

Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 71

Chapter 71 The Useless Alpha Who Couldn't Save Her Pack

Amethyst Phoenix Kaden marked me. Everything felt like a blur, my mind in a state of bliss. I couldn't comprehend anything besides the binding of our souls. It felt otherworldly, a euphoric state of finally being whole. Fire spreading through my blood, initiating sparks with every touch. This couldn't be true, except when my fingers graced the spot that emitted a mixture of pain and pleasure, I felt the tender skin and heated liquid mingled between my fingers. It was true, the blood proved it. Turning in my grasp, I felt those sapphires sink into my soul and overwhelm me with happiness. For the first time, it became a constant loop. I couldn't feel his emotions as the poison was dampening the connection, however it was an explosion of sparks and colours blinding my vision. I whimpered, "Kaden," feeling lightheaded as I rest my head against his chest. There is an aching need to sink into him, everything seizing to exist if not for him. "KILL THEM ALL!" A vengeful voice roared. That's when my happiness began to shrivel, the mass of blonde hair in disarray with wild chocolate brown eyes spitting at me. Ice dampened my heated skin as I studied the murderous look in his eyes, the way his pack members dipped into action and the screams of terror emitting from my pack. "Mason...no," I beg, my eyes beginning to burn.

The arm encircling my waist only tightened as I tried to escape his grasp, Kaden marked me and sealed the fate of Blood Moon pack. Twisting in his arms, I couldn't pinpoint what I was feeling. I couldn't enjoy Kaden's mark because it came at a price, like everything else in my life. "Why? Everyone is going to die because of me." I sobbed in agony, breaking both our hearts. Kaden's touch elicited electricity, ensuring that I become addicted to him in every sense. "I'm sorry, I couldn't stop it." The guilt was eating him alive because Kaden loved Blood Moon pack, he was their Alpha and guided them during the tragedy of my parents' death. For him to succumb to his emotions, no one knew the pain more than me.

Diverting my attention back to Mason, "Please, it will fade," I lie, already knowing that a mark between Fated Mates would never fade. Once the Fated Bond is complete, it shall never be undone. That was the curse, we are condemned to watch one die for the other. Therefore, I knew that Mason's mark wouldn't fully merge with my soul because I was Kaden's in every sense, mind, body, and soul. Resorting to deception seemed futile after Mason began to laugh, "Oh, you think I don't know about that stupid Fated Bond between you two?" How did he know? No one knew of Fated Mates besides the Founding Families. However, Kier and Kyson did and if they were pulling the strings on Mason, then they would have explained every piece of history to ensure my demise. "You knew that Kaden was my Fated?" I hissed, clenching my teeth in order to restrain the bubbling anger flaring within my chest. Mason scoffs, "Of course I knew," as if any secrets that I kept under lock and key shall unravel from his fingertips, "Since you didn't have his mark, it was the perfect opportunity to make you mine but now that you have

completed the bond. You can never be mine, therefore I will take everything from you.” “How did you know I marked him?” I questioned; Kaden always kept the mark hidden. Mason raised a menacing brow, “I know everything.” His eyes widen to showcase the insanity as he raises his fist into the air.

Time began to move painfully slow, dread seeping into my bones as I anticipated his next move. With a sinister smile on his lips, Mason unclenched his fist. For a moment, I couldn't read his cryptic move until the screams of my pack tore into my eardrums. When I face the crowd, cherry-coloured smoke starts to form a cloud around them. Every single one disappearing into the fog, until I couldn't see anyone. It had no scent, or maybe it nullified my senses. The smoke was thickening, but I could still hear the screams grating against my skin, the cries of helplessness echoing through the forest. “What did you do?” I'm ready to dive head first into the unknown, but the arm around my waist suddenly tightens. Kaden holds me back with strength I've never seen before, almost like he was losing control like I was. “Let me go.” I command, but he doesn't listen. “I sped up the process. You didn't think I wouldn't have backup plan; I'm prepared to kill Blood Moon pack along with you, Amethyst Phoenix.” Mason insisted, extending his arms towards the wreckage, and displaying the monster he truly is. I lacked the knowledge to stop this. I didn't know what to do, my mind became a blank canvas as if I short circuited in the midst of all these emotions. The screams only grew louder, my pack was dying in front of me and I'm unable to save them. Knowledge evaded me; nothing would work because I lacked the appropriate power. What benefit would fire be now? It would only cause more harm. “Kaden, we need to-“ I don't even finish my sentence because those beautiful ocean eyes roll to the back of his head and his body collapses onto the ground. My entire world shatters, my knees giving in as I drop beside him. Kaden's claws at his chest, mouth parting as he couldn't breathe. “KADEN, WHAT'S HAPPENING?” I sob, unable to piece together what was transpiring. His eyes shift into the darkness, bleeding until there isn't any space left. The blood leaks from his eyes and his nose. He roars in pain, veins bulging from his forehead to his neck. A sharp ringing filled my ears, I think I have truly broken as everything plays out in slow motion. Shifting my gaze between Kaden and my pack, they were all dying, and I couldn't do anything. They were begging for me, and I had no clue how I could save them. I've never felt so completely helpless, as an Alpha and as Amethyst Phoenix. Goosebumps pebble my skin, pins and needles forming in my body as I break. I scream so loud that my eardrums burst, my throat hurts and possibly bleeds from the intensity. This was a scream of agony, of helplessness. Mason's laughter only making the harsh reality even more unbearable as he relishes in my pain, “YES, YES. WATCH EVERYONE YOU LOVE DIE!” He roars in victory. We were all going to die.

