

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 125

Lennon:

I can't believe they have known this whole time that I was theirs, and instead of making the decision to tell me so we could build on that relationship, Cass ran out and knocked a b***h up, and Knox made me feel ashamed for kissing him. I growled and grumbled the whole walk through the pack house. Harley and Fallon are my only other friends, and I have never had boy drama before and need help. Unfortunately, I have no idea what to do about any of this. I'm still so lost on this bond s**t, and I almost feel guilty for not at least asking for a crash course of some kind when the moon told me that I had a mate bond with one of her children. But I didn't, and now I am left with seeking help from the only other person I can think of. I went up to a large door sensing her behind it. I knocked lightly...and then knocked again when no one answered. I hope she isn't asleep or something.

"Harley, I am sure you are probably busy... but could we talk, please?" the door swung open, and a man I recognized as one of Cassius's fathers stomped out in a huff.

"I'm sorry," I called quietly as he walked away.

"Pay him no mind, Lennon. He acts like a t**t waffle more often than not, but Axel is a very good guy." She smiled, knowing her mate heard her. I chuckled a little, stepping inside the door and closing it behind me.

"So, what did they do?" My eyebrow rose in the confusion of her words.

“Cassius and Knox. They have clearly upset you.” She crossed her legs and poured me a glass of wine. I sat on the couch across from her and poured my heart out about everything. Even the things I didn’t want to discuss started rolling out of me like a snowball going full force down a mountain. Then when I finished, I slumped back into the couch, feeling entirely numb.

“I will kick their asses when they get here.” She growled. I laughed because even after all of the s**t I had just told her, she chose to focus on their f**k ups which I hated to admit I appreciated.

“I raised them both better.” She got up and walked around the room with the wine in her hand.

“We need to get Ashley to admit that her pup isn’t Cass’s.” She said, still wandering around the room.

“Come with me. We will go to the best thinking place in the house.” She walked over to a bookshelf, opening it to a hidden place full of comfy chairs and old books.

“This used to be the guy’s man cave, but I kinda stole it.” She chuckled, sitting down in her chosen chair. But the only thing on my mind was how she didn’t even believe it was Cass’s baby, and if everyone else could believe him, why couldn’t I?

“Why does Cass have three dads? Like... he looks like all three, and so does Fallon. I’m just curious how the multiple mate thing works.” She turned her chin up, letting her long black hair fall around her back and shoulders. She was thinking her answer over carefully, and I could tell she wanted her answer to be the answer to all of my questions.

“The bond I share with my mates is the most special thing to ever happen to me... Other than getting my wolf back after their rejection and having Cass and Fallon. The moon goddess knows what she is doing when she gives us our bonds.” She laughed, but my jaw dropped.

“They rejected you?” My jaw was still slack when she started telling me their story.

About halfway through our second bottle of wine, Harley fell back against the couch. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head, and she mumbled, but I couldn't understand what. I ran from the office, yelling for help. Harley was having a seizure, and for some reason, I assumed supernatural creatures wouldn't get sick. That seems stupid now. I have more questions for Knox and Cassius than I realized.

“Help, Harley, she—” I found Harley's mate, who she had said acted like a t**t waffle, but as soon as he heard her name coupled with the word help, we ran back into the office. We turned into her little hole in the wall, and he immediately relaxed. He walked over, picked her up, and sat down in the chair, holding her and rubbing her hair from her face while her head lulled from side to side, and her eyes kept rolling wildly in the back of her head.

“She is just having a vision. She will come around in a bit. Good looking out. This is a rough one.” He kept rubbing her hair from her face as her movements slung more thick black locks into her sweating face.

I sat on the floor, watching how soft this brute of a man was with this small woman. You could see the love blazing in his eyes for her, making me wonder what kind of mate Cass would be.

“Are you okay?” the man asked me, probably wondering why I was still staring at them.

“I'm fine. Just thinking.” I looked at my nails and plucked at the cuticle.

“He is still a dumb kid. He is an amazing king. A hell of a leader. But you have to understand that is how he was raised. From a young age, Cass knew what his responsibilities would look like, and he sat in that saddle like a f*****g champ. But... young men make mistakes when it comes to young women. Sometimes those mistakes happen because of pressure from someone else. But sometimes, those mistakes happen because those young men are still

dumb kids. If he hurt you, I am so sorry. We raised him to praise his mate, and I am sure this whole Ashley thing hasn't been easy for you. Shit... it hasn't been easy for any of us. But I know Cassius will figure it out. He's got a good head on him." He never took his eyes off of Harley the whole time he spoke, but his words made me think of every encounter that I have had with Cass. He has never been anything but wonderful to me. But that doesn't change the fact that if that kid is his, he should be with it. Harley started coming around, and when he smiled at her, it lit up the room the same way Cass could. Maybe I should go back and listen to what they have to say before making any rash decisions... Perhaps I am the one being a dumb kid.

Knox:

We entered the massive closet that Cass surprisingly kept neat and waited. The past him would come through that door with Ashley any minute now, and maybe we could figure out the truth.

"What do we do?" he grumbled, seeming more hateful than usual.

"It's simple, really. We just watch. But man, you're lucky you're hot because you are a little ditzy behind that great hair, aren't ya?" I chuckled at his question.

"No, a*s. What do we do about Lennon?" His eyes were tired. He was tired of having his mate but unable to have her. Tired of Ashley's drama. Just f*****g tired in general.

