

Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 61

Chapter 61 I'm Back Home

Amethyst Phoenix Maybe I shouldn't have left. But there wasn't any reason to stay. All of us gathered for one purpose that revolved around Kyson and that certainly turned to dust. While he chose what to share with us, we were no longer closer to any sort of goal or revelation upon Kier. We were walking blind onto a minefield. However, it didn't lessen the guilt eating away at my insides. Maybe it was the eerie way Jasmine composed herself – burning with malice. There is no doubt that the Founding Families are experts at concealing their emotions. Maverick is a mask of emptiness while Brantley is soaked in insanity, Lucian and Jasmine are considered stable and more level-headed than the rest. Although her anger does best her in certain situations, in some ways she can be considered a hot-head. When she called the meeting, a cigarette hung loosely between her lips and the smoke concealed her face. Every

inhale for oxygen sparked the glowing tip of the stick, ash dropping upon the couch. It's like she couldn't breathe without the nicotine. Everyone noticed this side of Jasmine, the dark cloud that hung above her could have taken physical form. That's when she broke the news, something that involved our encounter with Kier prior, something I didn't want to believe. Kyson was Kier's twin brother, that vision with Magnus and his sons came at a time that made everything clearer. Kyson had left, labelled as a traitor by Maverick – who didn't trust him in the first place. The revelation was bone-chilling, to think we had all the signs that they were related and chose to overlook them. Maybe it was because they were as different as night and day, maybe it was the way Kyson desperately wanted to help us.

There were too many unanswered questions, why would he voluntarily help me control my powers? Why would he help us defeat Kier? Was it all a plan to control us from the inside? Kyson stayed in my pack, helped me gain better control over my flames and teach me how to maximise them. There wasn't a hint of his double persona, he concealed that part of him perfectly. Lucian concluded that there wasn't anything more we could do considering the situation, Kyson betrayed us, and we have every reason to believe that he is with Kier. Our only source of information on Kier – fled. This left us in a bind, with no sources. We were sitting ducks.

I was in a constant state of anxiety but the moment I was on Blood Moon Pack's soil, everything dampened with a sense of peace overwhelming me. The way my muscles relax whenever I'm home, whenever I'm with Kaden. We weren't on bad terms per say but I did

of a conversation regarding us. The fact that I marked him, the ill fate that awaited us and Mason. Kaden had to return home because we couldn't keep leaving our pack

without an Alpha, in my absence he takes over all the Alpha duties. Sage texted me that he hasn't left the office or

slept during my time away. He tends to dismiss his health whenever it comes to the pack. Kaden never uses his phone and sometimes he forgets that we aren't within mind-link distance. When I arrived at the mansion, which still baffles me like the first time, I'm instantly greeted with a snoring Blaze. He fell asleep on the couch with a bag of open chips on his chest, drool coating his left cheek and The Flash playing in the background. I smile, I never see anyone even though we stay in the same house. I'm always busy with pack duties and they are extremely busy with R.E.D. I make my way to my office, knowing he would already be in there. Before I could reach the door, I'm stopped by my best friend. Midnight hair that was cut in an angle towards her jawline, striking gun-metal orbs and

defined winged liner. We collided in a fierce hug, which would have broken ribs had we not been supernatural creatures. "You have no idea how much I missed you." Sage smiles, drawing back and with her thigh high boots she was a couple inches taller than me. "Me to, I feel like we barely see each other," I pout, even though it isn't Alpha-like. She throws me a flirtatious wink, "That's because we don't. You haven't replaced me by one of your Founding Friends?" "I would never." I mock. Sage's eyes widen, practically sparking, "Oh my god, you totally missed it." "Missed what?" "Courtney got her ass beat by Alice." As Alpha I shouldn't be smiling, I shouldn't find this funny, but I couldn't help myself. "No fucking way," Sage nods in confirmation, "But Alice never fights when it involves personal feelings," I state. "Exactly but during training, Courtney was paired with Lion and usually that wouldn't be a problem, but she tried to flirt with him." My nose scrunches in disgust, everyone knows that Alice and Lion are a couple and have been for a long time. "What happened then?" "During this one move, she wrapped her legs around his waist and that wouldn't be a problem, but she kissed him." I'm completely shocked, my jaw dropped. "You have to be messing with me," Sage shakes her head, "Hell no. Before Lion could throw her off, Alice grabbed her by the hair, flipped her onto the ground and almost disfigured her face. Lion had to restrain her before she killed Courtney. Sadly, Kaden had to administer punishment since he can't play favouritism." I chuckle at Sage's pout, "Oh, but it was so satisfying – wasn't it?" "Yes!" We immediately burst into fits of laughter, "We so need a girl's night, clearly I've been missing a lot." Sage agrees, "Yes. Alice has been acting weird lately and is rather short-tempered which never happens. Any little thing sets her off, the other day Blaze was chewing gum and she almost bashed his head in because he was chewing too loud." I frown, "I hope she's okay, usually the roles are reversed and it's Alice calming Lion down." "She's probably going into heat soon," Sage theorizes. "How is Olivia? I haven't seen her much." Recently, I haven't seen Olivia even when I am home. She has no obligation to be in my presence, especially as an oracle since they are always busy. Sage taps her chin, cocking her hip out in tight leather pants. "I'm not sure, I've barely her as well. Maybe it's just me but I think she has been acting unusual lately." "You think I should speak to her?" I question. "She left yesterday, apparently it's regarding oracle business at another pack." Sage answers. I have been slacking in my friendships, completely absorbed in Alpha duties and the whole ordeal with Kier and Kyson. "I hope she's okay."

