

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 107

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 k**s 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 k**s 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 k****s 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 k****s, 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 l*p.

"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.