

Their Warrior Luna Chapter 91

I wish I could tell you that at that moment I felt fearless. But... that isn't the case. I am locked inside my mind while my body is losing its fight to survive. It will be any time now that it shuts down completely, and then what? Is there an afterlife? Or is this it?

Will I be stuck in this moment forever? Will I be forced to relive the worst night of my life?

My lungs have stopped fighting against the earth that is bear-hugging my cold skin. My heart tried to thud at the loss of oxygen, but it only slowed down more too. My whole body was dying to go into convulsions, but even with my brain being the only thing alive at that point, it wouldn't allow my body to move... and then... it was over. I was gone.

This can't be it.

"This is not it. You could just... stand up if you want. Whenever you are ready." A dark voice called out to me.

A chill sank deeply into my bones at the sound. Whatever is waiting for me outside of this shallow hole doesn't sound like an angel at all. I sat there awhile longer debating on whether it would be better to stay here or to stand up and see what was waiting for me out there.

"How do I get out?" I called out to the darkness. I waited but no reply came.

Maybe it was just my imagination. My brain is dead after all.

"Just stand up." he called out again.

I didn't understand. I am covered in dirt. If I could just stand up, I would have done it long before I died. But my curiosity got the best of me now that I'm not focused on my body's fight to survive. I did as the voice had said... I cried when my arms wiggled and my toes started moving. I shimmed until my hands were able to dig the dirt away from my face. I took a deep breath at the first hint of air, and I wailed. I scratched and dug until I clawed out of the hole. When I rolled to the ground free from my prison, I bawled my eyes out because I could feel the warm summer air blowing against my frosted skin.

"Just stand up." It called out again, but this time it was closer, it wasn't inside of my head anymore.

I did as the voice asked. Fighting the weight of my tulle skirt that was caked in dirt, I stood to my feet. Before I could even turn to see where the voice had come from, the hole that I had just dug out of caught my attention. The dirt that I had disrupted climbing out, was neatly covering where I had once been... where I still am.

I looked at my translucent hands and a panic washed over every inch of me. I dropped to the ground trying to dig my body out.

“No... No...No” I yelled through my tears and the anger that was building in me. My ghostly hands wouldn’t cup the dirt. I couldn’t get my body out.

“I thought I was free!” I called out.

I was pulled to my feet as I tried to fight to get back to my body. I need to get my body out of that f*****g hole. But instead, I turned to face him... to face Death. The being I had called out to for so long was standing in front of me. A hooded figure much like the stories say, and even though I couldn’t see his face I knew his eyes were looking into mine. In his presence, I froze completely.

“This is not the end, Lennon.” His voice was mortifying and yet it relaxed me. My shaking form calmed under his touch and when he pulled me in for a hug, I let him. I let him wrap his massive arms around me and I buried myself in the cloak that covered him. Screaming, overwhelmed by the loss of myself.

“Are you taking me to heaven?” my sobbing had turned into hiccups.

“I’m afraid not.” My hiccups stopped altogether at his words, and I pulled back from his embrace, looking into the face that I could not see but knew was there.

“Hell?” I whispered. I wasn’t a perfect human, but I thought at the very least the misery I have endured here on earth would be enough to get me into heaven.

“No.” He laughed a hearty laugh at my expense.

“Don’t laugh at her Death, she is mortified!” a delicate voice called from behind me.

I don’t know how this whole dying thing works, but I hadn’t been expecting two reapers. I turned to see a woman with the night sky braided into her long silver hair. Her gown was no different, seeming to have been made from the fabric of galaxies.

“Who are you?” I asked her.

Her smile widened across her beautiful face and, if it was possible, that one smile made her seem more beautiful than before.

“The moon.” She whispered with a grin, stepping closer to me.

She pushed my hair out of my eyes and grasped me by the shoulders. Her touch seemed to ease something in me that I hadn’t realized was raging until it wasn’t anymore.

“You have been tethered here because of a bond that was created by the goddess.” Death’s words sent a small spark of anger through me that ignited something in the pit of my stomach.

“What kind of bond?” I asked them both.

“When I created my children, I split their souls. That way they could walk the earth and find each other over and over again. Your soul is bonded to one of my children, Lennon.” Her words almost felt too precious to miss. The way her voice sang things was almost enough to calm my anger until she mentioned that I was alive because I was meant to be for someone else.

“Please, tell me you are f*****g kidding me.” I snapped at them, letting that spark of anger engulf me.

