

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 94

I hadn't slept for days and didn't realize how exhausting being dead is. I stomped from the kitchen holding the prom dress that I had been so in love with. Death... or I mean... Knox was waiting in the living room with a bag for it and I happily shoved that piece of that night into that bag. I never want to see it again.

"Thanks... for the clothes... and the shower..." my red curls were dripping around my shoulders, and I was chilly, but my stomach felt full and everything else that was fu*k*d up right now seemed a bit lighter on my shoulders than before.

"Sure. You're welcome... Do you like coffee? I could make some once I get this in the trash." My mouth watered hearing coffee.

"I'm pretty sure you just said my favorite word." I smiled, wrapping my arms around myself.

"Trash?" He cocked his eyebrow at me and the smirk on his face showed one dimple on his left cheek.

"Coffee. You prick." I couldn't help but laugh at him. I guess I did look like a little trash panda when I came through his door caked in mud.

He laughed while tossing the bag out of the side door into a normal trash bin. It is so wild that everything outside looks like something from an old black-and-white movie. The grass is black, the sky is gray, and the roses lining his house are white. But the shirt he is wearing is a light

blue and the way he just looked at me over his coffee bar made my cheeks flush red. How can I be so intrigued by him, why can I get lost in his eyes so quickly when the fear that is carved onto my bones from my death follows me like... a virus.

“We can start your training tomorrow. I think tonight it would be best that we just relax. I don’t want to overwhelm you on your first night here. Besides, it will likely take three months or more to complete your training. So, you better get used to being here for a bit. I did ask someone to step in for me until I am able to complete your training. That means we wake up at five every morning and we go at it until you are untouchable. Soul eaters are special, Lennon. I know you don’t see that right now with your death being fresh for you, but the more you grow, the more confidence you will get in your abilities, then you will see it too. I promise. The goddess was right about something. You have a second chance at a whole new life here. Well... not directly here. This is a charm I built for myself. I don’t like being around people all that much, but... I can tolerate a soul eater for a few months.” He rambled on while sliding me a cup of coffee that smelled delicious.

“I don’t like muck. So, clean up after yourself. Your room is in the back, and you are welcome to do whatever you want. Neither of us eats solid food, so there is no food here, but I have to have coffee and there may be a bottle of water or something in the fridge. We can go to the mall tomorrow and get you the things you will need because that damn dress isn’t coming back in this house.” I burst out laughing despite my better efforts to hold it in.

“I don’t have any money. I was barely paying the bills as it was. I spent everything I had on that stupid dress.” I pointed in the direction of the bin he had put the dress in.

“I’ll cover it. I have more money than I know what to do with. While you are here, you are my responsibility anyway.” He sat down across from me with his own coffee.

“I am not your responsibility, Knox.” His orange eyes widened at the use of his name.

“What? Do you prefer being called Death?” He may be Death, but when he isn’t wearing that cloak, he seems different. He seems kinder.

“Call me whatever you want, and yeah. You are my responsibility. Until you learn to control the urge to feed, you could kill good people for no reason. As a soul eater, you will be able to tell the difference between a sinner and a saint, so to speak. We don’t take good souls. They move on to the holy place. We take bad ones. We either feed them or hoard them. I will show you how to do both.

“Is that what happened earlier? Did you feed me?” It’s kind of gross that he essentially spit food in my mouth and yet... kind of intriguing.

“Yes.” His eyes almost pierce me every time he looks at me.

I was thankful for the silence that fell over us. We drank our coffee and just looked everywhere but at each other.

“I’m going to bed. We will go out tomorrow and get you some stuff. When we get back, we can start your training.” I yawned the minute he said bed. I am so tired. I don’t know if I could pack myself into my room, but once I started towards the room, I practically floated there crashing into the cushy soft bed with I sigh. I think I may have fallen asleep before my head hit the pillow.