“She’s fine babe, don’t stress about it. However, he is not,” Sage declares, pointing her black coffin nail towards the office door with Kaden residing in it. I groan, “I told him not to overwork himself,”

Sage chuckles, crossing her arms over her chest. “This is Kaden we are talking about; overworking is in his DNA. To be honest, I don’t think he knows anything else but work.” “That’s true.” I agree. Sage chuckles and waves as she disappears, “Goodluck, Alpha.” True to character, when I opened the door, I found him working. The illuminating glow of the sunset painting the room as Kaden hunched over the desk, the scribbling of the pen filling the silence as his messy waves conceals his forehead. He doesn’t notice me, even after two minutes of simply standing here. He was in the zone, absorbed by work.

This is one of the many reasons that I am in love with Kaden, his loyalty to the pack and to me.

I keep my steps light, trying to sneak up on him since he hasn’t noticed me yet. I’m close to wrapping my arms around his neck but the tables have turned. Kaden swivels the chair and pulls me onto his lap, my legs secured by one of his. I notice the dark shadows underneath his eyes but that doesn’t deceit from the smirk on his plush red lips. “Did you really think I wouldn’t notice you?” “Maybe.... Did you miss me?” I ask sheepishly, feeling my cheeks turn red. Kaden’s smirk slowly dissipates to a gentle smile, he doesn’t answer and instead collides our lips. It’s like heaven, the softness of his lips being the balm to my soul. Shivers run down my spine and tingles flow to my fingertips. He draws back, “I always miss you.” He whispers against my lips. I can’t contain the emotions within me, they feel larger than my own as I wrap my arms around his neck. I miss him constantly, every minute of the day and being without him is worse than death. “I told you that I wouldn’t be gone long, you shouldn’t be overworking yourself,” I scold, running my fingers through his soft inky waves. Kaden draws me closer, caressing my thigh in a comforting manner. “I wanted to lighten the load for you, I know how stressed you have been.” Is it possible for my heart to burst out of my chest? After about five minutes of just soft touches and kisses, I ask the question that instantly made my stomach drop. “Did Mason come back?”

I feel Kaden’s body stiffen beneath me, for a while I couldn’t decipher what he was thinking from the foregone look in his eyes. “No,” he cuts. I’m about to question his odd behaviour when Blaze suddenly opens the door, his eyes are half shut as he drags his feet with a white box secured with a red ribbon in his hands. He yawns, not at all aware of his surrounds. “Alpha, package came for you.” His gruff voice states as he leaves the box on the desk and immediately leaves. I’m surprised, I don’t think it is from Kaden by the odd look in his eyes. I slip off his lap and undo the ribbon, Kaden’s rattled voice filling the silence as I lift the lid, “Amethyst, don’t-“ Nothing prepared me for what was inside....a heart.

Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter

62

Chapter 62 We Are A Team

Amethyst Phoenix It was a heart. All the warmth enveloping me prior has been extinguished by cold water. Ice travelled through my veins, locking each muscle in place, and causing a chill up my spine. Blood, it was everywhere inside the box. Yet, it remained unscented. No one caught the metallic scent upon receipt and delivery, which meant that the entire package is spelled to throw off our werewolf senses.

Blood soaked the bottom of the box and yet it didn't leak onto my desk, droplets splashed upon the sides as if the heart was carelessly thrown in. I've seen hearts before, I've even torn them out myself but there was something eerie about receiving one disguised as a gift. My face paled as I saw a folded beige card tucked at the corner, with shaky fingers I grabbed a hold of it. I think Kaden is attempting to speak to me, but everything turns to white noise, my mind in disarray as I open the card. Cursive black ink with smears of blood across the card. My stomach drops as I read the note, 'My love for you is eternal, no one will touch your heart the way I do. I was made for you, and you were made for me, I suggest you take up my offer otherwise I will ensure that you lose that new life of yours...as a life without me will only ensure death And the letter was signed at the bottom, blood mingling with the ink but I still made out the name, Mason.

I can feel my body vibrating, the note shaking between my fingers as I try to swallow the anxiety tearing away in my chest. Time slips from me, each word playing on a loop in my mind. What did Mason mean by losing this new life? Did he mean my family?

