

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 117

Lennon:

I stood behind the arena gate. I could hear the b***d rushing in my ears. This f*****g leather skort thing is riding up my a*s, and no one should ever wear a leather bra cause the s**t chafes. My blade was sharp, and I was ready. I could hear the other women filling the stands. This is my final test. If I pass this one, there is nothing else that they can do for me. If I fail... I die for good this time.

I could feel my energy vibrating through my muscles. I trained so hard to get back home to Knox and Cassius, and no matter what creature they chose for me, I will kill it and win. I have been training for four weeks now, and even if they have forgotten about me, even if their lives are back to normal, mine isn't, and I need them.

The old gate started rising, making my heart thunder harder. The women in the stands are warriors and have been here; they have beaten their chosen beasts and lived to tell the tale. Now they are all gathered here for my story. The human, soul-sucking daughter of Gaia...

I stepped into the arena, and the crowd erupted, but I was so focused their noise didn't phase me.

I could hear Penny's voice blasting over the crowd that had gone silent at her demand.

“Release the Harpy!” She yelled.

I searched my mind for the creature. I had spent two of those four weeks using any spare time I had to research the creatures that had been picked before me. A Harpy is a nasty b***h. Half bird, half woman. Controllers of wind and tormentors of evildoers. It’s a real shame I have to kill it. We’re on the same side, typically. This means this Harpy has gone feral, no longer able to differentiate between good and evil. In other terms, the thing, for one reason or another, has gone nuttier than squirrel s**t.

I drew my blade and shield as the Harpy’s gate slowly opened. The sounds of the gate’s lifting mechanism echoed around the silent arena. I pulled air in my nose, slowly exhaling as my heartbeat turned into a chorus of war drums.

I waited for the creature to exit; I could hear it fighting against its restraints, and then nothing, just... silence. But I knew it was coming; I knew it was planning its attack like I am. I am severely disadvantaged because of its ability to fly and manipulate the wind. Even though I chose my blade as my weapon, I have strapped daggers to my thighs and become a pro at throwing them. But if that doesn’t do it, it isn’t against the rules for me to use my powers as a last resort, and thanks to Penny and my evening sessions with Mother Gaia, I have learned how to use all my abilities. But I have no intention of using them. It feels like cheating, and I am the one in control here.

The creature of wind flew from the gate like a bat out of hell. It took straight to the sky just as I had expected it to. The dirt lifted from the arena floor, blinding the audience, but I felt that would be its first move, so I blocked the raging storms of dirt and debris using my shield. A rock caught my forehead, and I didn’t have to see or feel the warmth running down my forehead to know what had happened. That bastard drew first b***d.

I stepped into the tunnel of wind it created in its attempt to break free of the arena. I could see it in the sky, fighting for its freedom. I let out my own war cry, catching its attention, and when its blue eyes fell on me, I smiled. Then, with the sound of demons ringing from its beak, it dived for me.

“That’s right, mother fucker. Let’s do this.” I yelled out. Slapping my sword against my shield.

Right before it got within a fighting distance, I shifted, dodging the talons aiming for my head; I grabbed my dagger, throwing it to the sky. When I heard it cry out, I knew I hit my mark. It dropped to the dirt with my blade protruding from its right wing. I had leveled the playing field. I didn’t let it climb to its feet before I charged it with my sword drawn.

It can’t fly, but it can still flap its wings enough to get away from me, and that’s what it did. It jumped, using its talons to hold tight to the side of the arena. I ran for it, a little too eager, I admit. I let it find a weakness, and it used it. It jumped from the side of the arena, sinking its talons into each of my shoulders, tossing me into the rock walls built high enough to keep us trapped here.

I couldn’t focus on the pain shooting through my shoulders and back; I couldn’t focus on anything because it was coming for me. I drove my blade into its side, causing it to stumble and fall. I pulled my sword from its heaving body, knowing this wasn’t over yet.

It stood with a screech digging its beak into the wounds it had created with its talons. But this time, it showed me its weakness... and I took it. While it was latched onto my shoulder, I had a perfect angle of the creature’s heart. I shoved my blade through its chest, smiling at the sound of its ribs cracking away at the intrusion of my sword, and I knew the moment its grip loosened only slightly that I had hit its heart.

The massive creature slumped, falling on top of me, pinning me under it. I could hear the sounds of the amazing warriors in the stands gasping; they thought the creature got the best of me because its wings covered me entirely, and its beak was latched on still. They probably think it is eating me. I pulled my other thigh dagger and pried its mouth from my shoulder. Then, wiggling free of its grip, I stood, letting my b***d mix with the Harpy’s and puddle in the dirt at my feet. Finally, I held my blade high in the sky and yelled out my war cry, causing the women in the stand to erupt with their

own cries. I had won and passed my final test. Now, I am one of them, and even though I am leaving, being one of them is just another of the many things I can add to the list that makes me who I am.

Penny came down from the stand with a tight frown on her face. She has a small bowl of black paint. This is the part of my victory where the Queen will paint my first war face, and then I will go home. I don't want to be alone anymore. Her thumb dipped into the paint and began working on me. A thin black vertical line ran through the center of my bottom l*ip, ending in the valley between my breasts. A thick horizontal line ran from one temple across my nose, stopping at the other temple.

"Close your eyes, child." So I did as my Queen asked. Softly, shutting my eyes.

She took a cloth from her skirt, ripped it from her body, dipped it into the paint, and used it to create a black mask across my upper eyes, nose, and forehead.

"You are now and will always be one of us, child. It is time to make your decision. Do you move to stay among us, or do you move to return to your own time and fight the creature imprisoned within you?"

"Fight, my queen," I called out.

Her lips finally unscrewed from her frown, and a smile broke out on her majestic face.

"Then go." She raised her hand, causing the door I walked through a month ago to appear in the arena. I looked back at her giving her my own smile.

I stepped to the massive wooden doors pushing them open. I walked back through the forest, taking the path I had taken to get here. I stepped through the clearing inside the foliage that kept this place hidden. I walked through the field of wildflowers letting my fingers graze their soft petals on my way.

"I sense you, Mother," I said softly.

Her melodic chuckle blew across the tall grass and wrapped around me. The sun warmed my skin in her presence, causing me to smile.

“I’m ready mother.” I have waited four weeks for this moment.

“I know, daughter. I know. When you return to your time, you will find it moves differently here. You have only been sleeping for six days in your realm and will not wake up in the hospital. The fight will begin as soon as you cross over. Your other body will find your new one and combine, making you whole again. Do you understand, daughter?” her words were soft, but their weight was jagged and full of warning.

“Yes, Mother,” I called out to her again.

“Everyone will be in a panic. When the creature created from her death in The Nothing leaves your form, she will be expelled to the outside, which is where I will have you waiting for her. Make no mistakes, daughter. If she gets away, she will be back. If you kill her, you must go to The Nothing and get control of your plane before all hell breaks loose there. Do you understand, daughter?” I swallowed hard.

“I will not let the fear in my heart get in the way of what must be done. I understand, Mother.” I tried to get control of my raging heart. The fear consuming me has nothing to do with Adoria and everything to do with the men waiting for me. I’m still not ready to tell either of them how I feel; I don’t know how or who to tell. But for now, Adoria and her demise have to be my focus. Nothing else can matter until she is gone for good.