

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 86

I woke up stiff and sore. Partly from sleeping on the floor and partly from the whole my mom trying to kill me thing. I stretched out on my back staring at the off-white popcorn ceiling that could use a new coat of paint. After writing so much last night, I just feel numb. Putting that much of my feelings onto paper has left me feeling nothing. I can't feel angry at her, I can't feel sorry for myself, and I can't feel the usual weight that threatens to crush me constantly.

This Friday my senior year will be over when I walk across that stage. Saturday is my prom... a prom that I have a handsome date for, then afterward we go to a party that I have a date for. It will be my first high school party and I want to be excited about it. Then, on Sunday... Sunday is the day my freedom begins. I should be happy and I should be preparing to celebrate this next step of my life surrounded by a family that loves me. My mom should be crying because she knows I am going off to a good school miles away from her. Not this... not lying on the floor. Not last night... not any of it.

I rolled over, climbing to my feet. I picked my journal up, tied it off, and hid it away in my bag. I stuffed my stiff body into clothes that would cover the bruises and I snuck downstairs careful not to step on the mess she created last night. She was passed out on the couch with the bottle of cheap whiskey on her chest, and that makes me think she is stealing again because that is a new bottle and I know she doesn't have any cash.

My whole body went cold when the door opened singing its usual creak, making her groan and stir from her coma. When she settled down again, I

stepped out into the sunlight, forcing myself to calm down. Since there is no one to celebrate my success with me... I will celebrate it myself and I will start that celebration with the largest coffee I can find and then I will find my dress.

The mall was packed with girls and their mothers and garment bags of pinks, blues, and yellows. My heart clenched at the teary-eyed mother clutching her daughter as they left one of the higher-end boutiques that I could never afford. A small part of me wanted that. That small part of me that was still too young to understand schizophrenia and everything that comes with someone you love suffering from it. The little girl that needed her mother still lives inside of me somewhere and she is the one that is hurting right now. If I could, I would hold her and let her know that she has grown up to be the person she needed so badly back then.

I walked into a store that was a bit more my pace and I looked through the racks of rainbow tulle and pastel silks until my fingers touched the soft fabric of the black dress that hung delicately on the hanger. The corseted top looked like intricate lace, and the tulle that ran down the skirt made it look like something a princess would wear. It is within my budget, and it is my size. But what if Grant doesn't like it as much as I do?

"That is a gorgeous choice! Would you like to try it on?" the sales clerk spoke softly, taking note of my infatuation with the dress.

"Could I?" I asked.

"Of course!" She took the dress and I followed her to the back where the changing stalls were. The dress sat perfectly against my curves. I'm not a dressy girl by any means, but this one is incredible. I would wear it every day if I had the choice. I didn't even have to lace it up in the back to know how much I loved it. This is the one. If you could look over the bruises and the bloodshot eyes, I really did look nice in it.

I stepped from the shop with my dress tucked neatly into the garment bag and the black pumps the sales clerk recommended. My eyes caught a neon

sign in the food court and my mouth watered at the thought of a bad mall pretzel. Too bad that hunger vanished when I stepped inside the food court and saw Grant with his lips pressed against Caitlyn Amery. How many girls has he kissed this week and what does this mean for prom? I turned quickly, almost tumbling over Alyssa who was standing right behind me.

“Sucks, doesn’t it?” she asked.

“What?” That one word was the only intelligent response I could muster up and it made me seem ignorant.

“He is just a man whore, Lennon.” She watched the two of them kissing but I couldn’t look again.

“I’m sorry about your hand. That was stupid of me. I was so wrapped up in his attention that it never dawned on me that he would be a forceful piece of shit. You are better off seeing this for yourself now before things go too far.” I scoffed at her. He told me he likes me. He gave me my first kiss. We are going to prom together...

I left Alyssa standing there watching the two of them. I may not understand dating or boys, but I know what he told me, and I know how he makes me feel and I can’t let anyone take that away from me. We have shared so much with each other over the last week and I know that is such a short amount of time, but isn’t that how it works, you meet someone and start getting to know them and then you just wake up and you know they could be the one?