

# Their Warrior Luna

## Chapter 88

Once we made it to the massive house, he gathered my bags and opened my door for me. The house was a three-story log cabin and right behind the house sat a dock in the lake. I couldn't help but be amazed by everything. Even when we visited the lake during the summer, it was never this nice.

"Are ya coming, Lenny?" Grant called from the front door.

As badly as I wanted to stay there with the water, I left it. I went inside the huge house, placing the donuts on the first table I found. Looking around at the amazing open floor plan and all of the natural light flowing through the windows.

"This is incredible." I was fascinated by how fancy and clean everything was, but his boredom with it made me insecure. I forgot the Conleys were rich for a second and people like him are used to places like this.

"Eh, it's alright I guess." He looked around at the same room I was looking at but I knew we were seeing two different things. This is the only lifestyle he has ever had. He doesn't know what it means to struggle and right now I don't know if I feel jealous of him or happy for him.

"Well, it looks like the cleaning crew already took care of the cleaning stuff. We could have coffee out on the dock if you want to. Everyone should be here in the next few hours. We could just hang till then." His eyes were back to their boyish charm. That hint of a starving predator that I caught a glimpse of earlier was gone.

“Sure! I could use a refill.” I followed him into the kitchen, and I knew when I spotted the fancy machine that the coffee would be incredible.

I waited patiently, trying not to seem like a complete loser, while he used the coffee machine of my dreams. I jumped out of my skin when there was a knock at the door and my heart decided to join in on the flopping around painfully. He handed me my coffee cup back filled to the brim with coffee made just the way I had asked for. He stepped out of the room to answer the door while I g\*\*\*\*\*d at the coffee he had made me.

Carter came in tossing two garment bags on the island and started eyeballing me like he knew I wasn't meant to be here in this overly fancy, insanely clean lake house. I didn't fit there with my ripped jeans and faded tee that was hanging by a thread and my biggest fear about coming here was that one or all of them would remind me that I had no place among them.

“Hi, Carter. I brought donuts from this great little coffee shop just a bit from my house. If you would like one.” I muttered, losing any confidence the thought of being alone with Grant had given me.

I swallowed hard when his eyes looked over me. This is it, this is where he will remind me I don't belong. I clenched my fists tightly against my jeans preparing for a snarky response, but he surprised me.

“Thanks, Lennon.” He said with the same charming smile that Grant gave me. I wish it had eased my mind some that his words were kind, but the darkness in his bright hazel eyes, as he bit into his donut, made my skin feel too tight. Maybe I should just go.

But I didn't go. Grant leaned over my shoulder, kissing me tenderly on my cheek before rounding the island to get his own coffee. Something about the way he had done it told me he wanted me here, so I stayed despite my heart jarring in my chest and that concrete settling heavily in the pit of my stomach.

Two hours had passed, and Grant and Carter had been playing video games for the last hour. None of the girls had shown up yet, but another one of Grant's friends, who introduced himself as Chad, had come and he was sitting on the floor at the coffee table rolling a joint. It had been a long time since I had smoked. I really couldn't afford it anymore, since all the crap with my mom had gotten worse, but I was kind of hoping they would offer me a hit when they smoked it. I thought it would help me calm down some if I did.

"I think we should all go put our suits on. Well, and dress, of course. Then we can all smoke." Chad flashed me a sparkling smile and my stomach churned thinking about putting the dress on. I loved it in the shop, adored it actually. But now, standing here in front of all of them, I can think of one hundred reasons for not putting that beautiful dress on.

Grant jogged into the kitchen and came back with two garment bags. One of them was mine. He grabbed my hand and pulled me up the stairs behind him.

"I can't wait to see your dress, Lennon. I know you are going to be gorgeous in whatever you picked." My heart fluttered and I was thankful that it wasn't painful this time. He called me gorgeous and any fear or misunderstandings I had flowing through my mind dissipated entirely at that one word. He was the only person that had ever offered to comment on my looks and I hated the way it made me turn into putty. It felt as addicting as the table full of pot downstairs.

"You can change here if you want. I will just be right there. Okay? I hope you are having fun. I told my parents we were all coming after school, so around that time we could have some food sent over and we could all just catch a buzz and eat. It will be a good time, I promise." His hand wrapped around my waist, pulling me into a feverish kiss and when he let go of me, my tender lips spread across my teeth in a stupid grin.

"Okay." I whispered.

He turned me towards the bathroom, where I reluctantly went lugging the big bag behind me. My stomach was raging as the fabric slid over my skin. I put it on backwards and tied it tightly before turning it around the proper way. Despite how bad it looked with the bra. I had a hard time deciding to take it off. But I did.

I stood at the door with my palms sweating and my legs shaking.

“Just open the door, Lennon. You can do this.” I told myself more than once before I finally grabbed the knob and turned it. I was surprised when I stepped out to see Grant looking very handsome in his black and white suit.

“You look beautiful, Lennon.” He stepped against me with his thousand-watt smile. His fingers tangled in my hair tie, he pulled it from my hair, letting my red curls fall free around my back.

“Perfect.” He said, licking his soft lips.

He took me by my hand and walked us back down the stairs where Chad and Carter sat in their suits. Both of them had a joint in their lips and those butterflies raged again when Grant lit one, taking a long draw before putting his lips against mine, and shot gunning the smoke into my lungs.

He handed me the joint before lighting one of his own and the more I toked on the sweet smoke the more relaxed I became. I sat back letting myself relax against the soft chair I had chosen for myself. Maybe today could be fun after all.

