

Their Warrior Luna Chapter 106

Lennon:

Three huge men, Cassius, Knox, and Harley, were all standing in a circle arguing about me. I hate that this has come to them arguing. They are family, and I am no one. I thought about how they all could project their auras into the room. I thought about my own. Do I have one? What color would it be? Would it penetrate their circle and steal their attention if I asked it to?

“Enough.” I never stood. I never yelled. I projected my aura and prayed that it carried my voice to them and gave them some understanding or comfort. Anything to make them stop fighting with each other, and it did. All six of them turned to me. The three men Harley had called Cassius’s fathers turned to me as quickly as Harley, Knox, and Cassius did.

“I don’t want you all fighting over me. I’m sorry for what I did. But it wasn’t their fault. It was mine. I don’t even know how to call souls to me, and I don’t know how I called that many to me. But you all are family. You shouldn’t be fighting.

“You shouldn’t have to apologize for being powerful, Lennon. That is why people are blessed with the gifts that they are. They should be nurtured and used. Not tucked away because of the fear that is strangling out a bunch of weak old farts who call themselves an elder. I’m glad you did what you did today.” One of the three men said, leaning up on Knox’s counter. His red eyes were like piercing shards of glass, and even though he seemed relaxed, his aura trumped mine entirely.

“Did someone call for a nana?” a short little woman came into the living room with a smile scrunching up her rosy cheeks. Knox, Cassius, and all three of the massive men acted like a child who woke up Christmas morning with a house full of gifts.

“Nana!” They all hooted and hollered, surrounding her in their love and hugs.

Harley came to where I was sitting and sat beside me with a smile on her pretty face.

“That is Doris. She is Axel and Atlas’s godmother, Alistair’s adopted godmother, Cassius’s great-godmother, Knox’s adopted great-godmother, and my bestie. She is amazing and kind, and I think you will love her.” She spoke to me but never took her eyes off the five brooding men towering over the small woman with smiles on their faces. One of the men had taken a tin from her and was eating cookies and fighting with the other one, who looked just like him because he didn’t want to share. Knox was trying to shove Cassius out of the way to get his hug, and the red-eyed one was laughing and talking with her about a recipe he had perfected of hers, and I could understand why she was smiling. These men are all children.

The little woman broke free from the testosterone bubble and came toddling over to Harley with her arms spread wide. Harley jumped up and let her pull her into a bone-crushing hug. My stomach churned with jealousy over the family dynamic they all share, and for a split second, I let my jealousy simmer before tucking it away with a smile.

“Come here, dear. Let me look at you.” She held her hands to me, and I took them, standing up for her. She eyed me over for a moment.

“I am so glad that our goddess has blessed our Cassius with such a powerful—” Everyone in the room started coughing and clearing their throats.

“Friend.” She finished once the coughing died down. She pulled me into a bone-crushing hug that I relaxed into completely. I never had a grandma, but I am sure this is a grandma hug.

“You did some damage today. Huh?” She laughed.

She never let me go, and I didn’t offer to pull away. I needed this hug more than I realized, and I won’t let her go until she pulled away first.

“Alright, Nana. You’re crushing her.” Knox tried to steal my grandma’s hugs, and I was ready to fight a bear for those hugs.

“Back off, dweeb. I need this.” I grumbled on the small woman’s shoulder, making the room laugh, but I didn’t care. I knew they knew how good those hugs were.

“Alright now, sugar. Let’s figure out what you are, okay?” She pulled away from me, making my heart sad.

“Can you do that?” Do I want her to do that? What if I am different from what they were expecting? What if... if I’m evil?

“I can do anything. Sit with me?” I nodded and sat with Doris. She held out her little hands, and I happily took them. She closed her eyes, and I looked around at everyone else, who was eyeing us with curiosity. Knox’s orange eyes were locked on me, though. He gave me a small smile and a nod. But the minute Doris’s energy started radiating through me, I tried to make myself look at her. I couldn’t tear my eyes away from him.

This home is my safe space. But he is starting to feel like my home too.

“You were right. She isn’t a soul eater. Despite her need to satiate her hunger like a soul eater does.” Doris patted my hands and stood up, looking at the men in the room.

“What is she then?” Asked Knox, who promised me he would find out.

“I can’t answer that for you, but I can tell Harley and Lennon, and they can decide if the rest of you should know.” Her eyes were stern, making my heart fall. I don’t know why I need to know what I am, but it feels essential. But I want Knox and Cass to know. I don’t care about the other men either, honestly.

“And the other thing?” The red-eyed man asked.

“Both or neither... or maybe one of them. It’s really a choice.” I don’t know what that one’s about, but I will assume it didn’t involve me.

“You all can go pack her up. She will have to move into the pack house, and I think having someone with her constantly would be a good idea.” Doris’s eyes switched from a precious grandmother to a serious warrior in seconds, making my heart beat against my sternum.

“What’s going on, Nana?” Cass asked her.

“I told you, dear. I can tell your mother and Lennon what she is. I can’t tell you. She has to.” She pointed at me.

“I want them to know,” I murmured.

“Knox and Cassius are the only friends I have ever had. If I am going to lose them, I need it to be now. I can handle it right now. If I have them much longer, I won’t survive losing them.” My face flushed, admitting that I had never had friends. It got even hotter having to tell them I wouldn’t survive losing them.