There would be nothing left of us. “Haec nubes mortis gustabit antidotum ad vitam.” A familiar voice exclaimed in Latin tongue. “This cloud of death shall taste like the antidote to life.’

The cherry-coloured smoke started to change colour, morphing into a blue cotton candy clouds until slowly evaporating. I couldn't believe my eyes, the voice sounded too familiar and there was only one person who spoke in Latin tongue. Kyson was in front of

me, his signature black bandana secured in place to conceal his face. White hair seeming like a beacon of hope, pools of midnight skies in his eyes as they connect with mine. However, what I didn't expect was to see Olivia for the first time since forever and she was at his side. Kyson raised his palm into the air, focused on Mason whose eyes widened in fear. "Bibe peccata quae commisisti." Kyson exclaimed, cracking his index finger. 'Drink the sins you have committed Distorted sounds escaped Mason's lips as I watch black vines course through his blood at a rapid pace.

They gather at his face, fear etched in his eyes as they roll back and his body thuds to the ground. I didn't notice Kyson drop to his knees next to me, "You betrayed us." He chooses not to answer, and this certainly wasn't the time. Kyson studied Kaden, while I took in everyone once the smoke began to clear. They were perfectly fine, except for dried blood coating their lips. None of them had blood in places Kaden did. Everyone was conscious, embracing one another while the only one who wouldn't wake up was Kaden. "Why isn't he waking up?" Kyson's brows furrow in confusion, "The antidote was dispersed through the smoke, it should have healed him by now." He answered through the mind-link. His eyes drifted between Kaden and then focused on me, specifically the mark on my neck. "Did you guys complete the bond?" I swallow, dread pooling in my stomach. "Yes." More confusion plagued his features, "This shouldn't be happening." "Is he going to die?" Kyson's eyes lock with mine, the hope in my heart withering away as he says, "I don't know."

Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 72

Chapter 72 Aftermath

Amethyst Phoenix Kaden has been unconscious for four hours. He wasn't responding to any of the tests that the pack doctor initiated. In the end, the pack doctor Melinda couldn't determine what was happening to Kaden nor could Kyson perform any other spell without the proper diagnosis. There wasn't anything they could do, and I was completely useless. This entire day has been horrifying, one problem traded for another. Had it not been for Kyson, there would have been more bodies in the hospital and that would be the end of Blood Moon pack. While one problem was solved, another arose. This time it was an unknown battle with my mate. I begged Kyson to heal everyone that was poisoned in the beginning and check on Alice. However, he didn't put any resistance and silently agreed of his own volition. He didn't ask for an incentive, Kyson simply did it without saying a word. The lines blurred, while Kyson is labelled as the enemy to the Founding Families, he was the only one to help me in my time of need. Everything became scrambled in my brain, emotions swirling within me at rapid speed. There wasn't any time to process because all I could think about was Kaden. For an hour, Kyson stayed at my side and attempted to decipher what was going on with Kaden until he left to check on Alice and her baby. The last update from Sage stated that she was still sedated, even after the 'cure' Mason provided. Only R.E.D members knew of Kyson's curse, therefore there wouldn't be any hostility, but they didn't know the

extent of his power. The monitor beeped at a steady pace, bringing forth the reality that Kaden was breathing but he wasn't alive. I didn't change, still in the torn wedding dress stained with dirt and blood. There was no chance that I would leave his side, even in his current state. I wasn't sure if Kaden was aware I was here, or if he could comprehend anything. Anytime I attempted to reach through our bond, it always felt like I was sinking into a void without his soul. Each time felt more terrifying than the last, it dampened the hope and right now I couldn't afford that.

