

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 113

Cassius:

Just for a moment, when the portal lights flashed in my eyes, I was hesitant about stepping through it. The last time I was there, I was only six; it was the place that nightmares are made of. I told them all that I didn't remember because, even then, I felt like being fearful was a weakness a true Alpha King shouldn't possess. But I remembered every second until my mother came in swinging her sword, and then I blacked out.

I was playing in the forest when the whoosh of wind behind me startled me badly enough to make me turn and see what was looming just behind me.

I remember the smell of the earth as the dark-eyed creature dragged me across the forest floor.

I remember the creature's touch burning into my flesh like hot silver.

I remember it tying me down in its lair and hearing the agonizing screams of the souls surrounding us.

I remember every slice it made into my flesh, trying to find my heart.

That hesitance passed as quickly as it crossed my mind, though. Lennon is more important than anything, and the fear of losing her is greater than any fear birthed from being dragged into this place a lifetime ago.

“Are you ready?” I asked Knox, who gave me a wicked smirk and pulled his hood over his head. It isn’t even necessary for him to wear that damn robe to do his job as death; he just does it because he likes the looks the humans give him when they see him.

“Let’s go get our girl.” He said, stepping into the persona of death and letting the cold tendrils of air whip wildly around him. With one deep breath, I stepped inside. Fallon was right. The dark silence surrounded the walls of this place.

Something is feeding in this place, and something tells me it isn’t Lennon because I can’t even sense her down here.

“I have an idea, but it may be stupid.” Knox’s gray hand slid into the hood of his cloak, scratching his forehead.

“I don’t think we have room to be picky right now, do we?” I asked him.

He held his hand out, and a dark purple flare of light ignited in his hand. A soul farted out of his hand and flew away with a wail.

“Ha. It worked” The hood of his robe shook with his laughter.

“I don’t get it. So, you let out a soul. What now?” I shrugged, fighting the urge to look around me for the creature who dragged me in all those years ago.

“That soul should have stood still. But it was pulled toward them because something is down here feeding.” He looked into the area the soul was sucked into and took off walking in that direction.

“Why were we able to get in?” that question had been nagging at me since he told me we had to come to get her.

“This is my realm. I feed and maintain it. Its magic is a part of me. Nothing can keep me out.” I wished that I could stand as tall as he is right now. But truth

be told, my skin broke out in a cold sweat, and I could feel something in the darkness watching us.

“Can you feel it too?” he whispered.

“If by it you mean something watching us from the shadows, then yeah, I feel it too,” I whispered back.

An all too familiar snicker echoed around the walls. I knew it was here, lurking in the shadows. I knew it. Knox and I put our backs to each other, walking in circles to keep each other safe. He flung purple balls of fire into the darkness, igniting their paths, but nothing could be seen.

Something tells me Lennon was dragged in here by this thing, and if that's the case, I know exactly where she is.

Lennon:

I crawled from the floor at some point. I had been standing looking into the darkness. I could feel Grant and Chad's souls still energizing me, and it felt good. Just like she said, it would. But the funny part is, it didn't feel good for me. It felt good because I could see the relief on that girl's face. I could feel it roaming my veins like I could feel their deaths.

I wonder if darkness plays tricks on your mind the way they say it does... I could've sworn I heard Knox's laughter lighting up the darkness. But maybe it's just playing with my head. She said she locked everyone out, and nobody could get in.

But I could have sworn I had seen the first streaks of purple lighting up the darkness since I lit the ground up thinking about my friends. I squinted my eyes, waiting to see them again, and when they came, I could've sworn I saw Knox and Cassius. I ran in the direction that I had seen the lights and was knocked short and slammed into the ground with a thud.

“I’ve been waiting for this boy for years. Keep your sorry f*****g head down, or so help me God, you will never get out of here again. Understand?” I nodded to her. I knew I couldn’t make a peep because they would come for me if they heard me. I couldn’t risk them like that. Not yet, anyway. I knew damn well I wasn’t letting her get her crusty f*****g hands on them either.

I let her flee away, and then an idea struck deep in my mind. She feared the light. I got on my knees and thought of the happiness they gave me. I thought of my mother dancing around the kitchen, all wrapped in yellow with a smile on her face, cooking dinner, and then I thought of the run down the bluff. The further, the faster. The taste of freedom and the wind from running that cooled my burning skin. I sank my hands deep in the ground under my knees and pictured the sunset and the sunrise and the yellow wrapping around my mom, and I thought of Knox and of Cass and the day Harley and I rolled on the ground after too much wine and champagne and the laughter that bubbled from us.

“Lennon!” Cass called out to me.

I opened my eyes to find the darkness lit up in pastel sunshine, and Cass and Knox ran at me in full force. Cass looked like he could cry, and I couldn’t see Knox’s face through his robe hood, but I knew he was smiling at me too. I could feel it.

Nails on a chalkboard-type screech stopped them in their tracks. I caught a glimpse of the b***h that led me on a rampage, and she was coming in hot, turning my pastel happiness to the blackest of nights on a trail behind her.

She lifted her hand to attack the same way I had watched her do with my mother, and my lungs collapsed under the fear of losing them.

“ADORIA!” I yelled at the top of my lungs, throwing off her focus. I removed my hands, willing the darkness to return, and when it did, I could breathe again. I ran towards them. I closed my eyes and used my other senses to guide me. I could hear them in front of me, fighting for their safety. I heard Adoria losing her s**t because her first attack was missed. She was off to my

left, somewhere, recuperating for a second go at them. I wanted to stop realizing I had no fighting skills, no self-defense skills... but I kept running because what I could do was eat souls. I focused on her. I could hear her shuffling to stand where she had fallen in her first failure. She went back to the sky and was heading for my guys, who didn't seem to be able to find the direction she was coming from. I thought of the injured wolf and how I had taken them all down just by looking into that one wolf's eyes. But I took Grant and Chad without hurting the girl. I know I can do this too.

I let my mind wander to her less-than-human eyes, rotting smile, and cracking skin. I jumped in front of Cassius and Knox just before she was about to attack. Then, when I could feel the darkness sinking into my skin the way it did when she controlled me, I fought it. This is my body, and those men are my family. I pictured the happy yellows and bright whites consuming the darkness inside of my bones, and once it was all gone, I collapsed into the yellows and bright whites. I fell on my back, cracking my head against the ground. I let myself look at the ceiling for the first time since discovering this strange new world, and what I saw put me in awe. My sunsets were painted across the ceiling above us, and before my eyes fluttered closed, one hard sob wracked my tired body. I had gotten out from underneath the off-white popcorn ceilings, after all.