“So be it. She is a direct descendant of Mother Gaia.” My brows c****d. I am not well-rehearsed in deities and goddesses, but I know that one, and it made me laugh.

They all stood looking at me with blown-out eyes.

“What? That’s crazy. Gaia is basically... well, she is everything. I know I am just now finding out that this stuff exists, but this is just farfetched.

“I mean, not really. Axel is a reincarnation of Alistair. Harley is a reincarnation of Alistair’s dead mate Cordelia, and her soul was created to sustain life between realms. Cassius is the reason that the world even exists right now. Without him, the realms will die. I am the Grim f*****g reaper, and Nana is basically a messenger of the goddesses. She can see past, present, and future.” Knox said nonchalantly as if this dysfunctional s**t wasn’t insane.

“This really is all a dream, isn’t it? I am still in my grave back on the lake. This is my brain dying slowly.” I ran my fingers through my hair in frustration.

“Grave?” Cassius roared.

“You were buried alive?” His eyes were black, and silver hair sprouted from his arms and face. His teeth and nose were elongated. His bones were snapping and realigning, and seconds from the time this started, and school bus-sized silver wolf was in front of us.

“It’s you!” I yelled, running over to my silver wolf friend that I hadn’t seen in a few days, everyone tried grabbing me to keep me from him, but I made it to his grouchy a*s, and I started digging in, scratching his honey spots. He immediately responded, rolling over and pulling me down with him. I rubbed and patted him while his massive fluffy tail wagged happily, and then it hit me. I just watched Cassius turn into my friend.

This is Cassius.

I jumped off of him with a scorching face. As soon as I got off the massive beast, he transformed into a very naked Cassius.

“Mother of pearl, naked! You are Cassius!!” My hands flew up, covering my eyes. His massive form wrapped around me, and I almost fainted, feeling his thing against me.

“I’m so sorry that happened to you, Lennon. No one will ever do anything like that to you again, or I promise you I will have their hearts gift-wrapped for you.” He growled into my hair.

“He let me go, and my eyes immediately fell between his legs.” I stared at him like I did Knox. The heat that was sunburning my face spread everywhere, and I turned around, covering my eyes again.

“Let’s go get packed up, princess. Looks like we’re taking a trip.” Knox took me by the hands that were still covering my eyes and pulled me toward the back of the house. I don’t know what is with these men and being naked but seeing them like that makes it difficult to shove those other feelings aside.

Knox helped me pack my bag, and Cass came in, fully clothed this time, to pack my bag out for me. I opted to ride on the bike with Knox because I would be a fool not to take the opportunity to get the rush his speeding gives me, and we set off to Cass’s house.

“What does being a descendant of Gaia mean for me?” I asked Knox over the roar of his bike.

“More than you can imagine, princess. We can discuss it once we get settled at the pack house.” We drove for what felt like forever, and my jaw dropped when we pulled into the long driveway.

“It’s a f*****g Castle.” I roared in excitement.

Knox's laughter helped ease some of the nerves in my throat. Something tells me this is just another of my many beginnings, and to say I wasn't scared shitless would be lying through my teeth.

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Lennon:

"Welcome home, your majesty." I stared at the creature that had spoken to Cassius. I don't know if I am more flabbergasted that he called Cassius "your majesty" or because he is a...

"What are you?" I blurted.

My hands covered my mouth, my eyes shot wide, and I knew I looked like a tomato. Knox's laughter took my attention from the very obviously offended creature. I slugged Knox in the shoulder with everything I had in me, only making him sit down on the massive steps of the castle and laugh harder.

"I'm so sorry, sir. I didn't mean it that way. I just. Your ears and you're—" I pinched my brow, trying to stop before I made it worse. Knox was rubbing the tears from his eyes, and Cassius was fighting his urges to bust out when the creature cleared his throat.

"My name is Lance, madam. I am a goblin." He turned away and ascended the staircase leaving me in my ignorance. Now that he was out of sight, Cassius fell on the stairs with Knox, and both burst at their seams.

I turned to Harley, hoping she could see my eyes pleading with her for help, only to find her pinching her brow while the three massive men behind her were biting their knuckles to keep from laughing at me. She walked up the steps and looped her arm in mine. We left those five grown-a*s men on the steps, still on the verge of combustion from my idiocy, and went inside. I had another moment once we got inside the castle, where I took in my surroundings. I thought of Cassius and how this is where he had grown up, and I smiled.

"He had a wonderful childhood here, didn't he?" Harley looked around the same room and over my shoulder at the men still at the bottom of the steps.

"I like to think so." She smiled thoughtfully, undoubtedly having memories of their past flash through her mind.

"This way, madam. The king has asked that you be put in his quarters along with Mr. Knox." The goblin was standing on the staircase, and earlier, I happily followed. We came to an elevator, and he couldn't run away from me when the doors closed. This would be as good of a time to apologize as any.

“I’m really sorry about earlier. I’m just an incognizant human.”

“You aren’t human anymore, madam. There are several species in the kingdom. You will learn them as they come.” If he was upset with me from earlier, I wouldn’t have known it by his facial expression, but he wouldn’t dare look towards me.

