

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 85

I floated through my shift high enough on that one kiss to reach out and take a handful of stars. It was an awkward kiss and his tongue tasted like a bad school lunch, but it was my first and I couldn't stop thinking about the way my heart almost ruptured when his hands slid into my back pockets, pulling me closer to him. Grant Conley kissed me. ME!

Maybe I should go look for a dress on Saturday... a prom dress. The urge to squeal in girl was real and as hard as I fought the urge, I couldn't stop the smile on my face. I never would have thought that I would go to prom and here I am looking forward to something normal girls my age looks forward to.

I left the diner with a smile on my face. I don't know if this buzz will ever fade away, and I hope it doesn't. I skipped up onto the porch, creaking open the door, and the second I stepped in I was blasted with a couch cushion.

"Turn around! Don't look." I could hear my mother scrambling from the couch snickering and I thought maybe she had a man over and I guess I was close. I heard her say Teddy's name and I rolled my eyes as her laughter drifted up the stairs heading for the bedroom, she never steps foot into anymore.

I tossed the cushion back to the couch and grabbed myself a snack and a pop before making my way quietly upstairs in an attempt not to further irritate her. I flopped back on my bed. My fingertips grazed my lips hoping I could feel that feeling in my bones again. I hadn't let anyone touch me in so long that I almost forgot what another person's skin felt like. Grant's is rough from football I would guess, but I liked the way it felt against mine.

I shook my head, pulling away from my moment. I grabbed the bag of chips off my bed, groaning when the first Dorito touched my tongue. How long had it been since I ate? A few handfuls of chips later and the warmth of my full stomach mingled with the warmth of Grant's touch and I was lulled into a deep sleep. I didn't even have to think about it, it just pulled me in, relaxing every inch of my skin naturally. Is this what it is like for normal people who go to bed at night and just fall asleep? You know those people, right? The people who don't live in a constant battle just trying to survive. It's nice... it's warm.

That soul-warming feeling carried me through Friday. School was easy, work was easy, my mother was scarce, a hot shower had me dozing off warm in my bed, and visions of black tulle were dancing in my head when I drifted into a deep sleep. Tomorrow, I have plans to go to the mall and look for the dress that I have pictured since Grant asked me to prom.

But I was an idiot for thinking that this would last. A bloody fucking idiot for not paying attention to the way she watched the toaster at breakfast. If I hadn't been so wrapped up in the stupid prom, I would've known it was talking to her. If I had paid closer attention... her fingers wouldn't be wrapped around my throat, choking me so hard that prickling numbness was running through my face.

"You stupid little bitch, you are the worst mistake I ever made. I should've aborted you. Did you think I wouldn't see Teddy leaving this room? I see the way he looks at you!" Her tears were falling onto my face. While I dug my nails into her hands and her neck trying to get free before she killed me.

Then it dawned on me... why am I fighting the thing that I have been praying so hard for? I let my arms relax. I let her choke me.

When the stars started dancing in my eyes, slowly fading to beautiful darkness, I smiled at her. I smiled at the woman that birthed me. With every way she has destroyed me these last few years, she has finally done something useful for me... she is putting me out of my misery.

“Fuck, Lennon! I-I’m so sorry!” She yelled, rolling off me, slamming my door behind her, knocking every picture in the hall off the wall, and I rolled onto the floor huffing and gasping for air. It felt like blades of fire were being shoved down my throat and the coughing made it worse.

I sobbed, pouring all my anger and hatred into the tears rolling down my face. The stupid bitch couldn’t even kill me right. I screamed as loudly as my aching throat would allow. I rolled up into a ball of myself, wrapping my arms around my legs, but I couldn’t stop the shaking from the emotions devouring me.

“Come back!” I yelled at her. She was still in the hallway having her own breakdown.

“Come back and kill me. Please, come back!” I yelled. She owes me something. Anything.

I tried so many times to end this life and the only thing I ever managed was to chicken out. I have spent years waiting for this day. She was supposed to do the job for me and when she finally did it, she fucking failed the same way she has failed at everything else.

I wanted to cry myself to sleep, but I couldn’t stop thinking about the first time I fell asleep tonight. Having that sense of normalcy for that small chunk of time was worse than never tasting it at all.

Now it feels like a drug. So sweet and addictive and so far out of my reach. Who knew stability would be so damning to me? I never knew I needed it until the moment that crushing weight settled on my chest. That same crushing weight that had disappeared without my noticing as the good stuff that was happening started feeling normal. I could never get off the floor, so I just lay there. I lay there on the hardwood pushed to a point where I thought maybe this time I wouldn’t chicken out.

But instead, I yanked my journal out of my bag that had been spilled to the floor in our struggle, releasing my anguish through the ink lining the pages.