

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 100

“Wake up, princess. It’s party time!” Knox busted through my door wearing a goofy straw hat, sunglasses, and swim trunks. I shot upright in bed with drool drying on my face. I took one look at him and busted out laughing.

“You look incredible. How am I supposed to make friends when you look like that? All the attention is going to be on you!” I croaked.

“I know, right? I look fine as hell.” He pretended to adjust his boobs in a bra with a goofy look on his face.

I jumped from the bed and grabbed a suit and some shorts. I don’t have any sandals, so I’m stuck on just going barefoot or slipping my sneakers on.

“Here, I hope you don’t mind. I had Ace deliver something for you while you were napping.” He grabbed a giant gift bag from the hallway and held it out for me.

“I don’t want that. You have spent way too much on me already.” My heart thudded in my ears when my arm raked against his bare chest and when I stepped around him to go to the bathroom, he snatched me by the elbow and lowered his head, almost whispering in my ear.

“Present or punishment.” The darkness in his tone sent shivers through my warmed skin, making my face scorch.

“What’s the punishment?” I barely choked out around the lump that had formed in my throat from the closeness of our bodies.

“Pick punishment and find out for yourself, baby girl.” The way his tongue slowly licked his lips had me snatching the bag and running like hell to the bathroom.

I slipped the suit on and the denim shorts. I stared at the bag until curiosity got the better of me. I pulled the bag apart, smiling at the straw hat inside. He had bought me the same goofy hat that he was wearing. I pulled the hat from the bag with a smile that quickly fell from my face when a cell phone box toppled from inside the hat. That rat bastard.

“KNOX! I am not taking this!” I stepped from the bathroom with my straw hat and the box.

“What? You don’t wanna match hats?” I ran into his chest, not realizing he had been waiting for me. I scowled at his cocky smirk and shoved the phone box into his hand.

“That is too much! You have spent thousands of dollars on me, fed me twice, given me a place to stay for free, and now you are trying to give me a phone. No.” I crossed my arms in protest of his gift-giving. I don’t know what his punishments are, but I am ready to accept one to avoid taking that damn thing.

“Lennon, we are going to a party. I want you to be able to find me if you wander off. I want you to be able to call me when you need to. This is nonoptional. If you don’t take it, we won’t go.” I g*****d, snatching the phone from his hand.

“Fine, but I’m returning it when we get home.” I pointed my finger at his face.

Once I got over my pouting, we went to his garage, and I climbed on his bike even before he had.

“You like being my backpack, princess?” if he doesn’t wipe that cocky look off his face, I may beat his a*s.

“I don’t even know what that means.” I wrapped my arms tightly around his waist when he sat on the seat. I fought the rising wave of flutters in my stomach when the bike roared to life between us.

The ride was silent, and my nerves were unbearable. No one has ever befriended me other than Knox, and frankly, I don’t think his friends will, either. I don’t think if we found ourselves in a crowded room, he would’ve picked me as the person to hit it off with, yet here we are. When I opened my eyes from the hiding spot I had chosen behind Knox’s back, I felt the salty air blowing through my hair.

“This is incredible!” I don’t know what I expected of an ocean in a supernatural universe, but this is more than I could have imagined.

The sand is white, and the water is clear blue. As badly as I want to join that party, more than anything else, I want to sink into that water and let the waves wash away the last bits of my past that still cling to me like a second skin.

“Will I have time to swim?” I couldn’t hide my gaze from the crystal waters begging me to dip my feet in.

“You can do whatever you want. You don’t have to ask. I can let everyone know we are here, and then I can come back and—” I cut his words off. I don’t need him to take his typical Sunday fun and use it on me. I can be more than happy with the waves as my friends right now.

“No, I’m okay. I have your phone and if I need anything I can call. I just want to...” I couldn’t find the words to describe the need swirling in me. I just knew I needed to be in that water.

“Say less. Ace was right. The water is perfect today... I’ll be back soon. You can swim, right, princess?” his kind understanding faded into his usual cocky-a*s attitude.

“Like a fish, baby.” I grinned, finally letting my focus break away from the waves long enough to show him my cockiness. It is the only thing I’m sure of, after all. I learned long ago that even after everyone who swore they would never leave me goes, the water will always wash away their wrongdoings.

I watched him walk away with the excitement of what was to come nipping at me. He turned one last time, blessing me with a grin before cutting up a sandhill and walking out of my sight. I tip-toed on the sand until I was so close to the waves licking the beach that I could feel the mist on my toes.

With a quiet squeak, I stepped into the warm water. I felt at peace, and I felt excited. But I waited and waited for that normal feeling to wash over me. That precious feeling of belonging, of feeling at home, but no matter how deeply I sank into the salt waters of this fever dream, those feelings never came. What did come were two insanely attractive people. I was still in the water but knew they were calling my name. I sank into the warmth of the waves crashing against me, using my arms and legs to get close to the pretty strangers. But not too close. I remembered where my comfort zone was, and I put them in that zone. Just close enough to hear, never close enough to cause me harm.

“Lennon! Knox said we could find you here. I brought you some food.” The girl’s delicate voice called out to me.

Flashes of that night at Grant’s house flashed in my mind. Knox knows that I don’t eat food.

“Knox told you to bring me food?” that was the only question I knew would confirm if Knox did, in fact, send them after me.

“No, I did not. I told them where you were swimming because they wanted to join you.” Knox reached around the girl and took the plate.

“Soul eaters don’t eat food, Fallon. That is why they are called soul eaters.” He snarked at her.

The relief that flooded me was scary, but what scared me more was that my first thought was that they would hurt me.

“Right! I forgot.” She blushed slightly.

“Lennon, this is Fallon. Princess of Clearwater, and Barrett, their Beta. Is it cool if they swim too?” It embarrassed me that he asked, but I turned on that fake smile I had gotten so used to painting on my face before I replied.

Cassius:

I was too tired to be at this damn party and to pretend to be happy when rogue packs were at every border. I should be in my office strategizing. But no, my mother and sister chose to throw this damn party. When all I need to do is crap out in my bed for a few days or drink until I collapse, but instead, I broke away from the crowd for a bit. I just need to breathe. I sat down in the sand, letting it run through my fingers, and that’s when it hit me.

I could smell her sweet scent long before getting this close to her, but I had to see her. I needed to know what creature had a scent that could captivate me so profoundly that even amid a crowded party, I could pick her out of the herd of friends and family that had gathered to welcome me back. I sank into the shadows to avoid being caught as I chased the smell of her honey-sweet love. Just feet away, my first glimpse of her was life-altering. She was standing in the waves watching the tide roll out. Her toes wiggled in the water, and her melodic laugh danced around my frigid skin, wrapping me in warm sunshine.... an extraordinary ray of sunshine.

That’s what she looked like standing there with her red hair being blown wildly in the evening wind.

Like a fire, that I could touch without being burned, but damn, I want to be burned by her so badly. After years of searching for my mate, this tiny human

has rolled in here like a hurricane drowning my self-control into nothing. The bruises that painted her soft skin had rage seeping from me. How dare anyone lay their hand on something so innocent? I left her in my sister's capable hands, who was playing in the water alongside her.

If I go there if I get too close... I would take everything I could from her until nothing was left of that happy, bubbly person dancing on the beach with my sister. No... I would ruin her. The moment she cried her first tear, it would be too hard to handle the pressure against my denim jeans. I would have to f**k her until I painted those now light green bruises purple again, and I can't... she deserves the universe on a platter, and I can't give her that.