“Look.” I pointed at my grave.

“I was raped and murdered tonight because I have spent my eighteen years in this trap house of existence trying to make everyone happy but myself. I wake up day after shitty day to be pulled around by one person or another like a puppet on strings and now you are telling me that I can’t even move on because I was made for someone else. Are you seriously going to stand here and tell me that even after my death that I am still alive living for everyone but me?” my hands shook with the anticipation of their answers.

“It isn’t like that, Lennon. You will not ever have to worry about anything again. No one will ever cause you any pain or harm. You will get to make your own choices, including if you accept the mate bond or not.” She spoke.

“Fine. I don’t accept it.” I dropped down next to my grave and hugged my knees to my chest.

“It doesn’t really work that way dear. You must reject the bond in front of the person, and they have to accept it. That is the only way to sever the bond.” She spoke seeming a bit disappointed. But now that this life is over, I want to move on and I could care less about any boy on this planet.

“She has to learn to feed before she can go into their realm, Selene. She will not survive otherwise.” Death’s voice somehow managed to relax the raging anger that was still threatening to burn me up entirely.

“I have been feeding myself a long time, Death. Besides, dead people don’t eat.” I snarked.

“That is the other thing, dear. You aren’t dead. You are a soul eater. Your kind is few and far between, but they do exist. Soul eaters are created by trauma. Because of your trauma and the horrific way that you were killed, you were made a soul eater.” She said it so casually like she was talking about the weather or something.

“I am dreaming, right? This whole thing is happening because of the lack of oxygen my brain is suffering from. You can both go now. You aren’t even real.” I scooted closer to my grave as both of them disappeared. I reached into the dirt and dug around until I felt my hand and I sat there holding it. If I am still dying, I will hold my hand until I go. No one deserves to die alone.

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I sat there trying to grip my hand. Now that rigor has set in, I can barely stand to touch it, but for some reason, I couldn’t let go.

Now the sun is coming up, I can hear the whoosh of the waves on the lake, the birds are chirping in this part of the forest and not one single person cares that I am gone, and I hate how badly that truth stings.

“Have you accepted it yet?” death loomed over my shoulder, but I couldn’t look at him. If I look, it just becomes more real.

“Go away.” I snarled.

“At some point, you will have to accept this. You will get hungry soon, and if that happens and you don’t feed, your soul will be lost. Do you understand?” I am being scolded by Death right now and, in most circumstances, I would have laughed my a*s off, but not right now.

“Just go, please.” I hadn’t realized I was crying until the tears fell to my knees.

How can they expect me to accept that I’m dead and have to go on some mystical f*****g journey to find love? That sounds like an underbudget movie plot with actors that no one has ever heard of. Nothing about that seems right. I have lost freedom, I have lost my life, my prom, my virginity, and out of all of that, the most bitter thing that keeps gnawing at me is that this is what Grant has made of my first taste of love. It is Bitter... it is bitter and rotten and wrong, and I can’t get it back. I can’t get any of it back.

That bitter feeling that started in my chest simmered until it covered every inch of me. I sat here all day and now, even as the sun is setting, I still haven’t been able to make peace with any of this. I buried my face in my knees as darkness fell over the forest. The crickets and fireflies woke up, the frogs joined in on the chorus of nightlife humming to life around me. Within that song that was being sung around me, murmuring erupted in the mix, making my head snap up to look around for the faint voices in the darkness surrounding me.

“Hello? Who’s there?” I cringed when you could hear fear clearly in my tone. If I weren’t already dead and it had been an axe murderer, I would’ve been screwed. But instead of

the axe murder my mind had created, small lights of yellows and blues ignited in the trees.

“Are you sad?” one of the lights called out to me.

“Yes.” I called back, still thinking this was another vision created by the death of my neurons.

“Are you scared of the dark?” another one called out, flickering lightly in the dark sky.

“I am right now.” I hugged my legs closer, thinking that could somehow protect me.

The little lights grew by the hundreds until the forest was lit up with their little flames. I laughed as a tear rolled down my cheek. Whatever they are, they just planted a little seed of warmth in my frozen heart.

“There that’s better. We can stay with you tonight.” One called from up in the trees.

“Thank you.” I said around the quivering of my lips.

I laid back on the cold ground still gripping the stiff hand under the dirt. It’s funny. Somehow, I feel like I am holding the hand of a stranger now. I watched the lights dancing in the trees. Their little flames danced to the tune of the crickets chirping and as mesmerized as I was by their show, I sensed the presence of another.

