

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 111

Knox:

“I was right, Cass. It was her mother. There’s something else though... I saw Lennon there.” Cass was focusing on Lennon. He had been trying to contact her via the mind link since yesterday.

“Did you hear me, Cass? Lennon was with her mother.” I yelled.

“CASS! Come back to me, man. We need to figure this out.” I snapped in his face, making his galaxy-filled eyes snap at me with blazing fury.

“NO, what we NEED is to get our girl back.” That is the second time he has referred to Lennon as ours, which does something to me. Something I am too scared to admit or even think about.

“That is what I am trying to do, Cassius. I felt Lennon’s mother dying, so I went to her. Lennon was there, Cass, and she was covered in b***d. She was panicking, going in and out of her spirit and solid forms. She repeated something about her dream self. I think her dream self has her somehow.” I was rambling at this point. He still wasn’t paying me any attention. He was like a stone sitting there between his wolf wanting to rage and him trying to find her through their link.

“We have a problem.” Harley and Fallon came through the door of Lennon’s hospital room with their arms intertwined. Both of them had bloodshot eyes and pale skin. Their visions are intertwined but are different. Fallon draws her

visions, while Harley is taken by her guides into what the fates need her to see.

Fallon handed me her sketch pad, and I froze. I knew this drawing was Lennon, but it didn't look like her. It looked like a decomposed version of whatever was left in that little Podunk town that didn't appreciate her. Even with everything so detailed and clearly being Lennon, the eyes were all wrong. This isn't our sweet innocent Lennon. The Lennon that nearly combusts in her own embarrassment seeing a man naked in front of her. No... this is something far more evil.

I handed the sketchbook to Cassius, and it was like he didn't even see it. He just looked past it at the girl in the bed. Fallon walked over to her twin and took him by the face. She was letting him see what she could. Both of their eyes rolled back in their heads, allowing the purples and blues to swirl in their eyes.

Cass grasped Fallon's wrists and gasped for air when the vision ended.

"She is in The Nothing. I know that darkness. It only exists in The Nothing" he growled. He held his hand high to cut a portal into the realm he knew he could no longer enter.

"Cassius Andrew Grimm. You know what will happen if you do what you are about to." Harley roared somewhere between Queen and mama bear.

"I could care less." He snarled at her.

"You will die before you ever make it to her. Now sit!" Harley roared. Cassius is one of the most powerful beings right next to me. But I will not even go against Harley if I can keep from it.

"Fallon, tell your fathers we are leaving. You and I are the only two who can get our Queen." Fallon nodded, taking her mother's message to her fathers.

“I will bring your mate back. But so help me, Cassius. If you even think about opening that portal, I will bust your a*s.” She turned and left us in the silence of our anger and worry.

“We should tell her when she wakes up. You know? About our bonds with her. She should know.” Cass’s voice was desperate and pained.

Maybe he’s right. It could make a difference in the way we all live. Or it wouldn’t. Maybe she wants to be friends. Perhaps we’re just the overprotective big brothers, and that’s why it embarrasses her so badly to see us naked. Could Cass be right? Should we tell her? Or should we just let ourselves remain as we are and let fate take its course?

Lennon:

I sat in the darkness, but somehow, I could see her better now... or me. I could see the other me. It was like she just disintegrated into the walls of this place. Like she sleeps or dies again. Over and over until she is ready to ruin everything, I’m trying to build.

I thought of what Harley had said about my mental and physical training. But no matter what I did, I couldn’t seem to shake this darkness. My cognitive state is intact for now, but I sometimes feel more willing to sink into anger like the dark me had. So I lay down on the cold of whatever in the hell I was lying on, and I just investigated the never-ending darkness. Why are there no lights here... no color? Is this place my mind... did I create this hell for her?

“I’ve got sunshine on a cloudy day. When it’s cold outside, I’ve got the month of May.” I sang the little tune and thought about the light Knox and Cass had put in my heart. I found myself willing so many times to forget what happened to me the night that I died and everything that my mother had done to me and say f**k the walls that I wanted to build back up so badly. It would be so easy to give myself to their light instead of the darkness of my past.

I closed my eyes and thought about the view from the bluff in Knox's charm and the way the sun brought life to the gray sky in his little bubble. That's what they did for me. They brought sunshine into my otherwise dark heart.

"What the f**k do you think you are doing?" The dark me had come out of the walls or shadows or wherever she hid, and the evil dripping from her tone had my eyes springing back open in surprise. Streaks of orange and hues of purple danced across the dark floor, spreading out in swirls from where I was lying. The colors reminded me of the sunset from the beach the day I met Cass.

I didn't even have time to taste the joy of that day before she yanked me up by my hair and thundered into my head with her fist. It was comical, really. I hit like a flea, so her thuds didn't phase me. After what Grant and his friends had done to me, it would take something cracking my skull to hurt. I grabbed myself by my shoulders and thought about the colors, Knox's orange eyes, and how Cass's chest rises and falls with the beat of my heart. Then she took over my body again. Seeping into my skin, choking me out, blinding me.

"You are an ignorant little girl." She spat. But I found her weakness in the lights and colors. I should've known all along. Shadows disappear in the morning. Evil disappears in the good, and Knox's words hit me like a freight train.

"You have to survive the ugly." I will. I will survive this the same way I have survived everything else.

I will get back to the only thing that has ever been good in my life, and when I do. I will make sure this place and this version of myself... and anything resembling my own hatred is painted in the colors of the sunsets that have helped me grow. f**k her, f**k this place... f**k being angry over the shitty hand I have been dealt. With my new freedom came peace, and I'll be damned if I let this hateful b***h or anyone else take that from me. I thought of the colors... I thought of my friends, and I sank back into that darkest part of my mind where she had tried to lock me away, and I started painting my joy on the walls of my mind.

Knox:

Harley and Fallon returned to the hospital room to let us know they were about ready to go. They were decked out in weaponry with their long hair in braids. Harley gripped the sword made from the bones of my predecessor, and Fallon had her bow and a quiver of arrows.

“We’re going, Knox. Keep my son safe, and I will be sure your girl gets back to you two. But, please, don’t let him follow us. No matter how long it takes, we won’t return without her.” I turned to look at Cass, whose mind was still in a catatonic state.

“I’ll keep him safe. You have my word. You all be careful.” I hugged them both. I had watched Cass and Fallon grow from birth and had been close with Harley in our attempts to run things smoothly. Hell, as she said, she had practically raised me too.

Harley raised her sword and sliced into the fabric of existence, opening a portal to the realm that had swallowed our girl. I clutched my chest when they entered. For the first time since Cass made me hide away my gray, I let it have me. If, even just for a second, I needed to feel what Cass was feeling, and damn, does it hurt like hell!