

Chapter 45 – The Reveal

"Payback is a bitch, and the bitch is back." — Stephen King

Kiya

A tense air of silence transpired between us; our eyes locked onto each other. Neither of us moved. Neither of us faltered. It was a test to see who'd blink first. Who'd be the first to look away?

I was the first. Because I got bored. As I turned to leave his office, he said something that stopped me in my tracks.

"You never answered my question from last night." I heard a shuffle before my footsteps. When I turned, I saw Neron was less than a foot away from me, his blue eyes firm. "Who are you?"

"I'm sure Anthony told you who I was." I shot back, crossing my arms underneath my chest. "Or does your barbaric mind need a refresher?"

"I know the basics about you, Kiya. Your position, specialty, and age. But there is more about you I need to know." His eyes narrowed. "My wolf goes

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crazy whenever I see you. Almost as if he knows something I don't."

"Then ask him."

"I can't, which is why I'm asking you." His breathing became arduous. "You look like someone that used to be a part of this pack. She was..." He cleared his throat. "... someone who didn't get what she rightfully deserved."

"So, you miss this person so dearly that you think that I am her?" It was laughable. An uncontrollable throng of laughter erupted from my throat, spilling into the air between us. I laughed until the point of tears at the utter absurdity of it all. This man, my ex-mate, was a shell of his former self and it was hilarious.

Where was the unstoppable Alpha now? Where was the one who didn't hesitate to mark me for death? Who didn't mind slapping the crap out of me? Where was **that** Neron?

"This isn't funny, Kiya."

"Oh, I think it is." I wipe a stray tear with a finger before facing Neron again. I soaked in his appearance, his height, and his build. Everything

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about him. I stood strong and confident in front of the eyes of the 'feared' Alpha, observing his ocean blues. Once upon a time, these eyes caused me great fear. Each night in that cell, the void in these eyes held the wrath of a vengeful god, casting judgment upon my battered body, soaking in the blossoming purple.

Blue is the color of his hatred. It swam in his eyes for the longest time. Now, blue is the color of his cowardice and his inadequacy. There was nothing to fear with these damned eyes. I felt nothing. Not the preordained sparks, not the stillness one would have when seeing their mate, and not the uncontrollable flames of desire to be around them.

I only felt unending hatred.

Artemis stood strong and tall, growling as deep and as loud as she could. She wanted his wolf to feel her hatred. She wanted him to feel the pain and she wanted to convey the message to him she does not need him. My wolf and I were perfectly fine on our own without a mate, and I will make sure Neron knows that.

"This 'mysterious person' you say you miss." I started; my voice saturated with spite. "You said she didn't get what she rightfully deserved. If it's happiness, that isn't possible. It's because you and

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your pack took that away from her. You beat her with an inch of her life over a crime she didn't commit. You gave her the lowest ranking of all your pack, ten times beneath the sorry Omegas who run your kitchen. You forced her to scrub and clean in silence. No matter how much pain she was in, she did the work. Why? She was forbidden to complain, for only pain awaited her if she ever thought to rebel against you and your wretched excuse for a father."

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The mighty Alpha faltered. His heart rendered immobile in his chest and his skin drained of all blood. His horror worked his feet backward, taking large steps away from me until the back of his thighs hit the rim of his desk. That didn't deter me. It only motivated me to do more. I walked forward, my hatred gushing out of my pores like a wild waterfall, engulfing the very office that we're in. "H-How did you—"

"*Shut up!*" I shouted; my voice layered with Artemis'. His eyes paled at the amount of command I had, my Beta blood working with me, forcing our former Alpha to submit. "How many times has she begged for you not to hurt her? How many times has she begged for a little smidgen of love from those who abandoned her? Did you grant her mercy? Did you allow her to get a full night's sleep on a clean mattress? No. You didn't. You forced her to work, d

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ay in and day out, because you thought her suffering and torture is compensation for the death of Luna Celeste and Nuria!" ¹

I'm in front of him, my breath battering his face as he futilely leaned back to get away from me. "You never cared for her, so don't act as if you have regrets now. All she wanted was love. All she wanted was security. Was that too much to ask for? All the things she's entitled to as a child and a teenager, this horrid pack decided collectively that she didn't deserve those things. Her own fucking family turned their backs on her!"