Once Kyson left, Olivia remained at my side. She was behind me; I was aware, and the silence wrapped around us. Back then I couldn't determine why she had been with Kyson when she never met him. Olivia disappeared so frequently that none of us barely saw her in these couple months after our initial return from the mansion with the Founding Families. Turns out her odd behaviour was justified, the truth lit brightly under the hospital lights. "You've been lying to us, haven't you?" "Yes." Olivia answers. Well, at least she is honest.

I couldn't look at her, it would only make the betrayal cut deeper. "The times you avoided us, always giving the excuses that you were doing oracle business at other packs – you were with him?" Kyson left to join Kier and with her return, I could only put the puzzle pieces together. "Yes." She confirms.

The betrayal seeped into my bones, mingling with the white-hot anger flashing before my eyes. If I focused on that then I didn't have to feel the despair and helplessness of watching Kaden in this unresponsive state. Suddenly, Olivia confesses something I never saw coming, "Kier is my mate." I exhale. Everyone knows that oracles don't have mates and had I been any regular wolf I would think that Olivia was lying. But the existence of Founding Families who inhabit the ability to have visions, along with magical powers.

Anything is possible, even a mate for an oracle. I desperately wanted to be happy for her, that she wouldn't spend the rest of her life alone, but I couldn't find it in myself to forgive her. She might have brought Kyson here but that didn't mean she didn't betray her pack by joining Kier. "Get out." "Alpha, you don't-" Her excuses fall on deaf ears, "Stop, I can't deal with this right now." She exhales in defeat, before her steps reach the door. "I'm sorry, Amethyst." Olivia closes the door behind her, and I'm left to wallow in my sadness. I can't reach Kaden and our bond feels stunted, like I'm grasping onto emptiness. I feel broken and filled with anguish. My throat was sore from all the screaming that it hurt to speak, "Don't leave me Kaden. I can't live without you." Intertwining my fingers with his, usually I would be met with sparks and warmth, but he felt cold. That didn't reassure me in the slightest, it did the complete opposite and plagued my mind with negativity. I couldn't lose him, there was no way I could exist without him. Kaden was the first person to acknowledge me and give me strength. He made me strong, he gave me a life when I never had one. Losing him would be like losing myself. The door opens softly, and I recognise the sweet coconut and coffee scent. She places her hand on my shoulder, providing a source of comfort as one of my best friends. "He will be okay Amethyst."

“He has to be,” because I don’t know what will happen if Kaden doesn’t wake up. “I know this isn’t the right time, but you need to go to Alice.” Sage informs, I swivel to take in the solemn shadow upon her. “Did something happen? Is she okay?” Sage attempts to smile, “Just go see her, I’ll stay with Kaden until you return.” I didn’t want to leave him but with the gloomy cloud surrounding Sage, something was urging me to go to Alice. Nodding in agreement, I leave the room and head towards Alice’s room in the hospital. No one was outside and I assume that Kyson was healing them after checking Alice. Wrapping my knuckles lightly against the door, in order to avoid imposing on their privacy. After a few minutes, Lion opens the door. His muscular built made his frame touch the doorway, I could see the outline of Alice as she shifts to face the window. However, Lion quickly blocks my view of her. Shifting my attention back to him, there is something dreary in his eyes. “How is Alice?” An invisible force began to choke me, he doesn’t answer and instead closes the door behind him. Fists clenched at his sides, Lion for the first time lowers his head with a shadow casted upon his eyes. My heart thumps painfully in my chest, time slowing as Lion parts his lips. “We lost the baby.” Goosebumps break out upon my skin; nausea, and despair crawling from my chest into my throat. This couldn’t be happening, I ensured that she got the cure first. Kyson even said that he would check on her, that he would be able to help. “But Kyson “There was nothing he could do, Alice lost too much blood.”

This is all my fault; I need to see her. I have to apologize to Alice, but Lion blocks my path, and for the first time I see a side of him I never have. Lion has always been unapproachable, but this was different. His ink-stained eyes were consumed with resentment and hatred that it made my body shiver in fear. “This is all your fault.” He hissed. “Lion I..” I trail, swallowing at the realization that I didn’t have any excuse to give. “It’s all because of you. If it wasn’t for your mate, then Alice would still be carrying our pup.” His voice thundered, making me jump at the endless pain he was going through.

This was the first time that Lion has ever expressed this many emotions, this many words and they were all directed at me. “You are the cause of everyone’s demise and now because of you, Kaden might die.” I lost every ounce of control over my body, feeling a tear fall upon my cheeks as I shatter. Lion spoke the truth and it suffocated me, a stabbing pain shooting through my chest. I am the reason that everything is

happening now, I brought this seed of despair into our lives. “I wish you would have died, then none of this would be happening.” Those are Lion’s last words before he closes the door at my face. The hallway is spiralling as my body turns cold, unable to decipher what is happening. I feel my heart rupture and the pain threatens to destroy

I run. That is the only thing I can do; I leave the hospital and sprint into the depths of the forest. I’m not fit to call myself an Alpha, especially when everyone pays for my mistakes. It doesn’t even register how deep I am into the forest, all that surrounds me is darkness.

