

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 93

“I am having a hard time feeling sorry for you right now, Lennon. Was this not what you wanted? I heard you calling out to me all those nights that you would lay in your bed and beg me to come for you.” His words felt like glass shattering in my face.

I tried to pick up a rock and sling it at his face, but my hand just went through it.

“Not like this you bastard! I didn’t ask for this!” I pointed my finger at my grave while scowling at the bastard.

“You are a real piece of sh*t if you think anyone would ever ask for this!” I screamed.

His chuckle triggered something in me and, for the first time since I took my own hand, I let go. Slowly, I made my way to him on shaking legs. I got as close to his face as I could with our height difference, scowling into the face of Death.

“This isn’t what I prayed for, Death. I wanted you to swoop into that bedroom that you heard me begging you from and take me in my sleep. I didn’t want my innocence taken from me, and I didn’t want to be beaten in the head until the sounds of my own skull crunching took me out.” I felt a cool breeze carrying the smell of food wafting from him. But when I stuck my hand out to see if the breeze was indeed coming from him, his very human-like hand smacked me away.

“You are getting hungry, Lennon. You need to come with me before the real hunger sets in and you lose your soul.” He snarled.

“I am not going anywhere with you or anyone else.” I crossed my arms. I will not leave until my body is found and, even then, I don’t know that I will leave with either of them.

“Insolent human.” He grumbled as he faded into the darkness of the forest.

“Lennon, I need to show you something.” I heard her sing-song voice ring from behind me and I turned, relieved that she had returned. Death is an as*h*le, and he doesn’t have wisps with him.

She was sitting in the same spot we had sat in last night waiting for me to sit down beside her.

I sat down next to her but something in her eyes caught my attention... is she worried?

She waved her hand and images lit up the forest. It was the football team playing in the championship game. Nausea rolled in the pit of my stomach at the sight of Grant making the touchdown that won them the championship. The images flashed over to graduation. I watched as my class walked the stage without me, none of them any wiser that I wasn’t there. Then to my living room where my mother was rolling around on the couch naked with her hallucinations. I turned away out of instinct, but the moon’s hand landed on my shoulder.

“Don’t look away. You need to see this before it is too late, Lennon. Death is right. If you don’t feed soon...” Her voice faded away and my stomach churned at the mention of food.

“I showed you all of this because you need to know, as painful as it may be, no one here is looking for you. No one even notices that you are gone. But... my son is looking for you, and he has been for some time now.” I rolled my eyes at her matchmaking agenda. I don’t want a damn boyfriend.

“I think it is time that you accepted that it could be some time before you are found. If you are found at all. You need to eat, and you have to learn the dos and don'ts of your feeding needs, otherwise, it will be your soul that suffers the consequences. You can have a new life outside of this...” Crackling branches cut her words off. Her eyes were locked behind us and I turned around to look too, but being unable to see anything in the dark made it hard for me to see anything.

“What is it?” I turned back to look at her, only to find that she had joined the stars in the sky. Like death, she had left me. This time I really was fearful an axe murderer was loose in the woods. When I finally caught a glimpse of what she had seen, I realized how right I had been... Well, not the axe part. Just the murderer part.

A very drunk Carter was stumbling through the woods flopping down beside my grave wearing a suit. It must be prom night. I couldn't focus on what he was sobbing about because of the delicious smell coming from him. I can't describe it any way other than my favorite food, but ten times better.

“I'm so sorry, Lennon. I don't know what happened.” He pulled a revolver out of his pocket, laying it in his lap along with a bottle of beer.

I didn't think, as a ghost, you could feel your heart thudding, but I did. I feel it clanking against my rib cage ready to break free.

“My old man treats me like shit... I made the mistake of letting Grant and Chad see that side of me. They told me I could take all of my power back if I ra... ra... f*ck I can't even say it.” He wiped his nose on his sleeve before taking a drink from the beer that he had brought with him. He kept silent for some time and then he pulled a joint out of his pocket, lighting it. I could see his face in the flash of the lighter. The dark bags under his eyes told me that I had been haunting him... good. I hope he never eats or sleeps again without thinking of me.

“You need to leave.” Death's voice came from behind me.

“f*ck that. I know exactly what he is about to do, and I want to hear what he has to say.” I yanked my arm away from Death’s grip.

I couldn’t pull my eyes away from Carter and when he finally spoke again, I almost jumped out of my skin.

“I fu*k*d up, Lennon. I fu*k*d up badly. But I can fix it, I can fix all of it... I can fix it.” He picked the revolver up, looking at it.

“You need to turn around, Lennon. I mean it!” but I couldn’t. It was like my feet were frozen to the ground from the moment the barrel touched his lips.

Death stepped in front of me wrapping me in his arms, his hand tangled in my hair and he shoved my face into his chest.

I shook all over at the sound of the gun going off. My ears were ringing. My head was spinning. No... it wasn’t my head at all. Everything started whirling around us like we had been caught in a windstorm. When Death finally released me, I gasped. He had forced me to leave my body and I was punching his chest over and over before I caught myself.

