

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 120

Lennon:

I crossed the threshold into the plain I was created for with Knox's fingers still intertwined with mine. Once I kill Adoria's b***h a*s, this place will be mine to do with what I see fit. Knox keeps his hoard of souls inside, separate like a tap on a keg he can switch on whenever he wants to. But, as for me... this is my feeding ground, a purgatory for the banished and the souls stuck in the tender in-between that are too scared to go into the holy lights. So my first act of kindness for this place will be to remove the darkness.

Harley flipped her hand over, creating a fireball in her palm, but the darkness was so thick that nothing could penetrate it. Because I was made for this place, I can see everything. I know where everything is, where everything belongs. Cassius does not belong here.

I squatted, letting my hands rest on the ground.

"Cassius," I whispered.

The ground beneath us responded, igniting in what I could only assume was the footpath Adoria took when she re-entered this realm. I followed the neon blues dancing across the floor that I knew would lead me to my guy.

"I hate this place. It gives me the willies." Harley whispered.

I chuckled, unashamed, that I found comfort in this place. Probably because it was never meant to be what it is now. I could hear the snapping of a whip and grunts of pain. The sounds falling from the plush lips of Cassius Grimm made my f*****g b***d boil. Her death will hurt worse now because of the pain that she has caused him.

“I knew you would return for him, you sorry whore.” Adoria’s voice rang out like it was attached to a surround sound system.

Harley took a fighting stance as a shadow engulfed her in darkness. Her battle broke out, but I knew I couldn’t stick around for her. She can fight her own battle. This war has only one end. Everyone goes home safe, and that can’t happen with Cassius trapped in the clutches of that rotten slut. I grabbed Knox, who was turning to help Harley.

“No matter what, do not use magic,” I called to Harley.

“She can do this. We keep going.” I pulled Knox along with me, surprised that my voice echoed louder than Adoria’s despite the fact I had barely whispered. The plane is beginning to recognize me. Good. That means the poison has weakened her.

If I use too much magic right now, the poison in her system and mine will confuse me as a virus the same way it will her once the time comes. Her using her magic to keep us away from Cass is the best thing we could have hoped for. The Nothing will feed on that magic until the poison allows the darkness to pull her into The Oblivions. She is too powerful as a witch to kill permanently, but being exiled into a realm with one way in and no way out will be the best plan to ensure she will no longer be a problem.

Growling erupted around us, causing Knox and I both to stop. I didn’t have to look to see the shadow hounds surrounding us. Knox pulled me behind him, trying to shield me from whatever he thinks is about to happen. But we are losing time now. I wrapped my hands around his waist like I do when I ride

on the back of his bike. He thought I was scared, so he put one hand on me and kept the other ready to fight the K9s created from the shadows. I stuck my hand outward in their direction, releasing the only thing shadows fear. Tiny wisps of sunshine expelled from my hand, wrapping around the necks of the dogs. They exploded in fits of snarling and howling as the light grew brighter, vanquishing them entirely. I grabbed Knox by the hand and pulled him along. We are almost there. So close now. We walked through a wall of black, finding ourselves in a dimly lit area. When I was down here, I always thought the walls had eaten the dark me that Adoria was pretending to be. It turns out it was just a magic door hiding her s**t. She had Cass tied up in a cell hanging from his wrists and silver bound at his feet, pulling him so tight you could almost hear the strain on his muscles. He had been so violently whipped that his clothes clung to his skin in shreds of fabric. Adoria turned with a wicked scowl.

“Leave now, or you will be next. She owes me the heir for stealing everything from me.” Adoria spat.

“You and I both know the only reason you hate Harley is that her mates chose her, and yours killed you to power his evil schemes.

You are bitter because she was so loved when she didn't even want it, and no matter how hard you tried, you were, at best, an easy piece of p***y.” I gently shoved Knox toward Cass, hoping he took the hint to get him down while I took care of Adoria. Who laughed as if I couldn't tell I had struck a nerve.

