

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 124

Lennon:

I have never felt more myself than I do right now. It was like something snapped into place for me when Grant's soul entered me. My heart hammered in my chest at the realization of what I had just done, and I was surprised it didn't bother me more. I turned to look at Lindsey Walker. A girl that I had been in school with since pre-k.

"Hi, Lennon." She said, wiping her eyes.

"Knox, make her forget we were ever here... and everything he did to her. She is a good person." I looked at him for only a second before I looked back at Lindsey, and then I just walked out. Knox told me he could find Chad; now that is all I can think about. A soul for a soul. I stepped out onto the porch and wrapped my arms tightly around myself.

"I'm sorry, Red." When he whispered from behind me, Cass damn near made me jump from my skin.

"You have nothing to apologize for, Cassius." I don't know if he is talking about the baby, me dying, or them giving me the confidence to take Grant out. Either way, he didn't do anything wrong.

"I do, though." I hope he can see the confusion written on my face because, f**k I'm just too tired to argue about if he offended me or not.

“Let’s hear it then. No, wait. Let me guess. You don’t know how to take the memories of their hands on me the night they killed me, so you just want to tell me you’re sorry because what can anyone really do? No? You feel like you made me kill Grant, so you are sorry for pushing me to do the thing that I wanted to do from the moment they shoved me in that f*****g hole. So, if it is that one, I should thank you. Do you feel guilty because you knocked up Ashley before we found the guts to admit we had caught feelings? If it’s that one... you should be with your kid. Anything between us will fade away when you hold that sweet little baby for the first time, Cass... and you will be an incredible dad. I hugged him tightly, inhaling the masculine smell of his skin. I bunched his shirt up in my fists again. I wanted to get his body as close to mine as possible, and when he picked me up and let me wrap my legs around him, I knew the churning in my stomach meant that I never wanted to let him go. I would have to force myself to let him go.

“I took her home. She won’t remember anything.” Knox said, stepping out onto the porch with us. I unwrapped my legs despite the bile rising in my throat at the loss of his contact, and I nodded at Knox.

“I want Chad.” I rumbled.

“I know where he is, I can sense him, and I can do it myself. I’m sure you both are busy.” Knox stepped into me. He put a loose curl behind my ear and wiped away a tear I hadn’t even realized I had let fall.

“Not a single chance in hell, baby girl. You’re stuck with us for the rest of eternity, and I will... we will always be at your beckoned call.” Knox’s dark scent wrapped tightly around me when he placed a tender k**s on my forehead. My eyes watered over at his words. Something tells me he told every word the truth. I will never be without them again, and despite the things they have going on in their lives, they will always be there for me. My family. They will always be my family.

“Let’s go then. I’m ready.” I cut a portal into the forest, stepping through with newfound confidence.

We stepped through the portal into an alleyway behind some dive bar. The smell of vomit and garbage sludge was hanging heavy in the air. But not heavily enough to drown out Chad's scent. He was lying on top of some garbage bags with his own vomit on his shirt and lap. I took the toe of my shoe, lifting his foot up and dropping it hard enough that he stirred awake. I wasn't expecting someone drunk enough to puke on themselves to move so quickly, but he did, and the next thing I knew, I was pinned to the wall with a switchblade digging into my throat.

When he looked into my eyes, I could see every disgusting thought, every terrible intention, and every sin he had committed in his lifetime. This awful excuse for a male gets off on the pain and suffering of women. He had even thought of children in that vile light, and I retched at the images playing through my mind. Then Knox and Cassius pulled him off me, slamming him onto the concrete so hard it made me jerk.

Both were beating his face with unbridled fury, and my heart swelled at their willingness to rescue me. No one had ever taken up for me before, which solidified how much they cared about me. My head swam, still stuffed full of all of Chad's putrid thoughts, but I managed to steady myself as Knox and Cass stood up a very disfigured Chad.

"Apologize." Cass roared.

"Scor-Spof," Chad tried to follow the command Cassius gave him, but he was choking on his own teeth and b***d, and I couldn't help but stand there a moment, watching as the same light he stole from me began to fade from him and then I fed. Knowing that my death had awakened something in Grant destroyed me. But Chad had done this many times before and had no intentions of stopping, and taking the life of a monster like this was so easy it scared me. Finally, I got so full and content with the rot within him that every bad thing that had ever happened to me just... disappeared.

