

## Unhinged - Prologue

(Author's Note: Unhinged, Book 2 of the Moonlight Avatar Series contains details of the following subjects: abuse, trauma, violence, sexual assault, recovery from trauma, and intense emotional relapse. This book and series is not suitable for all readers. While the subject of the supernatural, werewolves, and magic is the focal point of the story, the series will follow the effects of trauma and abandonment associated with the main female lead. If you are easily triggered by any of the mentioned subjects, do not read ahead for your mental health. This is your only warning. Read at your own risk.)

*Kiya*

*Murky clouds hide the cerulean sky as heavy rain douses the russet earth. Mother Nature, unable to handle the endless demand of water, surrendered from the onslaught with puddles of mud drifting through the blades of grass. Humans would call this a depressing day; the sun hides, children's laughter is nonexistent, and many shelters themselves from the unforgiving precipitation. To combat an emotionless day, they hole themselves up inside the cozy abodes that bathe them in soothing heat.*

## Unhinged - Prologue

*A heavy sigh holding the weight of the world escapes my plump lips in a puff. The colorless whips melt into the darkened, eerie atmosphere around my form. Separated from the warmth of the blanket, I force my upper body to make comfort with the chill of the rainy day, demanding the death of the summer heat.*

*'Why am I awake?' I ask myself. Typically, I sleep through days like these. The pitter-patter of rain serves as calming music that lulled my fervid mind into a deep slumber. It pulls me from my maddening reality and tucks me into a world of serenity and safety. No one can harm me or bother me. But that's not the case. Today, my mind overrides the calming presence of the battering rain against my window.*

*Kicking the covers off my feet, I walk to my private bathroom. My ears failed to pick up movement from the pack house. I heard not even the clanking of pots and pans from the Omegas in the kitchen. It's as if I'm alone in this four-story house. Uncertainly rolls within me like the vicious waves of a tsunami. Amongst its violence, fear plants its cataclysmic seeds in the soil of my mind.*

*I shouldn't be afraid. There's no reason to be. But I am.*

*Flicking up the light switch, I walk towards the sink. Fluorescent lighting made the clean, colorless tiles shimmer until my shadow blocked their blessings. In the bathroom mirror, my reflection stares back at me.*

## Unhinged - Prologue

*expressionless. Nothing is out of place. Melanin skin is still the same, my hair is slightly messy from my pillow, and the rest of my features hold no flaws. The sound of running water resounded through the lavatory ambiance, surrounding the sink plug in a small, rapidly draining pool.*

*I didn't open the faucet. How could have it done that on its own?*

*Without thinking much of it, I shut it off. Before I can look at my reflection again, the pristine white sink welcomed droplets of red.*

*One.*

*Two.*

*Three.*

*The crimson precipitation increased in speed, drops doubling. Startled, my head shot up at the mirror to see the side of my mouth bleeding. Not of external injury, but as if I bit the inside of my cheek hard. Droplets quickly turned to rivers as both sides of my mouth began spilling blood into the sink. It flowed faster than the faucet as the vile taste of metallic cloaked my senses in a haze of terror.*



## Unhinged - Prologue

*But it wasn't the only thing that's red.*

*My eyes, once beautiful coffee brown, flashed to a sharp vermillion red. And then blackness began tracking the nerves of my neck and chest, coming from the crook of my neck, where my neck and shoulder met. Curling and crawling as if it's alive!*

*Screaming, I fell backward into the door, unable to comprehend the horrific appearance my reflection is taking. Only to know that it's not just my reflection. It's me! Lifting my hands, I watch as black swam through my arms to my fingertips, mapping every internal vein and artery anatomically possible. If that wasn't bad enough, pain skyrocketed through my body as the transformation took place.*

*My body convulsed. Writhed. Quaked under the blinding power of unknown agony. It's more than I could handle! I have to stop this!*

*"All you have to do is submit." A deep, malignant voice echoed around me in surround-sound. Black smoke billowed in, blocking the light from the fluorescent lightbulbs, drenching the room in metal-colored horror. It encircles me, caresses me, and chokes me. The smoke took the forms of hands, rubbing my bare arms before moving to my neck, fingers caressing the crook. "The more you resist the darkness, the more pain you'll be in. And you don't want to be in any more pain, do you?"*

