

# Their Warrior Luna

## Chapter 110

**Cassius:**

The tone in my mother's voice, when she mind-linked us about Harley collapsing during training was like grabbing onto an electric fence. I don't even remember leaving my office, but Knox was right behind me and just as confused as I was. I was running through the building in no time.

My mother was splattered out right beside an unconscious Lennon. She had a vision, and by the look of the bullets of sweat beading onto her face, it must be a bad one. I linked my fathers to come for her. Knox and I gathered around the two. Lennon's lips were a pale blue, and her skin was ice cold, but the hair on her arms stood to attention as Knox and I touched her pale skin.

"Is she..." I couldn't even say it. Something about the way the words tasted... I just couldn't.

"No. I would know if she was killed again because of the imprint, and well... I am Death. I don't know what this is, though. It's like she is frozen or something." He helped keep my mother from banging her head on the floor as her vision ended, but his eyes stayed on Lennon's lifeless face.

I rubbed the hair back from her eyes, Knox carried my mom, and I had Lennon. I am still determining what this is, but I know one person who can help us with the necessary answers.

“Ace, come to my office.” I linked my head warrior. He excelled in most things in his life. He was top of every class when he came to us. What not many know is that the boy is f\*\*\*\*\*g genius.

Knox passed my mother off to one of my dads on the way up, and we entered my office. I couldn't put her down. I just needed to hold her. Her skin was so cold that against my own skin, it felt like ice. That's saying something considering my father passed his frigid skin onto me.

“What's wrong, my king?” Ace came rushing in his training clothes and took a knee in front of me.

“Tell me what's wrong with my mate, Ace.” A growl erupted from my chest, and if Lennon hadn't been in my arms, I would've ripped my friend's heart out then and there to get the answers from his mind.

“May I, my king?” He reached out like he would touch her, and I nodded despite the growl that rumbled from me.

He checked her over, then sat on the coffee table with an expression I could only decipher as confusion.

“Don't you dare act like you don't know what is wrong with her, Ace. You know every f\*\*\*\*\*g thing else.” My fangs elongated, and fur started sprouting on my arms.

“If you shift with her in your arms, it will kill her, and then I will kill you.” Knox let his aura suck the air from the room.

“I won't hurt her, Knox. Now back off.” I was fighting my wolf for control, but I had a handle on it right now. His aura pressed me into the couch, but I was fighting it. He is probably the only person in this realm with an aura stronger than mine, but I'll be damned if I ever show him or anyone else that.

“I'll back off when I know you aren't a danger to her.” His orange eyes pierced me, and poor Ace was pressed to the floor between our auras, taking up most of the room.

“Scared. To. Death.” Ace gasped from the floor.

“WHAT?!” We both turned to Ace, letting our rage and fear out on him.

He acted like our presence was sucking the air out of him. We pulled our auras in as if we both had that realization simultaneously. Slowly he made it to his feet, and then he repeated himself.

“She has been scared to death.” He rumbled, rubbing his throat.

“She is already dead.” Knox and I said at the same time.

“Yes, but other than that, everything else fits.” He shrugged, still taking in the unconscious queen.

“What can we do for her?” Knox asked, pinching his brows.

“I don’t know, sir.” He answered.

“I apologize, your majesty. I wish there was more that I could do. I’m not sure who could help her, but I would advise you to get her to the pack hospital so she can be monitored, and a care plan can be created to keep her body alive while her brain fights to come back.” And with that, Ace left us. Knox looked at me, and I looked at him. His normal peachy skin tone and orange eyes had faded. He is going gray on me, and I have no idea how to snap him out of it. But I know Lennon needs us both right now.

“Swallow it. Lennon needs us both. Push those feelings so far f\*\*\*\*\*g down that they feel like a memory from long ago. She needs US. Both of us. Now let’s go.” I stood walking around my best friend and took our mate to the hospital.

**Lennon:**

“Kill her. Kill her, and then we will have the power to move on to the rest. All we need is her heart.” The darkness of her voice was dripping through my mind. I was looking at my mother, who was asleep now. Her wrists were

freshly f\*\*\*\*d up, and she looked tired and hungry and... Gray. Everything about her was gray. This isn't right.

"Why is she so gray?" I asked the only person with me... myself.

