

Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 76

Chapter 76 Let's Find The Traitor

Amethyst Phoenix This can't be possible, Kier can't be right about this. "You are saying that someone has been pulling the strings other than you?" feeling my heartbeat in my ears as I anticipate his answer." A humourless chuckle escapes his lips, those haunting white eyes finding my confusion amusing. "You all have a position of power and yet you take it for granted, you take everything at face value and deceive one another for your own personal gain." Grinding my teeth at his accusations, there has never been a time where I used my position for power. While I couldn't speak for everyone else, I was adamant that I never took advantage of my role. "I have never used my position in the Founding Families for any personal gain." Kier shrugs, "While you are new, you certainly don't use your power to your advantage. However," he crosses the distance between us, looming over the bed like a demon ready to snatch my soul as his index finger taps my forehead, "your mind is weak." Swatting his finger away, "That not..". I couldn't argue with that, I'm tearing apart with no will to live. I was ready to die, atone for my sins instead of finding a way to solve them. I was ready to leave my pack to fend for themselves, all whilst the real enemy continued to get what he wants. The true puppet master would have successfully rid the last Phoenix off the earth along with Blood Moon pack. "You can have all the power at your fingertips, but if your mind is weak then it is wasted. You were ready to die for mistakes that were beyond your control, while the burden is a hard one to carry – death is an easy way out." Kier explained, taking a seat at his initial position. One thing you couldn't deny is that Kier spoke nothing but the truth. Death was an easy way out, especially for all the circumstances beyond my control. I should be able to carry the burden, that is what an Alpha does. Kaden took on tremendous weight during his time, I can't afford to break apart and leave them without any trace of the truth. "You have a long way to go Amethyst, but if your mind is made of steel, then you will be an Alpha that everyone fears." Kier smirked, as if he could already see it. Diverting my attention to the fire, "You aren't as bad as I thought." Kier laughs and even I had to admit that the sound was rich and pleasant. It felt good to make someone laugh instead of bringing them misery. "Does that mean you are going to help me?" I quiz, studying his features but he gives nothing away with his cunning smile. Kier shakes his head, thumb caressing his bottom lip, "What gave you that impression? This isn't my fight." Is it possible for a person to be the definition of whiplash? "Okay....then what am I doing here? What do you gain from revealing that there is a traitor among us?" Kier relaxes in his chair, crossing his ankle across the knee. He is the definition of power, no one could decipher his motives because he was unreadable. "The traitor has some valuable knowledge that I would like to stay buried." "Care to share?" "Let's say that if this traitor succeeds, it comes at a great cost to the supernatural race." Kier replies vaguely. "However, I will help you find the traitor." He declares, and I stare at him without blinking: "You make my brain hurt," I marvel, soothing the ache in my forehead. Kier chuckles, "Since it's important to Kyson and Olivia." The ache slowly dies in my chest, determining whether their betrayal was

justified or not since Kier isn't the true enemy among the golden clan. "How are we going to find the traitor?"

"A few details that you should know. The traitor doesn't have any powers, which rules out both you and Jasmine. That leaves Brantley, Lucian and Maverick – who all have their own secrets to getting into a position of power." There obvious answer would be Brantley or Maverick, they each have shady pasts that no one knows about. How they became the head of their family, taking the position without any relatives to back up their story. "None of them have revealed there powers yet, how do you propose we do that?" "When there is a crisis, what would your first instinct be?" Kier asks instead. "Run." Kier smirks, "Exactly. But a true Alpha would never leave someone behind, they would try to save everyone." "Are you proposing we go to war?" He circles his wrist, the fire cracking through the silence. "Why not? I'm the villain after all and no one knows the truth," Shaking my head, "Do you even know where to start?" "According to my intel, there will be a ball at the castle in a few days. That is when the traitor will strike, whoever the traitor is has allies with the witches all over the world. Even Founding members won't be able to stop them, that is how powerful they are." Kier stated. "They are going to strike on that night? And destroy everyone until they are the last one standing." I hissed, the anger coursing through my veins making my skin turn red. "But what they don't know, is that your little Mate has unlocked the truth and vengeance is a powerful thing, especially with someone with imitation magic." Kier voices.