The note is ripped from my fingers, and I watch Kaden shred it into pieces before throwing it into the trash. I can visibly make out his chest rising and falling rapidly. His eyes showcase the depths of his mind spiralling into rage, running his fingers through his ebony waves intensely as if it would dampen his anger. Kaden wasn't surprised, he was indeed angry but the familiarity behind it made me question him, "Why aren't you surprised? What is this Kaden?" He grinds his teeth in frustration that it sounds amplified, "I meant what I said, he didn't come back." Kaden states aggressively. His immediate dismissal of the question, the response showcasing his agitated and frazzled state. "The truth Kaden, I know when you are lying," Whenever Kaden lies, he always cracks his left middle finger. Even someone of his intelligence always has a tell when they are lying. Any threat towards Blood Moon Pack should always be taken as a high priority, I can't simply ignore this, while we do have R.E.D which is one of the top assassination organisations – I can't be egotistical. "This isn't the first threat Mason has sent," Kaden answers in a low voice, trying to contain his frustrations. "What did he send? What were in the boxes?"

The answer was obvious, but I didn't want it to be, however this was Mason we were talking about. He became a monster after his training, and I don't want the thought of someone innocent suffering for me. "Body parts," Kaden answers, "He sends body parts to back up his threats of annihilating us." "Why should we believe him now? What makes this different from any other threat?" I question, trying to come up with a possible answer on how dangerous Mason truly is. "You noticed it didn't you? The

package had no scent therefore it was able to slip through our territory unnoticed by anyone. While Mason's pack is indeed dangerous, it isn't enough to take down Blood Moon pack. I think he has someone stronger assisting him, which is a problem because we don't know how powerful that makes him." All of it made sense, it makes Mason unpredictable and with a mysterious backer – there was no telling how victories we could be in a war. "And what he wants is me." Kaden doesn't say anything, we were still processing our emotions. We were spiralling into a pit of anger and frustration. The rash decision would be for me to give myself over to Mason, but there is no way of telling whether he would keep the promise of not harming our pack.

There is no guarantee that if I agree to his terms that he wouldn't start a war anyway. I'm also afraid and selfish, I don't want to leave Blood Moon pack, I don't want to leave my family, I don't want to leave Kaden. "How many boxes did you receive? What did the notes say?" I ask. "We received five boxes, each consisting of different body parts, but the notes simply had your name written inside. This is the first time he has stated his desires, it's quite apparent that he wants you back and if you don't agree then he will do everything in his power to destroy our pack." Kaden's rough voice depicts how intense the emotions are swirling inside of him, yet he has to reel himself in for my sake. Running my fingers through my hair, the cold breeze of the wind catching my skin as I realize the window was open. The sun has set and now night has dawned upon us. "Why didn't you tell me what was going on?" Kaden closes the distance between us, taking a hold of both my hands. His touch seared my skin, it made my muscles relax even with the tension weighing on my mind. "You were busy training with Kyson, you had to deal with the Founding Families, and I couldn't distract you from your duties nor did I want to overwhelm you." Shaking my head, I arch my neck to meet his eyes. There is always something peaceful about being in his presence, he always ensures that I am put first before himself. I appreciate his protectiveness, his concern over my well-being but this was something we hadn't dealt with during my time here. He had experience due to my parents constantly being targeted, I didn't. "I appreciate that Kaden, but this involves everyone we love, this involves the pack we love. I know you want to shoulder this burden by yourself, but you can't. As Alpha, I can't ignore this and as my Beta you should have been honest and not tried to fix this by yourself. We are a team, Kaden." Kaden nods, I can see the twinkle in his eyes at my words. "We are a team?" he questions almost shyly, rosy cheeks becoming apparent through the moonlight. For a moment, that anxiety slowly dampens as I place my palm over my heart. I needed Kaden more than anything in this world, he was my partner in every aspect of my life, he was my saviour when I thought I would die. He gave me everything and I'm selfish because I can't imagine giving him up without a fight. "You and me, we are forever." I declare softly, feeling the vulnerability in my words as I feel the mad thumping of his heart against my palm. It matched my own, Kaden suddenly encases his arms around me, heat drowning out the iciness in my body. He places a soft kiss against my crown, "We are forever little Phoenix." I close my eyes and soak in this moment, until I remember that Kaden doesn't know about the whole ordeal with Kyson. "About Kyson, there is something I have to tell you..." I explained to Kaden everything that transpired, the details of Kyson's betrayal and how he is Kier's twin brother. Kaden's skin began to turn shades darker, his eyes shifting between black and blue which showcased his inner

battle with his wolf. He despised traitors and that infuriated him, especially the part of Kier making an appearance. "I see, so none of the Founding Families have any leads or information regarding Kier's motives?" He questions, rather calmly.

Shaking my head, "Kyson was our only lead. Maverick can try gaining information from his connections with the witches, but I don't think he would divulge that much. As for Jasmine, I feel like she didn't tell us the full story." Kaden nods, "One thing that your parents noted in their journals is that everyone in the Founding Families keep secrets from each other. Just because you have a common enemy doesn't mean they will divulge their secrets or help you during your time of need..." I can visibly see Kaden's lips moving but I can't hear the rest of his words, instead there is a ringing sound that only intensifies until I have to cover my ears in an attempt to lessen the pain. However, it doesn't work, and the darkness bleeds into my vision. Shit. I'm having another vision.

Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 63

Chapter 63 What Mason Wants

Amethyst Phoenix The darkness slowly melts into the background of a dungeon. Stone coloured walls coated in dried blood and other substances that signified this place as a torture chamber. Sinister laughter echoes from the spot behind me and when I turn around, I'm immediately face to

son. His red lips are pulled into a malicious smile, hands situated in his pockets as his focus is entirely on the woman tied to the chair.

Taking steps to the side so that I could form a clear picture on what vision is transpiring here. Mason is immaculately dressed in his charcoal suit while the woman is in nothing but shorts and a vest. Her pale skin is covered in dirt and dried blood, scabs across her legs and arms as if she was tortured and healed. Her arms were bound behind her, the silver chain locked around her wrists and secured to the wall. Her head is turned down, a mass of chocolate hair concealing her face until Mason grips her jaw and forcefully lifts her head. That's when I take note of the familiar emeralds, I couldn't remember where I had seen her but with the pure hatred oozing from her orbs, I deciphered that neither of them liked each other that much. Mason squeezed her already bruised cheeks and chuckled. "And to think, I thought you were worthy of being my wife. You are nothing but a disgrace to my title, Britney." Mason spat.

That's where I had recognised her from, she was the girl Mason chose over me, the one he made his Luna. Why? He rejected his mate for her – why would he chain her to this dungeon? What was going on and more importantly, why was I being shown this? Visions had a purpose and I needed to pay attention to decipher mine. The bags under her eyes showcased her exhaustion, an exhausted laugh escaped her chapped lips. "I wish I never met you." She muttered, regret and despair abundantly clear through her

raspy tone. Mason laughed, not at all hurt by her words, "You would have been nothing without me," He pushes Britney's face away from him, towering over her like the predator he truly is. The mixture of evil and something darker swirling within his orbs. It's barely audible, but I hear Britney whisper through her strangled voice, choking down the tears, "At least I would have been happy." For a moment, I do feel empathy for her. I don't harbour any hate or jealousy towards Britney, I have lived a life away from this kind of pain and she has endured it since I not holding a grudge against her; I feel sorry that she wasn't able to be happy all these years – even if she achieved her dream of being Luna of the Stone Heart Pack. "Happy? Happy.... You are a power hungry bitch who only cared about having the Luna title. Don't pretend that you were some innocent girl I corrupted," Mason placed his hands on the arms of the chair, coming face to face with her, "you were already corrupted when I met you." Those words would hurt anyone, and they definitely struck a cord inside of her. Now it was Britney's maniac laughter bouncing off the walls, a high pitch laugh that would surely damage her throat. It aggravated Mason and I watch as he punches her, the sound of bones crushing under his fist. But Britney continues to laugh, with shaky breaths she meets his gaze once again. This time I can see the purple bruise forming on her cheek, her eye beginning to swell but Britney smiles wickedly, blood coating her once perfect white teeth, "Yo marry you? The bastard that beat her up, humiliated her, rejected her? You are foolish to think anyone would ever want you." She spat, satisfaction glistening in her eyes as she watches him lose control. For a moment, all you could hear is the rapid beating of Mason's heart, the inhale and exhale of a monster. Britney on the other hand appeared drained, tired of him and tired of the life she had chosen. I could see the regret in her eyes, the wonder on what life would have been like had she waited for her mate or chosen someone who actually loved her. Maybe she wouldn't have been in this position. But she accepted her fate, what else could she even do? Without a warning, Mason pierced her chest with his claws, his fingers wrapping around her heart. His eyes were practically thirsting for her blood. Britney choked, gasping for air but she knew this was the end. Instead, she levels her eyes with his, no fear for death and she snarls, "I hope she fucking kills you." With her last words, Mason rips her heart from her chest. The life escaping her eyes as her head falls forward. A gaping hole in the centre of her chest, while Mason holds the heart in his hands. Blood coating his fingers, dripping onto his suit and yet he didn't care. A smile stretched upon his face, "You're wrong, we are mates, and she was meant for me." The man was completely delusional, no resemblance of humanity left in his eyes. He snapped his fingers and one of his men came in holding a box. The exact box that was sent to me, the one with the heart. Mason places the heart in the box, a wicked smile on his lips as he licks the blood off his fingers, "You will be mine Amethyst, you will be my new wife." He declares. Everything suddenly fades away, the scene in front of me morphing into an abyss. Darkness engulfs me until I blink, familiar sky-blue orbs blinding my vision. A mass of inky hair cascading upon his face, his eyes filled with concern. "Amethyst, did you have another vision?" Kaden questions, already knowing the answer. I nod, they happen so frequently and sporadically that Kaden is used to them by now. Diverting my attention to the heart in the box, I can't believe what a true monster Mason is. This is far beyond hatred; this was pure evil. "He killed his wife." I state. "Who?" "The vision I had; Mason killed his wife and put her heart in this box as a present for me." I explain, feeling my

blood begin to boil with rage. Mason thinks his actions won't have consequences, he thinks he can get whatever he wants. "Why would he do that?"