Knox:

Cass and I dropped that piece of s**t like a sack of taters, and his sick thud on the concrete only made it better. How f*****g dare he? I grabbed her by her neck, turning her face to the sky to inspect the raised pink line across her throat. I tried so hard to fight it, but I couldn't anymore. I picked her up with a smile when she wrapped her legs tightly around me as if it was second nature for her now. I wrapped her hair in my hand and jerked her head back, placing a soft line of k****s across the spot where the knife had pressed into her delicate skin.

Her skin broke out in chills at the contact of my mouth, and some part of me that was not caught up in how she tasted on my lips wondered if the pull of our bonds had strengthened since her soul was made whole again after taking the final soul of her murderers.

I cut a portal and stepped through to the charm, where I took her home on the first day. That was the day that she met the real me. It's time we talk with our little one, and this is the safest place for that conversation. Cass opened the door for us, and her soft breathing turned to soft snores.

"I guess being a bad mother fucker will really take the life out of ya." I chuckled, heading towards her bedroom door. It won't be much longer until we hopefully have her perfect little self tucked between the two of us where she belongs.

I laid her down softly onto her bed after Cass pulled back the covers and tucked her in, kissing her cheek softly. As I pulled back, she grabbed onto the collar of my shirt, and the words that fell from her soft lips had me frozen in my place.

"Please stay." I looked at Cass, who nodded, and out of respect for both her and Cass, I slipped my shoes off and laid down on top of the duvet. She snuggled into my side so fast that her body melted against me, making my heart rate wild. I thought s*x was the best physical feeling I would ever experience, and here I was on the verge of combustion with just having her next to me. I let my fingers run through her red hair and relaxed when a soft sigh fell from her. She feels something for both of us. I just don't know what.

“Cass. Will you stay too?” She patted the bed behind her pulling the covers back. He took his shoes off and laid down, snuggling into her back. She pulled the blanket back and from around her chest and kept tugging and whining until I took the hint and got under the covers with them. We were out of it before the duvet settled around us.

Lennon:

I woke up to an empty bed, but I could still feel their bodies' warmth inside the covers. I stood up, stretching my muscles. I feel good. I grabbed a pair of biker shorts and a sports bra. I don't know if I wanted to run or hit the gym... I was still in my own world when I left the bathroom and went into the kitchen for coffee to find two exhausted-looking men.

“Damn... am I that bad of a bed feller?” I chuckled, grabbing the coffee that Knox had held out for me.

“Remember how I said we wanted to talk to you?” Cass's tired eyes looked over my body. I figured after my petty a*s snapped on him on Grant's porch and admitted I had feelings for him that he would've been gone this morning.

“s**t. I was hoping you had forgotten about that... What's up?” I asked, sitting on the stool so I could see both, and then I settled into sipping my coffee with the 'we need to talk' nerves swarming in my gut.

Knox:

“When she wakes up, we need to tell her,” I told Knox, passing him a cup of coffee.

“I don't think she's ready. She had a rough night.” He grumbled into his cup.

“She’s not, or you’re not?” I eyed him, and when he rolled his eyes at me, I knew his fear of losing her was gnawing at him.

When she stepped from her room, I watched as she tied her long hair into a bun on her head. She was dressed for training, and it made me warm. She feels complete again, and now that she is sitting across from us and knows we want to talk, I can see her nerves behind her otherwise unbothered expression. Cass had joined me on this side of the counter, and I could feel his fear raging, and between her anxiety and his fear, nausea was warping me.

“All right. I guess I will rip off the Band-Aid.” I looked at them both one more time before I swallowed the remanence of their whirling emotions.

“Cass and I are your mates.” I just blurted it out for her.

I should have waited for her not to have hot coffee in her mouth because when the word mates got out there, she spewed her drink all over us and then started choking on what Cass and I weren’t wearing.

“She didn’t run away like I thought,” I said, passing Cass a dish towel.

“Don’t count your blessings just yet, shit-a*s. If I could breathe, I would.” She gripped the island’s edge, blinking away the phosphenes clouding her vision.

“Say it again because I don’t think I heard you right.” She grabbed paper towels and started wiping the counter.

“You heard right,” Cass said, grabbing her hands and trying to make her focus on what we wanted to say to her.

“I’m sure you have questions. We want to answer them. Just breathe for a second, and let us help you through this.” His thumbs were grazing her hands softly.

Her green eyes were looking deeply into his icy gaze, and I knew her feelings must be a f*****g mess.

“How long have the two of you known?” Cass and I exchanged glances.

“When I fed you the first time, you and I imprinted. When you imprint with death, as long as the bond isn’t nurtured, it will fade. But ours has been nurtured and is complete.” My voice trailed off. I prepared my neck for the thud of her slapping me on the face, but it never came.