"We let the fates sort it out for us and do what we can to support each other now. Lennon will come around, Cass. If she wasn't going to come around, she likely would have rejected us and left when we told her instead of asking questions first. That was her plan from the gate. She told the Goddess she wanted to reject her mate. But she didn't. She asked questions and then went to get more answers from your mom. But, if she doesn't come around,

we have to accept that.” That thought alone damn near shattered me. A life without her would kill me all over again, and I just can’t picture it.

“Will they be able to hear us?” He asked, getting antsy over the situation.

“No, but they could see us as a shadow if we were out there,” I told him.

“I don’t want you to watch this and think badly of me or worry about Lennon with me. This is a quick and gentle f**k for me, but if I remember right, I was still a bit rough with her. I don’t know if you remember this night, but I came to your place right after this, and we went out. I won’t hurt Lennon if she ever gives herself to me. I know her past is scary for her, and I know you worry about her. Hell, I worry about her. I just want you to know I would never hurt her intentionally. Not in the bedroom, not in any way.” he looked fearful of my judgment.

“Cass, I know you wouldn’t. I know we don’t discuss what we have done with women, but I’m not a tender f**k either. If they don’t leave with their back blown out, walking on shaking legs with a sore a*s, I didn’t do my job, Did I?” I chuckled.

“Knox, I can’t come if they don’t cry. It isn’t as simple as a rough f**k. If I don’t make them cry, I can’t finish. I wouldn’t care if I ever came again if I could have her, though. I need you and her both to know that.” He couldn’t look at me, and I wouldn’t force him to. I just put my hand on his back so he knew I was there for him, and I trusted him with myself and Lennon both.

Relationships take work, and ours won’t be any different. Besides, something tells me the fates wouldn’t have gifted Cass a mate if he didn’t deserve one, and it wouldn’t be one that couldn’t handle every aspect of him. We were torn from our heart to heart when the door to Cass’s room busted open. A heated make-out session happened between the two until the door shut, and then s**t hit the fan. He slammed her on the wall, seeming more beast than man.

“On your knees.” Cass’s command could be felt even from here, and as his mate, it took Death’s aura to keep me from dropping down to my knees at his

words. He wrapped his fist in her hair and yanked it back, making her gasp as the pain from the tension on her scalp mixed with the pleasure of his c**k being thrust into her throat. She clawed at his h**s, fighting for air. Her gagging and the sucking sounds of her slobber and his thrusts filled the room. He pulled her to her feet, never letting her hair go, and when he flung her on the bed face down, he knocked the wind from her. He rolled on a condom and sank into her before she even had the chance to get her breath again, making strangled screams echo through the silence. He wrapped his hand around her throat from behind, pulling her head back. Her face turned red from the brutal f*****g he was giving her... or maybe he was just choking the life from her. Either way, it felt like we stood there watching for hours, but the moment had come, and before I even saw it, I knew this pup wasn't his after all. He yanked her off the bed and to her knees again, throat f*****g her smiling as tears kept streaming freely from her face, and then he freed himself from her throat and shot his come all over the smeared mascara and lipstick painting her b***h face.

"You were right. The likely hood that the pup is yours is slim to none. Now we just need to figure out what to do about it." I told him before cutting a portal home. We have our own mate to think about now.

Lennon:

"Axel, check on Fallon. I'm fine now. But that was bad for me, and something tells me Fallon is just coming out of hers too. We need her down here. Lennon, get comfortable, babe. That one was about you." Harley told Axel and me when she finally returned to her feet.

Axel nodded, leaving the room, and my heart damn near ruptured at her words. Why is she having visions about me? Before I could ask, Axel came in with Barrett carrying Fallon. A notepad was on her lap, and she had a washcloth across her eyes. Behind the three was the one with red eyes carrying a cup of coffee and a washcloth for Harley.

“Mom, are you already in here?” Fallon called out. Her voice was strangled, like she had been screaming. Harley leaned over and pulled her daughter into her lap. She snuggled into Fallon and kissed the top of her head. My heart yearned for that motherly bond at one point, but now it seems... unnecessary.

“I’m here, baby.” Harley held onto Fallon as they attempted to recuperate from their visions. I stood to leave when she nodded, and her mates and Barrett turned to leave.

“Not you, Lennon. You can stay.” Harley said.

“Lennon is here?” Fallon sat up, keeping her eyes covered with her cloth. She patted around, looking for her note pad and then held it out for me to grab. I swallowed hard before taking it. I couldn’t even look at it until Harley spoke.

“You need to see it, sweetheart. Don’t be scared. I know it looks bad, but what you see in that drawing is what the fates wanted Fallon to see. I can interpret the rest for you because my guides took me there. I saw everything.” I flipped the notepad over at her words of encouragement. The page looked like something out of a horror story. A woman in the middle held a box above her head with waves of blackness pouring from it, swallowing the page entirely. Another woman stood in front of her, untouched by the darkness.

“I don’t understand,” I mumbled, tracing the indents of the page created by whatever Fallon had used to carve the image into the paper.

“Have you ever heard of Pandora’s box?” Harley asked me. My heart started crashing against my sternum again.

“I have, yeah.” I sat down in the seat, suddenly feeling lightheaded.

“Pandora is coming, Lennon... and you are the woman fighting her in that drawing.” I fell against the chair in a huff. It looks like I don’t even get to have normal boy drama in my afterlife.