I would’ve thought it odd if the doors hadn’t opened, letting us out to what he referred to as the king’s quarters. I followed behind him silently until we reached a massive door in a long hall of other doors.

“This is your chambers, madam. Mr. Knox is to your left. King Grimm is to your right.” He sat my bags at the door and went back toward the elevator.

I opened the door and came a hair of having a heart attack. The room was bright and beautiful, with everything you would expect from a castle. I sat on the couch in the space around the real-life fireplace, and the culture shock was setting in now. Maybe I should be rude, ask what his parents do for a living, and then do it myself because this is insane.

My mind drifted to the ‘fixer-upper’ and the day Mom and I moved into it. I can’t even remember the place before that one, but I remember the nights we slept in our car after Dad left. I only remember that because I remember being mortified when the crackheads would knock on the windows at night.

I looked around the room again and then thought of my room in my old house. The popcorn ceilings. I thought of those damn ceilings. I was too scared to look up. I’m sure a place like this doesn’t have popcorn ceilings, but I didn’t want to risk it. I know eventually, I will wake up from this dream, and when I do, I don’t want to remember the ceilings here, or I will always think about them.

A shock of panic exploded in my chest when a knock came at the door. I felt like I had been caught doing something wrong thinking about my past.

“Hello?” I called out like a damn i***t.

“I mean, come in!” I massaged the ache between my eyes. I’m sure everyone here thinks I am the most ignorant creature.

“How are you holding up, princess?” Knox asked. He and Cass stepped in and closed the door behind them.

“I think the rats at the circus are having a better day.” I looked at him through my fingers that were still kneading my forehead.

They sat down on the couch next to me. I was surprised when I looked up to see them so close. Knox may have just eaten, or it may have been on Cass, but one or both of them smelled incredibly good. My hand landed on my stomach.

“Are you hungry?” Cassius asked me.

“I think I’m just stressed out. I’m not used to the very nice, expensive things you all have, and I know I will break something.” I grunted, flopping back against the couch.

“You should eat.” Cass looked concerned, and then it dawned on me. Is he afraid I may eat someone’s soul?

“Are you afraid of me, Cass?” he looked at Knox and then back at me.

“I don’t want to hurt your feelings, Red. So please don’t be upset by it. I want everyone to be safe.” He thinks I’m a danger to his people, and maybe I am. I killed hundreds of rogues and didn’t even mean to.

“Okay.” I was thankful that my voice was stronger than the tar churning in my stomach. I looked at Knox, who looked at me for only a moment before looking at Cass.

“Feed her,” Cass said so softly you would think he was talking aloud around a baby that was just down for a nap. Knox nodded, and something about the way he looked back at me made me wonder if he was the hungry one.

His rough fingers slid across my jaw, engulfing my cheek in the warmth of his hand. He leaned in on me so close that I could almost touch his nose with mine, and even as alarm bells were ringing in my mind telling me not to kiss my friend, my body wanted me to lean in closer and taste his lips. Suddenly the ache in my body and mind left me. I sighed, becoming full on the soul he was feeding me.

“Better?” he asked, pulling himself away from me, leaving my heart in my throat.

“mmhmm.” I hummed. That’s just one more intelligent response to add to the pile today.

“Yeah, Knox. I thought you were about to suck her face off instead of feeding her.” Cass said with his own cocky grin. My face flushed at his words. Did he know that I wanted to kiss Knox?

“I could suck your face off instead.” Knox laughed, practically lying on top of me, grabbing Cass’s face in both hands and peppering kisses all over his face.

Both of them were just like children. I laughed when they started roughhousing with me trapped between them. Knox was still trying to give Cass kisses, and Cass was trying to fight him off when Fallon and Barrett entered my room too.

“Break it up, boys. You can sword-fight later. I hear we have a house guest.” Fallon squealed in excitement.

As if Cassius and Knox were twins instead of Cassius and Fallon, they both crossed their feet on the coffee table, splattered out on either side of me.

“Should we go out and celebrate?” Fallon asked with a mischievous gleam in her eye.

“That is not a good idea. I could kill someone.” I blurted.

“I’ll be there. I could feed you if need be. Cass and I will be close.” Knox just fed her excitement because she made another noise of excitement.

“Yeah, Knox and I will be there. I mean... if you wanted to go out.” Cass said, laying his head against the couch like he needed a nap or something.

“Nah, that’s okay. You’re tired. I didn’t bring anything to wear out, and ya know... I may kill someone. Let’s level for a second. You both may be there, but accidents happen every day. Like, I just died a few days ago, and while it could have been prevented, it was an accident on my part. I didn’t know I would wake up and die that morning, and what if—” Knox capped his hand over my mouth to stop my nervous rambling.

“We don’t have to go out, princess. It was just a question. It’s okay if you say no.” I exhaled when he removed his hand. I didn’t say I didn’t want to. It could be fun. But I don’t want to be a burden and cause Cass or anyone else more stress.

“Well, Barrett and I are going out dancing with friends tonight, and if you three decide to come, I have clothes you can borrow. OH, and I could do your hair and makeup. I bet our shoe size is the same.” I chuckled at her enthusiasm.

“That is a definite no from me. I can’t dance.” I laughed when her face fell.

“Everyone can dance.” Barrett chuckled.