Goosebumps prickle my skin; how does he know about Kaden? Did Kaden come out of his coma? "How do you know Kaden is okay?" "I know everything Amethyst, don't take me for a fool." He smarts, raising his brow. "By now, he has figured out how to use his powers and is quite determined to find you," Relief, for the first time the weight on my shoulders lessens. My heart feeling lighter that Kaden is alive. Until I freeze, "Power?" "Oh, my bad. Kaden is the real fifth Founding Family member." "WHAT!"

Kier continues to laugh at my expense, "Indeed, such a surprise." Sarcasm laced in his tone. "I totally see how you and Kyson are related," rolling my eyes because both tend to have this dry humour in the oddest times. Kier stands, shifting his hands into his pockets with a sinister grin on his face, "Shall we begin?" extending his hand towards me. I stare at it, "What's your plan now?" "Well first, we need to get your pack members here."

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Chapter 77 Reunion Part 1

Amethyst Phoenix Well... I did not expect this when Kier suggested that we get my pack members here. The night sky could be seen above, through the skylight with the moonlight illuminating the lounge. Somehow, I think my brain has short-circuited, I'm aware of what is currently transpiring yet there is a possible cloud floating across my

mind that makes me question whether this is a dream. This had to be a dream. Because there is no way he could pull this off, but this involved them working as a pair and I will admit that they are quite horrifying. The twins are terrifying... Their combined forces make them unstoppable, from my knowledge; Kyson has cursed tongue and Kier has the power to absorb – they could ultimately rule the world. However, Kier has made it known that their views differ, except for this common goal that the traitor has key information on. He wouldn't share, and I didn't expect him to. After all, we are tethering a line and once his goal is accomplished, Kier will turn into the enemy once again. The question is – would Kyson and Olivia follow. For now, I'm trying to piece together how they managed to pull this off. "I think this is a little extreme," motioning towards the unconscious bodies scattered on the various couches. "You said to get them here as soon as possible," Olivia states, pointing a finger at Kier to state that he gave the directions. Kier shoves his hands into those charcoal slacks, unbeknownst to how terrible this entire scene is. There wasn't a spark of emotion on his face, simply arching his neck with a lack of remorse in his eyes. This was normal for Kier, endangering other people's lives for his own benefit. What makes him a monster – is his eyes, they were haunting and screamed 'I would eat your soul if I wanted to: Kier's lips curve into a menacing grin as he says, "I don't see the problem."

Is he serious? "YOU KIDNAPPED THEM!" A simple shrug, diverting his attention to Kyson and Olivia, "Didn't I specifically ask for all R.E.D members." His tone rough and penetrating, laced with authority accompanied with dead eyes, it could make anyone shiver in fear. Except Kyson and Olivia wasn't fazed, they matched his demonic energy. "I'm sorry but lugging around more than ten people wasn't my highest priority." Olivia replied sarcastically. Kyson must have given his response on the matter, I'm sure they informed him of Alice and Lion, but I don't think Kier cared about anyone but himself. Swallowing the lump in my throat, I couldn't let the guilt eat at me now. Especially when Blood Moon pack was at their most vulnerable, since Kier kidnapped Kaden, Callen, Sage and Blaze.

The only person who would be left in charge in our absence is Greg. Kyson drops Callen onto the mahogany couch, huffing with his chest expanding rapidly. Olivia and Kyson carried all four of them into Kier's compound, which is kept a secret from me. Kyson raises his brow at Kier, pointing at all of them. I have no doubt that they were having a conversation through the mind-link, which is only kept a secret from the rest of the Founding Families. "I believe I contributed just as much as you." Kier states, having a conversation with Kyson. Kyson rolls his eyes, a perfect description that Kier was lying. With them this close, I could easily see the similarities in their features. They resembled Yin and Yang, possibly good and evil. "You did nothing, we brought them here." Olivia declares, exasperated by Kier's ego. She plops down upon the single chair, crossing her knees while tying her snow-white hair into a messy "I believe constructing a well-detailed plan is more important than lugging these wolves around." Rubbing my temples to soothe the headache that Kier is initiating within me, there is a certain level of terror and obliviousness that is somehow acceptable in his head. This is what makes him a joker card, there is no way you could decipher his plan because the next move is something you wouldn't see coming. "Let's hear this brilliant plan, since we