"Because he doesn't just want me as a mate, he wants me to be his new wife."

Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 64

Chapter 64 What Am I To You Kaden?

Amethyst Phoenix Mason wants me to be his wife.

The evil lurking behind his eyes showcases that there wasn't any shred of humanity left in him. Mason didn't show an ounce of remorse when he ripped his wife's heart from her chest, he felt nothing as he killed her. By his confident demeanour, it's a good theory to believe that he has someone strong to pull the strings. Someone is helping him, someone powerful and I have no doubt that it is Kier. Without proof that Kier is directly involved, this situation couldn't involve the Founding Families. After all, this is my pack and if I can't protect them.... Then I am not fit to be called their Alpha. It was nearing midnight and Kaden wasn't in the best shape, the lack of sleep and tremendous amounts of stress was finally catching up to him. He didn't protest that much when I forced him to get some rest, mainly because his energy has already been drained. I stayed behind to finish up the rest of the paperwork regarding the mating ceremony. Jasmine agreed to the mating ceremony for our pack members, but I doubt she will attend since I think she is going through some inner conflict and processing what transpired with Kyson. Maverick kept his pack under lock and key for some odd reason, but he did state he would make an appearance. He didn't have to admit it, but Maverick was coming because of Sage. The dynamic between them is odd, a push and pull but mostly push until they are hanging off a cliff. Lucian also agreed on the grounds that we go to his territory for the mating ceremony. Brantley wasn't even around after Jasmine concluded the meeting. 'Are you going to ask him?' Jade's voice surprised me since she has been laying dormant for quite a while. Signing the last documents and organising them into the binder, "What question?" Jade was as short-tempered as me, which made sense since we are one. I knew what question she was talking about. 'When is he going to mark us? Claim us as his,' She growls in annoyance, her patience becoming a single thread. "Did you ask Axel? I'm surprised you haven't, considering how close you guys are." I answer, finally finishing up and closing my office door. Jade doesn't answer and we are abruptly cut short of conversation when I catch sight of Sage. She seems to be carrying something on her back that is weighing her down. Once she gets closer, I see that she has Callen's arms around her shoulders while his boots drag across the tiles. His ebony curls conceal his eyes, but I already see that they are closed while drool escapes his parted lips, and onto Sage's favourite leather jacket. "One more drink," he whines, clearly intoxicated. "I should have left you outside." Sage grumbles, annoyed by her twin. Raising my brow playfully, "Fun night?" pointing at Callen. Sage looks over her shoulder in disgust, "Piece of shit, should have ate him in the womb." I laugh at her

comment, it's always best that they drink together. Simply because Sage has a higher tolerance for alcohol laced with wolfsbane than Callen, his is practically non-existent. His hands seem to slip but Sage forcefully yanks it over her shoulder, purposely trying to hurt him. She huffs like she is going into battle and drags Callen towards his room. "Don't let the unicorn get away," Callen pouts, pointing at me in his drunken haze. "I hope the unicorn eats you." Sage declares, and I can hear Callen crying in fear of that possibly coming true. Over the years, I have witnessed everyone's intoxicated antics which included the members of R.E.D. Although Lion just gets angrier with each sip of alcohol, I remember when Blaze accidentally spilled his whiskey on Alice. Yeah... The house almost caught on fire that day. I desperately needed a soak in a hot bath to soothe the ache in my muscles. Once I arrived in my room, I headed straight for the bathroom. Twisting the knob until the water pressure was the perfect temperature for me, I let the bath fill while I lit some candles. Stripping my clothes off, I slip into the bath.

The scalding heat of the water seeped into my skin, releasing the tension in my muscles and providing relaxation to my mind. 'You're scared?' Jade whispers as I watch the steam cast a shadow against the glow of the candles. Resting my head on the rim of the tub, processing all the inner turmoil spiralling within me, "Yeah." I agree, "I'm scared that he will regret it, that he will find his mate and then regret that he marked me. A Fated bond cannot be undone, it's permanent opposed to a regular mate bond." 'You guys are destined to be together; you guys have been together for centuries and throughout lifetimes.' Jade clarifies. "It can change..." Jade sighs, exhausted with my negative mindset, 'It's obvious that he is in love with you, he wants you forever and you can't let your insecurities and fear control you. Otherwise, you will only push him away in the end. After years of loving him from afar, do you really want to push away the love he is giving you?' She was right, I'm a coward and letting my fear of the unknown dictate how my relationship with Kaden will be. "You have become quite wise." Jade snorts, "I've always been wise! Rolling my eyes, I soak in the essence of the bath. Allowing myself to relinquish all the stress from this past week for another twenty minutes before the water turned cold. After blowing out the candles, I throw on one of Kaden's old band t-shirts that sit directly on my knees.

Tonight, I didn't want to sleep alone, I needed to be with Kaden. There is always a hole in my heart whenever we are apart.