Suddenly, I trip over a stone and my body meets the damp soil. I'm tainted, I couldn't save anyone and even in this moment – I see how truly pathetic I am.

The only sacrifice that I had to make was marrying Mason and that didn't happen, if it wasn't for Kyson then Blood Moon pack would have died today. I never save anyone; I've never been the one to make a sacrifice. What was the point of all this power if I couldn't save anyone? Lion was right, everyone always pays for my past and I'm left unscathed, I'm left alive while people around me suffer. Alice lost her baby and Kaden might never wake up. All because of me. The invisible choker around my neck began to tighten, suffocating me and depriving me of oxygen. I couldn't see anything, only feeling the throbbing ache in my head as I continue to cry. I thought I was strong, that I was really worthy of being an Alpha.

But I am weak. I choke on my tears, feeling the pain radiate through my body until everything became too much. This pain brought me physical pain, like someone tearing into my chest. That's when I look down, the white lace dress coated with blood as my left-hand plunges into my chest. There is no control over my body, but I can't find it in myself to stop. Footsteps can be heard in the distance, or maybe that was imagination. The only thing playing on my mind, an endless loop of how I should have died that night. Darkness swallows me whole as I wrap my hand around my heart, it doesn't hurt as much as the emotional pain of knowing I'm the reason for everyone's suffering. "He's right. I should be the one to die." I whisper my final words.

Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 73

Chapter 73 Discovering The Truth Within Me

Kaden Throne My mind has never been this clear. What was happening? My body feels lightweight, like I'm floating in a vast ocean. It is the epitome of serenity, everything but gentle waves flowing through my body. When I open my eyes, my vision is distorted by water and yet I see a beacon of light at the top. I'm too far away to reach it, but I don't want to at the same time. I want to stay here, in this ocean. I'm sinking deeper into the abyss, the light growing dimmer and away from my grasp. Something is dragging me deeper; I gasp for air and water continues to fill my lungs until they burn from the intensity. With one last exhale, I find that I can breathe amidst the ocean. What was I doing here? Is this death? That would explain the tranquillity. Emotions evade me, but I couldn't shake this feeling....like I was lost.

There doesn't seem to be an end, but I can't remember if there was even a beginning. I'm falling into a blackhole without any sense of time or who I am. The soul within me feels hollow, a missing piece that I couldn't quite explain. I don't register as my body stops, and my feet settle upon an invisible force. Staring down, I see the pits of darkness beneath my feet and when I lift my head, the sensation of life is held in the light above. Studying my surroundings, it's an empty pool of nothing. Is this what

emptiness feels like? An inbetween. Suddenly, darkness cultivates in front of me and once I blink. I see a mirror of myself, each detail from the ink on my skin, to the strands cascading upon my forehead. We were dressed in black, from head to toe and the only thing that could distinguish us apart from one another were the eyes. Consumed by darkness, with yellow pupils that felt familiar. We didn't move, continuing to stare at each other with a sense of recognition I couldn't place. In my mind,

unmoving. However, when I reached out towards his figure, he reciprocated the action, but an invisible force stopped us. We couldn't touch each other, resembling a two-way mirror. "I'm going to tell you a story Kaden." He said, lips parted but the sound emitted from all angles throughout the vast ocean. His voice was pleasant like honey, I found it soothing, "Who are you?" He smiles sinisterly, raising his brow playfully, "We spent all our lives together and you don't know who I am?"

Despite the water, it feels clear when we are speaking. He let's out an exasperated breath, as if not knowing my name was unbeknownst to him. "Well, it can't be helped since this is your first time here." I don't think he understands that I have no memory, that his entire essence felt familiar, but I couldn't decipher the truth. A cloud forming in my mind, making it difficult to register anything before I came into this abyss. "Axel," The name slips off my tongue, without any serious thought. The stranger gives me a gentle smile, an entirely different contrast to his appearance. "Seems subconsciously, you do remember me." But who is Axel? "I am apart of you. But you aren't used to being here therefore your memories will be blocked during your time in this world." Axel concludes. "But it's the ocean, how can it be a world?" Axel grins, "Everyone has a world built within there soul. Yours just happens to seek serenity and the ocean is a replica of your true nature." "You are a gentle soul, despite your need for control." He adds with a chuckle. For some odd reason, I couldn't grasp what my personality was. It feels like I'm not even a person, just a physical entity drifting in the waves. Axel takes a seat upon the invisible floor, prepping his knee up with his hand extended across. I don't register that my body copies the movement, but I take in that we are surrounded by both universes, a line of light and dark at various ends. He arches his neck, looking above us to the light while I stare beneath into the dark. "Honestly, you aren't supposed to be here," "Why not?" I ask. "No one is allowed to touch their soul. It seems that after you completed the bond, the activation process initiated, and everything began to unravel." His words felt uncomprehensive, like something foreign was escaping his lips. "What are you talking about?"