risked our lives bringing them here.” Olivia exclaimed, her tone filled with annoyance and frustration. Her casualness with Kier doesn’t surprise me since they are mates, but the fact that Olivia is never this brazen but something about Kier irks her. Grates upon her skin while inky orbs are battling with hatred and love. Kier simply holds his index finger up, to silence us and before anyone could counter his move. Kaden opens his eyes, his hands erupting with fire. For a moment, I watch in utter disbelief. The flames wrap around his arm, like a spiral. “What did you do Kyson?” I cry, watching as the leather beneath him burns. Except, the fire doesn’t burn his flesh. The flames resembled my own, doing no harm to the owner. Kaden sits up, a growl escaping his lips. The fire is immediately sucked back into his body, leaving no remanences that he conjured the orange and red flames. “What...” my words are caught on my tongue as I watch lightening spark between his fingers, resembling Jasmine’s powers. Goosebumps prickle my skin as I analyse Kaden shift from fire to lightening, with ease that took me awhile to master. Kier’s voice rings through my mind, “As I said, your mate is the true member of the Founding Families.” Kaden’s eyes suddenly meet mine, the darkness bleeding away and showcasing those sapphires that consume me wholeheartedly. There is no question with how fast he moves, heated arms encasing my entire body. The dull ache in my chest melting away as I feel him, in my soul. I can feel his emotions, the anger and sadness meshing together at my disappearance, the relief when he saw me. He draws me closer to his body, the scent of rain making my heartbeat faster but calming the turmoil in my mind. Kaden pulls away, to my dismay and assess my body, “Are you hurt? Did he hurt you?”. Holding back the tears brimming in my eyes, “I’m fine.” My hands encase his face, the once cold skin burning at my fingertips. Kaden’s lips collided with mine, the sparks prickling at my skin while we embraced each other. They were jolts that made my heart flutter, I loved the taste of him like the ocean and something sweet. I needed him closer, his body on my skin and to never leave me. Everything about him brought me back to life, Kaden breathed life into me. “Now that the epic reunion is over, can we discuss the plan?” Kier questions, eyeing us with disgust and annoyance at our affection. Kaden’s voice is deep, almost otherworldly and fuelled with anger and hatred directed at Kier, “You took her, I AM GOING TO KILL YOU!” Placing my hands on his chest, an attempt to calm him down but I can feel the rapid beating of his heart. “Don’t, Kier is going to help us.” “How can he help us?” Kaden questions, his eyes wild with the need to kill. “Oh, I think you would love to know who the traitor is, just as much as me. After all, the traitor is the one that killed your parents, ensured that the Thornton family was erased from existence.” Kier states and I am left speechless. “How do you.” Kier’s sinister smile takes over, “I know everything

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Chapter 78 Reunion Part 2

Amethyst Phoenix Raising an accusing brow at Kier, “If you know everything, how come you didn’t predict any of this?” Kier has a certain level of narcissism that oozes off him, I

could essentially declare that he has a God complex. If he is the mighty fortune teller, shouldn't he be able to predict the outcome or how we got here?

Kier's wicked smile slashes through the moonlight, becoming more menacing as his honeyed voice states, "Who's to say I didn't? You only know what I want you to know." That's what makes Kier terrifying, his knowledge is vast and yet he shares only a portion for his own gain. "Did you know about me?" Kaden's voice drew me out of my thoughts. His fingers intertwine with mine, tightly. It's as if he is desperate for something to ground his frustrations, fire licks at my palms as sparks initiate between our fingers. I can feel his inner turmoil spiralling through my heart like droplets of rain filled with sorrow and grief and anger.

The smile diminishes from Kier's face, replaced with something cold, "There are certain limits to spells like that. You can erase an entire family from history, but core people will always remember. That is the balance according to nature, unfortunately. Every action has consequences, Kyson and I have been around for centuries therefore nothing can be erased from our minds and the person responsible for your parent's death, the downfall of the Thornton family – will remember their sins." Fire emits in his chest, the blinding rage shifting my vision red like Kaden's. He was drowning, in a pit of agony and despair. The wall that is usually in place between us has opened, and I don't think he noticed.

