

Their Warrior Luna Chapter 101

Cassius:

I paced back and forth, debating on if I should go talk to her or not. Humans cannot feel the mate bond, and I'm not sure if I can control myself around her. I had wandered close to her again despite my efforts to return to the party. Her laughter had stopped, and Fallon and Barrett had wandered off alone or returned to the party. She was sitting on the beach, letting the waves roll into her. Her loose ginger curls lay straight against her back, and her knees were pulled up to her chest. She was just watching the world through the eyes of the water, and something about catching her in this moment made me feel at peace until Knox was walking up to her, and something about the gleam in his eyes made my hackles stand upright. He sat beside her, and her relaxed expression faded into a hidden excitement, like she was trying to hide how happy it made her to see him.

"Hey, Cas. Welcome back, man." Knox's friendly face was smiling at me.

She turned to look at me, and the moment her smile crossed her sweet lips, I realized I had made my way to them.

"It's good to be back. Who is your friend, Knox." I couldn't take my eyes off her, and her rosy cheeks and wandering eyes told me she was at least attracted to me.

"This is Lennon. She is the soul eater that is staying with me while I train her to feed." He was casual with his words like he was talking about a friend. That tells me he hasn't f***d her, but his eyes tell me he wants to, and that pisses me off.

"Maybe I could help? I'm free for a bit before I get back to my schedule. I wouldn't mind offering my time." I tried to seem bored yet cordial. But my insides were boiling, and the urge to put my hands on her was unbearable.

"Would that be okay with you, Lennon? Cassius is an incredible warrior. He is the one who taught me how to train myself. He would be a great asset in your training." She looked from Knox to me and then back to Knox, nodding.

Her acceptance of my help sent a shiver of excitement through me. Maybe I can get my hands on her after all.

Lennon:

The guy that Knox introduced to me as Cassius is the guy he had mentioned was also a giant manwhore, and man, I can see why. His tan skin glowed in the evening sun, and his tattooed torso was delicious. Like Knox, his tattoos ran into his swim trunks, and the urge to know what they hid under there itched at my brain.

I was surprised when Knox mentioned getting him to help me train. My hand-to-hand combat is s**t, and this guy is as broad as a barn; I thought Knox was a big dude, but damn it, this guy is a f*****g bear, but I agreed anyways. If Knox believes he can help, I'll try anything. Updated by Jobnib.com and visit us for more free novels.

The two of them sat with me until the sun had set completely. Without the lights from the party, the only thing lighting the beach would be the moons in the sky.

We had talked about food, movies, music, mistakes, and relationships, and for a moment, it felt like I had found where I belonged. Sandwiched between these two men gave me the feeling I was chasing in the water. That feeling of home.

I had never had that feeling with people before, and without warning, it hit me so hard that it took my breath.

“Knox, maybe we should go home. It’s getting late, and we have training in the morning.” My voice came out much more robust than I thought it would. My throat felt clamped off, but the usual sounds of my voice reassured me that I was just panicking for nothing.

“Yeah, sure. Let me run up and grab my stuff, and we can go.” He played it cool, but I could tell he knew I was freaking out.

“You know you don’t have to? You both could stay in the palace tonight. We could start your training here in the morning. I have a beautiful facility.” He wasn’t pressuring me. He looked desperate for me to agree with him, but I just played it off, telling him I would prefer the privacy of Knox’s place for now. I thanked him and practically ran to Knox’s bike with him hot on my heels.

“I’ll see you both in the morning. Five, right Knox?” Knox yelled back to Cassius, agreeing with him. But now, the thought of having them both with me in the same room made that fear much worse. I have never relied on anyone to feel comfortable, and won’t start now.

“What’s wrong?” Knox asked, starting the bike while my thighs and arms were clutched around him tightly.

“Nothing! Everything is fine.” I said as calmly as possible. Melting myself against him.

When we got home, he climbed off and turned to me.

“Don’t lie to me, Lennon. I know something is wrong, and I don’t like being lied to. What happened at the beach? I thought we were having fun.” His orange eyes were blazing with curiosity. How do I tell him he feels like my home?

“It was perfect. I promise you. Nothing is wrong. If anything, everything is perfect.” I hugged him tightly, burying my face in his chest.

“I am so happy,” I murmured to him.

His strong arms wrapped around me and pulled me flush against him effortlessly. His reply made my feelings that much stronger, and I hated it. The second he whispered into my hair, I knew it would be hell to fight these feelings off.

“I’m happy you are here, Lennon.” Was all he had to say to knock a brick out of the wall I had built between us.

Cassius:

She just left me there on the beach. My wolf is losing his mind wanting me to follow her and mate and mark our mate, and now she’s running away with Death, and I’m just sitting here like a little bitch.

“There you are!” My mother came trudging through the sand with a smile on her face.

“Here I am.” I tried to fake a smile that she quickly saw threw.

“Is it that girl that just left with Knox, or is it the welcome home party you didn’t want?” Her voice is kind and soft. My mother is an unnaturally powerful being, and somehow, simultaneously, she is the most thoughtful I’ve met.