“Ah, I see you have met the wisps.” Her sweet voice bounced around the forest, melting in with the tunes of the night.

I sat up looking into the moon’s eyes. Why has she come? I was just enjoying myself for the first time since this happened. I don’t want to talk about any more of this. I just want to watch the flames dance.

“The what?” I asked merely out of curiosity. I had wondered what the precious little flames were called.

She sat down next to me on the ground in her gown which looked entirely too expensive to touch the dirt.

“They are the will-o’-the-wisps. People say they are naughty little creatures that lure travelers into deep waters, but it isn’t true. They light the way for those that see them. Whatever their path, if their heart is pure, the wisps will come to guide you into the dark.” She had leaned back watching the wisps dance the same way I was. But now I could only look at her.

“I don’t want guidance. I can’t... I can’t leave. How am I supposed to move forward knowing that my body is right there? Just below the earth’s surface, I am folded up in a

ball of black tulle and mistakes and not a single person is looking for me. I can't leave her there. She deserves better... we both do." I took one look at the hand that I had shoved through the freshly dug dirt. Then I focused back on the flames in the forest because touching the skin wrapped around my bones, and knowing that it is me is too painful... it hurts so f*****g bad knowing that I am the one in that hole.

"I am not asking you to leave my child. I am here to sit with you. Until you are ready to go to death, one of us will be with you, because you are right about one thing. No one deserves this." From that point, we sat in silence watching the wisps light up the night until the blue kissed the sky, putting the flames, crickets, and hallucinations to sleep for now.

With the sunrise came the beachgoers. I could hear them all down there somewhere enjoying the water and basking in the sun that couldn't reach through the trees that were surrounding me. Maybe I would get lucky, and some boy would be down there flirting with some girl, and... just maybe he would convince her to break away from the crowd to sneak away for hidden kisses and one of them would casually trip over the disheveled dirt covering me. Maybe today I will be found, even though no one is looking for me.

Despite how hard I held onto that hope, I sat here as Jane Doe holding the hand of Lennon Faith Montgomery, an eighteen-year-old girl who f*****d up one time in her life and ended up buried under the dirt that those people were living their lives on. I watched them as the sun fell from the sky, and they all started packing up their bags and leaving, taking with them any hope that I had of my body being found today.

When the crickets and frogs returned to sing their song to the stars that were freckling the night sky, the hallucinations returned too. Only this time it was him and he was not nearly as kind as the moon.

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"I am having a hard time feeling sorry for you right now, Lennon. Was this not what you wanted? I heard you calling out to me all those nights that you would lay in your bed and beg me to come for you." His words felt like glass shattering in my face.

I tried to pick up a rock and sling it at his face, but my hand just went through it.

"Not like this you bastard! I didn't ask for this!" I pointed my finger at my grave while scowling at the bastard.

"You are a real piece of s**t if you think anyone would ever ask for this!" I screamed.

His chuckle triggered something in me and, for the first time since I took my own hand, I let go. Slowly, I made my way to him on shaking legs. I got as close to his face as I could with our height difference, scowling into the face of Death.

“This isn’t what I prayed for, Death. I wanted you to swoop into that bedroom that you heard me begging you from and take me in my sleep. I didn’t want my innocence taken from me, and I didn’t want to be beaten in the head until the sounds of my own skull crunching took me out.” I felt a cool breeze carrying the smell of food wafting from him. But when I stuck my hand out to see if the breeze was indeed coming from him, his very human-like hand smacked me away.

“You are getting hungry, Lennon. You need to come with me before the real hunger sets in and you lose your soul.” He snarled.

“I am not going anywhere with you or anyone else.” I crossed my arms. I will not leave until my body is found and, even then, I don’t know that I will leave with either of them.

“Insolent human.” He grumbled as he faded into the darkness of the forest.

“Lennon, I need to show you something.” I heard her sing-song voice ring from behind me and I turned, relieved that she had returned. Death is an a*****e, and he doesn’t have wisps with him.

She was sitting in the same spot we had sat in last night waiting for me to sit down beside her.

I sat down next to her but something in her eyes caught my attention... is she worried?

