

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 116

Cassius:

Knox and I have been at her bedside now for three days. No changes. That's all they keep saying. Despite us hiring the best team of medical professionals that we could, they just keep saying no changes. They did throw in an "it's just a waiting game from here" a time or two, but we are both on the verge of rampaging. Nana is on her way here now with a friend. She is convinced that they can give us answers between the two of them.

"Go eat something and shower. I will stay. Lennon will beat our asses when she wakes up if we didn't care for ourselves while she was out." Knox mumbled, still unable to look at anything but her.

"I can't eat with her like this." I felt the bond forming between the three of us when she saved us. I know she nurtured their bond. I'm content with the two of them by my side for the rest of our lives, but I can't leave her here with him just because he doesn't have to eat. I don't want her to wake up while I am gone and think I don't care about her because I wasn't there when she woke up.

"Fine. I will have Fallon bring clothes and food. You can clean up in the bathroom." He was wringing his fists in circles. I can feel his frustrations just like I know he can feel mine.

"She will come out of this. She is too strong for this to end her fight." He grumbled.

He stood and walked behind her. Gently he lifted her head and grabbed the brush from the table. He made soft, slow strokes through her flaming hair. I stood, holding a hair tie from the bunch Fallon had left. I started tying her long hair into a braid. Knox gently cleaned her face and neck with a warm washcloth. We rubbed her soft skin in the lotion she kept in her bag.

Having her scent magnified by the cloud of roasted coconut and vanilla wafting around the room is the only comfort either of us gets. As soon as we leave her side or leave this room, we rage. Being here with her is the only thing helping us stay focused and calm.

“Please wake up, red.” I laid my head against her side and let her chilled skin and soft breathing put me to sleep.

“Cass. Cass, wake up, man. We have a problem. Knox’s hand was on my shoulder, and I still gripped Lennon’s. There was a vibration between the three of us. A soft shudder shook my body, and a soft sigh fell from Lennon’s lips. My head shot up, thinking she was waking up. But as soon as I saw her still sleeping form, I knew it was just the bond she had felt.

“Is Nana here?” I asked Knox, rubbing my hands through my hair. I had been trying so hard to fight my need for sleep for the last three days, but sometimes touching her zaps the life from me.

“No. But Ashley is.” His arms were crossed, and he looked pissed.

“What the f**k does she want?” my face bunched up in confusion. I f****d the girl one time. Like everyone else, she left a sobbing mess.

“She came to tell you she is pregnant.” His voice was almost a growl. I jumped to my feet. There is no way. I used a condom and didn’t even come inside her. Instead, I came on her face while she was on her knees, with tears streaming down her cheeks.

“Bull shit.” I snapped.

He held his hands out like it was none of his business, but he was pissed because he bonded with me the same way he connected with Lennon. With her being my fated mate, the moment she nurtured their bond, our bond split, welcoming Knox. He would feel the same betrayal that Lennon would have felt if she could feel our bond.

“If she is pregnant, it isn’t mine.” I walked into the hallway to see all three of my fathers talking to Ashley. Their eyes searched mine, and then disappointment washed over their features. They are pissed now, but they won’t be when they see that the b***h is lying.

Lennon:

“If you fall, then you die. Keep your focus. This is intended to push your limits. Make you do things that look impossible.” I tuned Penny out. She hates the nickname I gave her, but Penthesilea is too hard to say when someone is trying to kill you.

I drew the sword high above my head. She stood on the platform opposite mine. We have been at this for two weeks now, and if nothing, I am hungrier than I have ever been in my life. She thinks feeding will only weaken me. I have been doing spiritual training with their faith healer, and that is the only thing keeping me from dying of starvation.

I took a deep breath and ran, jumping the gap between our platforms. But unfortunately, my feet landed along the ledge, causing the dirt to crumble and fall into the abyss beneath us.

Clank

Penny took a cheap shot, but I blocked her. I put the palm of my hand across my blade and pushed her back. Over and over, we fought with intent to kill. At first, I wasn’t sure I could accept that.. willingly killing someone. “We take sinners, not saints.” Those were Knox’s words. But Penny has drilled her way into my closed-off mind since being here. “Kill or be killed.” That’s what she

had said when I was forging the blade in my hand. She said we build our own weapons for the connection. “You carve your own fate from that steel, Lennon. If you make it weak, you will be weak. If you forge that hot steel intending to survive, temper it in your sweat and tears, then wield it with courage and care. You will not fail.” Those were the words she had said to me as I beat the hot steel into the shape of a sword. My tears were dropping to the red-hot blade sizzling away with each knock of the hammer. If I am not crying, I am pissed. This is the only part of my time here I can focus on. I dunked down, kicking her feet out from underneath her. The tip of my blade was above her heart. I pierced her skin, letting the b***d drip above her breast before pulling it back, making her wince.

“Good. Let’s go again.” I turned away from her without offering her a hand to stand.

“Never show weakness. You are finished if your opponent can see it or find it.” In my first lesson, I stuck out my hand to her, expecting her to help me up the way Knox and Cass do. But she only turned away from me the way I just turned from her. Compassion is a weakness here. There is no celebrating each other’s victories in training. Celebrations happen outside of this place. She is my enemy when we are inside of here, and I do not intend to die at her hands.

I jumped the gap and took my position. This is like resetting a video game. Prove your point and start over. That is what these last two weeks have looked like. I let out a war cry and jumped the gap, losing myself in the clanking of the steel blades.

“Don’t worry, boys. I’ll be home soon.”

I flopped down inside the faith healers hut. The b***d from my busted l*p had dried long ago, and dirt and sweat clung to me like a second skin. I decided a week ago that the first thing I would do after destroying Adoria would be to take the hottest shower before soaking in that massive tub in my bathroom.

“What troubles you, child?” I thought this lady was a quack until the second time I saw her. She took me on a journey through my entire past. I had to relive everything. My father leaving, my mother losing her mind, how blind I had been to Grant, everything that happened the night I died. I realized at the end, in the forest, I was too desperate to save myself, in the beginning, to realize just how desperate Knox had been to save me from myself. I wish, just for a minute, I could close my eyes and steal a quick hug from each of them. With just the thought of being in their arms, a warmth started in my heart and spread wildly around my body. Then, with a soft sigh, I opened my eyes to the healer.

“Nothing. I’m ready.” I laid back on the makeshift cot. Exhaling my frustrations and fears. I sank deep into the only place I see them right now. Her chanting started sending me back into the depths of my mind.