“Both.” I growled, still thinking about the thick thighed little redhead just sitting beside me.

“Is she your mate?” My mother knows how I feel about mates. Whenever I so much as f**k a woman, they leave the pack house in bloody tears.

“Yes.” I’m tired from my travels, and I don’t want to discuss this further. Still, if I tell her that, she’ll wrap me in a ball of hellfire or use her telekinesis to throw me into the ocean.

“Why are you still sitting here, Cassius? Go after her!” She snapped at me.

“She’s a soul eater, mother. She doesn’t even feel the bond.” I leaned back, taking in the view that captivated my little mate. I thought about how her green eyes lit up when she saw Knox, and a fire of jealousy and lust lit in my gut.

“She was made for you, Cassius. Any fear or concern you have, you should let go of. The other halves of our souls crave the same things that you do. That’s why it never works out with anyone else.” Her small hand squeezed my shoulder before she turned to leave me in my thoughts.

“I may have to go away for a bit longer. But I will be close by if anyone needs me.” I can’t let him get into her heart before I do. She never replied, but I knew she heard and understood what I had said.

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Lennon:

“There you are. I was wondering if I would see you again.” I patted the side of my leg when the massive silver wolf came walking down the beach. I was thankful to be on the beach this time, with my toes in the water, the sun sinking low, the sky painted red and orange, and my beer was cold. This is perfect.

The wolf happily trotted over next to me, careful not to get too close. Which I am thankful for. I don’t remember him being this big in my last dream. But then again, I could never get this close to him the last time. Even at my grave, he was careful not to let me near him.

“You are like a... school bus.” He c****d his head at my words as if referring to him as a school bus was an insult. The wolf may be right though... he is much bigger.

I was mesmerized by his silver coat in the setting sun. My fingers were begging to run through it, but I was scared to get close. I sat there looking at him instead of the water or the sunset. Slowly, I scooted closer to him, stopping short every time his playful eyes would turn and look down at me. Finally, I was next to him, but I was still too scared to just make my hand reach out and touch the way I really wanted to. His paw scooted closer to my leg and I took that as an invitation to reach for him. My fingers lifted slowly. His eyes watched my careful movements until I was just mere inches from running my fingers through the silver silk. He leaned slightly and I gasped when my hand sank into his fur, disappearing completely.

“You are so furry!” I screeched, jumping to my feet.

I don’t care if he eats me alive, I am wrapping whatever I can get wrapped around his fluffy butt. I couldn’t reach his head so I settled for the chest, scratching and patting my way all the way around him. He flopped over, making me fall on top of him, but I just kept scratching.

“Big baby.” I chuckled, realizing this beast is nothing more than a sweet precious guy just wanting love.

Right when my arms started burning from scratching the sweet thing, an irritated voice broke through my dream popping it like a carnival balloon.

“Lennon!” I shook my dream off and tried focusing on the darkness of the room. Where the hell am I?

“You have f****d up dreams.” Knox’s gravely, I just woke up voice sliced through the darkness and my body hadn’t yet pieced together what my brain had.

“Why are you in my bed?” I grasped for the sheets like I needed to hide myself even though I was fully clothed.

“YOU are in MY bed, princess.” My body shivered from the tingles that danced across my skin at the way his voice sounded right now.

“Is everything okay?” a girl’s voice called out from the same darkness I had just been leaning into.

I rolled from the bed in surprise, hitting the ground hard enough that I am pretty sure I knocked ten years off my hip’s lifespan. I climbed to my feet with Knox’s sheet clutched in my fist. Panic tied a noose around my neck when he flipped the light on and both of them were standing there a*s naked.

“f**k. I’m naked! You’re sorry!” I pointed directly at Knox’s p***s like a dumb a*s.

The girl on the other side of his bed laughed at me, making my face scorch hotter. I backed into the door, thankful that I managed to find the door knob because I couldn’t take my eyes off of him. I turned the knob and backed out into the hallway. I dropped the sheet and grabbed my own knob. My embarrassment was prickling in my eyes and I wanted to die all over again.

“Lennon!” He called out, swinging his door open again.

“I’m fine!” I cringed at the way my voice sounded. I cleared my throat before trying it again.

“I’m fine, Knox. I’m so sorry for the dream and the c**k blocking. I’ll see you at training.” I slammed my door in his face and sank against it, letting my whole body shiver and shake as the heat of my embarrassment turned to a fit of ice-cold jealousy.

I stumbled back to my bed and rolled into a burrito. I just wanted to be back on the beach with the silver wolf and the cold beer.

Knox:

“Lily, you have to go.” I started shuffling s**t around until I found my boxers and then I grabbed her s**t and tossed it at her.

“For real?” I could tell she was pissed.

Hell, I was upset too, but not at her, or Lennon for that matter. I was pissed at myself. I fed Lennon and she has a fated mate, and now with this imprint, I can’t even get my d**k hard for Lily without thinking of Lennon and the minute that I pictured her pouty lips wrapped around my d**k with my fingers tangled in those flaming curls she busts through my bedroom door giggling and flops down right on top of me.

“This is just too much.” She spat.