“ENOUGH!” he yelled, causing his voice to echo around us.

I thought maybe if the “Be careful what you wish for” thing was real, then maybe the “If looks could kill” saying would be too. I stared him down with every ounce of anger in me.

“Why? You knew I didn’t want to leave, and you made me! You aren’t any better than they are!” I yelled at him.

He grabbed me by the throat, pulling me in so close that I could feel the icy tendrils radiating off him. His breath was fanning my face, soaking me in that delicious scent that made my stomach churn again.

“If I hadn’t brought you here, you would have rampaged the moment his soul left his body and there are about two hundred kids up that hill that do not

deserve to be on the receiving end of your hunger.” He snapped before releasing my neck.

“Now, enough is enough. I know that you are only eighteen, but you need to get a fu*k*ng grip. Bad sh*t happened to you. It is unfortunate. I am sorry. I am sorry that it ended like that, but I couldn’t interfere. You had to become a soul eater, you had to die terribly for that to happen. But I can’t rewrite the things that were written long before I even existed.” He was pacing in front of me, but I couldn’t focus on the words he was spewing because of the delicious scent that was wrapping around me from every angle, holding me captive.

“Death... I” My words cut off when a ripping pain tore through my stomach.

“For fu*ks sake.” He snarled as I dropped to my knees clutching my stomach.

“It hurts.” I whimpered while he pulled me to my feet.

He snatched my face, and I gripped his wrists in fear, a black smokey tar-like thing poured from his mouth into mine. Almost instantly the pain eased. I moaned, relaxing into his chilled hands when the pain started leaving me completely.

“Better?” His tender voice pulled me from the trance I had been in.

“mmhmm.” I nodded, almost falling when he pulled away from me so quickly that I stumbled.

I finally focused enough to take in my surroundings. Everything here was in the shades of blacks, grays, and whites but it all looked... normal. Flowers were blooming, there was grass... a house stood behind him. He chuckled, catching my attention.

“Let me guess, you assumed I lived on a dark plane of existence?” he laughed a stomach laugh that surprised me.

“That’s yours?” I gawked at him.

“And yours until you learn to feed properly.” he affirmed.

“So, I guess this is where good girls go to die?” I deadpanned, walking around him in a huff. I am still pissed that he forced me here. But I have no idea how to get back, so for now, I will make do until I can figure it out.

I opened the door to the house, stopping in shock. This isn't at all what I was expecting. Everything was so neat... and clean... and nice... he said this would be my home for now. But, it is so nice here. I bet the pipes don't creak, I bet the floors are solid, and the furniture smells clean. I bet the water is hot and doesn't run cold in twenty minutes. I was fighting back tears just taking in the space around me until the familiar sound of a zipper going down shook me to my core. I turned so quickly that I almost fell.

“What is it?” Death jerked his head from side to side like he would fight whatever had scared me, making his shaggy dark brown hair fall into his orange eyes.

“What? No! It was a... nothing. Nothing.” I was flustered by his handsome face and totally normal clothes.

“You're a man?” I blurted with shock and stupidity clear in my tone.

“You're a woman?” He mocked my shocked expression, making me roll my eyes.

“Whatever.” I grumbled at him. I couldn't take my eyes off him as he hung the cloak onto a coat rack.

He walked into a room off the living area and came back tossing me some clothes.

“Go shower. You stink and your dress is getting crud on my floor.” His dark orange eyes made heat prickle under my skin. I just couldn't look away from them.

“For fu*ks sake. I am a normal dude, who does normal things okay? I just... I am Death. I reap souls. My name is Knox. Satisfied? Now go wash your ass, the bathroom is right there.” He flung the clothes at me, pointed at the bathroom, and then stomped off to the kitchen.

I ran to the bathroom with the ripped tulle dragging behind me. He was right, I had made a mess of the floors.

I locked the door behind me, mesmerized by the big tile shower. I don't even know how to work the damn thing. Once I got my dress off, I sat it aside and played trial and error with Death's fancy shower until steam filled the bathroom. I sighed, feeling the heat coming from the water before I even stepped in. I was right. The water was hot. I g****d, letting the water that was spewing from every angle of the shower beat into my tender skin. I shampooed my hair and then I did it again. It was full of dirt, grass, and twigs. I scrubbed and conditioned until the water ran clear and then I just stood there enjoying the water.

Knox:

I was sweeping the mess up that her damn dress made when I heard her sigh in relief. I was still fuming about the bastard killing himself. Lennon was supposed to get to do that when she was ready and when it came to a point where I could've let her eat his soul herself, I had to drag her home. I fed her his soul anyway. Even though that was a mistake on my behalf. She deserved to take that piece of her back and before I am done, she will be whole again. That small girl that is buried in a shallow hole in the ground back in the human realm will be nothing more than a bad dream when I am finished with her, and when I am finished... she will be anyone's worst fu*k**g nightmare. I will make sure she never gets hurt again.