“Nope. I never have and never will.” I laughed, getting comfortable between the two of them. I had forgotten they were up all night tattooing me. They must be exhausted.

“Fine,” Fallon said with a pouty lip.

“You can stay here with the sleepy old men.” She pointed to the two next to me, who was snoring softly, still splattered out at either side of me.

Suddenly, I didn’t even want to breathe too hard if it meant waking them. Barrett and Fallon found their way out, and I sat here snugly as a little bug in a rug listening to their soft breathing. I relaxed back into the softness of the couch until the door opened softly with Harley’s head popping in.

“Come on. I wanna show you something.” How she looked at me told me everything I needed to know about where Fallon got her mischievous glint in her eyes from.

I slipped from between the two stopping when they both stirred at my loss. I practically ran from the room, closing the door softly behind me. Harley handed me a cup of coffee, and we took off through the massive castle until we were outside. She had mats out everywhere and weapons racks lined up with targets a bit out from them.

“Now that I have you here, we can use my toys.” She wiggled her brows at me, walking over to the weapons racks.

“When I was learning to fight and to use weaponry. I fell in love with archery. Even now, there is just something that relaxes me when I pick that bow up... you wanna try?” She grabbed a bow and a quiver of arrows putting them in my hands, and suddenly nothing felt heavy anymore.

“I was actually on the archery team in my middle school. I love it too.” I smiled, running my fingers over the costly bow.

“Of course, that feels like a lifetime ago, and I have never even held a bow this nice. May I?” I pointed to the silhouette hung across a hay bailout in the distance.

“Please.” She picked up a remote and pointed it towards the deck, and the second metal started blaring. I almost teared up. Metal, coffee, archery...

“I think you may be my soul mate.” I laughed, slinging the quiver over my shoulder and finding a sweet spot before the target.

I stalled for a moment before pulling the arrow back. What if the whiz of the wind as the arrow slices through it or the thud of the arrow hitting its target were the sounds that wake me up from this beautiful dream?

“Harley.” I couldn’t believe I was about to ask her this.

“Hmm?” she hummed while sipping her coffee.

“Am I dreaming?” I pulled the arrow back, ready to release it. I marked my shot and waited for her answer.

“No. It’s all real.” I released the arrow, letting the adrenaline consume me the second it hit the target’s center mass.

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Cassius:

I woke up with a heavy weight across my legs. Lennon’s scent was already all over the room, and I realized she must have put me to sleep on her couch. I took a deep breath

enjoying the smell of her honey and amber. I let my fingers find her hair and ran through it until I realized it was much longer than this. I opened my eyes to see Knox looking up at me with his usual f**k headed smirk.

“I always knew you wanted me.” he purred through hooded eyes.

“f*****g hell, get off, you prick.” We both laughed. Knox and I have been friends for a long time. Hell, he watched me grow up. That’s the funny thing about him. He’s like my father, Alistair. He doesn’t remember his past, he has no idea how old he is, and like my father, he doesn’t even remember his last name. But regardless of how old he is, he will be forever twenty-three despite his childish nature.

“Where is Lennon?” I hated the instant fear that strangled me when I didn’t see her in the room.

“She’s fine. Listen.” Knox said.

THUD

THUD

THUD

“YOU’RE AMAZING!” That was my mom’s voice.

THUD

THUD

“Look, honey! She doesn’t miss!” That was my mom again.

“What is that?” I asked Knox.

“That is your mother and at least one of your dads, and Lennon outside drunk off their asses playing with bows and arrows.” He roughed his dark hair up on his hand and stood from the couch.

“Let’s go see what the hype is about.” He said, heading for the door.

I followed him into the backyard, and Lennon and my mother had tied bandanas around their heads and were shooting targets. Two bottles of wine were lying on the deck empty, and it looked like they had started on a bottle of champagne. Knox walked up and was standing next to my other father, Atlas. They both were watching them with smiles, and when Lennon hit her mark again, my mom ran over, high-fived, and chest bumped like two dudes watching a football game. I couldn’t help but smile at the two of them. My mother has dedicated her life to everyone but herself and this part of the castle is her safe

space. She works out, plays with her weapons, and practices her powers here in privacy. I am surprised she invited Lennon out here.

“She never misses.” My mother turned, grinning with a slur in her speech.

“I haven’t gotten to do this in years!” Lennon slapped her knee and staggered around as she pulled another arrow from the quiver on her back.

“They’ve been at this for hours.” My father chuckled.

Fallon and Barrett came out onto the deck dressed to the nines. I could see the shock on both of their faces that Lennon was out here with our mother.

“Are they drunk?” Barrett asked with a quirked brow.

“Very.” My father answered.

The door opened again, and my Uncle Denny stepped out with two bottles in his hands.

“Harls, the wine is gone. All that’s left is the hard stuff.” He yelled out into the yard.

“Hey, Lennon. Do you want a shot? POUR THE SHOTS!” She yelled at Denny, who laughed happily and sat the bottles on the table, pouring the drinks for them.

“So, we’re gonna leave now. Cass... congrats... you’re mated to the human equivalent of our mother.” Fallon smacked me before she and Barrett left for their night on the town.

She was right. I just didn’t know it. Lennon fits in just fine with my mother. Which is odd considering the only friend I ever remember her having is my aunt Ferra. They were both sitting on the ground now, taking their shots and just talking, and it was everything in me not to walk over to get closer to Lennon.

