

Chapter 6 - I Want You

"I don't want you to be my fan. I want you to be mine." — Emme Rollins

Kiya

Black, misting air formed a perimeter around my private sanctity to prevent any stray form of light from penetrating. Silent and dancing to a silent tune, it traps me in a mobile sea of nothingness. Tangible bodies didn't exist besides mine, and yet, it brought no comfort. Everywhere I turn, my bedroom items fade behind the haze of obsidian. Sounds of the outside world muffled against the barrier, trapping me in a dome of sensory-deprivation. Only my breathing is heard, rapidly falling from equilibrium.

The billow of blackened wisps hovering over my bed moved, slithering in the air like a boa constrictor eyeing its prey. Vibrant red eyes rake over my form with anticipation, as if it's trying to spot a weakness. Slowly, it slithered to my face, leaving a small space between us.

"Relax, my Little Moon." Osiris hissed with his deep, velvet-like voice. "I won't hurt you. That is, if you don't give me a reason to."

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"You're supposed to be dead..." I whispered, pressing the back of my head further against my door. A heavy weight settled over my body, trapping me under the gaze of the devil I thought burned with the abandoned asylum. "How..."

"It will take more than a burning building to get rid of me, my sweet." The mass giggled. I felt sensations of fingers tracing my skin on my arms, trailing toward the nape of my neck. "You and I have unfinished business we need to take care of."

"There's nothing between us. Get your fucking hands off me." Snarling, I tried to wave the smoke away with my hand, but it didn't work. Instead of dissipating like normal, it remained. My flailing hand only passed through the mass, failing to strike force against it. "W-What...!"

"I applaud you for trying to get rid of me, but let's be candid. I have more tricks up my sleeve besides this, my dear. It's only fitting for us to meet when I'm intangible. Don't want to cause attention to me from your fellow mutts."

"How did you get on this land?" I questioned, my expression stony and stoic. I cannot show any weakness to my enemy. "Slipping under the noses of werewolves is a feat few can accomplish."

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"Luckily, I'm one of those lucky few." Osiris chuckled. I felt his 'hands' move back down my arms, striking icy chills into my spine. My body involuntarily shivered as powerful sensations rocketed through my body. They demanded my submission and obedience. It's mind-numbing. "In this form, I carry no scent, so the dogs can't sniff me out. But then again, vampires don't carry a scent as werewolves do."

"You're a hybrid, though."

"The wolf side of me is dead, thus carrying my scent with it. My vampire side takes precedence, thus granting me the qualities of full-blooded vampires. Do you know what that means?" A curly strand of my hair suddenly lifted, pulled, and snapped back like a spring. "I can be anywhere and everywhere around you and you won't have a clue. How exciting is that?"

"Cut the crap, Osiris." Finally regaining the strength in my body, I push myself off the door. "What the hell do you want?"

Silence blanketed us, pushing us closer to one another. Not a single sound is made or heard. I held my breath in my throat, preparing for a sudden jump in action from this semi-tangible billow of black. Red eyes watched me, wanting,

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waiting. "Haven't we been over this?"

My world suddenly took a violent tumble with a soft landing. Back pressed against the soft blanket of my made bed, the billow of smoke hovered above me to trace an outline of a bigger, bulkier man. The outline filled with black, creating an ominous silhouette with the strength to pin my wrists to the pillows in an iron grip and legs locked on either side of my hips.

"You," Osiris said with confidence oozing with a hint of hidden malice. "I want you and I will have you." Hybrids are fast. Especially this one. In a blink of an eye, he had pinned both my wrists with one hand and the other stroked my cheek. Survival mode kicking in, I struggled against his grip. His touches are demanding, possessive; unwilling to take no for an answer. He's worse than a typical Alpha over their mate. But one thing remains.

He held power. Power to trap and still me under his heated, malignant gaze. None of this invoked good feelings. Sharp daggers shot through the defenses around my soul, cracks forming within the supposedly powerful barrier before making a breakaway. Humans say eyes are the windows into the soul and Osiris is gazing through it under his selfish authority. Defenses fell and I'm exposed and there, I can feel hands stretching from his

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vermillion stare, touching and gripping at parts of my essence I never bared to anyone else.

“So much pain. So much deep-seated anger and yet, you buried than to unleash.” Hot puffs of air tickled my ear. The blackened head of the hybrid is now behind my temple that is much too close for comfort. “You have all the power within you to avenge the pain of your past. How could you continue to stand with your morality when the very people who hurt you get to live their lives without understanding a mere fraction of the damage they inflicted?”

“Let me go.” I snarled, continuously struggling. “That’s none of your fucking business what I do and don’t do with my emotions.”

“And that is why you’ll remain weak.” His voice, now void of its original lightheartedness, adopted a serious tone. “God, you’re so pathetic. Always having to play the good guy. The good avatar. When are you going to remain true to yourself and unleash hell on all those who wronged you?”

