Third Person POV

Neron knew this was coming. There was no avoiding this. After the insanity that happened the past several days, he desperately needed a moment of peace. Sitting on the front stairs under the moonlight did that. Who could handle craziness, one after another, without taking a moment's rest? Onyx rumbled in delight when his mate took a seat next to his human, although it felt too far for his liking, there was a sizable distance between the two werewolves. Kiya preferred it while the Alpha craved for her closeness.

"We do," Neron replied, observing the grass. "How are you feeling, all things considered?"

"I'm alright," Kiya answered. "Getting kidnapped was unexpected, but at least I'm back now, safe, and sound."

A comfortable silence fell between them as they ruminated on their thoughts. What was there to say? Both knew there was more they needed to talk about, but Cerberus and Osiris put those needed talks on the backburner. Sighing, Kiya was the one who spoke, again.

"Neron, a lot has happened between us." She started.
"From the poisoning to your dad to the kiss and now this. So much is going on and it isn't doing us any favors."

"I know." Neron sighed. "Trouble likes to find its way to us, even when we don't attract it." He spared her a glance. "But it doesn't change how I feel about you. I was truly, honestly terrified when you were kidnapped. I thought I failed. I thought I'd never see you again. And when I saw that asylum go down in flames and you weren't around, I only thought of the worst."

"Our minds like to do that." Kiya shined a pained smile. "It fucks with us when we least expect it." She expelled a sigh. "I wanted to thank you for what you did."

"Thank me?"

"Anthony told me how you led the charge of the rescue and how you let nothing stop you from getting to me, even at the risk of getting burned.

While I don't like you risking your life for me, thank you for saving Phoebe and me."

"Of course." He smiled before it fell to a sad frown.
"What does this mean between us? Do you regret
the kiss we shared at the park?"

Kiya sighed once more, fumbling with her fingers.
There was no beating around the bush. She had to tell him. She had to tell the truth to make it easier for them both. "I admit, Neron, it felt good. I've never been kissed like that before and it was amazing, but even things that feel good are wrong. It shouldn't have happened."

Neron's heart shattered when hit with the cold, hard truth. His mate liked the kiss but regretted it. It was a forbidden thing that couldn't happen again. It was the first and last time they'll ever kiss like that.

Memories of the sensation and how her lips moved in sync with his played in his mind like a broken record. His body grew ablaze like that night, his lips throbbing in recollections of her sweetness. It hurt.

"I'm sorry, Kiya." He began, working hard to steady his shaky voice. "I shouldn't have kissed you. I made you uncomfortable, and I kissed you without your consent. I just..." He bit his lip. "I need you. I need you like air and I want to cherish your heart and—!"

"Neron." Kiya interrupted him. "You never had my heart in the first place. We're mates, but I never loved you. We aren't lovers. I'm sorry if you were expecting something different, but it was the truth." She toyed with her fingers, trying to come up with a way to say her next words without sounding cold and callous. "Neron...I can't forget what happened.

No matter what I do or how much I'm around you, I can't forget the past. I can't open up my heart in the way you want and I'm not ready to have any sort of mate bond nor romantic relationships."

Every word was a silver bullet piercing through his flesh. It burned and sizzled, leaving the Alpha in a state of pure agony. He knew this was Kiya speaking her truth, and he couldn't go against that. She was right. The history between them was dark and grody. He hurt her. A few simple acts of kindness and sacrifice were not enough to pave over the past. Not for her. Not for him.

"Do you still hate me?" Neron turned his body to face her, tremors rocking his limbs as he awaited her answer. "I wish I could erase what I did to you, but I know I can't, it was a stain on my character and me as a man. I don't expect you to love me, Kiya. I don't deserve an ounce of your love."

"You don't." She confirmed with a blunt, emotionless tone. "What happened in the past affected my future. But I don't hate you. I tolerate you. There was too much that happened between us. While I feel the bond and work beside you, I don't have feelings for you."

I don't deserve them. Neron thought to himself as the heaviness of Kiya's words pressed against his chest.

It crushed him. It crushed Onyx to hear a growl of confirmation from Artemis, who too was distancing herself from him. The black wolf wanted to tear Neron apart for losing his mate, for it was a long time coming, but he didn't have the energy to. He had to deal with the fact that he would never truly have his destined soulmate.

Neron only had himself to blame. It took a lot of strength to hold back his tears. As for Kiya, she merely looked up at the moon, even spotting Diana watching them from a branch. Sniffling, Neron nodded firmly.