“You spent the whole party with her and Cas on the beach. None of you did anything but sit there and laugh like school kids and you said you had the best time and now this. When you get rid of the little girl that is taking over your life, let me know.” She slammed the door as she left.

Without knowing what the hell to do next, I made coffee and took a shower. I will have to talk to Lennon, but not right now. She seemed so upset with me and I can't face her yet. I don't even know what to say or what she may have felt if anything from the imprint. Humans can't feel bonds the way we do.

I sat on the couch after the shower and when the coffee wasn't cutting it, I poured some jack in with it and I drank until I passed out on the couch.

“Knox, wake up man. Are we doing this or what?” I knew Cassius had just welcomed himself in like always when he started shaking me. I creaked my eyes open grunting.

“Where is Lennon?” He asked, looking around the otherwise empty house.

“Her room.” I pointed in through the hallway. He took off towards her door and never even knocked before barging in. A low growl emanated from him, practically rattling my walls.

“She is gone.” He stomped into the living room with his wolf's unique eyes that looked like galaxies of chaos.

“She what?” I jumped up, remembering the events that took place early this morning.

I ran into the basement to see if maybe she had gone downstairs to exercise like she had the one night that she couldn't sleep. When she wasn't there, I ran outside and yelled for her at the top of my lungs. She didn't answer and that is when the real panic set in. I grabbed my phone off of the counter and grabbed my chest when her voice came through the other end.

“What's up, Buttercup?” She sounded chipper like last night had never happened.

“Are you okay? Where are you?” my voice sounded much more hateful than I had expected and it surprised Cas and I both.

“I'm on the top of the mountain, Hester. Calm down. I woke up early and went for a run.” She acted like she hadn't just given me a f*****g heart attack.

“Cas and I will be right up. Stay right there.” I growled.

“You got it. Bring me some coffee!” her normal playful tone came through the speakers, easing the rage and fear in me.

“She’s on the mountain,” I growled at a pissed-off Cas.

“What happened last night?” His tone matched mine in anger.

“Lennon must have been dreaming and she sleepwalks. She got into bed with me and Lily. We were both naked in the middle of... and Lennon panicked. Lily left. I passed out before I could talk to her.” I ran my fingers through my hair. I put my training clothes on after my shower, so all I needed to do was slip my shoes on.

Cas and I made our way up the mountain to where Lennon said she was. She was sitting on a giant rock on the side of the mountain just looking into the universe I had created for myself.

“Please tell me you didn’t forget my coffee.” Her pouty little lip turned up and had me ready to kick my own a*s because I had forgotten it.

“Here you go, Red. I remembered it.” Cas manifested her coffee using his powers and I rolled my eyes when her face lit up. He is such a manwhore.

“See. Cassius remembered.” She gave him the pretty smile that she usually gives me in the mornings and damn this imprint, because I can’t get my d**k wet without thinking about her, and now I’m jealous because she is smiling at other men, and I want to scream.

This thing should have faded by now.

Lennon:

Both were looking at me and I couldn’t explain it. They just seem so awkward and uptight and after last night I am just trying really hard to seem normal. I haven’t slept, I cried, I feel like hell and these big babies are making it weird. Both of them. That means that Knox told Cassius.

“You told Cassius? I apologize, alright? I am sorry that I c**k blocked you. I don’t want this to keep feeling so awkward. I saw your p***s. I saw Lilith’s v****a. Can we please just move on already?” Both boys looked at each other before they leaned over on each other laughing their asses off.

“You said P***s.” Cassius erupted.

“She said v****a.” Knox croaked.

“Are you both children?” I swallowed my own laughter watching these two grown men falling over each other because of the use of my words.

This is going to be a long day.

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Lennon:

“I’m gonna die.” I groaned, pushing the weight bar that I know will fall and cut my head off.

“I’m right here, Red. You got this. Just push. I won’t let it fall. Just trust me.” Cassius put his hands under the bar to ensure it didn’t fall despite my shaking arms. Knowing his hands were there made me more confident. I fit through the burning in my muscles and the shaking in my arms, and I pushed and pushed and pushed.

I did my usual dramatic fallout when he pulled the bar back on the thing that held it. I rolled onto the cold mats with a soft thud and lay there with sweat dripping off every inch of my body.

“You’re very impressive, red. Very impressive.” Cassius said, sitting down next to me.

He leaned back with his bare chest on display. Knox flopped down next to him, leaning similarly. Seeing both of them sitting there with their tattooed chests made me curious.

“What is with the tattoos that run into the waistband of your shorts?” I grumbled with my face still against the mats.

They eyed each other before their handsome faces broke out in their boyish grins.

“It’s just a tattoo. We both got drunk one night, and I did Cass’s, and he did mine.” Knox said, acting like it wasn’t no big deal that they tattooed each other... down there.

“Will you give me one?” I always wanted one, but I never could afford to. Instead, I would just get piercings when I could.

“f**k yeah! Let’s get done training and while you shower, I will run home and get my gun.” Cass said, biting his lower lip.

My heart leaped with excitement.