That truly showcases how much pain he is going through; Kaden craves revenge and so far, Kier is the closet he can get. He was restraining himself from attacking Kier, the metallic scent of blood hitting my nose as I see his other hand clenched tightly, blood trickling down. "Then why didn't you tell me the first time? What are you gaining from this?" Kaden growls, the rage rolling in waves off him, sparks emitting in my palms as I know he is losing control of the newfound power. "Everything is in place, had I revealed the truth earlier then we wouldn't be here. The person responsible has sold their soul to witches, you really think you and the rest of this uncontrollable lot can handle ancient witches?" Kier snaps in annoyance, a vein popping in his neck. They were both having a battle, fierce in the eyes of sapphires versus white crystals. This wasn't the time for us to lose the only asset we have, pushing forward as I study the way Kyson and Olivia are watching Kier with sombre expressions. "You never mentioned ancient witches." I point out. Kier let's out an exasperated exhale through plush cherry lips, white eyes analysing every move we make. "That is why I said we need to discuss the plan before the ball." Our conversation is disturbed by Callen's scream, "SAGE!" I swivel on the balls of my feet, watching the way Callen shoots up with his chest rapidly rising and falling. His gun-metal orbs are frantically searching his surroundings for his sister, "SAGE!" "I'm right here dumbass, stop screaming." Sage scolds, as I watch her sit up and place pressure against her forehead to relieve the tension. Callen sighs in relief, falling back onto the couch, his midnight curls bouncing in the process. Suddenly, he springs up again with his eyes on us, "Uh...what is happening?" "Clearly, we were kidnapped." Blaze's voice declares and to my left I see that he is awake. Emeralds that became unreadable once he studied each of us before that playful nature comes out. He pulls out a chocolate bar from his pocket, unwrapping and immediately shovelling it into his face. "Now that hits

the spot," he sighs in joy. We all stare at him, can he not read the room. "Are you really eating right now?" I question, caught off guard. Blaze simply shrugs, "What? I was hungry," he replies nonchalantly with innocent eyes. Shaking my head, I decide to inform them on the situation that is currently transpiring and our mission. After explaining everything up until this point, we were finally on the same page. Blaze directs his attention towards Kaden, "So, you have powers now?" Kaden nods in confirmation. Blaze whimpers and begins to pout with his baby eyes. "No fair, I want powers to." He whines. Sage scoffs, "Power requires talent and clearly you have none." Blaze sobs dramatically, placing a hand over his heart, "Way to hit me in the feels Sage, why don't you kick me while you're at it,"

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Sage's words are cut short as I watch Kier snap his fingers. The carefree atmosphere shifts into something dark, a tremendous pressure upon my chest and an invisible force restraining me. I can't move, I can't speak. "Now that you have all calmed down, how about we discuss the plan." Kier's smile turns villainous, and I knew he was doing this. Fear licks up my spine, the energy emitting from Kier is downright horrifying and with an invisible force limiting our movements – there is no telling what he will do to us. Kyson snaps his fingers, louder than Kier's. Suddenly the pressure is sucked back into Kier, and the restraints are tugged away. "Why did you do that?" I growl. Kier shrugs, glaring at Kyson for releasing us. "I prefer no interruptions." "A simple please jackass," Callen snaps. "Asshole." Sage growls. I sigh, we wouldn't get anywhere with these interruptions. "Okay, explain." "During the ball, all your scents will be masked therefore no one will be aware of your presence. Since the traitor assumes Amethyst has fallen into a pit of despair and likely close to death. It will be the perfect opportunity to snag your position and cripple the hierarchy. On that night, there will be a war." "War?" Callen gulps. Kier nods, "Yes, ancient witches will take over and likely kill everyone. Leaving the true enemy alive to inherit all the Founding Families positions, which will make them unstoppable." "Wait, but wouldn't they be powerless?" Kaden questions, since the traitor has no powers. "Ancient witches can transfer power," Kier exclaims and that is all the explanation we need. "How do we stop this?" I ask. Kier motions to his brother, "Kyson." Nothing followed, he simply answered with the obvious that Kyson is powerful. "That doesn't explain what our uses are in this plan if you are just using Kyson to do everything." Kaden grits in irritation.

Kier holds up a finger, "It's a masked ball, therefore you have the perfect opportunity to judge each member to determine who the real traitor is, and your job is to stop them before the war can progress

further. Kill them if you get the chance, despite how it seems even we have limits." "And what will you do?" Sage questions, arching her brow. Kier smiles, "Nothing." Everyone's jaw drops, for a moment the silence wraps around us before I feel the rage lick at my skin. "Let me get this straight, you are putting us all in danger... WHILE YOU DO NOTHING!" "Don't bother arguing, he won't grow a conscious." Kyson's says through the mind-link. Kier chuckles, "I never said I would protect you. You get one shot at this,

if you fail that just means I will have to find another way but you lot will all be dead. I don't care about any of you, whether you choose to die or not, is not my problem." A humourless laugh escapes my lips, "Talk about selfish to the fucking core." "You are a real piece of shit," Blaze says.