She waved her hand and images lit up the forest. It was the football team playing in the championship game. Nausea rolled in the pit of my stomach at the sight of Grant making the touchdown that won them the championship. The images flashed over to graduation. I watched as my class walked the stage without me, none of them any wiser that I wasn’t there. Then to my living room where my mother was rolling around on the couch naked with her hallucinations. I turned away out of instinct, but the moon’s hand landed on my shoulder.

“Don’t look away. You need to see this before it is too late, Lennon. Death is right. If you don’t feed soon...” Her voice faded away and my stomach churned at the mention of food.

“I showed you all of this because you need to know, as painful as it may be, no one here is looking for you. No one even notices that you are gone. But... my son is looking for you, and he has been for some time now.” I rolled my eyes at her matchmaking agenda. I don’t want a damn boyfriend.

“I think it is time that you accepted that it could be some time before you are found. If you are found at all. You need to eat, and you have to learn the dos and don’ts of your feeding needs, otherwise, it will be your soul that suffers the consequences. You can have a new life outside of this...” Crackling branches cut her words off. Her eyes were locked behind us and I turned around to look too, but being unable to see anything in the dark made it hard for me to see anything.

“What is it?” I turned back to look at her, only to find that she had joined the stars in the sky. Like death, she had left me. This time I really was fearful an axe murderer was loose in the woods. When I finally caught a glimpse of what she had seen, I realized how right I had been... Well, not the axe part. Just the murderer part.

A very drunk Carter was stumbling through the woods flopping down beside my grave wearing a suit. It must be prom night. I couldn't focus on what he was sobbing about because of the delicious smell coming from him. I can't describe it any way other than my favorite food, but ten times better.

“I'm so sorry, Lennon. I don't know what happened.” He pulled a revolver out of his pocket, laying it in his lap along with a bottle of beer.

I didn't think, as a ghost, you could feel your heart thudding, but I did. I feel it clanking against my rib cage ready to break free.

“My old man treats me like shit... I made the mistake of letting Grant and Chad see that side of me. They told me I could take all of my power back if I ra... ra... f**k I can't even say it.” He wiped his nose on his sleeve before taking a drink from the beer that he had brought with him. He kept silent for some time and then he pulled a joint out of his pocket, lighting it. I could see his face in the flash of the lighter. The dark bags under his eyes told me that I had been haunting him... good. I hope he never eats or sleeps again without thinking of me.

“You need to leave.” Death's voice came from behind me.

“f**k that. I know exactly what he is about to do, and I want to hear what he has to say.” I yanked my arm away from Death's grip.

I couldn't pull my eyes away from Carter and when he finally spoke again, I almost jumped out of my skin.

“I f****d up, Lennon. I f****d up badly. But I can fix it, I can fix all of it... I can fix it.” He picked the revolver up, looking at it.

“You need to turn around, Lennon. I mean it!” but I couldn't. It was like my feet were frozen to the ground from the moment the barrel touched his lips.

Death stepped in front of me wrapping me in his arms, his hand tangled in my hair and he shoved my face into his chest.

I shook all over at the sound of the gun going off. My ears were ringing. My head was spinning. No... it wasn't my head at all. Everything started whirling around us like we had been caught in a windstorm. When Death finally released me, I gasped. He had forced me to leave my body and I was punching his chest over and over before I caught myself.

“ENOUGH!” he yelled, causing his voice to echo around us.

I thought maybe if the “Be careful what you wish for” thing was real, then maybe the “If looks could kill” saying would be too. I stared him down with every ounce of anger in me.

“Why? You knew I didn’t want to leave, and you made me! You aren’t any better than they are!” I yelled at him.

He grabbed me by the throat, pulling me in so close that I could feel the icy tendrils radiating off him. His breath was fanning my face, soaking me in that delicious scent that made my stomach churn again.

“If I hadn’t brought you here, you would have rampaged the moment his soul left his body and there are about two hundred kids up that hill that do not deserve to be on the receiving end of your hunger.” He snapped before releasing my neck.

“Now, enough is enough. I know that you are only eighteen, but you need to get a f*****g grip. Bad s**t happened to you. It is unfortunate. I am sorry. I am sorry that it ended like that, but I couldn’t interfere. You had to become a soul eater, you had to die terribly for that to happen. But I can’t rewrite the things that were written long before I even existed.” He was pacing in front of me, but I couldn’t focus on the words he was spewing because of the delicious scent that was wrapping around me from every angle, holding me captive.

“Death... I” My words cut off when a ripping pain tore through my stomach.

“For f***s sake.” He snarled as I dropped to my knees clutching my stomach.