“When are you going to tell her?” My uncle asked, stepping up next to me. His question got my father’s and Knox’s attention, who turned to hear my answer. The truth is, I don’t have one.

“I don’t know that I will. I want her to want me the way that I want her. I know she is attracted to me. Her body reacts to my touch, and she eye f***s me whenever my shirt is off. I don’t want her to feel pressured into accepting me if she doesn’t feel the bond the way that I do. The physical stuff is there, but I don’t want our bond to be based on s*x. I just... I don’t have the nerve to ask her on a date, and if she says no... I don’t know how my wolf will react. He has already pressured me to mate and mark her, and I have to fight him for control whenever she is around. He loves her. He has been visiting her in her dreams and already knows so much more than I do about her. She is imprinted with Knox, and I know you want her as badly as I do.” I told them.

I ran my fingers through my hair. My frustration with the situation is growing. I have never wanted to be slow with a woman. I don't know if I can control myself around her, and if I ever bed her, I know I would make her cry because that is what I like. Then if she gave me that power over her, I would f**k her until she couldn't walk because of the soreness between her thick thighs. I don't want to ruin her wanting to be around me; if I rush, I will destroy everything.

"You two just share her. It works well for your parents." My uncle shrugged like it was no big deal, but Knox jumped in quickly.

"Whoa, Whoa. I am not taking my best friend's mate. I am feeding her. What I feel for her is because of the imprint. When I first met her, I couldn't stand her, and she couldn't me either, and when she learns to feed, those feelings will fade." Knox told us.

But I could see the uncertainty in his orange eyes. He was either unsure of his feelings for her fading or didn't want them to. So where does that leave all of this? Do we wait? Do we date her? I shook my head, realizing that I had said 'we.' Was I willing to share Lennon with Knox? I thought about the two of them together, and the first thought that came to mind was his orange eyes looking up at us from between her thighs. I had her leaned against me teasing her n****s and clit, kissing circles on the mark on her neck, and then I heard precious little whimpers and that first moan from him slipping his fingers inside of her. I quickly shook the images before I needed a cold shower.

Damn... Maybe... No... We couldn't possibly.

Lennon:

Harley and I were goofing around in her little slice of heaven, and I don't think either of us realized how drunk we were until we sat down to drink the shots her brother had brought us. Neither of us could get back up, and now we were rolling around on the ground, trying to help each other to our feet.

Laughter took us over at the impossible task of standing that neither of us could seem to do. We fell back to the ground, wrapped around each other, laughing with tears on our faces. We had lost our breath, and neither of us could stop. I love this feeling. I don't know if it is the feeling of a real friendship, the alcohol, or the sky here that seems never-ending but gives me some comforting sense of freedom, but I pray it never ends.

"You look like you could use some help." Knox laughed.

Cassius's father, Atlas, had scooped Harley up from the ground, and she immediately took him into a feverish kiss that made my face explode in shades of red.

"Maybe." I giggled as Knox helped me to my feet. The world tipped and swayed as the alcohol settled itself into my body. Knox picked me up, and at his contact, I laid my still-

spinning head against his broad chest and wrapped my arms tightly around his neck, thinking that using him as an anchor could hold my still-swaying mind steady.

“It would seem you made a friend.” He purred. The gravel in his voice raked over me like hot coals and settled straight between my legs with a throb.

“Mmhmm.” I hummed, enjoying the smell of his minty breath and cologne.

“Here, Cass. Hold this little princess.” Knox passed me off to Cass, and just like with Knox, I settled quickly against his broad chest.

“Come on, Red. I’ll take you back upstairs. He said, snuggling me closer to him.

I know I can’t have these feelings for my friends... my only friends, and I am pretty sure that it is the alcohol talking, but... the images of Knox’s rough hands touching me and then grabbing Cass by the face the same way he had mine when he fed me earlier. The two of them leaning in so close their noses were touching, their lips only centimeters from making contact, had my thighs clenching in Cassius’s hold.

He laid me on the bed, pulled my shoes off, flung the cover over me, and then walked out hurriedly without another word. I sat up and took in every inch of the room that I could. It was empty. I rolled my bottom lip between my teeth and laid back down, throwing the covers over my head. I let my hands wander my body. My lips parted when my fingers grazed over my hardened n****s. Now I know this is the alcohol talking. I have never touched myself before. I have never even had an o****m yet... but I think I’m about to.

I unbuttoned my pants and let my hand slide into my panties. Slowly, I let my fingers graze between my lips, parting myself. A soft moan came when my fingertips discovered my clit. I rubbed it soft and slow at first. I groaned, arching against my hand’s assault when I started speeding up, rubbing myself in tight, fast circles. When the pressure started building inside of me, I let my hand go lower, pushing my middle finger inside of my aching p***y. I exploded like lightning, touching the earth, then I rode out my o****m with the images of Cass’s tongue dancing softly with Knox’s. I slumped against the soft mattress letting the comfort of the alcohol mingling closely with my first o****m like an old friend lull me into a deep happy sleep.