"I never claimed to be a saint. So, if you want to win then I suggest using your own strengths and surpassing your limits than depending on me Let me be clear, if you are on the verge of death – I will not save you."

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Chapter 79 We Have Another Problem

Amethyst Phoenix Masquerade balls weren't my thing. Or maybe it was tremendous pressure placed upon our shoulders to find out who the traitor is before hell breaks loose. For an unknown reason, the illuminating lights were gentle and practically shifting into the darkness. A full moon graced us, an extra boost of motivation from its glow. Although the myth of the Moon Goddess spreading her strength among us on a full moon remains to be seen as truth, I couldn't help but feel it. The laced black mask attached to my face felt like feathers, while I disguised myself with blue contacts. Purple eyes were too rare, anyone would notice me without even trying to decipher further. My sleek ebony dress remained simple, barely drawing any attention with its thigh slit and sweetheart neckline. Curls bouncing on my shoulders to conceal the mark Kaden gave me since the traitor could easily spot the difference between a Mate mark and a Fated mark. Classical music floated around the room, along with chatter among the warriors of each pack. Kier created a plan that was detailed yet hinged on our judgement of character. Had it not been for Kyson masking our scents, we wouldn't have been able to get in. Kyson snuck us in, I didn't realize how tight security had been prior but there is a reason why only invited pack members are allowed in. It also explains how Kier got in the castle multiple times without our knowledge. Kier mentioned that the traitor would discreetly slip away during the height of the ball, in order to make contact with the witches before they attack. Since everything relied on our shoulders, we didn't have any backup. As Kier stated, we die, and nobody will save us if we do this wrong. I spotted Jasmine, her features shifting between blankness and distress. Emeralds that lack any sort of emotion while her midnight waves were tied into her signature half up and half down hairstyle. She immediately gained everyone's attention, which is expected with her ethereal beauty. During my mix in the crowd, I heard a lot of hatred directed towards her. Her elite pack members of Crystal Blood weren't fond of her, they despise her and prefer her father. I don't think she is immune to the hatred; Jasmine is quite aware of it, but she doesn't acknowledge it. Personally, everyone says she lacks the Alpha title, simply not fit to rule. Everyone was split when we arrived, therefore we followed suite and analysed each Founding Member. Jasmine hadn't moved from her position, simply downing the champagne with dull eyes. Maverick was situated against the wall-to-floor window, a glass of whiskey in one hand while staring at the

vast forest. His dark ocean eyes practically glowed like a demon within the night, and he didn't bother with . wearing a mask. Maverick doesn't move, nor does he socialize and from my understanding – no one wants

Shadow pack is known for being as secretive as their Alpha. His pack members are respectful and reserved, they aren't boisterous, but they do fear him. Apparently, even his rumoured witch connections weren't disclosed within his pack. They made their own assumptions about Maverick, a strong Alpha with something to hide. On one hand they admired him and the other they were terrified of him. A perfect blend, had we based this on assumptions then Maverick is the obvious choice. For once, Brantley is here. There is no way one can miss him, since the man is a walking psychopath. Those pitch-black orbs swim with something horrifying, like a soul being torn to shreds. The phantom mask certainly didn't help his case. He often drifted to Jasmine, playing with her curls before moving onto