“It hurts.” I whimpered while he pulled me to my feet.

He snatched my face, and I gripped his wrists in fear, a black smokey tar-like thing poured from his mouth into mine. Almost instantly the pain eased. I moaned, relaxing into his chilled hands when the pain started leaving me completely.

“Better?” His tender voice pulled me from the trance I had been in.

“mmhmm.” I nodded, almost falling when he pulled away from me so quickly that I stumbled.

I finally focused enough to take in my surroundings. Everything here was in the shades of blacks, grays, and whites but it all looked... normal. Flowers were blooming, there was grass... a house stood behind him. He chuckled, catching my attention.

“Let me guess, you assumed I lived on a dark plane of existence?” he laughed a stomach laugh that surprised me.

“That’s yours?” I gawked at him.

“And yours until you learn to feed properly.” he affirmed.

“So, I guess this is where good girls go to die?” I deadpanned, walking around him in a huff. I am still pissed that he forced me here. But I have no idea how to get back, so for now, I will make do until I can figure it out.

I opened the door to the house, stopping in shock. This isn’t at all what I was expecting. Everything was so neat... and clean... and nice... he said this would be my home for now. But, it is so nice here. I bet the pipes don’t creak, I bet the floors are solid, and the furniture smells clean. I bet the water is hot and doesn’t run cold in twenty minutes. I was fighting back tears just taking in the space around me until the familiar sound of a zipper going down shook me to my core. I turned so quickly that I almost fell.

“What is it?” Death jerked his head from side to side like he would fight whatever had scared me, making his shaggy dark brown hair fall into his orange eyes.

“What? No! It was a... nothing. Nothing.” I was flustered by his handsome face and totally normal clothes.

“You’re a man?” I blurted with shock and stupidity clear in my tone.

“You’re a woman?” He mocked my shocked expression, making me roll my eyes.

“Whatever.” I grumbled at him. I couldn’t take my eyes off him as he hung the cloak onto a coat rack.

He walked into a room off the living area and came back tossing me some clothes.

“Go shower. You stink and your dress is getting crud on my floor.” His dark orange eyes made heat prickle under my skin. I just couldn’t look away from them.

“For f***s sake. I am a normal dude, who does normal things okay? I just... I am Death. I reap souls. My name is Knox. Satisfied? Now go wash your a*s, the bathroom is right there.” He flung the clothes at me, pointed at the bathroom, and then stomped off to the kitchen.

I ran to the bathroom with the ripped tulle dragging behind me. He was right, I had made a mess of the floors.

I locked the door behind me, mesmerized by the big tile shower. I don’t even know how to work the damn thing. Once I got my dress off, I sat it aside and played trial and error with Death’s fancy shower until steam filled the bathroom. I sighed, feeling the heat coming from the water before I even stepped in. I was right. The water was hot. I groaned, letting the water that was spewing from every angle of the shower beat into my tender skin. I

shampooed my hair and then I did it again. It was full of dirt, grass, and twigs. I scrubbed and conditioned until the water ran clear and then I just stood there enjoying the water.

Knox:

I was sweeping the mess up that her damn dress made when I heard her sigh in relief. I was still fuming about the bastard killing himself. Lennon was supposed to get to do that when she was ready and when it came to a point where I could've let her eat his soul herself, I had to drag her home. I fed her his soul anyway. Even though that was a mistake on my behalf. She deserved to take that piece of her back and before I am done, she will be whole again. That small girl that is buried in a shallow hole in the ground back in the human realm will be nothing more than a bad dream when I am finished with her, and when I am finished... she will be anyone's worst f*****g nightmare. I will make sure she never gets hurt again.

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I hadn't slept for days and didn't realize how exhausting being dead is. I stomped from the kitchen holding the prom dress that I had been so in love with. Death... or I mean... Knox was waiting in the living room with a bag for it and I happily shoved that piece of that night into that bag. I never want to see it again.

"Thanks... for the clothes... and the shower..." my red curls were dripping around my shoulders, and I was chilly, but my stomach felt full and everything else that was f*****d up right now seemed a bit lighter on my shoulders than before.

"Sure. You're welcome... Do you like coffee? I could make some once I get this in the trash." My mouth watered hearing coffee.

"I'm pretty sure you just said my favorite word." I smiled, wrapping my arms around myself.

"Trash?" He c*****d his eyebrow at me and the smirk on his face showed one dimple on his left cheek.