Axel laughs, completely amused by my lack of awareness. But I couldn't help but take in how peaceful he looks, staring at the light with something gentle in his haunting eyes. "You won't remember anything now, it's best that I do the talking." That seemed like the best option in this scenario. "Your parents had contingency plans in place, in case of their death," he voices, that haunting look in his eyes morphing with grief and sadness pooling in his yellow orbs, "there magic was dangerous." My brows furrowed in confusion, "Magic?" Axel shifts his attention towards me, a smile of happiness and pride taking over his features. "Yes, while the Founding Families each of have extraordinary powers. I think ours is the best." What was he talking about? Who were these families?

My brain felt like it was going to explode with this overload of foreign information. "What is our power?" I ask, hoping that the answer will help me piece together these scattered puzzles. "Imitation."

Taking in my confused features, the missing puzzle pieces in my mind, Axel decides to explain, "Your parents held the number one spot in the Founding Families hierarchy, before the Phoenix family. But they knew better than anyone the dangers that came with the power of imitation, therefore they had a contingency plan in place if they died....to ensure that you lived without that kind of target on your back." "You don't remember this but before your mother could die, she used every ounce of her stored magic to save you." "Stored magic?" "It's when users with magic abilities store a portion of their power over years, specifically using them for life-or-death situations." Axel explains. Axel continues with the story, "She used her stored magic, and casted a spell that erased the existence of your true heritage." "Wouldn't that require a lot of magic, to erase an entire existence off the earth?" I inquired. He shrugs, a smirk on his lips, "The power of imitation when used correctly, is quite powerful." Shaking my head, "Shouldn't I have some recollection of this?" Axel shakes his head, "With imitation magic, you can copy any magic that you encounter, your mum met someone powerful with the ability to erase. One touch is all it takes to copy the power but with magic that is life changing, you can only do it once. She chose to save you instead of saving the already fallen Bronze pack. Your mother stored that magic and used it so that you didn't suffer the same fate in the future." Silence encompasses the atmosphere; all this information seems otherworldly. However, something tells me that I shouldn't dismiss the idea that he is telling the truth. "What is your name?" Axel questions.

Through the haziness, I know at least that piece, "Kaden Throne." Axel shakes his head once again, "Wrong, your name is Kaden Thornton." I find it completely astonishing that no one would piece together how similar they sound, "Wouldn't people have figured out who I was?" "Your mother erased the Thornton family from existence, there is no trace of the Thornton lineage throughout history." He lets out an exhausted breath, the truth weighing him down as he continues somberly, "No one can vouch for the Thornton family, it's truly like they never existed." I recognized the pain in his voice, it somehow made my heart squeeze with the exact emotion. "How can I believe you? How do I know this isn't a lie? Axel opens his palm, and a burst of orange and red flames morph in his hand. Somehow, the fire is still alive under the water. Not only is the flame strong, pulsating in his palm with heat but with the snap of his fingers they disappear. Then, I study the blue static between his fingers, they almost resemble lightning. "You see, that is your power." He declares and when I look down, I see the lightning imitating what he displayed "You are the jack of all trades and master of none. While every family has a definitive power, you have them all." While the power of imitation sounded ridiculous, Axel made it sound extraordinary, like something people would die for. "Is that why my parents were killed?" Axel nods, "There are Five Founding Families," "And the Thornton family is the sixth?" I ask. For the first time, I see black flames eat at his figure. Something murderous taking over his features, raw instinct to kill engraved in his blood as he mulls over the question. "No. There has always been Five Founding Families." He states. "If there has always been Five, how do you explain me?" The

water suddenly turns cold, making my body shiver but something akin to fear shoots up my spine. There was something ominous in the atmosphere between me and Axel. I only figured out the reason why when his words shifted the nature of the ocean. "There is a traitor among the Founding Families. Someone took the space of the Thornton family, and I think it's the same person that killed your parents."

Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 74

Chapter 74 What Happened To Amethyst?.