"Her aura is gray, dumbass. Everything in this realm is surrounded by an aura."

Her words made me look harder at my mother. Sinners and saints. That's what Knox had called them. the souls I would eat. He called them sinners and saints; we only take the bad ones. The good ones move to the sacred spaces.

"She isn't evil. She's just sad." I reached out, letting my fingers push her hair from her face. Unfortunately, I'm just a spirit again. So, my fingers slid through her. But I have to think she feels me here. I hope she feels me here. I turned to walk out of the door. My other self is still telling me I have to kill her, and on the one hand, a part of me feels like it wouldn't take but a second.

On the other hand, I could drain her life force like I had those wolves, but that gray surrounding her makes Knox's voice replay in my head. Sinners and saints... sinners and saints. We hadn't got that far in my training, but something tells me gray doesn't mean sinner.

"Lennon?" My mother's voice called out. Goosebumps covered my skin. Her voice sounded so... normal. That gray that surrounded her turned yellow. Bright and shiny. It was beautiful to see.

"Lennon, honey. Are you home?" She looked around the house and just started cleaning as she went. She had started dinner, and I just sat there watching her go. She seemed so normal. My mother hasn't cooked in years. She hasn't done anything in years.

I turned and left the house. I want to remember her this way. Painting the porch, making dinner, smiling.

“I won’t do it. I don’t kill people. s\*\*t, I am the girl who gets killed. Not the one who kills.” I told her... or me.

“Whatever this demented robin hood bullshit you’re on, you’re on your own.” I thought about that part of me. That sad, angry part and I pictured her whole, with a shiny yellow aura like my mom’s.

But all I got in return was her dark chuckle, and then I was overcome with a dripping rage that could only be born from hatred. I ran back into the house, but it wasn’t me. I didn’t want to go back in. I was worried that I would lose that vision of my mother in yellow. Instead, I lost something much worse.

I couldn’t control my own movements. My thoughts were all I had left. I watched through the eyes that she had taken control of.

“Lennon, you are home!” My mother seemed so happy to see me. She opened her arms wide to hug me, and instead of taking that hug from her, the dark me approached my mother and tore her heart from her chest. I was screaming for her to stop what she was doing, but that bitter b\*\*\*h only laughed while she maimed my mother. It looked like something from a horror movie. B\*\*\*d painted us both. It painted the walls and floor under her now limp body. Then she gave me control back, and no matter how hard I tried, I couldn’t fix my mother’s chest wounds.

I feel like I am stuck in a bad draft of a Jekyll and Hyde spin-off with a drunk Robert Louis Stevenson at the wheel. I clutched to her still-warm body pleading with the universe to help me.

“Lennon.” I knew that voice. I knew it as well as I knew my own.

“Knox?” I turned to see him standing there. He was in full robes. He was Death.

“Knox! You have to help me. My dream self, she—” I was sliding around in the b\*\*\*d that had flooded the kitchen floor. I wanted to be in his arms, but I wasn’t anywhere. So instead, I was back in the darkness, being held captive by my self.

“Why are you doing this? You can be happy. We both can. Just let me go home.” I pleaded with her. Her fingers were still dripping with my mother’s b\*\*\*d. I looked at mine to see nothing. My hands were spotless, as if the fates knew I didn’t want to hurt her.

“You are so f\*\*\*\*\*g naïve, Lennon. This IS our home. This soul-crushing darkness that is surrounding us, this is it. This is where good girls go to die, and when I build our strength back up, we will go after Grant. Then, when we get our hands on him, you will see... you will see how good it feels to take back your power.

“This isn’t how you get stronger. Hurting people doesn’t make you stronger, even when you are hurting. It makes you weak. I want to pick up and move on from this bull s\*\*t. With my friends. With Knox, Cass, Harley, and whoever else can learn to love me. I don’t want this. YOU do.” Now let me out of this s\*\*t hole.

“You’ll never get out of here. But don’t worry, your pretty little redhead, over it, sweetie. Those feelings you have for them will fade. Pretty soon, it will be like you never existed to them at all. You will become just a distant memory of something that was never meant to be in the first place.” She snarled with rotting teeth and glassy eyes.

“f\*\*k you.” I snapped back at her. I will get out of here, and when I do. She would be my first and last kill.