"Coffee. You prick." I couldn't help but laugh at him. I guess I did look like a little trash panda when I came through his door caked in mud.

He laughed while tossing the bag out of the side door into a normal trash bin. It is so wild that everything outside looks like something from an old black-and-white movie. The grass is black, the sky is gray, and the roses lining his house are white. But the shirt he is wearing is a light blue and the way he just looked at me over his coffee bar made my cheeks flush red. How can I be so intrigued by him, why can I get lost in his eyes so quickly when the fear that is carved onto my bones from my death follows me like... a virus.

“We can start your training tomorrow. I think tonight it would be best that we just relax. I don’t want to overwhelm you on your first night here. Besides, it will likely take three months or more to complete your training. So, you better get used to being here for a bit. I did ask someone to step in for me until I am able to complete your training. That means we wake up at five every morning and we go at it until you are untouchable. Soul eaters are special, Lennon. I know you don’t see that right now with your death being fresh for you, but the more you grow, the more confidence you will get in your abilities, then you will see it too. I promise. The goddess was right about something. You have a second chance at a whole new life here. Well... not directly here. This is a charm I built for myself. I don’t like being around people all that much, but... I can tolerate a soul eater for a few months.” He rambled on while sliding me a cup of coffee that smelled delicious.

“I don’t like muck. So, clean up after yourself. Your room is in the back, and you are welcome to do whatever you want. Neither of us eats solid food, so there is no food here, but I have to have coffee and there may be a bottle of water or something in the fridge. We can go to the mall tomorrow and get you the things you will need because that damn dress isn’t coming back in this house.” I burst out laughing despite my better efforts to hold it in.

“I don’t have any money. I was barely paying the bills as it was. I spent everything I had on that stupid dress.” I pointed in the direction of the bin he had put the dress in.

“I’ll cover it. I have more money than I know what to do with. While you are here, you are my responsibility anyway.” He sat down across from me with his own coffee.

“I am not your responsibility, Knox.” His orange eyes widened at the use of his name.

“What? Do you prefer being called Death?” He may be Death, but when he isn’t wearing that cloak, he seems different. He seems kinder.

“Call me whatever you want, and yeah. You are my responsibility. Until you learn to control the urge to feed, you could kill good people for no reason. As a soul eater, you will be able to tell the difference between a sinner and a saint, so to speak. We don’t take good souls. They move on to the holy place. We take bad ones. We either feed them or hoard them. I will show you how to do both.

“Is that what happened earlier? Did you feed me?” It’s kind of gross that he essentially spit food in my mouth and yet... kind of intriguing.

“Yes.” His eyes almost pierce me every time he looks at me.

I was thankful for the silence that fell over us. We drank our coffee and just looked everywhere but at each other.

“I’m going to bed. We will go out tomorrow and get you some stuff. When we get back, we can start your training.” I yawned the minute he said bed. I am so tired. I don’t know if I

could pack myself in to my room, but once I started towards the room, I practically floated there crashing into the cushy soft bed with I sigh. I think I may have fallen asleep before my head hit the pillow.

A knock at the door broke me from the best sleep I think I may have ever had. I stretched while I made my way to the door that Knox was still knocking on.

“Alright already!” I squawked.

His laughter bubbled around the door. I was surprised when I opened the door and he handed me a cup of coffee and a hoodie that looked like it would fit me like a dress.

“We need to go get your s**t so we can get back.” He turned, stomping back through the house.

“I can’t let you buy me s**t, Knox. I don’t have any way to pay you back and it just feels... weird.” I sipped the coffee, fighting the urge to moan at how perfect his coffee is.

“You don’t have any choice. You need clothes and girl stuff. There isn’t a reason to feel awkward about it. I offered. Now let’s go. We are burning daylight princess.” I rolled my eyes and stomped the same way he had.

I don’t know what I was expecting Death to drive, but it wasn’t a street bike. I don’t even know how to ride a bicycle. How in the hell am I not going to die on this thing?

“What’s wrong? Don’t tell me you’re scared.” He tossed me a helmet and patted the back of his seat.

“I am actually. Mortified... I am mortified.” I shrank in on myself, but I put the helmet on and climbed on anyway.

“Where do I hold on?” I screeched when the bike roared to life.

“You hold on to me.” My heart hammered and I knew if I had to lean against him that he would feel it against his back, so instead, I put my hands on his shoulders. He deflated at my ignorance and reached up, grabbing my wrists. He pulled me flush against him, wrapping my arms tightly around his waist.