A knock at the door broke me from the best sleep I think I may have ever had. I stretched while I made my way to the door that Knox was still knocking on.

“Alright already!” I squawked.

His laughter bubbled around the door. I was surprised when I opened the door and he handed me a cup of coffee and a hoodie that looked like it would fit me like a dress.

“We need to go get your s**t so we can get back.” He turned, stomping back through the house.

“I can’t let you buy me sh*t, Knox. I don’t have any way to pay you back and it just feels... weird.” I sipped the coffee, fighting the urge to m**n at how perfect his coffee is.

“You don’t have any choice. You need clothes and girl stuff. There isn’t a reason to feel awkward about it. I offered. Now let’s go. We are burning daylight princess.” I rolled my eyes and stomped the same way he had.

I don’t know what I was expecting Death to drive, but it wasn’t a street bike. I don’t even know how to ride a bicycle. How in the hell am I not going to die on this thing?

“What’s wrong? Don’t tell me you’re scared.” He tossed me a helmet and patted the back of his seat.

“I am actually. Mortified... I am mortified.” I shrank in on myself, but I put the helmet on and climbed on anyway.

“Where do I hold on?” I screeched when the bike roared to life.

“You hold on to me.” My heart hammered and I knew if I had to lean against him that he would feel it against his back, so instead, I put my hands on his shoulders. He deflated at my ignorance and reached up, grabbing my wrists. He pulled me flush against him, wrapping my arms tightly around his waist.

“Hold on tight. I like to go fast.” He chuckled when the scream flew out of my mouth. I squeezed his waist and buried my head in his back.

I could feel the world whizzing by us and as badly as I wanted to see where we were and what everything looked like, I was afraid if I sat up the wind would peel me off his back and slam me to the concrete. Out of fear, I stayed put until his wheels came to a stop.

“You can let go now, princess. We’re here.” He patted my hands which still had a death grip on his waist, signaling me to let him go.

My face was red hot from the embarrassment, or the fear... or maybe because I had touched him and felt his hard body against me, and that, more than anything, was just embarrassing. The smirk on his face tells me that he knows all of that already though.

We had spent the last few hours doing the same thing in every store. I stood there while he grabbed things holding them up to me, I would grumble about the price tag, and he would call me a bad name or throw out a smart-a*s remark, and then he would buy it all anyway. Right now, we are in the middle of Victoria’s Secret with everyone’s eyes on us because I am about to blow an aneurysm because he wants to pay fifty dollars for one bra.

“It is a fu*k**g rip-off, I would rather free ball.” I yelled. He got in my face reminding me that we would be training and that I also needed bras and panties.

“I bucked and bucked until he did the same thing as in the other stores. He bought anything he could get his hands on, pissing me off more.

“Seven hundred dollars?! Knox! How can you possibly spend that much on underwear?!”

“Whatever. Let’s go home.” He grabbed my hand, pulling me out of the store. He said he was having everything delivered because we drove his bike here.

I didn't ask this time. I just wrapped my arms around his waist, and we flew home. I was too angry to be scared, so I got to look around when I wasn't scowling at the back of his head. I never even made seven hundred a month working at Bill's and he just went and spent that much on underwear! How do I just let that go? I can't pay that back.

"If you are done having a meltdown, we have been sitting here like five minutes and you still haven't let me go." He grinned that stupid cheeky grin that makes his dimples pop.

"I am so sorry!" I yanked my hands back and took the helmet off.

I tried to get off the bike but he stopped me.

"Don't war with yourself or me about this. Money doesn't mean s**t to me. I offered to help. You didn't ask, I offered. Besides, what I spent didn't even put a dent in my account." He said it so casually like money grew on the trees in his backyard.

"We can't train until your delivery gets here. Hang loose till then. Watch TV or go back to sleep or something." He waved me off like I was annoying him as much as he had annoyed me. I stomped the whole way to my room and had a hissy fit before I accidentally fell asleep.