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Knox:

When Cassius didn’t come back downstairs, I went to make sure his wolf hadn’t gotten the best of him. I had hoped having contact with his mate would calm the darkness in his eyes, and as long as I have known Cass, I wouldn’t dream of him bedding Lennon while she was drunk. But I had promised her that I wouldn’t let anyone hurt her again, and I

knew that would hurt her. Even if his wolf took control and he had no choice in the matter. I knew it would kill them both.

I took the stairs, then the elevator, and when the door opened, I found Cass in the hallway. He was sitting on the floor outside of Lennon's door with his head leaned back against the door. Then I heard what he was listening to. Her small whimpers caught my ear and my feet stalled. He turned to look at me and slowly his finger met his lips to silence my steps. The sounds of her chasing her own pleasures bounced around the alpha floor like she was groaning into a megaphone.

Cass's eyes were glowing like the universe had exploded in his mind. He reached out and patted the floor next to him, inviting me to sit and listen. But I couldn't.

"If I sit, that is nurturing the bond. I can't do that to either of you." I sent my thoughts to his mind and then I turned to give him space to listen to the only intimacy he would receive for God knows how long. He won't bed another woman again, not until he beds Lennon and I know his wolf needs this. But me, I'm doomed to a lone existence. Death doesn't get the love or the bond that shifters get. We can imprint a chosen mate. But, I had never found anyone who needed me the way Lennon does, so I had never had the opportunity to imprint anyone until now. It would figure the one person that comes along that I imprint with would already have a bond in place that was waiting to be discovered and explored.

I went back downstairs and sat in the kitchen. Harley was down there making coffee. Her metabolism worked much quicker than Lennon's and she was pretty much sober already.

"Penny for your thoughts?" she asked, pouring herself a cup of coffee.

"I'm alright," I grumbled.

She slid a cup towards me and leaned on the counter, looking into my eyes.

"I know you are older than I am, but I feel like I have raised you too. I know this bond with Lennon and the fear of hurting Cass is killing you and if you need to talk about it, I'm here for you. Also, now that you and Lennon will be staying here, I am taking over her training. You guys are training her like she is a man. She isn't. She needs to learn to use her body and mind as a weapon and I can do that for her." She patted my shoulder and strolled back up the stairs.

I let the wind leave my lungs, shaking my mind away from the small whimpers I could still hear replaying through my mind. I barely heard a single thing Harley said because of those sounds. I soaked the hot coffee hoping the burn in my throat would ease the ache in my chest over her. I went back upstairs, and I was honestly relieved to see Cass had moved away from her door. I passed by her door and into the room I would be staying in. I tore my shirt off and flopped back onto the bed. This is getting more difficult for me to

control, and the worst part is, the hole that had taken up so much room in my chest was slowly being filled by her.

“F**k.” I growled, rolling over and burying my face into my pillow. Tomorrow is a new day.

Lennon:

“Lennon. Lennon! Wake up lady, it’s go time!” Harley’s voice penetrated the darkness in my mind and her words exploded against the back of my eyelids in vibrant explosions of pain behind my eyes.

“Oh, did my voice give you a lobotomy?” she chuckled.

“That isn’t how you do it. This is.” Knox’s voice eased the ache in my brain and the smell of coffee that came into the room with him had me upright and out of bed in seconds. I grabbed the cup, sipping generously with a moan as the taste exploded in my mouth.

“Uh, Lennon. You’re a*s naked, princess.” I opened my aching eyes to see Knox’s eyes a blazing orange.

I sat the cup down and dressed in training clothes quickly to avoid my embarrassment eating me alive. I didn’t even bother with my hair, I tied it on top of my head and dragged myself to the bathroom to pee and brush my teeth.

Harley took me back outside to where we had been yesterday, only this time we took a right turn, walking around the grounds to a place about the size of my old house. Once inside, I realized this is where she would be training me.

We stretched before starting and then we ran and ran until I hurt the same way I had after the whole day with Knox. We did legs, a*s, and everything in between. We both fell back on the mats for a break before we started the other stuff she had planned.

“Has anyone mentioned the ball that is being held here in two days?” she looked over at me from where we had been lying.

“Ball?” I scrunched my nose up.

“Ball. Dancing, food, cute boys.” She said.

“No.” I rubbed the sweat from my eyes and sat up ready to keep going when she decided to try to make me vomit.

“Fallon and I are going to get gowns tomorrow evening. Cass has asked us to help you pick yours out. He and Knox argued all morning over which one was paying for it.” She chuckled but I went numb, only able to think about one thing... prom.

I turned back to tell her I couldn't make it, but when I turned, I saw nothing. Just darkness.

"I told you not to trust them." slowly I turned. I knew she had returned without even seeing her.

"I—" I had opened my mouth to tell her that I didn't know what she was talking about when she rushed me.

"You didn't listen to me." she spat through gritted teeth.

"I do trust them. You aren't thinking clearly. Not everyone is like Grant and his friends."

"Oh, please! If you had gone out with them last night, you would've seen it for yourself. They don't give a s**t about us. No one does and no one ever will. So why in the f**k are you choosing now to act stupid!?" she had my shoulders gripped tightly in her hands. She looked worse off this time than last, and my heart was shattering for her. It is like my soul split and she ended up with the short end of the stick.

"You need to get back to your own realm and handle business. You have more power than you know what to do with and you are too blind to see it and too f*****g ignorant to use it." She let me go and started pacing like I had caught her in the middle of a breakdown. Her fists were tangling in her hair and she was sobbing.