“Hold on tight. I like to go fast.” He chuckled when the scream flew out of my mouth. I squeezed his waist and buried my head in his back.

I could feel the world whizzing by us and as badly as I wanted to see where we were and what everything looked like, I was afraid if I sat up the wind would peel me off his back and slam me to the concrete. Out of fear, I stayed put until his wheels came to a stop.

“You can let go now, princess. We’re here.” He patted my hands which still had a death grip on his waist, signaling me to let him go.

My face was red hot from the embarrassment, or the fear... or maybe because I had touched him and felt his hard body against me, and that, more than anything, was just embarrassing. The smirk on his face tells me that he knows all of that already though.

We had spent the last few hours doing the same thing in every store. I stood there while he grabbed things holding them up to me, I would grumble about the price tag, and he would call me a bad name or throw out a smart-a*s remark, and then he would buy it all anyway. Right now, we are in the middle of Victoria’s Secret with everyone’s eyes on us because I am about to blow an aneurysm because he wants to pay fifty dollars for one bra.

“It is a f*****g rip-off, I would rather free ball.” I yelled. He got in my face reminding me that we would be training and that I also needed bras and panties.

“I bucked and bucked until he did the same thing as in the other stores. He bought anything he could get his hands on, pissing me off more.

“Seven hundred dollars?! Knox! How can you possibly spend that much on underwear?!”

“Whatever. Let’s go home.” He grabbed my hand, pulling me out of the store. He said he was having everything delivered because we drove his bike here.

I didn’t ask this time. I just wrapped my arms around his waist, and we flew home. I was too angry to be scared, so I got to look around when I wasn’t scowling at the back of his head. I never even made seven hundred a month working at Bill’s and he just went and spent that much on underwear! How do I just let that go? I can’t pay that back.

“If you are done having a meltdown, we have been sitting here like five minutes and you still haven’t let me go.” He grinned that stupid cheeky grin that makes his dimples pop.

“I am so sorry!” I yanked my hands back and took the helmet off.

I tried to get off the bike but he stopped me.

“Don’t war with yourself or me about this. Money doesn’t mean s**t to me. I offered to help. You didn’t ask, I offered. Besides, what I spent didn’t even put a dent in my account.” He said it so casually like money grew on the trees in his backyard.

“We can’t train until your delivery gets here. Hang loose till then. Watch TV or go back to sleep or something.” He waved me off like I was annoying him as much as he had annoyed me. I stomped the whole way to my room and had a hissy fit before I accidentally fell asleep.

Their Warrior Luna Chapter 95

Lennon

I was running through the forest. The branches were scratching my skin and snagging on the dress. Somehow, I had gotten out of the lake house and was running for my life. They were getting closer and they were ready to kill me to keep their secrets safe.

“Knox, please help me!” I yelled out to him. I yelled out for his comfort and his safety, and I wanted him to take me back to his little bubble of gray. Even with his snarky remarks and bad attitude, he just offers me help. He doesn’t want to hurt me the way they will if they catch me.

For some reason, there was a big cliff on the lake. I know that doesn’t make any sense because there isn’t a cliff around that body of water. But I was standing there. I could hear them rushing up behind me and the closer they got to me, the closer my feet got to the crumbling ledge. I backed away from the sounds of their running feet until there was nowhere left for me to run. Then I jumped... I didn’t scream, even as badly as I wanted to. I knew what a death involving them looked like and I liked my odds with the cliff better.

“Lennon. Lennon! Wake your a*s up. You’re screaming so loud that you could wake the dead.” I opened my eyes to his grinning face. The reality of everything was settling back in. It was just a dream. A nightmare.

“Did you like what I did there? I’m Death. Get it?” I wrapped my arms around his neck, sobbing my heart out.

“They almost got me.” I cried into his shoulder.

He pushed me away, but he didn’t let me go. His grip tightened on my shoulders and those orange eyes looked through me the same way they always do.

“Your stuff is here. Get your a*s up and let’s get training.” Without another word, he stood and left the room.

I crawled from my bed shaking like a leaf. I crashed in front of the boxes that were littering the room in search of the clothes that he had bought for training. But when I saw myself in the mirror, it was a miracle that I opened that door and walked out at all. My body was still black and blue from the beating I took. I don’t understand how I hadn’t noticed it before now, but I assume the dirt had hidden it all from me.