“Can I pick what I get?” I sat up. The ache in my muscles had been replaced with the excitement of having a needle in my skin.

“Whatever you want, my girl.” Cassius’s words exploded across my skin like he had shot fire through my veins.

Knox rolled his eyes and scoffed at his friend.

“What? I can do whatever she wants. My skills have improved tremendously.” He was trying to protect whatever reputation he thought he had in the tattoo industry. Still, some small part of me wondered if he had rolled his eyes because Cassius had called me his.

“I don’t doubt your skills, Cas. But you shouldn’t flirt with Lennon. She has a lot of work she needs to focus on.” He had rolled them because of me but not for the reason I had thought.

“I’m not flirting with Red. I know she has s**t to do.” He grumbled at Knox like a little boy, but storms flashed in his eyes, making the hair on my arms stand upright.

“Well, if you two are done measuring your manhood. I’m ready to keep going because I am getting my first tattoo after.” I stood up with a giddy grin. Having excitement in your heart instead of dread is a different feeling for me. But damn it, it’s nice!

I was sitting on the machine, waiting for one of them to come, but both just sat there looking at me.

“You aren’t doing that right now. You are done with machines for the day. Today we spar.” Knox stood up, running his fingers through his thick sweaty hair.

I looked around and realized it would be one of them I would be sparring with, and my mouth got so dry I couldn’t swallow.

“Yeah. Sure.” I got up and walked over to the large part of the floor that was the most clear of equipment and shook my hands. My fists were up like I had seen in the movies, and neither had approached me.

“Come on, I’m trying here.” I deflated at their attempt to hide their laughter.

Both of them walked over, surrounding me. I felt like a kid on a trampoline when the static electricity made every hair on you stand up. My heart was jumping wildly, and when Knox squatted and grabbed my ankles, I thought it would jump out of my shirt.

“Hold your feet like this. It will help keep your balance.” He said.

Cassius came close and softly touched my hips, turning them into a proper angle.

“Keep your hips here,” Cassius said before letting his fingers run up the curves of my sides. He adjusted my body while Knox worked on my feet and legs, and when they were done, every bone in my body had turned to jello, and my face was scorching all the way up my forehead.

“Give me your hands,” Knox said, holding his hand out for mine.

I did as he asked and gave him my shaking hand. He started wrapping tape around my wrists, then when he did the second hand, his orange-eyed gaze looked down to my still blazing face. He took in my forehead, then my cheeks, and then my chest. His stern gaze turned softer when they looked into my eyes, and how he looked through me made me feel like their hands were still on me.

“You don’t have to worry, Lennon. We aren’t going to hurt you.” I nodded at him trying to lick my lips that felt like I had stuffed cotton behind them.

The reality isn’t that I am fearful that they would hurt me. I am more scared that they won’t. I am desperate to learn to protect myself. Despite how I had enjoyed their hands on me or how my body reacted to their touch, it was nothing more than material for me to lock away into my spunk bank. I forced my mind to be clear, and I focused on the task and not on the two hot men who were giving me instructions on how to stand or where to be.

“Do you wanna learn defense or offense first?” Cassius asked.

“Defense.” Knox and I said at the same time. We just looked at each other for a millisecond in understanding. Only Knox and the moon know what happened to me the night I died, and I would really like to keep it that way.

“Defense it is,” Cas smirked, taking his own stance. I was ready to freeze up. He makes three of me. Instead, I forced my feet to stay planted in place and kept the stance they had put me in.

I can do this.

Cassius came at me in full force. I didn’t know what to do. He gave me no instructions.

“Block him, Lennon,” Knox yelled as Cassius drew his fist back. I scrunched down and squealed. That helplessness choked me out.

“Stop!” A female’s voice came from the doorway. I turned to see a woman standing there. Her icy blue eyes looked just like Cassius’s.

“Mom, what are you doing here?” Cassius had stopped dead in his tracks.

“You are needed back at the pack house for an urgent meeting. Your fathers are there waiting for you with Ashley.” She seemed so cold and angry. Her aura surrounded the room, making me feel strong and confident. I stood up a little straighter than before. I could hear the blood running through my veins. I could hear it roaring in my ears.

“Are you feeding off of me?” She asked, snapping me out of my trance.

“Lennon? Are you okay?” Knox asked. Cassius stood behind him. The woman’s icy blue eyes were the last thing I saw before hitting the floor. I was very awake. I could see

everything and everyone, but I couldn't speak. That grumbling hunger latched hold of me. I didn't even feel the cramps this time. It just hit me like a dozer.

"She needs to feed." The woman's calm tone relaxed me but it didn't touch the pain rolling through my abdomen.

"She isn't ready to go into The Nothing," Knox said, gripping my face and feeding me like he had every time before.

"You've been feeding her?" Cassius sounded different. His voice sounded like a demon from hell.

"Don't get pissed at Knox until you deal with your mess, Cassius. Now go." The woman said.

The pain was gone now, and I sat up with a grunt.

"Feel better?" Knox rubbed the hair from my face and helped me stand to my feet.

