

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 90

“What the fuck did you do, Chad?!” I could hear Carter’s panicked screams yelling at Chad for hitting me with the lamp.

“This wasn’t supposed to happen! We all just wanted to know what it would be like. She wasn’t supposed to be killed.” Grant yelled out.

“Why did you put your dick in her mouth? Are you fucking stupid? First, you almost gave her an overdose on ketamine, and then you fucking killed her!” Carter was losing it.

“Whatever, Carter. It is done! Newsflash boys, none of us wore a rubber. Do you prissy boys know what that means? It means if her body is found, all three of us go down because she is full of all of us. Now get shovels, we have to get rid of her.” He barked at them.

“This is so fucked up.” Grant whined.

“Shovels? No, I am alive!” I tried so hard to make the echoes of my mind project into the room, but it never would. My body isn’t moving, but I am here! I’m here!

Chad picked my limp body up, bitching with every other step he took because he kept stepping on my tulle skirt. The three of them made their way out into the woods that surrounded the lake. They picked a spot about a mile into the woods and when they got there, Chad tossed me to the ground like a bag of garbage. I thought the impact would hurt but I barely felt it and that scared me. It confirms the fear that is choking me out. I am dying.

My breathing is shallow, my heart is barely beating, and the pain that was in my head from the lamp had been long gone too.

“Please. Please... one of you see that I am alive.” My voice still wouldn’t leave the confines of my mind. I was about to be buried alive and for a second all I could think about was how I had never been this close to dying before and here I am fighting it tooth and nail after praying for death for so long.

This is why old people say the saying “Be careful what you wish for”, isn’t it?

Because while I lay here listening to them digging a shallow hole to put me into, there is only one thing I am certain of. I do not want to die. I have so many things that I am just now realizing that I want. I want a cat after college. A fat fluffy boy that always wants to be in my face, but I hate it because his hair gets too close to my mouth. I want to try all of the food that I swore was too gross for me to ever taste. I want to have a first date and fall in love with a man who has no intention of hurting me with his touch. I haven’t even seen what life was like outside of the off-white popcorn ceilings.

I felt four hands wrap around my wrists and ankles and with one hard tug and a small shove, I landed in the hole that was made for me.

I can hear my sobs. Why can’t they? Why can’t they hear me screaming and crying for them to hear me?

I just need them to look at me and see past their fear of being punished and see me. I am breathing. I know those breaths are far between, I know they are small. But they are there. I’m not dead yet, but I will be if they don’t stop.

They’re piling dirt onto my cold skin now, and the more they throw into the hole the heavier it gets on my bones. My lungs are struggling to get that small breath that they were already fighting for and, before I knew it, they were gone, leaving me here all alone, unable to move, being bear-hugged by the same dirt that I spent so much time being a child on.

I learned to ride my bike on this dirt.

I played with my dolls on this dirt.

In the end, when my time here is over, if I think of this dirt... this will be the memory that I think of first.