

Read Novel No Longer Your Luna By A. Vitiosis Chapter 82

Chapter 82 The Final Battle

Amethyst Phoenix This can't be happening. This must be a dream; I need this to be a dream. But it's not a dream. This is reality, and the only thing assuring me of this fact is the excruciating pain piercing through my chest like a thousand knives. That single red thread that tied our souls together snapped within seconds, the bond with Kaden fading rapidly as the ache continues to grow. There is something else accompanying that pain, gnawing at my heart, and causing my head to throb. "CALLEN...please, please...please don't leave me." Sage's thick voice cries. Following the sound of her voice, behind Lucian I can see three people. Except the only thing drawing my attention is the gaping hole in Callen's chest. Those usually sparked metallic orbs have lost their essence. Sage is hunched over him, attempting to bring him back by shaking his body but that is wishful thinking. Blaze is at her side, trying to console her but the efforts are futile because she needs Callen – not anyone else. "How does it feel to lose everyone you ever cared about? All so self-sacrificing... that one protected his sister and this one protected you." Lucian sinister voice points out, motioning to Callen and Kaden. I want to rip into my chest, to stop this gruelling pain that is ratcheting through my body. It's never ending, the pack bond severed and the Fated bond destroyed. All the agony is flowing through my veins, punishing me endlessly. This is a distorted reality, because my wishful thinking only assumed that my misfortunes would be forgiven by the Moon Goddess. That no matter what happened, despite how useless I am – this outcome would never have transpired. None of them were supposed to die, we were going to survive and be victorious in this war. That was all an illusion. Because of my delusions, everyone around me is suffering – I am suffering. Kaden died protecting me, Callen died protecting Sage, everyone is dying because I brought them onto this battlefield. Kaden couldn't stop the sword fast enough; he wasn't able to transform and decided that protecting me took priority over his own life. Kaden sacrificed himself for me.

Just like my father sacrificed for my mother. Just like Callen sacrificed for Sage. Her anguished sobs are hitting my ears, echoing in a loop along with my rapid heartbeat. The throbbing in my head intensifies, begging me to react, to make a move.

But I can't. The hairs on my skin stand, my blood boiling and initiating an inferno within me.

Yet, I can't move. "Amethyst," someone calls in my head, but the pain won't stop. Shaking my head, covering my ears with my hands as I attempt to stop this gruelling tornado of sadness, pain and anger. But it's not working, nothing is working. I'm being consumed from the inside, suffocating on the tears of heartache and loss. If I hadn't made them come, If I hadn't involved them in this plan, Then, they would still be alive. It's all my fault. I can't breathe, my head pulsating and tears blinding my vision as I choke on them. Everything hurts, this is torture – squeezing me to death.

13 Chanter 82 The Final Battle

14:14 0 Lucian's darkness towers over me, malice and destruction spiralling in his eyes. "I killed the last Thornton member. Imagine my surprise when I realized one still escaped, if you had not brought him here then I wouldn't have known. So, for that I thank you Amethyst." He smiles, twisting the knife with his words and my brain short-circuits. If it wasn't for you... If it wasn't for you... It's all because of you... Lucian was right. Everything that happened today is because of me, I stare at my hands, and they are drenched in blood. I killed them, their deaths are on my hands. My body violently shakes as I'm swallowed by the guilt, Jade is crying, and my subconscious is tormenting me the same way Lucian is. My heart desperately wants to go to Kaden, to aid him and go to Sage to console her. I need to move. I have to move. But I can't. Losing all control over my body as I feel myself shutdown. "Amethyst, you need to move, you need to run." Kyson's voice flooding my mind, but I can't move any muscle. Lucian's wicked smile is all I see, as I stare at him lifting the sword and ready to sever my head, "I'll have mercy on you. After all, it's thanks to you that I will be the last one standing with all your power in my hands." All I see is the blood coating the sword, the metal laced with crimson. Kaden's blood.

Kaden's blood. KADEN'S BLOOD.