Tiptoeing towards his wing, I slip easily into his room and his scent of rain instantly calms my frazzled mind. The moonlight illuminates his naked chest, chiselled six pack with dark ink like an art piece displayed on a canvas. Drawing the covers away as I settle into the warmth, Kaden faces me unconsciously. Midnight waves cascade upon his forehead and I brush it back softly, in order to keep from waking him. My heart aches whenever we aren't together, I can't imagine pushing him away and never loving him freely- the way I can now. I've seen our past together, the way we always find each other and always promise forever. The family we have, the love between us that spans over lifetimes. But I also see the way we lose each other, over and over. I couldn't lose him again; I would do everything to ensure his safety. By the pattern of the vision, it would be his turn and I wasn't going to let that happen. Kaden is the love of my life;

nothing will ever touch him as long as blood flows through my veins. I'm lost in my thoughts until I feel the spark at my fingertips, Kaden intertwines our fingers,

and those beautiful eyes meet mine. It's gentle, soft, caring and filled with so much love that my heart threatens to burst from my chest. "You're late." He mutters, in his sleepy state and immediately pulls me closer towards him. Kaden's skin seers my own, I couldn't feel anything as he rests his forehead upon mine, holding my gaze. "I missed you." I smile, "I missed you to." After a beat, Kaden plays with a lock of my hair and continues to analyse me. Swallowing the anxiety in my chest, the fear attempting to override my courage. "What am I to you?" I ask. Kaden responds immediately, not missing a beat. "My Fated Mate, my soulmate, my wife, my heart, my entire universe." I felt my throat tighten, fire burning behind my eyes as I held back my tears. "Then why wont you mark me?" I whisper, feeling vulnerable by a simple question. His fingers grasp my jaw, pulling my attention towards his. Kaden smiles, his eyes filled with love that one would think I held the stars and the moon. "I want to do everything right because when I mark you, you will be my wife." He promises. My jaw drops, I didn't expect that. My flustered state didn't go unnoticed as Kaden chuckles at my reaction, "Don't worry little Phoenix, all in due time. I wont ever rush you into anything." Kaden pulls me into his chest, the warmth radiating off his body and the scent of rain immediately makes my mind relax and I feel my lids getting heavy. "I love you, Amethyst." Kaden says, placing a gentle kiss against my cheek and that is the last thing I hear before falling into a deep slumber. I really hope I didn't imagine him saying this.

Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 65

Chapter 65 Mastering Fire and Girl Talk

Amethyst Phoenix "Are you absolutely sure? You promise? Because I don't particularly want to die by burning alive." Blaze shudders, motioning between me and the ball of fire emitting from my palm. "You are being ridiculous, there are so many other ways I could kill you, why would I waste those opportunities by burning you alive so easily?" A malicious grin forming on my lips. Blaze visibly pales, sweat dripping from his brow, "On second thought..." He takes a detour to the left, chuckling and attempting to escape but I launch the ball of fire towards his direction. Blaze shrieks, sliding on his knees to duck from the assault. Switching his attention between me and the black circle on the bark of the tree, smoke arising as I burnt half of the tree. Blaze slides his fingers through his hair, "I knew you never liked me." he cried, getting back onto the balls of his feet.

I facepalm myself, the heat exuding from my skin as I feel my mind begin to lose control of my powers. Maybe practicing with someone who couldn't defend themselves against fire was

a bad idea. However, Kyson wasn't here, and I needed to exercise control otherwise there would be mayhem. The way Jasmine expertly conjured lightening from the sky with ease, bringing that mass amount of power directly onto Kier.

That's when I realized the vast difference between myself and the Founding Families. They had control; they could easily conjure copious amounts of power without any trouble. I only gained a small portion of that, Kyson taught me a move that requires complete focus, and I can only retain it for approximately thirty seconds. However, the Founding Families powers are supposed to be kept a secret. That wasn't possible when you live with three other people who sporadically appear at the worst times. Kyson and I had been training and they assumed that Kyson's motives were to kill me at the time. I couldn't lie, especially when the flames were lighting up my fingers without crawling all over my body. While I do trust them to keep it a secret, Kyson didn't and charmed them to not utter a word to anyone else. A bit extreme if you ask me, but apparently secrets are meant to stay buried in the darkness.

