

Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 81

Chapter 81 The Traitor Is Revealed

Amethyst Phoenix I think that rules out Brantley. My brain completely shuts down as I watch him sprint with unnatural speed. His demonic laughter keeps getting distorted, echoing like he was drowning under water. The skeleton mask was conjured from magic particles I presume. However, Brantley has transformed into an entirely different person. Claws extended as he slashes through the witches' throats and rips apart the wolves without restraint. He is pure carnage, like a beast unleashed. Brantley's skin is drenched in blood, dripping from his fingertips with a demented laugh escaping his crimson stained lips. This is the essence of a psychopath, someone beyond reason and nothing but desire to kill. I'm entranced by Brantley's instinct to devour them all that I don't hear the loud chants emitting from behind me, suddenly a fire ball skates past my side and the group are burned alive. Swivelling to follow the trace of fire, I see Kaden along with Sage, Callen and Blaze running towards me, "You guys were supposed to leave," I don't want them entangled in my mess anymore. If they got hurt because of me, I wouldn't survive that. Blaze and Callen raise their hands, "We opted to leave," Sage snorts while rolling her eyes, "Pathetic," she mutters, ripping the side of her dress and pulling out her signature daggers. "Let's see who can kill the most," Sage smirks, a menacing glint in her metallic orbs. Callen and Blaze shrug off their coats with a dangerous smile on their lips. This is why these three are on the top level of R.E.D, they can cause destruction in skin and wolf form. After all, they were assassins. They chuckle and disperse, instantly killing whoever is in their path. Kaden's brows are furrowed, his scorching hands tracing every inch of my skin as he analyses me from head to toe. "Are you okay? I figured you wouldn't listen when Kyson instructed us to leave." My mouth parts to answer but Brantley's demonic voice screams snags our attention, "Die, die, die." His eyes go over my head towards the voice, raising his brow in confusion, "Is that Brantley?" "I think so," I mutter, still confused on what is transpiring. We shouldn't be having this conversation in the middle of a war, but Brantley is astonishing in a horrific way. "What's wrong with him?" "That is his power." An ominous voice answers from behind Kaden. Dark blue eyes that resemble the ocean at night blinds my vision, Maverick's cold demeanour and lack of interest in what is transpiring is rather eerie. He stops near us, and I wonder why he chose to come. Along with Lucian, he agreed to let Kyson sacrifice himself for us.

Therefore, I was surprised by his appearance. "Not sure I see how that can be power," Kaden states, pointing at Brantley. Maverick shrugs off his suit jacket, folding the sleeves on his shirt with precision and ease. "It's nothing you can understand, but he will become a problem if left longer in that state."

The master of cold and evasive is Maverick, there is no doubt that he is quite versed on what Brantley is but simply chooses not to divulge the secrets to me. Our questions are disrupted by a group of witches, a vengeful shadow casted upon their eyes. "My, isn't it

the famous Maverick Hale. We have heard so much about you,” A blonde witch marvels, running her tongue across her teeth. “All good things I presume.” Maverick deadpans. Was that a joke?

The witches cackle, grinning with the desire to sink their teeth into him. “You should know about the rumours that are going around, aren’t you desperate for power that you -“ “I think that’s enough.” Maverick cuts them off and places one hand into his pants pocket.

For a second, they are in a state of confusion along with us. That’s when I notice the black hole beneath their feet, growing until it’s a pit of darkness. “What the-“ a brunette hissed. Suddenly, the darkness begins to wrap around their limbs like vines. It curled and throttled them, leaving no space untouched. All of them began to scream as the vines dragged them down into the blackhole, it’s like the darkness became a physical person pulling them into the depths of hell. The blackhole swallowed them and disappeared without a trace. Kaden and I were left speechless, staring at Maverick’s back with equal fascination at the danger surrounding his power. “I can see why you are number one,” I praise, in awe of his power. Maverick continues his path ahead of us, into the belly of beast with witches on the hunt for him. “It’s a blessing and a curse.”

That certainly rules out Maverick. Kaden tugs me to the side, a fireball emitting from his palm towards a wolf that almost attacked us. “We don’t have time to stand here, I’ll go this way and you go that way.” He instructs and I nod, dispersing in opposite directions. Conjuring the flames within my fingertips, I send them flying in every direction of the witches and wolves. They have strength in numbers, enough to overwhelm us. Taking a deep breath, gathering all the training I went through. Extending my palms as I spill out the fire, making it take shape in the form of a tornado. The ground beneath me starts to shake uncontrollably as I let the heat absorb into my skin, it’s as tall as the tree and I send it flying with a push forward.

The fire tornado takes out everyone in its path, burning them alive in an instant. Unfortunately, that move does have repercussions. With lungs on fire, I could barely breathe. Sweat dripping from my brow and onto my lip as I take short, cut inhales of oxygen. “Amethyst,” a voice calls and I turn to the side while heaving.