Kaden Thornton "You have imitation magic." "There is a traitor among the Founding Families." "They might be the one that killed your parents." I gasp. When I open my eyes, I'm immediately blinded by the intensity of the beige light above me. Attempting to shield my eyes from the force, I begin to slowly adjust my vision and take in my surroundings. It seems I am in the hospital, but the eerie silence bothers me the most. There is too many things flooding my mind, causing a splitting headache to emerge. Sifting through my mind, through the last memories. I'm getting flashes of marking Amethyst, losing control and then a stabbing pain initiating in my chest afterwards. Everything is still distorted, the image of Kyson next to Amethyst in front of me. That's when I spiral, thrust into the ocean with an exact replica of myself, only with yellow eyes. Every muscle clenches, I'm unable to move as the puzzle pieces fit together. My body begins to vibrate as Axel's words register, with a much clearer head – everything makes sense. Which means that my true heritage has been a part of the Founding Families, that my mother erased the Thornton existence to ensure that I don't suffer the same fate they did. Everything clicked, explaining how sometimes my memory became warped for certain aspects of my childhood. I look at my palm, the image of conjuring the lightning from Jasmine and the fire from Amethyst. Was it real? Did I possess this imitation magic that was more lethal than any of the Founding Families powers? According to the Alpha's journals, only Five Founding Families are gifted with extraordinary power and if I possess one that means among the five, there is a traitor. The same person who killed my parents has taken the Thornton seat and has deceived everyone for many years. Amethyst and Jasmine have been the only ones to showcase their power so far, which left the remaining three who haven't – among those three is the imposter, the one who killed my parents. They went through great lengths to keep their position, which means getting them to showcase their power will be difficult. The beeping on the monitor was becoming distracting, yanking the needles in my arms that left a slight pinch with droplets of blood cascading upon the sheets. I was still dressed in my slacks with the sleeves on my shirt rolled to my elbows. 'Took you long enough, Axel's voice scolded as I stood from the bed. Really, he has the audacity after withholding valuable pieces of information from me. "Says the one who has kept secrets from me, for years." I snap playfully. Guilt seems through our bond, but Axel simply huffs in exasperation, 'As I said, erasing an entire family from existence means that even I had my memories wiped. However, the bond seemed to activate your powers which opened the door to your hidden memories. Everything is still foggy, especially my

bond with Axel. I attempted to reach Amethyst; however, I couldn't quite grasp that far into our bond. Chalking it down to the side effects of the poison, I decide that it would be best to find her amidst the chaos she is surely facing. Once I reach the door, I notice that it is slightly ajar. Hushed whispers carry through the end of the hallway, as I lean against the wall and analyse the way everyone is huddled together. A cloud of darkness is casted upon them, something akin to sadness, despair and panic in their features and noted in their voices. "What are we going to do?" Callen stresses, vigorously running his fingers through his midnight curls. "There are too many things going on at once. Alice and Lion lost their baby, Kaden is still unconscious, and we don't know if he will wake up," Blaze agonises, massaging his temples with the entire world on his shoulders.

"And now the Alpha is missing." Madison gulps, her body shaking from fear of the unknown. My body runs cold, all the blood draining from my face as I register his words. Amethyst is missing.

Was it possible that the lack of connection between us, the stagnant bond was due to the reason she was deemed missing? Usually, I could grasp a sliver of her emotions through the bond, but the more I concentrate on establishing the thread, the more I am blocked in my path. A physical wall between us, purposely cutting off any source of connection. My feet move before my mind does, marching over to the crowd. They gasp in shock, clearly my condition had been worse than I thought. Sage's eyes widen, along with everyone else, "Kaden," There was only one reason I joined them, "When was the last time you saw her?" Everyone instantly knows who I am talking about, lips pursed together and teeth grinding among the silence as Blaze answers, "Five hours ago, no one can figure out where she is or reach her through the mind-link."

The situation has shifted from bad to worse. One thing with Amethyst, you can count on her as an Alpha and warrior. Therefore, I knew she wouldn't willingly abandon Blood Moon, especially in a time of need. Something in my gut twisted, telling me that Amethyst was in danger. Closing my eyes, I focus through all the various scents around me. It was easy to determine her scent, being as it is one that brings me inner peace. My feet move on their own accord, following the trail of roses with a hint of lavender. A chill catches my skin as I notice that her scent leads into the forest, "Her trail leads into there," pointing into the darkness. Amethyst's dominant scent of roses is rather intense, heavily focused ahead of me. Each step build dread in my stomach, the further I go, the more I start to choke on the cold air. It's mingled with grief and shame. Suddenly, roses and lavender spiral into a fierce intensity that I choke. A massive collision with the taste of something metallic. Someone flashes a light behind me, which only makes me notice that Kyson and Olivia have joined the crowd. This one spot resonates the most of Amethyst, "Madison, shine it over here." I instruct. Crouching down, I run my fingers through the dirt but instead of something grainy touching my skin – it's something hot and wet. Madison brings the light upon me, that's when I take in the blood on my hands. That wasn't the only thing, beneath me was a puddle of blood. Bringing the liquid to my nose, my eyes widen as I take note. that this is indeed Amethyst's blood. The problem is, once I step out of the puddle – the trail runs cold. There isn't a trace of Amethyst past this point, it's like she disappeared into the air. I'm behaving irrational, unable to control