## Unhinged - Prologue

*"Leave me alone!" I screamed, waving my hands madly to dissipate the smoke. It hurts. Everything hurts so much! Blood continued to flow, staining my blue nightgown in gargantuan splotches. Weakly, I crawled toward the sink, holding onto the rim for support. Lifting myself, albeit slowly, I finally soaked in the reflecting, pulsating evil that stole my appearance. It took a form of its own, cackling like a mad-woman. Smokey hands rested on my reflection's shoulders, another pair of red eyes peering into the depths of my soul.*

*The amount of fear I feel at this moment is staggering. It threatens to collapse, crushing me under its weight.*

*"Surrender. Submit. Being in the darkness is so much more fun than being in the light. Why resist? We both know you want to give up."*

*"No! No! No!" I chanted, gripping my curls so tight I ripped some from the scalp. I have to stop this. I must! I can't be like this!*

*"Use it." Artemis boomed within my mind. Her faraway voice seems so close, bombarding my sensitive ears with a simple command. A sparkle of light in my peripherals drew my attention to the bloodied sink. Within held a knife. A knife made of silver. In desperation, I grasped the wooden hilt of the weapon, lifting. "Use it, Kiya. We have to die. This is our fate if you don't."*

## Unhinged - Prologue

*"Oh, dear Delta Kiya." The billow of smoke sang, caressing my dark reflection lovingly. "How long will you continue to play the game of righteousness and morality? How long will you play the pure-hearted imposter when you know of the darkness brewing inside you?"*

*My hand shook. The knife shook.*

*"Do it." Artemis orders. "End your life!"*

*"Surrender." The smoke commands. "Give into the blackness of your heart."*

*Opposite demands began filling my ears, crushing me. My brain cannot process so much at once, even as I shut my eyes. Sensory overload torments me and sends my brain into a pool of hellfire. Burning. Screaming. Over and over I hear the same demands; one from my wolf and the other from the evil entity.*

*I felt two icy hands wrap around my shaky hand. My eyes flew open to see my evil reflection, smiling at me with bloodied teeth, angling the blade to my neck. Its arms stretched from the prison of the mirror, tangible and real. Just looking at this monstrous version of myself zapped my strength. I felt like a doll and it's my marionette.*

*In its eyes, nothing but malevolence dances behind the*



## Unhinged - Prologue

*lens like the devil is enjoying himself. It is the devil.  
How could this be me?*

*I'm not darkness! I'm not evil!*

### **I'M NOT!**

*"The light is painful." It whispers sickly sweet. "We suffered. But in the darkness, no longer. We are safe. We are happy."*

*"We are free."*

*I couldn't stop it. It's too strong. My reflection, myself, rammed the silver blade through the flesh of my neck. I choked and coughed as my crimson essence gushed rapidly from the self-inflicted wound. Red dribbled and gushed onto the granite tiles in waterfalls, taking my life with its flow. My brown eyes didn't leave my reflection, its red eyes tinting in sadness.*

*"We don't want to suffer anymore, do we?."*

*My life faded. The darkness welcomed me with happiness and anticipation. Instead of the smoke embracing me, it's the arms of death. I dropped. My head collided with the tiled floor of my bathroom, forming a pool of blood around my head. Curls, once filled with ebony shine, are stained and weighed heavy*

Unhinged - Prologue

*with crimson liquid.*

*I expelled my last breath.*

*And then, silence.*

*I died...*

---

I shot up from my bed with a startled scream, covering my mouth as hot tears gushed from my eyes. They moved to my cellphone, quickly checking the time. It read 3 AM in front of the mobile background photo of my friends and me. My violent hyperventilation calmed to normal breathing while I got the bearings of the bedroom, soaking in the familiar atmosphere.

My bedroom. On Zircon Moon territory.

This is the fourth nightmare in the past two weeks. It's getting to where I'm afraid to fall asleep. It won't leave me alone.