The flames around Kyson and Jasmine start to die out, with slow steps I analyse Kyson’s injuries. “Are you okay?” My hand is smacked away when I attempt to touch his face, I stare at Jasmine in bewilderment. Suddenly, her cheeks turn a deep shade of red as she avoids eye contact. “Sorry,”

A smile cracks through my lips, Kyson staring at her in amazement. Jasmine was the only one who didn’t hesitate to save him, she didn’t care about herself but only of Kyson. However, this wasn’t the time to admire the adorable couple. “Do you have any magic left?” I ask them both. “I’m out,” Kyson replies in the mind-link. “I’m almost out, the last explosion took too much power.” Jasmine answers. At this rate, we wouldn’t be able to figure out who the traitor is. While our enemies’ numbers were dwindling at a

rapid pace due to everyone's extraordinary powers, especially with Kaden's imitation magic. They still kept coming, like a portal from another realm spitting out wolves and witches. Lucian was nowhere to be seen which didn't surprise me since he was against us saving Kyson in the first place. There was a sliver of hope when I saw Maverick, that maybe he changed his mind. Right on cue, I see Lucian appear from behind Kyson. His brown eyes in distress as he loosens the tie around his neck. "It seems age doesn't automatically give you authority around here." He chuckles with a smile on his lips. Taking my stance at his side, "Guess you did side with us youngsters after all." He sighs, "Someone has to control you lot before you get everyone killed." Lucian takes a step forward, showing me the back of his ebony suit. "After all, if everyone died now, then I would be the last one standing....and we can't have that, now can we." His tone switched, causing needles to prick my skin and something akin to fear wrap around my heart. Something is wrong, the malice and evil could be heard in his tone – or did I imagine it? Everything becomes white noise as my vision slowly fades to black, something drags me down until I fall onto the cold tiles. There is no way I am having a vision in the middle of a war, except the darkness seeps away and a subtle glow hits my surroundings. Bodies are scattered around me, blood bathing the tiles as I jump to my feet. Somehow there is a certain familiarity to this place, it resembles the sunroom back home. I hear voices from my left and when I follow it, I'm astonished by what I see. Purple eyes, vivid and striking that you could find it in the dark. Her ebony hair is braided into a messy bun and at her side is fire. Except they aren't coming from her, it's seeping from the man next to her. It was my parents. I recognise them from the pictures Kaden showed me, "Mum, Dad." I gasp, feeling my heart leap into my throat. But they don't look in my direction, they are glaring with vengeance ahead of them. I couldn't see what they were looking at, whoever was there being concealed by a shadow. No one could mistake that the soft features I once saw them with is replaced with uncontrollable rage. "HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO US!" My mother screams, her voice cracking with how fierce the sound was.

The ominous voice chuckles, "How can I resist the opportunity to take out the easiest Founding Family." "We trusted you, we treated you like family." My father voice penetrating the silence, nostrils flaring as the fire coats his entire skin. "That was your mistake," the voice tsks, emerging from the shadows and my jaw drops. Lucian. A sinister smile on his lips, something wild in his eyes. My heart leaps into my throat, goosebumps prickling my skin as I watch my parent's best friend betray them. My father launches an endless number of fireballs in his direction, but they never land on Lucian. It's like an invisible barrier is wrapped around him, deflecting every shot. There is a scrapping sound filling the silence, that's when I notice the sword in his hand as he drags it across the tiles. "Blessed with power, a werewolf blessed with power and all for what? Because your family was created first. That's not fair, I should have the power. IT'S NOT FAIR, IT'S NOT FAIR!" his strangled voice repeats, filled with jealousy and hatred. "I will have all your powers; I WILL BE THE LAST ONE STANDING!" He declares with a roar. Lucian moves so fast; I couldn't even follow his physical body. Until a gurgling sound is heard, that's when I see his target was my mother, but my father protected her. Lucian slashed his throat and blood coated his face, he clicked his tongue in annoyance and then plunged the sword into my father's heart. My mother is

screaming and yet I'm frozen in place. I can't move, I can't breathe, I can't comprehend what is transpiring in front of my eyes. "JEREMY!" She screams, sobs wrecking through her voice. Lucian pulls the sword out, "I guess you should die first, after all...it would be a tragedy to make you watch Sofia die first."

Everything is distorting in my mind, a fog clouding every thought as I watch the life slowly drain from my father's eyes. My mother is sobbing, blood coating her hands as she holds my father in her arms. Suddenly, the sound is muted and an echo of a familiar voice drifts through my ears. "NO, NO. CALLEN, DON'T LEAVE ME! CALLEN!" A shiver wrecks through my body, I recognise that voice as black dots begin to take over my vision, distorting the scene in front of me. "AMETHYST, WAKE UP!" I blink and everything around me changes, becoming clearer. I'm on the field, but Kaden's sapphires are the only thing I see. He sighs in relief, encasing my face in his palms. "You're back." Shaking my head, a burning sensation in the back of my eyes as I sob, "I know who killed my parents, I know who the trai..."

The words are stuck in my throat as I watch blood seep from Kaden's lips, his hands losing the heat it usually has. "Why are you bleeding?" my voice a mere whisper, unable to comprehend what is happening. Suddenly, he coughs even more blood. Frantically analysing every inch of his body, that's when I see the sword lodged in his stomach, blood coating his shirt. "No, no, no, no," I cry, feeling all these emotions like a chord strangling me. My vision is turning blurry as I let the tears fall, "No, no. You...you cant leave me." I choke. Kaden smiles, it's calming and yet I feel this agonizing pain like multiple knives piercing through my heart. "It's going to be okay...because-" He doesn't get to finish the sentence because the sword is pulled out of his body. Kaden's eyes widen along with mine, and I can't move a muscle as his body drops to the ground. A massacre is left behind, fire obstructing my view of the person in front of me. The bloody sword. A familiar sword. "Thornton and Phoenix Families aren't as weak as I thought, always a trick up their sleeves. However, that doesn't matter to me because I will finally kill you all right here, right now." Lucian declares.