"Let me just—" I wanted to say something or hold her. Anything I could do to make her feel better but she stopped me again.

"NO! Look what they did to us. Just look at me!" she crouched down holding her knees under her chin like I had when I held her hand before Knox had torn me away.

I couldn't stop looking at her. At myself. It was like all of it had come rushing back to my memory. I had been so consumed in my new life and friends that I forgot my own story needed to be told.

"So, come with me. Come back inside of me and we can... I don't even know. We can figure it out." My voice was quivering from watching her pain seep from her.

Why don't I feel any of that pain anymore?

She stood and walked over to me with all of her madness written on her face. A dark smile crossed her lips, and I gasped when black tar started pouring from her mouth, puddling around her feet. It slithered over to me, moving up my legs like rising water. I shook at it, I slapped it. I tried to knock it off, but it didn't budge.

"Get it off! STOP!" I yelled at her still smirking face. That darkness absorbed into my skin, it went into my eyes, nose, and mouth, and no matter how hard I hacked and coughed I

couldn't clear my airway. It made me feel full like I do after Knox feeds me, but this was different and disgusting. Then it just stopped.

I looked around searching for the crazy b***h but I couldn't see her anywhere.

"Let me show you what it looks like when you become your own hero, Lennon." Her voice echoed through my mind. She took control of my body and waved her arms and a glowing hole appeared. Reluctantly, I stepped through it, thinking anywhere was better than here. Until I saw exactly where the hole it took me to.

I was standing outside of my house... my mom's fixer-upper.

"f**k this. Take us home." I growled, letting my voice ricochet around my mind searching for wherever her cowardice a*s was hiding.

But I never got an answer.

I turned to leave but she stopped at my feet and turned me to walk into the house. The usual creak of the porch, the usual creak of the door, but something was different. This doesn't feel right.

"f**k YOU, TED!" My mother slung a whiskey bottle at me. I slumped against the door, barely dodging the flying bottle.

"Calm down stupid. No one can see you. We're dead, remember?" she sounded pleased with herself for this mess.

"Take me home now!" I growled climbing to my feet.

"Not until I finish what you should've done the night we were killed." She snapped.

At this point, I can only hope Harley has gotten Knox or Cass by now. They can figure this out. I just know it. They will make sure I get back home to them.

Their Warrior Luna Chapter 110

Cassius:

The tone in my mother's voice, when she mind-linked us about Harley collapsing during training was like grabbing onto an electric fence. I don't even remember leaving my office, but Knox was right behind me and just as confused as I was. I was running through the building in no time.

My mother was splattered out right beside an unconscious Lennon. She had a vision, and by the look of the bullets of sweat beading onto her face, it must be a bad one. I linked my

fathers to come for her. Knox and I gathered around the two. Lennon's lips were a pale blue, and her skin was ice cold, but the hair on her arms stood to attention as Knox and I touched her pale skin.

"Is she..." I couldn't even say it. Something about the way the words tasted... I just couldn't.

"No. I would know if she was killed again because of the imprint, and well... I am Death. I don't know what this is, though. It's like she is frozen or something." He helped keep my mother from banging her head on the floor as her vision ended, but his eyes stayed on Lennon's lifeless face.

I rubbed the hair back from her eyes, Knox carried my mom, and I had Lennon. I am still determining what this is, but I know one person who can help us with the necessary answers.

"Ace, come to my office." I linked my head warrior. He excelled in most things in his life. He was top of every class when he came to us. What not many know is that the boy is f*****g genius.

Knox passed my mother off to one of my dads on the way up, and we entered my office. I couldn't put her down. I just needed to hold her. Her skin was so cold that against my own skin, it felt like ice. That's saying something considering my father passed his frigid skin onto me.

"What's wrong, my king?" Ace came rushing in his training clothes and took a knee in front of me.

"Tell me what's wrong with my mate, Ace." A growl erupted from my chest, and if Lennon hadn't been in my arms, I would've ripped my friend's heart out then and there to get the answers from his mind.

"May I, my king?" He reached out like he would touch her, and I nodded despite the growl that rumbled from me.

He checked her over, then sat on the coffee table with an expression I could only decipher as confusion.

"Don't you dare act like you don't know what is wrong with her, Ace. You know every f*****g thing else." My fangs elongated, and fur started sprouting on my arms.

"If you shift with her in your arms, it will kill her, and then I will kill you." Knox let his aura suck the air from the room.

"I won't hurt her, Knox. Now back off." I was fighting my wolf for control, but I had a handle on it right now. His aura pressed me into the couch, but I was fighting it. He is

probably the only person in this realm with an aura stronger than mine, but I'll be damned if I ever show him or anyone else that.

"I'll back off when I know you aren't a danger to her." His orange eyes pierced me, and poor Ace was pressed to the floor between our auras, taking up most of the room.

"Scared. To. Death." Ace gasped from the floor.

"WHAT?!" We both turned to Ace, letting our rage and fear out on him.

He acted like our presence was sucking the air out of him. We pulled our auras in as if we both had that realization simultaneously. Slowly he made it to his feet, and then he repeated himself.

"She has been scared to death." He rumbled, rubbing his throat.

