

# Their Warrior Luna

## Chapter 109

**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 m\*\*n 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.