I drew my sword and charged her when Knox sank into the shadows and went closer to the cell holding Cass captive. She turned her remaining arm back into a sword, blocking the first chop of my blade. I relaxed into the chaos of war and let its sweet music ease the tension inside of me. I knew Knox had gotten Cass when the clanking of the cell door and a grunt from his pretty mouth as Knox lowered him to his feet floated to my ears. It's time. With Adoria distracted by Knox breaking Cass free from her prison,

something in the beating of my heart told me it was now or never. I waved my hand, smiling at Knox and Cass as they disappeared. I listened closely, feeling more at peace knowing Harley was removed from The Nothing with them.

“It’s just you and me now,” I growled, pinning her against the cell door where she had trapped Cassius. I let myself feed from her, weakening her further. I slung her to the ground, watching her as she clutched her throat, hacking from the poison, sucking the life from her, and my feeding from her that quickened the process. I jabbed my sword through her thigh, pinning her to the ground. She shuffled, thinking I wasn’t aware of her hand that still formed a sword, but I had guessed this would happen, and that is why I never removed my hand from the handle of my own blade, and when she moved to do it, I let her run the edge through my side and then removed my sword from her leg and sliced her other arm off.

I left her weird hand sticking out of my side while I finished my job. With two quick slashes of the blade that I formed from my intentions, I cut her legs from beneath her. She fell to the floor in a cry of pain. She is destined to feel this pain for eternity as punishment for her many sins.

“We only eat the sinners. Never the saints.” I growled out.

I pulled the blade from my side and drew more of her rotten soul into me, carefully leaving enough to keep her trapped in oblivion. I sighed as the wound closed tightly as if it had never happened.

“As the daughter of the sun, a descendant of the creator of life, I now banish you for the rest of your miserable existence, and by the power bestowed upon me as the guardian of light, I ensure you... you will never have the opportunity to cause harm again, you miserable bitch.” And with one final swing, I took her head. When it rolled across the room of the place she had hidden while torturing me, I was surprised that she still ran her damn mouth even after being decapitated. I watched as the ground swallowed her whole. Her screams eventually quit as anything left of her was exiled for eternity. I sat on the floor, letting my aches and pains rest before I did as Mother told

me and got control of the plane. I allowed my mind to drift back to the day my role was explained.

“What is the guardian of light?” I asked the moon.

“Everything, my child. You are the creator and the destroyer. You can cause harm, or you can bring peace. You can control the Earth’s elements, and I advise you to listen to it when it whispers.

“Will I have to remain in The Nothing once Adoria is gone?” I kept my voice steady, careful not to express my emotions, but something told me she understood what I was asking.

“You can remain wherever you wish, but you were created to control the realm of spirits alongside Death. It is your responsibility, and you are trusted to care for it. Your mother, Gaia, is the reason all things are. The trees, the realms being separate, the shapes of fruits, and the breath of your lung. You are a direct descendant of the creator, and as such, you have similar abilities. Be careful not to let yourself be led astray by people with dark intentions. You must discover your mate bonds and nurture them with the light of your heart.” I listened to her carefully despite nothing making sense. Something tells me. Eventually, I will understand, and until then. I will hold tight to her warnings.

I shook the thoughts of my memory and stood on my feet, still clutching to my sword. I stepped out of the hideout Adoria had created for herself, and as I left, it disappeared behind me. I dug the blade of my sword deep into the ground beneath me, and I gasped as my blade sank into the sand. The wind carried the smell of salt water and peace into the space that once contained nothing but darkness and pain.

I sat in the sand, digging my toes deep into the warm white sands where I first met Cass—where Knox and I got to know each other better. The skies were painted the same orange and red from that day. This is what the in-between should look like. A place where your worries and fears could be carried away by the tides, and from now on, the darkness will not penetrate

my light. I turned my face to the sun, letting it warm my skin. My mind, which had been in survival mode for the last month, finally shut off. Now the only thoughts on my mind are returning to heal Cassius. They should be crossing the portal threshold at the pack house any time now, and he will need medical attention once he is there... But for this second and this second only, I need the peace of the plane destined to be under my thumb from the day both of us were written into existence by the fates.