"I'm taking her home with me and taking over her training. Men aren't capable of teaching such a powerful woman. You and Cassius are powerful, talented beings, but I think this is a job for a woman." My jaw dropped. I am not going anywhere.

I opened my mouth to protest when Knox did it for me.

"The moon goddess wants her here, Harley." Her eyes snapped to him and then back to me.

"Fine. I'll be here at five in the morning. Be ready, okay?" She reached out and put her hand on my shoulder. Her touch didn't ignite my skin like theirs did, but it did take the fear away from me.

Her long black hair swayed over her shoulder, and I noticed her whole body seemed covered in tattoos. That's what I want. I want to be covered. I wonder if, now that Cassius has business, I won't get my first tattoo after all.

"I guess it's just us, then?" Knox chuckled, walking in front of me on the sparring mats.

"Yeah," I grumbled.

"Why are you pouting? My company isn't that bad, is it?" he was wrapping his wrists like mine, but I thought I had gotten out of this for the day.

"I'm not pouting," I mumbled, taking the same stance they put me into.

"You are." He countered.

"I'm not. I may be... I just wanted a tattoo." I held my fists up, trying to not act like a child because he was right. I was pouting.

"Lennon, I tattoo too. I did all of these." He pointed to his legs, and I have to admit the work was incredible.

"Well. Hurry and kick my a*s so you can do my tattoo!" I did a happy dance and retook the stance. He wasn't done wrapping his wrists yet, so I went for a sneak attack. I ran and jumped, wrapping around him like a spider monkey. I tried to get him in one of those fancy headlocks you see people on tv do, but he held me so tightly that I couldn't move. I tried to pry away from him and wiggle free, but I couldn't.

"Hit me," he said, fighting against my wiggling.

I balled my fist up and started tearing into him. He was punching in my ribs, and I was pounding his face. He lost his balance, and we went down hard. We both laughed the whole way to the ground. He landed on me in the fall with my legs tightly wrapped around him. His elbows landed on either side of my head, pinning me under him. My mouth went dry again when I realized our position. His breath was fanning my face while we both fought to catch our breath. His lips were so close to mine that I could almost taste the mint rolling from his tongue.

"Let's go again." He whispered but never moved. With all of his weight on me, I had to admit I could have stayed there. But instead, I wiggled, trying to sit up, breaking him away from wherever his mind had wandered.

He stood reaching out to help me up, which I gladly accepted. I am getting tired of these boys making me feel like jelly.

We sparred until I finally got better at blocking his attacks. Hours had passed, but so much adrenaline was pumping through me that I couldn't stop. With every hit that I blocked or every hit I threw, that power surge would get stronger.

"Is it tattoo time yet?" Cassius said, coming back downstairs with a duffle bag on his shoulder. Knox's focus broke, and I ran my fist into his ribs as hard as possible. Of course, he turned to look at me unphased.

"That was a cheap shot, princess." He grinned.

"Go get showered red. I'll set up." He seemed normal, but that storm that clouded his blue eyes seemed to have gotten darker and more violent. His eyes couldn't hide how he felt inside, but when I mentioned that Knox had offered, he wouldn't have it.

"I got this, Red. Just go shower." He let a wicked smile cross his lips, making me feel like I was in trouble. But I did as he said anyway and went upstairs to shower.

The nerves are settling in now, and the closer I get to being under Cassius's needle, the stronger the urge to vomit gets. I dried off and slipped into the olive green panties and a loose t-shirt with a robe around me. I want my rib, hip, and thigh to be the first thing done, and now that I am ready to go out there, those nerves have turned into that excitement from earlier that made me so happy.

I stepped out of the bathroom and went over to the couch where Cassius had set up his equipment on the coffee table.

"Ready, red?" he made the gun buzz in my direction, and the sound alone made my stomach flip.

"Let's do it." I slipped the robe off and went over to the couch, flopping down while both stared at me with an odd look on their handsome faces.

I told Cassius what I wanted and where I wanted it. He started freehanding the intricate pattern I had pictured across my pale skin with a marker. The second the needle bit into my skin, I drifted off into a sleep brought on by the release of all of the crap that I didn't know I had pent up.

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Cassius:

Lennon had asked for a phoenix with some kind of pretty background, and I can only assume the trauma that turned her into a soul eater is why she would want it. I still haven't asked about it, and I won't until she offers it up. But at this moment, not knowing is killing me. The poor girl must be pretty f****d up to sleep through this placement, though. Knox and I had to be hammered to get our ribs done, and here she is, with rosy cheeks, in a deep sleep.

"Are we going to talk about why you got so pissed off when I fed her?" Once I finish the phoenix, Knox will jump in. He's already rolling grip tape around his gun to start on the patterned background.

"You imprinted on her, Knox. She isn't yours." I whisper-growled. I had just started putting the yellows into the piece, and once that's done, he can get started.

"Should I have let her die?" His orange eyes were glowing with their imprint. I could practically smell her on him.

“No. I shouldn’t have. So, I fed her. Besides, we aren’t nurturing the bond, and she has no idea about it anyways.” He almost sounded sad that she didn’t know their bond existed. Which means she can’t feel his either.

