

# Their Warrior Luna

## Chapter 104

**Cassius:**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I could get used to making her smile like that.

### **Knox:**

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

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

### **Lennon:**

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

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

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

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

“Please, don’t cry.” Knox’s voice sounded desperate.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I nodded happily at her and took my coffee.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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