my emotions as the shooting pain emits from my chest, red blinding my vision with something that makes me feral. With this huge wall between us, I couldn't determine if she was dead or alive. "Is Mason alive?" I ask, specifically Kyson as I stare into the abyss of darkness that might have swallowed Amethyst. "Yes, we have in kept in the cell." Blaze answers. Mason will have information, maybe something that will help me determine who took Amethyst or where she is. Once we reach the dungeon, everyone besides Olivia and Kyson follow me. I have many questions for them, especially Olivia because I doubt, they ran into each other by chance when they have never met. However, that was the least of my priority. Finding Amethyst alive is number one. Tristan steps aside from the door, as I scan my finger on the pad. The lock unwinds, our dungeon has state of the art technology but that didn't make it any less torturous. Once the door opens, "You two stay here." The door closes behind me. I had to interrogate him alone, I didn't trust Kyson or Olivia to interfere with the plan. A mass of caked blood and dirt collected in his blonde hair, his head tilted down. Taking in his appearance, black vines beneath his skin begin to pulse and move like liquid poison. A tired laugh escapes his lips, "I was waiting for you, although I thought she would come first."

Mason was chained to the floor, arms bound behind him as he leans against the wall. Once he lifts his head, I notice the exhaustion on his features. Brown eyes still filled with malice, but the energy is being drained from him because a number of black vines gather at all his vital points. He looks like he is dying, one that is rather painful. I'm proved right when he coughs and blood escapes his lips, "I see you are dying." I marvel. "Such a tragedy," he remarks sarcastically. The possibility that he wouldn't last till tomorrow crosses my mind, those black vines beating like they were a parasite flowing in his blood. But I didn't care if he died, I needed information in order to find Amethyst. My hand wraps around his throat, the urge to kill him almost overwhelming me. With great restraint, I feel his pulse increase under my thumb. "Who helped you with the poison?" Mason gasps for air, and I release slightly to hear him talk. "Why would I tell you anything?" Squeezing rather tightly around his neck, I watch him choke as I grit, "I'll let you live if you answer my questions." Mason's brow lifts sceptically, giving him room to speak, "Fine." "Who was helping you take down Amethyst and Blood Moon pack?" I question. He smirks, "Kier Zero." The utter satisfaction in his eyes, the gleeful smile, something was off. "There is something you aren't telling me." "You are smart after all," Mason smiles, "yes, indeed there is." "Who else?" He quirks his brow, laughing with his entire chest, "I'm surprised you special lot haven't figured it out yet, that one of you is a liar." "One of us is a traitor." I conclude because the truth was there all along. "A plus. But you wont ever catch them," Mason declares. "I don't care for them now; I want to know where Amethyst is." I sneered. Mason shrugs, a chuckle escaping his lips as he spits, "Maybe they took her, maybe they killed her...who knows." That arrogant smirk on his face only brought forth the rage festering within my heart, I could hear the rapid beating in my ears as everything became distorted. Everything was Mason's fault, he made Alice and Lion lose their baby, he almost killed Blood Moon pack and now he is the reason Amethyst is missing." The fire emits from my pores, orange and red hues lighting the darkness. They all gather into one direction, towards the hand wrapped around Mason's throat. I watch his eyes begin to liquify with fear as the fire explodes from my hand. The crisp sound of his flesh burning and the horrid screams emitting

from his damaged throat as I watch him burn alive. I'm locked in a trance, watching him burn alive. "I'll find you Amethyst, even if I have to kill every Founding Family member to get to you."

Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 75

Chapter 75 Who Should I Believe? Is He My Enemy or

Amethyst Phoenix In the depths of the forest, surrounded by darkness a glimmer of white eyes penetrates every fibre in my body. They were unnatural, something sinister among the shadows that glowed, haunting white eyes that screamed danger. However, with each passing second, they grew closer. I wanted to scream, but the pain in my heart overwhelmed the fear coursing through my veins.