We switched places and let a comfortable silence fall over us for some time while he finished off her piece. It’s going to be incredible when we get it finished. We outdid ourselves on this one. I sat behind him on one of the chairs, watching her sleep. She looked so perfect and peaceful. Her red curls had fallen over on her face, and the sight alone made me want to run my fingers through her hair until each strand was just as she had left it when she gave herself over to exhaustion. Her breathing was shallow, coming in perfect measurements between her parted lips.

The sounds of fabric shuffling tore me from thinking about what I would love to be doing with those pouty lips and straight to the hands of my best friend, who had just shifted my mate’s panties.

“What the f**k are you doing, Knox?” I jumped up, ready to rip his f*****g hands off and have them wrapped as a present for her when she woke up.

“Relax, Cas. I didn’t want the band pushing against my hand when I brought the…” his voice cut off. I had done the same thing with the band of her underwear when doing the phoenix, but I’m her mate.

“How did you know that she wasn’t mine, Cas?” Knox’s aura slipped out through the gruff of his voice. I would never admit it, but it sends chills through me every time.

“Because you didn’t introduce her as yours.” I thought I had chosen the correct answer, but his shoulders tensed, and I clearly hadn’t.

“Are you her mate, Cas? Because if you are, and you don’t tell her, you are more of a man w***e than I thought.” I could hear the snob in his tone. Like he thought he had won the argument with that one sentence.

“You have no idea what you are talking abo—” her sleepy stretch shut us both up.

“How is it going?” she stretched, looking down at it.

“You are almost done,” Knox said, sounding entirely normal, like he hadn’t just unleashed the aura of death on me.

“Yep. All he has left is the background that curves at the bottom of your a*s.” I told her like a damn fool. Either way, I was thankful for the grin she gave after looking at my work.

“You both are incredible.” She took in the piece again and praised us, causing our chests to puff up.

I could get used to making her smile like that.

Knox:

She relaxed back against the couch while I finished the part of the background that followed the curvature of her round ass. I knew if I looked up at her, she would have those beautiful green eyes trained on me. She watched every move I made, not even the gun... me. Maybe she is starting to feel the imprint after all.

A shiver walked up my spine at the thought of her feeling the same things I felt for her. But I can't let myself feel that way. If Cassius really is her mate... I shook that thought too. There is no way the moon goddess gave a guy like Cas to a woman like Lennon. She is fierce, focused, and incredible. I have never met anyone who has been through half of what she has been through and still dares to wake up with a smile like she does. He's just like a dog with a bone, and he doesn't care who he is dipping into. She deserves better. I glanced up at her face when I couldn't feel her eyes on me anymore. She had dozed off again, so I just kept working on her soft skin.

Lennon:

"What are you all doing?" Her stern voice woke me for the second time since I laid down for this tattoo.

I looked up to see the same woman from yesterday at the door. I looked over at a very hyper-fixated Cassius, who was now hard at work on my lower leg, and Knox, who looked mortified working on my right arm. The tattoo I had initially mentioned wanting had been turned into something far more beautiful than I ever imagined.

"I'm so sorry, red! We got carried away. You were so still; we must have gotten lost in the drawing. I am so sorry!" I looked at the tattoo that danced over the entire right side of my body, and something about the swirls of ink and skin and the fight between surviving and thriving portrayed in the tattoo took my breath away.

"It's beautiful." I was trying so hard to fight back tears. This is the most beautiful that I have ever felt in my life.

"Please, don't cry." Knox's voice sounded desperate.

"She isn't sad, boys. I would recognize that look anywhere. It feels great, doesn't it?" The dark-haired woman made her way around the couch, taking in their handy work.

"Cas, maybe it's time you give your mother a tattoo. Free of charge, of course." She chuckled, squeezing her son's shoulders.

"I really do love it. Thank you both so much." I ensured my voice and face portrayed just how grateful I was for this. I needed it.

“Great. Everyone is happy. Get dressed, pumpkin. Knox will make your coffee while Cas helps me set everything up.” She clapped her hands together, watching us scatter like roaches at her command.

I couldn’t help but look at myself in the mirror momentarily. I didn’t even recognize the girl that was standing there. From the training, I could tell my muscles were coming to life, the bruises had faded completely, leaving my normal porcelain skin, and my tattoo wasn’t even sore.

After I felt like I had been looking at myself for too long, I ran into the kitchen to find everyone having coffee without me.

“It’s going to be a long day. Are you ready?” She was tying her unrealistically long hair into a bun with a smile on her face.

I nodded happily at her and took my coffee.

“Good. You two can go and leave us. I will have her ready to feed herself within a week.” Both boys shot to their feet at her words. Yelling about how leaving wasn’t an option.

“Go. I’m okay.” I mumbled to both around the hot coffee pouring into my throat, and they did. Reluctantly, both left us to go to the basement on our own. Now that I was shut up with a stranger, that panic was setting in.

“Don’t worry, hun. I don’t bite... too hard.” She laughed, taking the same stance the boys had shown me yesterday.