"That's okay." His smile exposed the hidden depths of his pain. "I still want and need to become a better man. A better Alpha. I'll right the wrongs I've done to others. What happened today made me realize how much I truly do care about you, but it also made me realize just how far apart we were from one another. And I did that. I hurt you, Kiya. Hurt you so badly. I had no right to treat you the way I did. I regret everything. I do. But I don't regret caring about you."

"Neron...it's best for the both of us for you to cut any emotional connection you have for me," Kiya stated, her voice cold as a glacier, as if a deity was speaking. "I'm leaving at the end of summer and never returning."

Of course, she was. She won't be here forever. In a blink of an eye, Kiya would return to California and never set foot in Nevada again. Was it bad that Neron wanted her to stay?

"We can't trap her here," Onyx mumbled. "Zircon Moon is painful to her. We're painful to her. We can't force her to stay because we're afraid of being alone. That's selfish of us."

He was right, it was unethical. But how do you cut off feelings for someone? How could an Alpha with his possessive qualities turn off the love and care he had for his mate? In all situations, Neron loses.

He had to accept it. He couldn't reach the one thing he wanted more than anything: Kiya's heart.

"I can't stop caring about you, Kiya," Neron admitted. "I'll enjoy having you near while it lasts. When it comes time for you to leave... I'll learn to let you go, even though my heart is begging for you to not leave me."

"Alphas don't beg, Neron." The woman rose to her feet. "Remember that. Goodnight." Before she took a step into the house, she paused, expelling a deep sigh. "I'm sorry."

Kiya disappeared inside the vast house, leaving the

Alpha alone in the night's silence. The surrounding temperature dropped several degrees as the dark trees blurred into a muddle of navy blues and blacks like an ocean under the evening sky.

Hot tears slid down his face as choked sobs echoed from his mouth.

"I can't earn back her trust, right Onyx?" He asked his wolf, pained emotions laced in his mind-link.

Onyx didn't answer.

At least Neron was grateful for one thing, he was alone. Everyone was going to sleep.

No one would hear his cries.

Osiris

Detecting someone's inner darkness was always fun.

And this little bitch was full of it. Imagine my surprise to find a werewolf scoping out witches for magic help. Desperate for something easy to change the path of her fate. Well, lucky for her, I'll be her genie. I could grant her little wishes of power she

never had. Imagine her surprise when she ran right into me.

"Magic has its consequences, my dear. Why do you seek it?"

"I need it and it's none of your business!" The brunette snapped, anger marring her youthful face.
"I'm losing so much, and I can't stand it. I need what belongs to me and destroy the one responsible for my downfall."

"Blaming others for your ills?" I chuckled. "Typical attitude from a spoiled brat. Are you aware that what you're asking for has the potential of backfiring on you? Is that a risk you're willing to take?"

"I don't care. If I can see the moon bitch fall, that's enough for me."

She found herself slammed against the wall with my fingers biting into the thin skin of her throat. She was beautiful to look at, but her heart was rotten. Power was such a seductive temptress, and it looked like she had lost it and was desperate to get it back. Poor little mutt would bend the knee to darkness just to get a taste of supremacy again.

"What is your name, darling?"

"O-Odessa..." She croaked. Her weak nails clawed at my arm, desperate for release as I squeezed her delicate throat.

"Odessa..." I savored her name on my tongue. "You come from the Zircon Moon Pack, hmm?" She threw away all vows of secrecy with a curt nod. "Hmm. Okay. I'll help you with one condition. You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours."

"W-what is it?" Her body dropped to the ground while gasping for air. Gasping turned to shrieking with Pepi slithered from my arm and wrapped his thick, long body around her arms and torso, baring his fangs to her neck.

"Think of this as a contract between you and me. You want power and I want something from you. You're going to be my sweet little spy. You will report to me on anything and everything having to do with the moon's avatar. If you're successful, my dear, then I'll help you gain all you've lost."

Heated desire twinkled in those tea-colored orbs.

She longed to be at the top of the food-chan. The best of them all. The hatred she had for my Little Moon was astounding, and I'll use it to my advantage. Odessa nodded, accepting my offer, and thus binding her to our verbal contract. Pepi pierced his fangs into her throat, sealing the deal.

Once he was done, we left the unconscious Odessa in the alley's corner to pick herself up when aroused. Lady Luck must favor me for allowing the adult brat to cross my path. She'll be the key. She'll be the one to push Kiya to me.

Zircon Moon will fall.

Neron Prince and his family will fall.

Be patient, my Little Moon.

I'll be coming for you soon.

-To Be Continued in Book 2: Unhinged-

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artwork, and more!

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