Blaze moves with ease as I throw multiple fire balls at him, he is light on his feet and even does a back flip when I send five his way. That's the thing with Blaze, he flips like a switch and is quite menacing when his intent is to kill or protect himself. I had to practice my aim but the more I thought about how far behind I am compared to the other Alpha's, it infuriated me. Jerking my arm, I felt the heat of the flames wrap around my forearm and towards my bicep. I continued to picture the flames emitting from my skin, and the image of myself being on fire conjures in my mind. With Kyson, I held this move for approximately thirty seconds before I had to close the lid on it. If I'm not cautious, I could set everything around me on fire. Creating the image of the flames coating my body like a second skin, I retain the sensation of the warmth and power that the fire provides. When I open my eyes, my vision is assorted of orange and red. Blaze is flabbergasted, "You're on fire, holy shit. Do I need to call Kaden? Are you going to die?" he blurts, completely out of his element. Lifting my hands in front of me, I can see that the flames have coated my skin. A few seconds go by and then a minute, I manage to retain the fire armour for a minute before I feel the power overwhelm me. It threatens to burst from my skin and burn the entire place to the ground. Closing my eyes, I picture the box in my mind with fire shooting at the top. With ease, I take a deep breath and close the lid. Everything is sucked back into the box and when I open my eyes, the flames are gone. I didn't notice the appearance of Sage until she started applauding, as if I did something grandiose. "Wow, amazing." She praises. "Thanks." I smile in appreciation, although I didn't feel that I mastered anything that warranted that praise. Blaze immediately sprints towards Sage, "Oh thank God you are here. I've never been so happy to see you in my life, you got this right? I can just go... I'ma go." He utters without breathing and moves like The Flash back into the house. Sage clicks her tongue in annoyance, "You really chose him to help you?" I shrug, closing the distance between us. "Everyone was busy, I needed to do some target practice." She chuckles, "I thought you were busy with a mission?" I ask, all the members of R.E.D had back-to-back missions, so I didn't count on anyone being around today. "I wrapped up pretty quickly. Also, Alice hasn't gone on the last three mission, I tried to ask Lion, but he simply dismissed me." "So, in other words, he grunted and walked away," I said, matter-of-

factly. Sage nods in agreement, "Then Alice called about twenty minutes ago, she asked us to come over." "Is she okay?" I ask. "I'm not sure." For Alice to call us over to her home, that means whatever she wants to discuss is something serious. "Give me like ten minutes to get changed." All together it took us approximately twenty minutes to reach Alice and Lion's house. They lived a little further away from the pack and their house was near the lake, every time we came here, we understood why they had chosen it. It was peaceful. The scent of the forest, it gentle sounds of the lake and the chirping of birds ever so often. It resembled peace away from chaos. "I hope it isn't bad news, I don't think I can handle that." Sage mutters, her tone filled with concern. Behind the scenes, Sage goes through a lot, and I haven't had the chance to be there for her. Whatever she is going through, whether it involves Maverick or is an entirely different situation, I know she will get through it and when she is ready to speak about it then I will always be here to listen or help her. "I don't think it is something bad, let's have positive thoughts. This is Alice, we both know that if someone so much as pokes Alice then they are dead." I attempt to ease her worry, while also heeding my own words. Once our feet hit the entryway, Alice immediately flings the door open and tackles us in a hug. "Finally, I haven't seen you guys in forever." "You saw me three days ago at training." Sage wheezes, since Alice has a strong grip around us that it makes it hard for us to breathe. Alice puts Sage out of her misery and releases us, I take in her appearance, and it still amazes me how her features are almost identical to a beautiful doll. Her sapphires are practically

sparkling, and her porcelain skin is radiating. There is something different about her, but I couldn't quite place my finger on it. She taps her chin, deep in thought, "Really, I don't remember much of that day." Sage chuckles, lifting her hand for a high-five and they do, "She totally deserved it." I couldn't deny that, especially when everyone knows that Lion is off-limits. "I second that, but if anyone asked, I reprimanded you for your actions as well." I stated, another secret between us.

Through our laughter, Alice motions for us to come in. Alice taste in décor tends to differ depending on her mood from vintage to modern, last time we came here she had dark forest coloured walls and now they were painted beige. Her interior is simple, yet sleek and classic. Lion doesn't care about what the house looks like, all he cares about is Alice and making her happy. Therefore, he never mentions her habits of being OCD and cleaning everything in the house constantly whenever she is stressed.

This is like our second home, I couldn't even count the number of times we had gotten so drunk that we swam in the lake naked, and then cried because it was too cold. Sage immediately runs to the kitchen where Alice has multiple fancy glass jars that are filled with different sweets all lined across the marbled island.; Sage grabs a bowl from the cupboard, a smile on her lips as she opens the lids, "I'ma have you, and you. Ohhh, can't leave you out. She gleams, taking a handful of gummy bears, gummy worms, sour jelly tots, etc. Alice and I raise our brow at her utter obsession with candy, she finally remembers we are in the room with her and diverts her attention for a second. A gummy worm hanging from between her lips, "What?" she asks, confused. "Do you think my house is a candy store?" Alice quizzes. "Yes," Sage answers immediately, taking a