A dark smile made its way to my face, stretching from ear to ear. My powers battered against my defenses, hoping to lance this Alpha through his heart, but I kept them at bay. "Guess what, Neron Prince? She died that night of your ceremony. Suicide was the only option for the girl who had nothing to live for. But the Moon Goddess was merciful and gave her a second chance at life. She found love. She found a family. She finally had hope again, and it was away from the pack who killed her soul and her ex-mate who shattered her heart."

"Tell me... how does it feel, to know that you've already lost so tragically?"

"I-I..." Neron stuttered. The mighty Alpha stuttered.

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I could hear his wolf howling in pain internally, but I didn't care. That wolf was no mate of Artemis, and Neron was no mate of mine. He couldn't form a coherent sentence to save his sorry hide.

"...H-Halima?"

"Hello, Neron." I sang sardonically. "Never thought you'd see me again, huh?" With a final scoff, I turned my back to the sorry Alpha, heading towards the door. "Another thing. Halima Lane is dead. It's Kiya Guerrero now."

I shot him an icy glare from over my shoulder, impaling him through the chest. "And I'm not the one to be fucked with." With that, I exited his office with a triumphant smirk never leaving my face,

I own my fate. I shape my destiny. And Neron was not a part of it.

Not now.

Not ever. 

Neron

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I couldn't breathe. My legs buckled underneath me, my body crumbling to the hard floor. Onyx, deep in his pain, howled with a shattered heart. His broken howls placed a dome over my ears, refusing to let any other sound into my ear canal. His pain was all I was able to hear. My heart thudded against my ribcage, threatening to shatter my lungs and bones to escape the pain it's subjected to.

Halima is here.

Halima is alive.

My mate is as real as I am. ²

And she hates me.

The darkness shed a light on all my nightmares, forcing them out of hiding. They're forced into my vision, reminding me of how much of an awful person I was. Every word she said impaled me through every part of my body, sending the poison of her animosity to every nerve ending in my body. It was overwhelming. It choked me from the inside out. It forced me over the ledge, sending me to the very death Halima welcomed with open arms.

I've never met someone with the level of hatred Kiya had shown. It was blinding. It wanted me to feel it. It

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wanted to kill me. That's how much my mate wishes for my demise. Because I treated her like absolute shit and destroyed every bit of hope she had left.

It's my fault she is like this. It's my fault Onyx would never feel the warmth of our mate in our arms, all because of my ego, selfishness, and stupidity. ¹

My wolf continues to cry out for his mate, no doubt feeling the hatred from Kiya's wolf. She doesn't want him. My head went into my hands, nails digging into the thin flesh on my forehead. Onyx doesn't deserve this! He doesn't deserve to suffer for my mistake!

He was right all along. I made a colossal mistake, and he was paying for it. I spent my entire life fighting against him and his desires and this is where I got us

All this time I've been dreaming of how I would make it up to Hal—*Kiya* if I ever saw her again. Now she's back, walking around my home, and I couldn't do a damn thing. I couldn't tell her how sorry I was and how pathetic I am because she doesn't want to hear it. Eight years' worth of pain and misery transformed into burning hot hate.

How long until the Lanes find out? What would Raina do if she sees her baby sister in the flesh?

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What about Ashley and Steven, who've been broken after her suicide? What about them?

What would Kiya do if she ever sees *my father*?

I needed to do something. I couldn't let things end like this. I must make things right with her.

Whether Kiya likes it or not, we are destined mates. She is my destined Luna. She is mine as much as I am hers. She is the only one my heart yearns for. I will spend the rest of my natural life making it up to her and earning her forgiveness. ²

Onyx needs her. *I need her.* ³

I couldn't lose her again.

I prepared to run out after her, but I was pushed back into my room by a disheveled Odessa. Her hair is slightly unkempt, and her eyes were darker than usual. She closed the door behind her and gave me a pointed look.

"You need to mark me. Now." She demanded. I blinked. "We've wasted too much time, Neron. We need to make this official, now."

"Odessa, I don't have time for this. We'll discuss this

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later.”

“Neron, what is the matter with you?! This is your chance to prove to me you love me and that I could finally inherit the Lunaship!” Her screech was unnatural. We had spoken previously of when we would finally mate, making her my Luna, but things had changed. Not when my true mate is as close as I could touch her. “We need to do this right now before it’s too late!”

“Odessa, why are you in such a hurry?” I demanded, eyeing her carefully. “What’s the real matter here? Why are you rushing the mating process?”

“Because I found my true mate and I don’t want him!”

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oh you can just piss right off
Neron



angie peterson

Which is not possible. Being in
this pack after all these years ...



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