“The two most important things to remember are to ensure your opponent can never predict your moves and always use your speed to keep their hands off you. Us tiny women must use our size to our advantage.” I surprised myself by dodging the punch she had thrown at my head.

“If they can’t predict our moves, and they can’t keep up with our speed, then they can’t beat us.” She landed a fist in my ribs, but I forced myself to recover quickly. I held my hands like she was and followed her moves. Our speed picked up. Then legs got involved, and before I knew it, I felt like I had accomplished more in a short few hours with her than I had all week with Knox.

It seemed like it had gotten dark outside when we finally fell to the mat laughing. It is insane for me to think that this is Cassius’s mother. She looks my age. I was drifting off into my own little world, trying to math that out, when her eyes turned as black as night. I shivered, scooting away, and in that same instant, her blue eyes returned full of anger and fear.

“I have to go. There is a rogue attack in Clearwater. Knox and Cas both are there. They said for you to stay here.” She stood quickly, gathering her things to go.

“What is a rogue attack?” knowing my only two friends were involved in any kind of attack shook me to my core. I thought of Knox’s bright orange eyes and Cassius’s big blue ones, and just like the night that Carter killed himself, the world started turning. I felt like I landed in a pool of ice-cold water, but as it turned out, it was just a stream. I could hear commotion from just outside the tree line that I was behind, and when I heard Knox yelling for Cassius to look out, I realized I had somehow brought myself here thinking about them.

I remembered what Harley had said. She told me they wanted me to stay, so I hunkered down and watched absolute chaos unfolding.

I was on the brink of exploding out into the open and trying to help, but I didn’t know who the good and bad ones were. I tried to make sense of everything, all the creatures in the fight, and how I got here until branches started snapping behind me.

I turned quickly to see a blood-soaked, mud-matted wolf much smaller than the one in my dream. This one had been hurt, and that scent I often smell before feeding wrapped tightly around me. The wolf was struggling to stand, and then it just went still. It had died right here in front of me.

That smell got stronger, almost suffocating me entirely. The sounds of the chaos had gone quiet, and I thought that meant it was over. Now I am faced with the problem of not knowing how to get back to Knox’s, and even if I did, I couldn’t take my eyes off the dirty brown wolf.

“That’s enough, baby girl. Turn it off now. Okay?” I turned to see Knox’s blazing orange eyes pleading with me.

“What do you mean? Knox, you’re bleeding.” I reached up to touch my friend’s hand only to scare myself, seeing the foggy blackness swirling around me.

“What’s wrong with me?” I felt like I was being thrown down a dark hole with no way out. I fought to get back to the light until I couldn’t see the daylight anymore. I couldn’t help but be scared that this was a beautiful dream I was about to wake up from, which made me fight against it that much harder.

“It’s okay, Lennon.” Knox’s voice made me want to cry. It was all just a dream.

“We’re here for you, Red. Just relax.” Cass whispered into my ear.

I can’t lose them. I need them both. But I couldn’t fight hard enough to get back to them, and at the end of all of my sadness and fear, there is a total and complete darkness that wouldn’t stop feeding off of me until it bled me dry completely.

Their Warrior Luna Chapter 105

Knox:

I picked her limp body up and shimmered back home. I don't have time to wait for them to catch up, or him, I should say. Cass's tenderness towards her confirmed my fear. He is her mate, and he won't tell her. I laid her in her bed and covered her over. She overfed, and it wiped her out. I remember those days well, and once you open yourself to feed, it is almost impossible at first to turn it off. But she is going to be just fine.

I stepped out, closing her door softly. Tiptoeing to the kitchen, I poured myself a shot of tequila and downed it before pouring another... and another.

"Where is she?" Cass slammed the front door behind him. I knew this would happen if she got out before she was ready. Feeding is just the start of training, and it only strengthens you mentally and physically enough that she could recognize being full before this s**t happens.

Other creatures don't understand us. They never will. They have no idea what it is like to be consumed by the power that feeding can give you, and I had only been giving Lennon enough to feel complete. Today she felt the power, and I don't know what she will be like when she wakes up.

"In bed. Stop acting like a little b***h. Clearwater would have been taken over if she hadn't shown up." I tossed back another shot, finally feeling buzzed from the alcohol.

"Knox, she used her magic against another creature. The elders forbade that years ago. You know what this means now. We are going to have to load her up and take her all the way into the holy grounds for a meeting with the elders. We will be lucky if they don't banish her into The Nothing for her crimes." Cass is between worried and pissed, and I can't blame him.

"Between us, we can fix this before it gets back to the elders. I am death, and you are the king of everything. We can fix this. Besides, she did more good for your pack than she caused harm, and everyone who witnessed it can attest to that." I poured him a shot and handed it over about the time Harley came slamming through the door in a whirl. She took the shot I was holding out to Cass and downed it. Then took the bottle from my hand and sat on the couch.

"What is she really?" She turned the glass bottle up, having her way with the smooth alcohol.

We both looked at her in confusion.

"A soul eater." I cracked open another bottle of tequila.