I took a moment before I stepped out into the backyard where Knox was waiting for me. I will not let a single tear fall from my eyes over those sons a bitches. I won’t. I took a deep breath, it was time to move on. Something Carter said has been playing through my mind

like a song on repeat. I will take my power back from them, and something tells me Death is about to show me how to do it.

Knox:

The sun is setting now, but I convinced her to train anyway. She needs the release from the workout because I have no idea how to help her through her nightmare other than to exhaust her body and mind.

I don't do well with words. That's never been my thing. But I can make her sweat, and I can make her tear herself apart to rebuild something more confident and stronger. The way she fought to dig herself out of that hole back in the human realm had awakened something in me. Something that I hadn't felt in a long time, and I hate the way that it feels sitting beneath my skin.

She stepped out of the house in training shorts and a lime green sports bra and the way the neon contrasted with the bruises painted across her porcelain skin was enough to make me rage, but I swallowed it. This isn't about me. I promised myself I would let her have them, but seeing her like this is almost enough encouragement to kill them myself and feed them to her... I can't do that again though. It was a mistake the first time giving her that piece of myself.

"Your physical form and your mental form have to be on the same page before you can be strong enough to feed on your own. Every day we will wake up and we will start, and we won't stop until we have to drag each other into the house." I tried to keep the tone of my voice as cool as possible. I didn't want to embarrass her about her bruises, and I think if she knew how angry seeing them made me, I wouldn't get her back out of the house again until they healed.

"Since we are about out of daylight, I figured we could start with a run and then go inside for the rest. You'll need these." I strapped a five-pound ankle weight on each of her ankles and had to bite back my laughter the moment she started walking with them on.

"You look like you're trying to walk through mud." I could tell by the look on her face she knew I was trying not to laugh at her and that made it all the harder to hold it back.

"Wipe that smirk off your face, a*s hat. Once I figure this out, you won't be able to keep up with me." her cocky attitude is what she needs right now. If she can hold onto that, she will be able to dig her mind out of the grave they put her in too.

Lennon:

His a*s is running way ahead of me like this is something that is easy to do, and I'm pretty sure his weights are triple mine and he's just leisurely jogging like this is a cakewalk for him. I'm sweating in places I didn't know existed and he is having fun. I couldn't stop the grumbling cuss words that were falling from me with every step I took.

“Pick up the pace, princess. We’re almost there!” His mockery fueled me to the top of the f*****g bluff he had me running up. He was there waiting for me with a devilish smirk on his face.

“You are a c**k sucker. You know that?” I huffed, leaning over on my knees trying to catch my breath.

“Takes one to know one, princess.” He laughed, dodging my hit. I would rip his head off right now if I could breathe.

“Come on, don’t stop now. This is the fun part.” He took off, running back down the hill, pulling me along behind him. The weights on my ankles were the only thing keeping me from toppling over myself. The farther down the hill we ran, the faster I was getting.

My legs were burning as badly as my lungs were and then it happened. My foot caught on a root and I rolled head over heels before skidding to a stop on my stomach.

“f**k, are you okay?” He yelled, turning back to me.

But I’m not okay. I’m pissed. I jumped back to my feet and ran past him. I am tired of falling. I am tired of being weak and feeling helpless. I don’t want my power back. I never had any, to begin with. But I will. I will build my walls so high that no one will ever get through them again. When I manage that, I will have the power that I need to keep myself safe.

With my mind made up, I ran harder. My surroundings faded out, leaving only the sounds of my feet hitting the ground. Despite the blood trickling from my knees, and the scuffs on my stomach. I laughed. There was something freeing in the wind that was cooling the burn on my skin. Something about the gray sky that seemed to never end. I felt like I could do anything, it was like nothing could touch me way up here. Like... nothing would ever hurt me as long as I kept running.

When the house came into view, I slowed down. I’m not ready for this high to end.

“I think I like coming down better than going up.” I told Knox when he finally caught up.

“Yeah, but coming down is easy. If everything in life were easy and fun, that rush you got when you stood up after eating dirt wouldn’t exist. You wouldn’t appreciate good moments if all you had were good moments. You have to live through the ugly and the bad. Otherwise, the good won’t feel good. It would just feel... boring.” he shrugged me off like what he had just said was common knowledge but it wasn’t. I have only experienced a taste of happiness here and there in my lifetime. Did I enjoy that run down so much because it was my first real taste of freedom or my first real taste of joy?