Those eyes were the last thing I saw before darkness blinded my vision, "Would be a shame if I let you die now Amethyst, things are just getting started." A husky voice whispers, but I couldn't comprehend anything further as I lose consciousness. Something erupts in my chest, suppressing the instinct to breathe and that's when my lids spring open. Beige ceiling with intricate spirals imbedded at the edges, this is definitely not Blood Moon pack. The scent is a mixture of sandalwood, tobacco with a hint of vanilla. It's so prominent that I even smell it on the silk black sheets. The fire near my left crackles, providing gentle warmth and illuminating the strange room. Gun metal painted walls, hardly any personal items and yet I could tell that someone was sleeping here. "You take an awful long time to wake up." A menacing voice says in displeasure. I almost jump out of my skin, the way that honeyed voice sounded too. familiar on my ears. Following the path of that voice, I see him emerge from the shadows, seated in a plush ebony chair. Kier leans forward, out of the darkness to make his presence known.

There is no mistaking that his beauty is ethereal, forged from dark magic. Those pupilless white eyes bringing clarity to the fact that they were the last thing I saw. Inky waves that are sleeked back, a few

strands cascading upon his forehead. A matching silk formal shirt moulding against his skin, with the sleeves rolled till his elbows and the buttons undone till his chest was fully on display. One couldn't deny that his body is sculptured to perfection, although I thought it wasn't as remarkable compared to Kaden's. My eyes widen, skin prickling as I remove the blanket to see that I was no longer in the tainted wedding dress. Instead, I had on black sweatpants and a skull crop top on. "Did you undress me?" Kier grins, raising his brow playfully, "And if I did? What will you do about it?"

The anger makes my blood boil, concentrating as the heat flows in my veins and cultivates in my palm until a ball of fire sparks. Kier analyses the fire but there is no trace of fear in his eyes, simply a smirk stretching upon his plush red lips. He lifts his hand in mock surrender, "I prefer not to embarrass you anymore than you have by

trying to kill yourself.” Everything rushes like a tsunami, the pain and guilt morphing until my lungs burned. A stabbing pain coursing through my heart, making me clutch the fabric on me. The realization that I am the cause of everyone’s demise, that Alice and Lion lost their baby because of me, that Kaden is in a coma because of me,

The way I clawed my way into my chest, ready to tear my heart out for all the sins I’ve committed. “Did you save me?” I ask because I don’t think I could have been stopped if it wasn’t for someone. When I meet his eyes, we are entranced, but I couldn’t decipher what his motives truly are. He is the enemy after all, then why would he save me? Instead, he chooses not to answer. My eyes focused on the fire, the cracks filling the silence as I realize I have no will to live. My existence has brought nothing but misery to everyone I love. “You lot, are truly weak. Broken from the inside and yet given a position of power,” Kier theorises, and I couldn’t find it in me to argue that statement. “If you are going to kill me, I would much rather you get it over with now.” I reply, desperately needing him to put me out of my misery because clearly, I couldn’t even die properly. “I have other uses for you Amethyst,” Kier declares. I couldn’t connect with my pack, with my wolf. Maybe, I’m truly broken, and my soul has been shattered into a million pieces. “Don’t worry, I blocked your link to your pack. Can’t have your whereabouts known.” He chuckles at my confusion. “What do you want, Kier?” Kier leans back and I couldn’t understand how anyone couldn’t taste fear in his presence, evil radiates from his pores. The man was the definition of a nightmare, he could hypnotise anyone with those eyes – no wonder Olivia couldn’t control herself. “You are walking through the valley of death, and you haven’t figured out why.” I frown, “What?” Kier smirks, “Why are you consumed by grief? Why has your pack turned on you? Why do you want to die?”

“Because I’m responsible for everything, I tainted their lives.” Kier shakes his head, “Someone has been pulling the strings to isolate every member...one by one.” “Wouldn’t that be you? I mean you converted Olivia and Kyson onto the dark side.” Kier stands, but he nears the fireplace and places his hands into his pockets. He didn’t lift his head and instead continued to study the dance between orange and yellow. “I am a bad guy; I don’t mind being labelled as the enemy because I’m certainly not a good person. I’m not Kyson, I don’t care for anyone besides myself.” There is something in his tone, like he wasn’t present while speaking those words. Suddenly he turns around, “What I do, requires darkness. I fight evil with evil because being good gets you nowhere.” “Are you delusional? I won’t believe your lies-“ I’m cut off by Kier’s laughing, “And you trust your Founding Members?” I freeze, did I really trust them? We weren’t close, none of them assisted me in my time of need. The only person who helped me was Kyson, the person that saved me from death was Kier. Who do I trust? Has the enemy changed? Kier takes my silence as the answer, “You are right to not trust them,” “Why do you say that?” His face turns cold, not a hint of playfulness in his eyes, “Because one of them is a traitor. One of them is pretending to be a member of the Founding Families and their goal is to destroy every member until they are the last one standing.” “How do you know that?” I ask. “I’ve been alive for many years; do you really think I’ve never been in contact with any Founding Families. It seems that the completion of your Fated Bond has open the gate to the truth.”