“How was it nurtured?” my own emotions welled up in my throat at her question. This feels like a good start.

“Nurturing happens when an imprinted bond is pursued. Things like dating, having s*x, getting to know each other in a more intimate sense than friendship.” I refilled her coffee and sat it in front of her.

“Thanks...” She took the cup in her tiny hands, tapping the ceramic glass with her index finger.

“We haven’t done any of that. We only kissed.” Her flushed face looked up from the blonde coffee she had been pretending was the most interesting thing in the world for her.

“When you jumped in front of Adoria to keep her from harming us, our bond recognized that as a sacrifice. You nurtured our bond in full by making that one decision.” My heart was thundering like a wild animal trying to break free from my ribcage.

“Of course, I sacrificed myself. You two are my best friends. I would do anything for the both of you.” So that’s the lie she had been telling herself? Even the blush that had stained her porcelain skin had deepened in her own lie.

“It doesn’t work that way, princess. If you only considered me your friend, our imprint wouldn’t have formed in full. I think you feel more for the both of us than you care to admit.” I reached out, tucking her loose curl behind her ear. Gently, I lifted her to look into my eyes. Her tongue reached out, wetting her lips, and damn it, I have never wanted a taste of something so f*****g wrong.

“Let’s say I do. There is nothing that can be done about it.” She dropped her head again, fighting the ache of the bonds that, after last night, I knew she could feel.

“There are absolutely things that can be done. We want you, Lennon. f**k, I have never wanted anything so badly in my life.” Cass’s voice was barely above a gruff whisper.

“When did you know?” She looked at him finally. I could almost hear her heart rate picking up, and something told me her fear was wrapped around Ashley’s pup.

“The first day we met on the beach. The second I saw you, I fell head over hills for you. It hurt like hell watching you leave me on that beach that day. I know you are worried about the Ashley bull s**t, but Lennon, there is no way that pup is mine, and I despise her.” I almost winced for her. The pain that shot through her at the sound of her name on his tongue and the mention of the pup almost gave us both whiplash.

“Where can I find your mother?” Her gaze drifted slowly back to Cass, and her eyes were solid white, glowing like the clouds in a summer sky.

“The packed house.” He hung his head. He knew he blew it.

“I’ll be back soon. Maybe while I am gone, the two of you can figure out what the f**k we are going to do. I said I would reject you when I found you. But you have sunk your f*****g claws into me. If Ashley’s baby is yours, you can forget about me, Cassius. I didn’t have a father, and she is a rotten f*****g b***h. That baby deserves at least one good parent.” And with that, she turned, cutting a portal to the pack house, and left the two of us standing there with our jaws slack.

Cassius:

I was fighting the urge to shift and rip Ashley’s f*****g throat out.

“Talk to me.” Knox leaned against the island, looking at me with concern in his blazing eyes.

“That pup isn’t mine. I need to figure out how to show her that.” he tucked his hands inside his pockets and started rocking back and forth on his heel.

“What did you have in mind?” If I have to wait three more weeks to prove that the pup isn’t mine, we could risk losing her altogether... or I will anyway. An imprinted bond can’t be rejected like a goddess-given one can.

“We go back and see if there was a moment where you might have slipped up and gotten her pregnant.” I think he may be overly sleep-deprived because he is talking nonsense now.

“Oh... Did I not tell you that I can time travel?” He grinned his cocky grin and waggled his eyebrows at me.

“If you can time travel, why not just go back and stop me from f*****g her?” Wouldn’t it make more sense to keep the act from occurring at all?

“No matter what, we do not interfere. There is a reason the past occurs, and if we change anything, there is no way of knowing we will return to the same present we left.” I thought hard about what he had said.

“f**k it. I will take what I can get, I guess. But we have to be back before Lennon.” I washed my coffee cup and turned back to my other mate.

“Let’s do it.” He shrugged, grabbing his cloak from the rack. His body morphed and stretched until he was almost ten feet tall. He stepped into me, covering me with the cloak of Death, and then I watched as the world zipped wildly around us until it sat us in the same exact spot we were in. I deflated as I realized it hadn’t worked.

“It didn’t work.” I let myself get too excited at the prospect of finding a solution that I convinced myself this would be a good start.

“Oh, it worked. We’re back twenty minutes before you take Ashley to your bed. Now we are just going to where you f****d her, and don’t forget... you can’t change anything, Cass. No matter what, you have to watch and nothing else.” He cut another portal and stepped through. I sighed, still feeling defeated. I trust him and his magic. That is all I can focus on with us doing this. I may get the answers to my questions. But if I don’t, time will tell us everything we need to know.