

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 66

Adoria:

I broke down screaming like I never had in my life, but no sound was made. I could feel the tears running down my face, but this place was so dark that I couldn't even see my hand reaching up to wipe those tears away. My mother went into that battle as a clone of herself but couldn't be bothered to tell me. She didn't care that she left me weaponless like a sitting duck when she shimmered back to her human form, and she didn't shimmer back into battle once her clone was nothing more than a pile of dust at my feet. She had abandoned me.

Had that been her plan all along? Had she used me in her sick twisted schemes in an attempt to gain more power for herself? She got every person with any right to the throne in one place in a battle to the death and then she skipped out like a p***y.

Hot tears pricked my eyes when I tried to create a fireball in my hand, then I tried for a small spark, but I guess magic doesn't work in this place because nothing would happen no matter what I tried. No matter how many times I yelled in frustration or in fear, nothing happened.

My hands roamed the floor under me in search of something, anything. I tried to find a wall thinking this was nothing more than a room with no windows or doors, but maybe there was a light switch and four walls. There must be walls.

I have heard so many legends about this place over my lifetime. I never expected it to be worse than the nightmarish words those people spewed for fun over drinks. They were so ignorant in their descriptions. None of them were remotely close to knowing the hell about this place.

Who would have expected that in the darkest of nights and in complete silence, with a fear you never imagined you were capable of feeling, there would still be warmth here? I don't mean that sweaty humid kind that could make you sick from being exposed to it for too long, but a small warmth that is comforting and kind. I could find myself easily addicted to it. How do those two things exist in a place of damnation like this one?

If I could grab onto that small thread of hope and comfort, I would wrap it tightly around my throat, so I could find a way to hang myself from the rafters of hell feeling more at peace than I ever thought I was capable of feeling. But I knew that I could never be so fortunate as to die peacefully. No, I knew what would happen next and I would give almost anything to avoid it. Everyone has said that the dark ones are created when the ones that are exiled here go insane from being exposed to The Nothing for too long, so they give into the clutches of darkness, becoming one with it. I could understand that. This silence is deafening, and this darkness is impenetrable. Nothing... there is nothing or no one here. I could see how easy it would be to give yourself over to it to escape from its clutches.

I didn't know that it was possible to be afraid of nothing and of everything at the same time until now, and despite the fear causing my hands and legs to shake uncontrollably, that still small bit of warmth that is comforting me is keeping my mind intact.

I once thought Alistair's kingdom was made of the nightmares that regular people tried so hard to avoid at night, but no... this is it.

This is the real thing that your worst nightmares are made of.

"Can you hear me?" I called out. I was desperately hoping one more poor soul would be down here and call out to me. I thought that maybe, even though I can't hear myself, maybe someone else would hear me if I tried hard enough.

"Can you hear me?" A dark voice answered my question with his own.

"Where are you?" I crawled around patting the floor.

"Everywhere." I stopped patting the floor, squinting my eyes into this damn darkness at his reply.

"Don't f**k with me right now. I need to get out of this... place." I growled, continuing my thorough pat down of the floor.

"What are you?" I whispered, making my way to the last place I heard him.

"It depends." He purred from somewhere behind me, causing me to turn swiftly and head toward his voice.

"On what exactly?" I snarled.

I hunkered over covering my ears wishing I hadn't asked as the screeching sound broke through the silence threatening to burst my eardrums.

My screams rattled my brain as what I could only describe as a burning lash of a whip fell across my back. Over and over and even with my attempts to crawl away, the lashings continued.

"Please!" I cried out. I don't think I can handle another one.

It felt like my clothes had been torn away from my body by whatever had attacked me, but I was in so much pain that moving away from it was only a distant thing to care about. My breathing was the only thing on my mind. With every breath of air that I pulled into my lungs, it was like inhaling a noxious gas. An unbearable burn shredded my esophagus on the way down.

"Help me. Someone, please! I am not ready to..." this was it. I will become one of them. Dark, mindless, and starving for souls.

"Pathetic little girl. Here I thought I had my vessel and yet you crumble under a lashing." A low voice rang out sounding far away. I opened my mouth to return a snarky reply, but I couldn't form words around the burning in my chest. Instead of speaking, I spat b***d in the direction the voice came from.

A small laugh came as a reply and the sound alone was pure evil. Nothing has ever given me chills like that laugh and I don't want to find out what else he could be capable of doing to me. I dug my nails into the ground. I need to get up. If this thing is here, other things are here too. I swayed on my feet, fighting the urge to gag at the sound of

my b***d splatting on the floor. I could feel his hot breath blowing on my neck and my now exposed vertebrae.

"Who...are...you?" I grumbled, knowing if I took that first step the b***d coating my bare feet would be a disaster for me, even though it was tempting to run like hell.

"Your worst nightmare, little one." He chuckled again.

A shiver wracked me as a sharp claw skated up my arm, over my shoulder, and down my back, dodging every open area. He chuckled when the goosebumps coated my skin like he was enjoying the taste of my fear.

"What... are... you?" it was getting harder to breathe and while I was sure I was standing still, I felt like the darkness in this room had started circling me.

"Since you will likely die for me today, I'll tell you. I am a demon or Oni or whatever you see fit to call me." He growled as inky blank tendrils wrapped tightly around my every wound. Divining in and out of my body as more of my b***d fell to the floor.

I could feel him stealing everything from me. He was the still small warmth that I had felt in the middle of my mental breakdown. Even with the pain rushing through me, the tender comfort of his touch was dumbfounding. A paralyzing realization washed over me as I relaxed into him instead of fighting for my life. This... thing is my mate, and he has no other intention for me than to kill me. My heart is shattered... I am not even good enough for my mate. He is bleeding me dry happily with a smile on his face and I want to let him do whatever he would like with me for one more second of his touch.

I gave myself over to his comfort. If I become a dark one or I meet my final end at his hands, no matter what comes after that moment, at least this peace will be the last thing I feel before I become one of them or I become nothing at all.

“What a good little slut you are.” He purred caressing my cheek as his shadowed form pulled me into him consuming every part of me until nothing was left but the warmth of his tender touch.