handful of gummy bears and beginning to chew on them and pointing at me simulatively, "She thinks this is a liquor store anyway." Alice raises her brow, no humour behind it as I slide the bottle of Gin behind me. "I don't know what she is talking about," I lie, but to be fair, they have a damn bar in their house and I'm a sucker for the Gin and Cranberry. I made us drinks while Sage stocked up on piles of sweets, chocolates and apparently made nachos in five minutes. We set up everything on her deck, overlooking the calming clear lake. For an hour we just talked, ate and drank like we hadn't been apart for weeks. It felt nice to unwind and forget about all the dangers that keep appearing one after the other. "Are you okay Alice? I heard you haven't been going on missions, do you need help with anything?" I ask, she hasn't even taken a sip of her drink or ate anything besides the chocolates and nachos. She suddenly begins to fidget, tugging on her bottom lip and twirling a lock of her hair around her index finger. A smile graces her lips, and her cheeks begin to redden, "There is something I have to tell you." "Okay," Sage motions for her to continue, taking a sip of her drink. "I'm pregnant." On cue, Sage spits out her drink. She coughs to lessen the choking sensation and my jaw drops. "WHAT?!" we scream in unison, shocked at her words. Alice smile gets bigger, her eyes soft and gleaming with love, "Lion and I are going to have a baby." Is it possible to actually burst out into tears, because I can feel the tears already threatening to spill from my eyes. The news was totally unexpected, but we should have noticed the signs, we jump out of our chairs and immediately pull her into a hug. "Oh my god, I'm so happy for you." I cry, forget being tough, one of my best friends is having Chapter 65 Mastering Fire and Girl Talk a baby We are all crying at this point, joy spilling from our heart. "I can't believe you guys are going to have a pup, this is amazing." Sage squeals. Giving Alice some space, we take our seats and Sage goes inside and brings her a glass of strawberry juice for Alice. "How far along are you?" I ask. "Almost two months, Lion wanted to wait for three, but my hormones have been all over the place and I can't do certain jobs because of my morning sickness and nausea." She explains. "This feels surreal," Sage whispers, smiling at Alice. "I know." "How did Lion take it?" she questions. "Overjoyed, he is beyond happy that we are having a pup." On cue, her hand goes to her stomach. They are the absolute dream, they represent the life I want to have with Kaden, "Awww," I pout, they are so cute. "Did he tell the guys yet? They are going to freak." Sage laughs. "He's going to tell them today, that's why I asked you guys to come over. We are having a party later to celebrate."

The King and Queen locked eyes. Lucianne mind-linked her mate, 'If you threw a fit now, you'd never know what the rest of them are really thinking. Your style is hearing them all out before firing bullets at them, isn't it?'

Xandar smiled blissfully at the impeccable creature he was bonded to, and kissed the back of her hand before prompting Harold, the Minister of Sports, to proceed.

Harold's hoarse voice rang in the room, "Seeing that we have capable Lycans at our disposal, I, too, don't see why we need to look further than our species who has centuries of governance in our blood. The late King Lucas would no doubt agree that the best successors come from those of the same bloodline. In other words, we need to look no further than the ministers' children to stand in for their parents."

“Even if their parents’ credibility is being put into question, minister?” Annie asked in curiosity, trying to keep a straight face.

Harold, who never liked Annie because of her lack of noble background, faked a smile and said, “I believe that one should not be shadowed by the mistakes made by the generation before, your Grace.”

Lucianne tried not to laugh at the conspicuous loop hole in the minister’s reasoning as she held back a taunting smile and said, “An interesting point of view. Thank you, Harold.”

In truth, Lucianne felt that it was bullsh*t to offer ministers’ children their parents’ positions because of their parents but, at the same time, they should not be judged by their parents’ misdeeds because they themselves were not their parents.

Several sharp ears in the room caught the sarcasm in the Queen’s voice at the word ‘interesting’, and the other three members of the royal family tried desperately to hold back their laughter while Vanessa and Weaver had to cover their mouths to hide their smiles. By far, Christian was having the toughest time holding back since he had always been able to burst out laughing at anything and anyone with no remorse.

Alivia, the Minister of Marriage and Dissolution, flicked her dark hair over her shoulder before she uttered affirmatively without a smile, “I stand with Cora and Harold. I, too, feel that the child of a minister is the best candidate to fill in the empty seats. You see before you the eldest daughter of the former Minister of Marriage and Dissolution, and I dare say that I’m doing a good job. My performance over the years is equal to, if not better, than my father. I am living proof that the best people are not just any Lycans but children of Lycan ministers.”

Xandar smiled as an idea came to his mind. Instead of losing his temper, he decided to take a leaf out of his mate’s book, so he said in sarcasm, “Thank you for that extremely... ‘persuasive’ submission, Alivia. I gather that it was a very... ‘well-thought out’ suggestion.”

In truth, Alivia’s suggestion was clearly neither persuasive nor well-thought, since she only used herself as evidence for her submission. And, contrary to what she just said, Alivia was NOT doing a good job as a minister. The dissolution laws were biased towards males, such as the fact that a female Lycan could only dissolve her marital promise to be one’s chosen mate if it was because she found her bonded mate. But male Lycans could dissolve their marital promise to their chosen mate for almost any reason: he had second-thoughts, the female wasn’t welcome among his own family; she wasn’t ‘his type’, etc. It was already the 21st century! Gender equality should have been implemented across all facets of life already!

Xandar’s sarcasm in response to Alivia’s suggestion made Lucianne cover her mouth with her free hand, and Christian was practically pressing his hand onto his mouth to

seal it shut. The Queen and the Duke were forcing back the chuckles at the way Xandar chose to respond