Why is this happening to me?

Slowly, I rose out of bed and walked to the bathroom. Flicking on the lights, I sucked in a deep



## Unhinged - Prologue

breath, hoping my nightmare didn't come to fruition. And it didn't. My reflection is normal, except I'm in my purple capri pajamas versus in the blue nightgown in the nightmare. A breath of relief escaped my mouth as I ran my fingers through my hair.

"How long must this go on?" Artemis asked me quietly. "The nightmares are getting worse."

"I don't know, Art," I answered dejectedly. "These dreams are unlike any I ever had. What's happening to me?"

"I don't know, but tell someone. It'll help get this weight off your chest."

I shake my head. "No one will understand. If I can't make sense of my nightmares, what makes you think someone else could?"

"It wouldn't hurt, Kiki. You know better than anyone that talking things out can help. And you haven't talked to anyone here about it since the kidnapping."

"Because there isn't much to talk about. And I told Mayra."

## Unhinged - Prologue

**"Who is an entire state away on her busy schedule? You need someone here to speak to. Why not talk to Jackie? Or Sapphire? Or the rest of our crew? Are you afraid of their judgment?"**

*"No. It's because I don't want to worry them, that's all. Enough shit has happened to me. I shouldn't burden them with more."* With my hands gripped on the outer rim of the sink, I stare hard at my reflection. Waiting for something to happen. A flicker of red, a dribble of blood; anything. But nothing changes. Nothing shifts.

Except...

Occasionally, I'd see signs of my powers misting from my hands. It's normally white wisps outlined with blue. But lately, I've been seeing a shift of color. To black, sometimes red. It's been scaring me, and I don't know how to tell someone.

I can't tell my friends, and I'm scared to tell Phoebe. I don't want to burden her either; she's still recovering from our kidnapping. And I doubt Neron will understand what I'm going through.

The loneliness is deafening. Artemis offers her comfort, like the best friend she is, but it cannot calm my palpitating heart. I'm scared. Scared of these changes where I can't find the answer to. Tears

## Unhinged - Prologue

rain down my eyes and land in the sink in tiny splashes, carrying my fear with them.

The side of my neck still throbs. Where Osiris bit me. It's a dull pain that sometimes isn't noticeable, unlike tonight. It throbs in a strange beat, not akin to my heartbeat. Something weird is happening, and I feel powerless to stop it.

*"Hoo?"*

I walk out of the bathroom to spot Diana perched on my windowsill. She's careful not to disrupt the selenite crystals I lined on top of it. Her golden eyes don't hold the curiosity and humor I'm used to. They hold sadness and worry. Sometimes, I wonder if there's an actual person underneath the ruffle of white feathers.

And I need someone right now. Diana may be an animal, but she's my animal. And my friend. A hooting, flying friend.

"Oh, Diana," I muttered, on the verge of more tears. Without hesitation, the owl flew into my arms, rubbing her soft head on the crook of my neck. Her soft feathers soothed the ills in my heart, removing the anxiety that churns within. My lips softly kissed her forehead in appreciation and a satisfied hoot



## Unhinged - Prologue

echoed in the space between us in reward.

"Diana, sometimes I wish you were a real person." I murmured. "You're always there for me at the most inconvenient of times, but I suppose that's better than nothing."

"I'm scared," I confessed. "I don't know what's wrong with me. I slip fast into the dark thoughts I used to have. The thoughts of revenge and hatred. And it's so overwhelming. These nightmares are pure hell and are getting worse. How can I stop this?"

Diana hooted in sympathy, spreading her wings across my chest as if she's hugging me back. Carefully, I lie back on my bed with the bird to my chest. It's like I'm cradling a newborn baby.

"Surrender, it says. *Surrender to the darkness*. I can't. I have to be strong and fight this."

Just fight.

Just keep on fighting.

It's what everyone says. That's what everyone prides in me for; my strength to overcome adversities.

*But I'm growing weary.*

Unhinged - Prologue

*And sometimes...*

*I want to give up.*

## Chapter Comments

POST COMMENT

[VIEW 1 COMMENT >](#)



6



SHARE