the next fascinating thing. – – Brantley moved the most, never sitting in one spot. According to his members from the Eclipse pack, one shouldn't mess with him. He is unhinged and surprisingly his pack members resemble him. They are combined with eccentric wolves that never had a place to belong. How Brantley recruits – if he likes you then you are in. Most of them were rogues and are looked down by other packs. The discrimination is obvious once in the crowd. Lucian passed along smiles, the most interactive from them all. Which probably came from being wise, since he was the only older member among us. His pack Blue Moon were respectful, reserved, and sociable. From the crowd, they were the happiest to be here and spoke nothing of good things about their Alpha. Chapter 79 We Have Another Problem “Any luck?” I asked Kaden through our link. “Nope.” His tone filled with annoyance. We were all separated and currently I could imagine that they were having a difficult time with deciphering the traitor. Kaden has too many things to deal with, the fact that his parents were murdered by this traitor – the reason his entire Thornton family was erased from history. It must be utter chaos in his mind, with zero time to process anything without one problem after another. Tightening my hold on the flute, feeling the wall separating our souls. “How are you feeling?” For a second, my chest feels like rocks are being thrown at it. My emotions in disarray but the most distinctive feeling is the anger. I realized that Kaden opened a gate to his emotions that flooded into me, unable to describe what he felt. “I don't know,” he answered. Swallowing the hatred on my tongue, the utter disgust that the traitor is responsible for Kaden watching his parents die, for the lies that were told his entire life. A stabbing pain resonated in my heart, I wanted to take his pain away, but this is something only Kaden can do. “I'm here.”

I'm here if he needs my help in any sort of way, I will be here when he tears the traitor to shreds. I will bring carnage alongside him. “I know, little Phoenix.” A smile immediately graces my lips, cheeks heating because I probably let the wall slip a little too much that he felt those intense emotions. This certainly wasn't the time or place, but I couldn't help but relish in

it.

Only for a second. Until the ground beneath my feet began to violently shake, the music halted as the flickering of lights above us. Everyone is in shock as my body begins to vibrate, something is causing us to falter. I thought only the sensation flooded through me, but everyone was feeling it. The chandelier swayed from side to side, an intense pressure wrapping around us. "We have a problem." Kyson's voice drifted into my mind.

"This wasn't you?" Sage questions and I realized that he opened the communication to everyone. My eyes search frantically in the crowd, "What's the problem?" "I feel them, the witches." Kyson states. "Shouldn't they be coming later?" Kaden asks. "Something isn't right, everything is happening too early with too much power." Kyson recites. What the fuck?

Scanning the crowd for the Founding members, I realize they aren't here. My eyes widening, "They aren't here."

If this was the traitor, only one would slip away but all of them left. Which definitely means that the problem we are facing now wasn't apart of the plan. Cold fingers wrap around my biceps, halting the violent vibrations in my body. Snow white hair blinding my vision as I realize Kyson came out of hiding, his eyes filled with determination and confusion. "If they all left, that means something is really wrong. We have to go." He says through the mind-link. I agree, slipping off my heels and contacts. We couldn't leave, we had to get down to the problem before letting the traitor slip through our fingers once again. The ground was still shaking, but Kyson somehow dampened the effects for us. Everyone was instructed to stay back but Kaden wasn't going to let me go. There wasn't enough time to find each other, he could easily catch up to us since Kyson stated they were in the room that we held Founding meetings. Slipping through the doors, I expected a better reaction than the dull one they gave. One of them was a liar, they were definitely surprised by my appearance, but they were a good liar after all. According to everyone else, I was out sick therefore it wouldn't be a big issue since they don't know the truth. "Finally made yourself known." Brantley grins, dragging his tongue across his teeth with a malicious smile. He knew I was here. This whole time.

However, I didn't have any time to process that sentence because Lucian announced, "We are under attack." Jasmine rolls her eyes, "No shit, I wouldn't have guessed." She sassed. Lucian ignores her, "According to the guards at the border, these are witches, and they have thousands coming with them. We don't have the power to fight them, with our limited pack members – we will be slaughtered in minutes." "Are you saying we should run?" Jasmine asks. Lucian nods, "We can't afford the death of another Founding member." D "We won't have enough time to escape." Maverick states, staring into the darkness at his side, as if he can see exactly what was going on.

That was the cold truth, we couldn't flee from thousands with the short amount of time on our hands. By my guess, they were already here. "I'll buy you guys time to escape." Kyson says. Except it wasn't only in my mind, everyone's eyes shifted towards him which meant that he opened communication to everyone. Jasmine's once dull eyes turn fiery, "ABSOLUTELY NOT!" Everyone is taken aback by her outburst, the fierce growl in