"She is already dead." Knox and I said at the same time.

"Yes, but other than that, everything else fits." He shrugged, still taking in the unconscious queen.

"What can we do for her?" Knox asked, pinching his brows.

"I don't know, sir." He answered.

"I apologize, your majesty. I wish there was more that I could do. I'm not sure who could help her, but I would advise you to get her to the pack hospital so she can be monitored, and a care plan can be created to keep her body alive while her brain fights to come back." And with that, Ace left us. Knox looked at me, and I looked at him. His normal peachy skin tone and orange eyes had faded. He is going gray on me, and I have no idea how to snap him out of it. But I know Lennon needs us both right now.

"Swallow it. Lennon needs us both. Push those feelings so far f*****g down that they feel like a memory from long ago. She needs US. Both of us. Now let's go." I stood walking around my best friend and took our mate to the hospital.

Lennon:

"Kill her. Kill her, and then we will have the power to move on to the rest. All we need is her heart." The darkness of her voice was dripping through my mind. I was looking at my mother, who was asleep now. Her wrists were freshly f*****d up, and she looked tired and hungry and... Gray. Everything about her was gray. This isn't right.

"Why is she so gray?" I asked the only person with me... myself.

"Her aura is gray, dumbass. Everything in this realm is surrounded by an aura."

Her words made me look harder at my mother. Sinners and saints. That's what Knox had called them. the souls I would eat. He called them sinners and saints; we only take the bad ones. The good ones move to the sacred spaces.

"She isn't evil. She's just sad." I reached out, letting my fingers push her hair from her face. Unfortunately, I'm just a spirit again. So, my fingers slid through her. But I have to think she feels me here. I hope she feels me here. I turned to walk out of the door. My other self is still telling me I have to kill her, and on the one hand, a part of me feels like it wouldn't take but a second.

On the other hand, I could drain her life force like I had those wolves, but that gray surrounding her makes Knox's voice replay in my head. Sinners and saints... sinners and saints. We hadn't got that far in my training, but something tells me gray doesn't mean sinner.

"Lennon?" My mother's voice called out. Goosebumps covered my skin. Her voice sounded so... normal. That gray that surrounded her turned yellow. Bright and shiny. It was beautiful to see.

"Lennon, honey. Are you home?" She looked around the house and just started cleaning as she went. She had started dinner, and I just sat there watching her go. She seemed so normal. My mother hasn't cooked in years. She hasn't done anything in years.

I turned and left the house. I want to remember her this way. Painting the porch, making dinner, smiling.

"I won't do it. I don't kill people. s**t, I am the girl who gets killed. Not the one who kills." I told her... or me.

"Whatever this demented robin hood bullshit you're on, you're on your own." I thought about that part of me. That sad, angry part and I pictured her whole, with a shiny yellow aura like my mom's.

But all I got in return was her dark chuckle, and then I was overcome with a dripping rage that could only be born from hatred. I ran back into the house, but it wasn't me. I didn't want to go back in. I was worried that I would lose that vision of my mother in yellow. Instead, I lost something much worse.

I couldn't control my own movements. My thoughts were all I had left. I watched through the eyes that she had taken control of.

"Lennon, you are home!" My mother seemed so happy to see me. She opened her arms wide to hug me, and instead of taking that hug from her, the dark me approached my mother and tore her heart from her chest. I was screaming for her to stop what she was doing, but that bitter b***h only laughed while she maimed my mother. It looked like something from a horror movie. Blood painted us both. It painted the walls and floor

under her now limp body. Then she gave me control back, and no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't fix my mother's chest wounds.

I feel like I am stuck in a bad draft of a Jekyll and Hyde spin-off with a drunk Robert Louis Stevenson at the wheel. I clutched to her still-warm body pleading with the universe to help me.

"Lennon." I knew that voice. I knew it as well as I knew my own.

"Knox?" I turned to see him standing there. He was in full robes. He was Death.

"Knox! You have to help me. My dream self, she—" I was sliding around in the blood that had flooded the kitchen floor. I wanted to be in his arms, but I wasn't anywhere. So instead, I was back in the darkness, being held captive by my self.

"Why are you doing this? You can be happy. We both can. Just let me go home." I pleaded with her. Her fingers were still dripping with my mother's blood. I looked at mine to see nothing. My hands were spotless, as if the fates knew I didn't want to hurt her.

"You are so f*****g naïve, Lennon. This IS our home. This soul-crushing darkness that is surrounding us, this is it. This is where good girls go to die, and when I build our strength back up, we will go after Grant. Then, when we get our hands on him, you will see... you will see how good it feels to take back your power.

"This isn't how you get stronger. Hurting people doesn't make you stronger, even when you are hurting. It makes you weak. I want to pick up and move on from this bull s**t. With my friends. With Knox, Cass, Harley, and whoever else can learn to love me. I don't want this. YOU do." Now let me out of this s**t hole.

"You'll never get out of here. But don't worry, your pretty little redhead, over it, sweetie. Those feelings you have for them will fade. Pretty soon, it will be like you never existed to them at all. You will become just a distant memory of something that was never meant to be in the first place." She snarled with rotting teeth and glassy eyes.

"f**k you." I snapped back at her. I will get out of here, and when I do. She would be my first and last kill.