That's all it takes for something to burst within my chest, shards of glass scraping my throat as I scream. It's unlike anything I have ever heard, almost like a banshee cry. I can't control myself, blood coating my tongue as I scream so violently that it shakes the ground. "AMETHYST, YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!" Someone warns in my head, but I can't bring myself to tell who

it is. Who cares about death? All this rage is devouring me from the inside of my soul. My fists clench so hard, claws digging into my flesh as I let the pain destroy me. Heat emits from my skin, setting my body alight as my vision suddenly turns red. Lucian takes a step back, eyes widening as I continue to scream while I burn alive in my flames. "STOP, IF YOU TRANSFORM WHILE USING YOUR POWERS YOU ARE GOING TO DIE!" Jasmine's screams and yet I can't be bothered. The curse, I was supposed to die not Kaden. That was the curse all along, one sacrificed for the other. Nothing good ever came from this power, everyone died for something so insignificant. I have to stop Lucian; I have to stop him from killing everyone else. So, who cares if I die – who cares if I lose all this power? It brought me nothing but misery. Maverick was right, power is a blessing and a curse. My surroundings shift, darkness enveloping me as I'm thrown into my subconscious. In front of me, is the snow-white wolf I recognise since birth, her purple eyes in disarray with the tsunami of emotions. The most prominent one is the sorrow, a reciprocating heavy heart as I kneel in front of her. "I'm sorry Jade," I apologize. She comes to my side, comforting me with her snout. "It's okay Purple," Jade knew that this was end for us. The sounds of bone cracking fill my ears, pain more excruciating than the first time I shifted. Crimson staining my vision as I shift into my wolf form, except the flames don't die down. I keep them, coating my fur as I'm on all fours.

Suddenly, my vision is tainted in purple. The fire bursting from Jade's white fur, dancing from red and orange to a lilac colour. Our growl is murderous, causing the fire to heighten with each step we take. Jade and I are one in this form, the power from me and her wolf form transforming us. Saliva dripping from her teeth and that's when I notice that the grass began to sizzle, purple flames eating away at the greenery. Lucian's eyes widen, lips parted in surprise and something akin to fear etched in his eyes. "What are you?" His words fall on deaf ears, all we care about is killing him. Lucian swings his sword with expertise, a force that showcased he has killed many souls before us. I evade each swing, and when his sword does manage to cut my hind – it catches on fire. Lucian is thrown off, trying to dampen the purple flames with a vicious swing but to no avail. He growls, frustrated by the action, and disposes of it somewhere behind him. "YOU DON'T KNOW WHEN TO DIE! I WAS GOING TO SHOW YOU MERCY BUT NOW I WONT, I WILL MAKE SURE YOU SUFFER!" He roars. His impendent desperation is showcasing, the urgency and lack of awareness to his position right now as he shifts into his wolf. The sound of clothes shredding as I'm faced with his average sized dark brown wolf. Compared to mine, there wasn't anything extraordinary about him nor his wolf. But we were running out of time, I could already feel myself fading from this existence. Jade roars in his direction, conjuring fire in her mouth and directing it towards him. Lucian isn't fast enough to dodge the fire, his back legs taking the hit. We managed to hinder him, but he perseveres. Each time Lucian attempts to attack, the flames counter them. He won't come any closer and risk injuring himself any further. Had this been an ordinary wolf battle, Lucian would have gained the advantage with his years of skill. But we didn't have time to evade and block his attacks, I can already feel my soul escaping into the abyss. We are closing in on death, therefore we had to finish him off. Jade arches her body, steadying herself. This will be our last attack. Silence, utter silence takes over as Jade moves faster than ever. I don't even see it and neither did Lucian as she sinks her fangs into his neck with her paws on his body. Setting him ablaze and his desperate cries of agony hitting our ears. Every time he tries to move, Jade sinks her teeth deeper. Suddenly, she rips the chunk clean off. His eyes immediately drain completely of life as the purple flames burn him alive. Instead, it's charring the body more rapidly than any normal fire. Behind the flames, I see two figures. "Amethyst," Jasmine calls. They stare at me with sombre expressions, they already know what lies ahead for me. "This is the end, Amethyst." Jade whines, exhaustion settling into her bones. I can feel it, death. I needed to see him one last time, but black dots begin to appear in my vision. The flames beginning to burn my skin for the first time as darkness seeps into my soul.