

# Their Warrior Luna

## Chapter 91

I wish I could tell you that at that moment I felt fearless. But... that isn't the case. I am locked inside my mind while my body is losing its fight to survive. It will be any time now that it shuts down completely, and then what? Is there an afterlife? Or is this it?

Will I be stuck in this moment forever? Will I be forced to relive the worst night of my life?

My lungs have stopped fighting against the earth that is bear-hugging my cold skin. My heart tried to thud at the loss of oxygen, but it only slowed down more too. My whole body was dying to go into convulsions, but even with my brain being the only thing alive at that point, it wouldn't allow my body to move... and then... it was over. I was gone.

This can't be it.

"This is not it. You could just... stand up if you want. Whenever you are ready." A dark voice called out to me.

A chill sank deeply into my bones at the sound. Whatever is waiting for me outside of this shallow hole doesn't sound like an angel at all. I sat there awhile longer debating on whether it would be better to stay here or to stand up and see what was waiting for me out there.

"How do I get out?" I called out to the darkness. I waited but no reply came.

Maybe it was just my imagination. My brain is dead after all.

“Just stand up.” he called out again.

I didn't understand. I am covered in dirt. If I could just stand up, I would have done it long before I died. But my curiosity got the best of me now that I'm not focused on my body's fight to survive. I did as the voice had said... I cried when my arms wiggled and my toes started moving. I shimmed until my hands were able to dig the dirt away from my face. I took a deep breath at the first hint of air, and I wailed. I scratched and dug until I clawed out of the hole. When I rolled to the ground free from my prison, I bawled my eyes out because I could feel the warm summer air blowing against my frosted skin.

“Just stand up.” It called out again, but this time it was closer, it wasn't inside of my head anymore.

I did as the voice asked. Fighting the weight of my tulle skirt that was caked in dirt, I stood to my feet. Before I could even turn to see where the voice had come from, the hole that I had just dug out of caught my attention. The dirt that I had disrupted climbing out, was neatly covering where I had once been... where I still am.

I looked at my translucent hands and a panic washed over every inch of me. I dropped to the ground trying to dig my body out.

“No... No...No” I yelled through my tears and the anger that was building in me. My ghostly hands wouldn't cup the dirt. I couldn't get my body out.

“I thought I was free!” I called out.

I was pulled to my feet as I tried to fight to get back to my body. I need to get my body out of that f\*\*\*\*\*g hole. But instead, I turned to face him... to face Death. The being I had called out to for so long was standing in front of me. A hooded figure much like the stories say, and even though I couldn't see his face I knew his eyes were looking into mine. In his presence, I froze completely.

“This is not the end, Lennon.” His voice was mortifying and yet it relaxed me. My shaking form calmed under his touch and when he pulled me in for a hug,

I let him. I let him wrap his massive arms around me and I buried myself in the cloak that covered him. Screaming, overwhelmed by the loss of myself.

“Are you taking me to heaven?” my sobbing had turned into hiccups.

“I’m afraid not.” My hiccups stopped altogether at his words, and I pulled back from his embrace, looking into the face that I could not see but knew was there.

“Hell?” I whispered. I wasn’t a perfect human, but I thought at the very least the misery I have endured here on earth would be enough to get me into heaven.

“No.” He laughed a hearty laugh at my expense.

“Don’t laugh at her Death, she is mortified!” a delicate voice called from behind me.

I don’t know how this whole dying thing works, but I hadn’t been expecting two reapers. I turned to see a woman with the night sky braided into her long silver hair. Her gown was no different, seeming to have been made from the fabric of galaxies.

“Who are you?” I asked her.

Her smile widened across her beautiful face and, if it was possible, that one smile made her seem more beautiful than before.

“The moon.” She whispered with a grin, stepping closer to me.

She pushed my hair out of my eyes and grasped me by the shoulders. Her touch seemed to ease something in me that I hadn’t realized was raging until it wasn’t anymore.

“You have been tethered here because of a bond that was created by the goddess.” Death’s words sent a small spark of anger through me that ignited something in the pit of my stomach.

“What kind of bond?” I asked them both.

“When I created my children, I split their souls. That way they could walk the earth and find each other over and over again. Your soul is bonded to one of my children, Lennon.” Her words almost felt too precious to miss. The way her voice sang things was almost enough to calm my anger until she mentioned that I was alive because I was meant to be for someone else.

“Please, tell me you are fucking kidding me.” I snapped at them, letting that spark of anger engulf me.

“Look.” I pointed at my grave.

“I was raped and murdered tonight because I have spent my eighteen years in this trap house of existence trying to make everyone happy but myself. I wake up day after shitty day to be pulled around by one person or another like a puppet on strings and now you are telling me that I can’t even move on because I was made for someone else. Are you seriously going to stand here and tell me that even after my death that I am still alive living for everyone but me?” my hands shook with the anticipation of their answers.

“It isn’t like that, Lennon. You will not ever have to worry about anything again. No one will ever cause you any pain or harm. You will get to make your own choices, including if you accept the mate bond or not.” She spoke.

“Fine. I don’t accept it.” I dropped down next to my grave and hugged my knees to my chest.

“It doesn’t really work that way dear. You must reject the bond in front of the person, and they have to accept it. That is the only way to sever the bond.” She spoke seeming a bit disappointed. But now that this life is over, I want to move on and I could care less about any boy on this planet.

“She has to learn to feed before she can go into their realm, Selene. She will not survive otherwise.” Death’s voice somehow managed to relax the raging anger that was still threatening to burn me up entirely.

“I have been feeding myself a long time, Death. Besides, dead people don’t eat.” I snarked.

“That is the other thing, dear. You aren’t dead. You are a soul eater. Your kind is few and far between, but they do exist. Soul eaters are created by trauma. Because of your trauma and the horrific way that you were killed, you were made a soul eater.” She said it so casually like she was talking about the weather or something.

“I am dreaming, right? This whole thing is happening because of the lack of oxygen my brain is suffering from. You can both go now. You aren’t even real.” I scooted closer to my grave as both of them disappeared. I reached into the dirt and dug around until I felt my hand and I sat there holding it. If I am still dying, I will hold my hand until I go. No one deserves to die alone.