"No, she isn't. Soul eaters can't do what she did today. I have seen low-level demons with more power than a soul eater. She is something else entirely that is covered as a soul

eater. What did she tell you about her story?" I had thought the same thing more than once but wouldn't dare speak it. Soul eaters aren't as powerful as Lennon is, but she feeds like one.

"I was there the day she died. I brought her here the moment she transitioned, and her story isn't mine to tell. The goddess and I took turns staying with her until her human form gave out and her soul turned." I don't know what they are trying to twist this into, but Lennon is a good person, and she didn't do anything wrong. Besides taking out about 300 rogue wolves in one fell swoop, she didn't do anything wrong.

"Call your nana, Cass. Something tells me we are going to need her here." Harley huffed, taking a long drink from her tequila bottle.

Lennon:

My eyes are open, but they still seem closed. Everything is so f*****g dark and quiet.

"Knox? Cassius? Is anyone there?" my voice echoed around me, but no one answered,

"I need help," I called out.

"You're foolish. So, f*****g foolish." A voice mirrored my own in the darkness.

"Who's there?" I hated the shriek in my voice, but I was constricted to whatever was under my feet by my fear.

"You, stupid. You are here." A small light flickered to life and grew until a portion of this darkness was illuminated. The girl on the other end of that light made me fall on my a*s and crawl backward to get away from her.

"Stop running away from yourself, dumbass. I'm just ugly. I won't hurt you. Hell, I am you!" she sat on the ground before me.

"Did you kill them yet?" the hopefulness flickered in her dark eyes.

Her skin was falling away. The bruises that had sunk in on me had turned black on her. My red hair, which seemed healthier and more vibrant, was dull and lifeless on her. Where my head had been beaten in was completely normal when I clawed myself from the hole they put me in. But her head was dented in and open. I scooted closer to her. I hadn't even realized I was crying until she wiped those tears away.

"No. I haven't. I croaked.

"I will, though. I will avenge us. No matter what." My lips quivered at the sight of myself. This is the piece of me that I was missing, and she is stuck here in the darkness.

“Lennon, can you hear me?” Cassius’s voice made the darkness vibrant with color and life. I looked to the sky, following his voice that seemed to warm me from the inside out.

“Don’t trust them, don’t trust anyone. You have to get strong; when you are, you go take them the way they took us. They took our lives from us. You have to take it back. PROMISE ME!” She screamed out to me as the darkness turned into a blinding light that shredded my brain.

“There you are. I knew you would come back to us.” Cassius’s smile was beautiful. I saw it around the lights that were still making it hard to focus.

“Am I dead?” I grumbled, massaging my forehead.

“Well... I mean, yeah. But no more than usual.” I looked over to my right to see Knox’s cocky smirk.

“Shut up, brat. My head hurts.” I laughed, wincing at the pain slicing through my head,

“Do you know what happened?” Harley’s voice came from the corner of my room.

“The wolf was hurt, and he fell down the hill.” I paused. I can’t remember anything between that and seeing myself in the darkness.

“You sucked the souls from hundreds of rogue werewolves in one swoop. Just pulled them right out.” Harley’s words had me ready to jump through the roof.

“I killed hundreds of poor wolves?” My wolf friend won’t see me in my dreams anymore once he finds out.

“They aren’t some poor defenseless creatures, princess. They killed many of Cassius’s men and wouldn’t have stopped there. If they could’ve gotten into the castle, they would have. You saved the day.” Knox pushed my curls out of my face, and Cassius rumbled lowly, angry with me.

“But what you did is considered illegal for our kind. Thankfully no one knows it was you but the three of us in this room.” Cassius grumbled, taking my hand.

“Nope,” Harley said, popping the P.

“I had to tell your fathers.” She could bore holes into you the same way Cass can; she has that gaze trained on Cass.

Cass ran his fingers through his thick black hair with a long sigh.

“Are they coming?” He looked at his mother through the shaggy hair that had fallen into his eyes.

“They are almost here.” Cas looked at me for what felt like a lifetime before speaking again.

“Don’t panic, Lennon. We are going to work all of this out.” His words felt like someone had blown fire into my face. What the f**k is going on right now?

“He’s right, Lennon. You aren’t rehearsed in our customs, and I find it hard to believe that they would prosecute you because of that.” Harley patted my leg before leaving me alone with the two people the dark me told me not to trust. But I couldn’t help it. They are my friends.

“I saw something in the darkness of my mind. I think something is wrong with me.” I scooted myself up onto the bed and sat crisscross applesauce.

“What darkness? What did you see?” Knox asked me with scrunched brows.

“I saw myself... the version of myself we left back at the lake, ” I told Knox.

His eyes widened at the realization of what I had said.

“You aren’t a soul eater.” Knox’s voice was low, and Cass was as confused as I was. I need more of an explanation than that.

“What am I then?” I asked him, fighting away the tears threatening to leave my eyes. I hate this, and I am confident that I am on the brink of an identity crisis, and his words didn’t reassure me or my brain.

“I don’t know. But I intend to find out.” He took my hand, trying to comfort me, but it didn’t help, like waking up knowing I hadn’t been dreaming and that they were real.

Goodness, where is the moon? I know she could answer my questions.