her words as she closes the distance between them. They are having a silent conversation, with constant shaking of heads and Jasmine clinging onto his hand. “Can you hold them back?” Lucian asks, raising his brow as if doubting Kyson’s power. Kyson simply nods, but Jasmine is beyond anger at this point. Her rage seeping in, while Kyson gently slips her fingers off. He rests his forehead upon hers, an intimate moment before he leaves. “No,” she whispers. Jasmine is holding back her tears, mingling with her anger. “YOU ARE GOING TO LET HIM SACRIFICE HIMSELF FOR US!” Sparks emit from her skin; she isn’t in control while Lucian remains level-headed. “We have responsibilities Ravenstone.” Her chest rises and falls rapidly, silence wrapping around us before Jasmine rips the bottom of her dress. She stares at us, a fierce warrior that has more emotions than I have ever seen her emit. “Fuck responsibilities.” She turns to leave, except Maverick is the one that stops her, “Where do you think you are going?” Jasmine turns her back to us, “I’m going to save him.” “He is working with our enemy, and you are going to save him.” Lucian explains. For a second, she remains in her spot, before declaring, “I won’t let him die for us. I won’t run away like a coward, while I have my powers – I will fight.”

And she takes off running.

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Chapter 80 One Man Against Thousands

Kyson Zero Honestly, whenever Kier plans something – there is always a guarantee that nothing will go according to it. “I see.” Kier marvels through the link, deep in thought of the next move for himself. Relaying all the information I gathered, especially on my theory of who the traitor is. The answer is simple yet impossible to believe and they would have easily gotten away with it. Amethyst didn’t notice, surface level none of them reacted to her surprise appearance. But for a second, a twitch in the left eye gave way to suspicion. Kier can figure out the truth easier than I can, especially considering I have my hands occupied. The only reason I offered to buy them time to escape, simply because of Jasmine and Amethyst. I don’t particularly have a connection with anyone else from the Founding Families, but my powers surpassed theirs in many ways. Ancient witches are cruel and cunning, I’ve seen them throughout the centuries just continue to grow with power and hate. Ancient witches believe they are superior to every other supernatural race, had we let them run wild – then humans would have been dead centuries ago. While I expected a minimum of a thousand witches, I didn’t anticipate who they were allying with. As I reached the border, emerging from the forest and towards the open field leading to the caste is thousands of witches and wolves. The temperature around me began to rise as they brought war to the Founding Families with equal terror. Witches weren’t skilled in combat; spells are only as powerful as the magic you have but wolves had combat and carnage desires. I was fucked. Ancient witches drew power from their ancestors, hence why they are deemed extraordinary and forceful. The ground beneath me shook violently, had I not combated

the spell then I wouldn't be on my feet. This impending doom can only be orchestrated and executed by a vast amount of witches drawing off each other. "The problem has escalated," "How so?" Kier questions in a rather dull tone. "Along with the thousands of witches, they also brought werewolves to the war." I responded, not slowing my pace. My brother is selfish, what he said to everyone else also applied to the people closest to him. He wouldn't save anyone, besides himself. "You should surpass your limit then, because I'm not going to save you." He deadpans. I sigh, we have a common goal, but nothing will change Kier. "As if I expected anything from a man who sits on his throne all day while others make the sacrifices for him." His smirk is flashing before my eyes, "You already know brother, I care about nothing and nobody." Halting my steps a few meters away from the witches and wolves, I can already see them salivate for death while the witches are cackling with joy of destruction. "Remember our goal, it won't work if you die here."

Tugging down my bandana to reveal my face, "As if I could ever forget." It was the only thing haunting us since birth, all these reincarnations seemed irrelevant, but they had a purpose. Each time we failed, we couldn't stop it and if I die now then the world will come to an end. I wasn't being dramatic, while the Founding Families each have issues – they had no idea of the deep rooted evil we were facing all our lives. Death awaited the world of supernatural creatures if we didn't stop the awakening. Taking in a lungful of chilled air, my throat parched from the lack of hydration. Cursed tongue is one essentially higher on the hierarchy of power, I surpass ancient witches in every way. However, in these numbers and endless power – I don't stand a chance. Holding back not only witches but wolves, that would take my entire life force. I am one person. Fighting against thousands. Faced with death multiple times, I've never feared it. Yet right now I am hesitating. This is my last life and while I would gladly accept not being burdened with this curse, the guilt would eat me alive if I let the awakening happen. Kier and I knew of the worshippers, how they grew and began dealing with forbidden magic. Forbidden magic requires a deal with the devil, in exchange you become limitless with darkness. Your power is drawn from dark magic, and one person with forbidden magic can easily wipe out half the earth. We had multiple reincarnations for a reason, I couldn't let it all go to waste now. This type of spell will require every ounce of magic I have, closing my eyes in order to drown out the screams and promises of death from the other side. I hear them marching, paws hitting the grass as I centre myself. Drawing a blank in my mind, an abyss lit by the white flames of my magic. A flame encircled with black and white. Extending my arms at my sides, from a far distance I could hear them before everything turned into white noise, a ringing emitting in my ears as I opened my eyes. "Malum obice, parietem quem nemo duabus minibus transire potest." *Keep the evil at bay, a wall which none can cross with the power of two hands! For the first time, I had to escalate the volume of my voice so that it penetrated throughout the field. Their march is halted as their bodies collide with an invisible wall. The spell spanned over yards, across the border so that they couldn't cross. Holding my position, I watch them struggle to force their way through. A spell of this magnitude is difficult, and I can already feel the effects on my body. The aches in my muscles, pins and needles shooting up my arms. Goosebumps pebble my skin as my head begins to throb uncontrollably, my throat feels like shards of glass scraping on the inside.. My magic is

