when I connect my eyes with his, I see how tired he truly is. "It's not a blessing to be reincarnated, it may be a blessing to forget the past, but my brother and I can never forget anything. So yes, I'm not ready, I've never been ready. Being children of Magnus only cursed us with a life of agony and torture." His voice is soft, almost a mere whisper in my mind. "Magnus never does anything out of the kindness of his heart. Being reincarnated was never to preserve the lives of his sons." Kyson voices. I didn't think, all the anger remained on

the surface, but my heart melted with the pain he has been carrying all this time, all these years. Instantly, my arms wrapped around him. I caught him off guard, hearing his rapid heartbeat as I lay my head against his chest. It takes a few minutes before his arms wrap around me and it's like peace floods my bones, sparks against my skin as he draws me closer to him. "I have to go Jasmine." He whispers. "Are you going to Kier?" I had my answer, yet I didn't want to let go. I knew he became the enemy in this moment, I know I should alert Lucian and Maverick of his escape, but I couldn't find it in my heart to do that to him. "What did Kier mean when he said I'm sired to you?" I question, wanting to know the answer before he leaves. Kyson pulls back, meeting my eyes with a softness that resembles his gentle caress against my cheek. "I'm going to save you. I'm going to save everyone from this evil." That's the last thing he says before he leaves. And I realize that even though I let him go, I still had to tell everyone the truth about Kier and Kyson.