Silence. My answer is within my deathly glare into the pair of menaces in scarlet. There’s no good coming when surrendering to your darkest emotions and desires. Nothing but pain and agony awaits. I won’t deny that I have a dark side, but I

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chose the path of light. I honor myself as a werewolf and an avatar of Selene.

"It sickens me to see how you mingle with the many folks who've hurt you beyond redemption, as if nothing transpired between you all. You laugh, dance, cooperate, and even touch the people who, back in the day, didn't give a damn whether you lived or died." He thumbed my bottom lip, gently pulling it downward. "I know you're better than that, Kiya. I know, deep down in the pits of your soul, you wish you can unleash the fury of the moon upon these wretched dogs."

"You know nothing about me, Osiris."

"Oh, I know all about you, Little Moon. I tasted your blood, remember?"

My breath hitched. How can I forget that disgusting moment we shared when he drank from my neck with no regard for how I felt? Blood carries memory, according to him. My original statement held no weight. In fact, the situation is the direct opposite of what I said.

Osiris knows all about me.

"You suffered for years. Years of maltreatment that

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would make the very gods in heaven weep. How many times have they have decorated this pretty skin in a colorful assortment of black and purple? Scars decorated this beautiful brown as eternal reminders of your hurt. How many times has your throat burned and seared from with your screaming? From your begging? How is it fair that you continue to carry the burden of this pain while they carry none? Don't you think you deserve better than them, my dear?"

I hate this. I positively hate this. How is Osiris making sense? Yes, for the longest time, I've believed that sentiment; it's not fair that I'm forced to carry the after-effects of my abuse. Sleepless nights riddled with torment, the darkness of depression gripping at my throat with every minute of my life, evil thoughts that bombard me with bullets and grenades of self-worthlessness, guilt, pain, and endless days where I've contemplated taking my life whilst ignoring the plans Selene had for me.

Why am I the one who suffered for years while everyone lived their fruitful lives? I hated everyone for a long time and deep down, I still do. My treatment was unfair. They robbed me of happiness, of a normal childhood, innocence, and adolescence. They took so much away from me...

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I heard Osiris's breath hitched in excitement. "The gears in your mind are turning, my sweet. Deep down, underneath all that morality, you agree. The injustice persisted for many years and no one paid for their mistake. They're no better than the humans who sell their children into slavery or beat them with an inch of their lives because they spilled milk on the dining room table. Wouldn't it be fun to exact revenge?"

"Don't listen to him!" Artemis screamed in my ear, splitting the haze of darkness in my mind into two. **"You're better than that, Kiya. Pain is an endless cycle where nobody wins. Don't fall for his sickly sweet words. Osiris is evil. Protect yourself!"**

"I'm not depraved like you, Osiris." I snapped back, regaining the reigns of my resolve once more. Like hell, I'll let this beast manipulate me. "What I do, and why I do it, is none of your concern. Do yourself a favor and keep your nose out of my business. I'm of the light, not of the darkness, and you'll never put me there."

"Never say never." Osiris sighed, stretching himself above me, but continues to restrain me. "I'd be careful around these parts, Kiya. You have a traitor in your midst. Friends will turn into enemies, and the darkness will cast a shadow upon

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the dogs. No matter the amount of light you see in them, all have darkness. And it will come out to play again, only this time, their target is much stronger.”

“And no one will save you this time. Not even your precious Alpha.”

In the blink of an eye, the darkness dissipated and sunlight illuminates my room in a golden glow. Osiris is gone, taking his haze of smoke within him. I shot up from my bed with a hand pressed over my heart, trying to calm it down with my breathing. It’s unreal that happened, but it did. It fucking did. What kind of trouble did I land myself in now?

“**Hey, are you okay?**” My wolf asked me worryingly. “**I can take over for a while if you need it.**”

“No, I’m fine. Thanks for the offer though, Art.” Running a hand through my hair, I planted my feet on the bedroom floor. Osiris is a pervasive man who left me with more questions than answers. What did he mean by there is a traitor amongst us? Darkness will cast a shadow over this pack? And what does he know about Darien that I don’t?

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One thing's for certain, however. Osiris is fluttering about. He's infiltrated Zircon Moon, and no one knows. Except me.

His eyes are solely on **me**.

Examining my hand, very faint wisps of black and red permeated between my fingers. I'm convinced it's from Osiris' influence; it's the only reason for it, right? Summoning a small smidgen of my powers, my heart calmed at the sight of blue and white. I'm still me. I'm not darkness, no matter what he says. But how his sinister words caressed the darker side of me concerned me greatly.

I'm in danger. More danger than I realized.

But from who?

The Zircon Moon pack or myself?

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