being absorbed; I can hear the chants of ancient witches getting louder as they countered my spell. They were draining my magic and feeding themselves. The wolves began shoving themselves against the wall, making my feet falter as if I'm being pushed back. I gasp, grinding my teeth and feeling nothing but intense pain throughout my body. Forcing my hands forwards, it is taking every ounce of strength and willpower for me to not let the wall down. Blood seeps from my nose, the substance coating my lips as I taste it on my tongue. My knees give out, but I keep the spell intact. Witches and werewolves are a lethal combination, my magic is being drained while the wolves put pressure on me. Black dots begin to cloud my vision, I can't even see anything as I desperately fight the urge to succumb to the darkness. The spell won't last any longer, I've held it for approximately five minutes, and I don't have anything left. If I push any further then I will die, I can't afford to die now. I'm at my limit and I feel my lids getting heavy as my spells loses its power. Suddenly, sparks erupt on my skin and the clouds clash above me. I see thunder piercing through the sky, and I couldn't help the smile upon my lips. I should have known. "I told you to go." I ordered tiredly through our mind-link. Jasmine appears at my side, torn dress and bare knees against the grass as sparks emit from her touch. Hands encircling my bicep as I study the worry in her eyes. "I'm not letting you die." She declares. Her emeralds are glowing, fuelled with vengeance and rage. Her thumb swipes across my lips while her brows furrow. "You're hurt," Swallowing the emotions emerging, I have always been alone and yet she wouldn't let me be. "You need to go." I plead, attempting to push her away and back towards the castle, I can still hold them off for her. I would go past my limit; I would even accept death if Jasmine would just leave now. Except, she doesn't make a move. The sky above is angry, resembling her emotions as thunder and lightening slash upon the ground. "Go." I snap. "No." That's when I see her skin emitting the blue static, becoming more prominent as Jasmine slips her fingers away from me. Suddenly, she jumps high into the air with the thunder and lightning being absorbed by her. It keeps her suspended in the air, wrapping in a spiral up her arms and conjuring in her palms. Those emeralds are glowing bright blue, circling with the lightening as she drops onto the ground. Specifically on the witches and werewolves leading towards me. It's an explosion, the grass turning black with all her powers collided in one bomb. I'm entranced by how extraordinary she is. Jasmine stands in front of me, protectively. I've always been alone; I've always sacrificed for others and now she is the one by my side – refusing to let me die. The wall drops and it doesn't stop the anguish, wolves and witches running towards us and past us. I can't protect her; I don't have enough magic. Until a wall of red and orange flames emerges in front of us, stopping a few of them in their path. Shifting my attention to the side, purple eyes prominent within the dark and a smirk on her lips. "Like I would ever leave you to die." She laughs, spanning her arms and unleashing a large amount of fire onto the enemies. Lightening slashes through the sky, upon the crowd with a massive force and I see that the reason is Kaden. "What?" Jasmine whispers in confusion, forgetting our state and coming to my aid immediately. "Long story," I tell her. "Aw, are you guys having fun without me?" A psychopathic voice booms from behind us. Brantley races past us, white specks conjuring from the molecules in the air as his hand conceals his face. Suddenly, he drops his hand and I see a skeleton mask on his face. His eyes and mouth drenched in darkness, but I hear the demonic laughter. "Time to play." His demonic voice announced.

