

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 95

Lennon

I was running through the forest. The branches were scratching my skin and snagging on the dress. Somehow, I had gotten out of the lake house and was running for my life. They were getting closer and they were ready to kill me to keep their secrets safe.

“Knox, please help me!” I yelled out to him. I yelled out for his comfort and his safety, and I wanted him to take me back to his little bubble of gray. Even with his snarky remarks and bad attitude, he just offers me help. He doesn’t want to hurt me the way they will if they catch me.

For some reason, there was a big cliff on the lake. I know that doesn’t make any sense because there isn’t a cliff around that body of water. But I was standing there. I could hear them rushing up behind me and the closer they got to me, the closer my feet got to the crumbling ledge. I backed away from the sounds of their running feet until there was nowhere left for me to run. Then I jumped... I didn’t scream, even as badly as I wanted to. I knew what a death involving them looked like and I liked my odds with the cliff better.

“Lennon. Lennon! Wake your ass up. You’re screaming so loud that you could wake the dead.” I opened my eyes to his grinning face. The reality of everything was settling back in. It was just a dream. A nightmare.

“Did you like what I did there? I’m Death. Get it?” I wrapped my arms around his neck, sobbing my heart out.

“They almost got me.” I cried into his shoulder.

He pushed me away, but he didn’t let me go. His grip tightened on my shoulders and those orange eyes looked through me the same way they always do.

“Your stuff is here. Get your ass up and let’s get training.” Without another word, he stood and left the room.

I crawled from my bed shaking like a leaf. I crashed in front of the boxes that were littering the room in search of the clothes that he had bought for training. But when I saw myself in the mirror, it was a miracle that I opened that door and walked out at all. My body was still black and blue from the beating I took. I don’t understand how I hadn’t noticed it before now, but I assume the dirt had hidden it all from me.

I took a moment before I stepped out into the backyard where Knox was waiting for me. I will not let a single tear fall from my eyes over those sons a bitches. I won’t. I took a deep breath, it was time to move on. Something Carter said has been playing through my mind like a song on repeat. I will take my power back from them, and something tells me Death is about to show me how to do it.

Knox:

The sun is setting now, but I convinced her to train anyway. She needs the release from the workout because I have no idea how to help her through her nightmare other than to exhaust her body and mind.

I don’t do well with words. That’s never been my thing. But I can make her sweat, and I can make her tear herself apart to rebuild something more

confident and stronger. The way she fought to dig herself out of that hole back in the human realm had awakened something in me. Something that I hadn't felt in a long time, and I hate the way that it feels sitting beneath my skin.

She stepped out of the house in training shorts and a lime green sports bra and the way the neon contrasted with the bruises painted across her porcelain skin was enough to make me rage, but I swallowed it. This isn't about me. I promised myself I would let her have them, but seeing her like this is almost enough encouragement to kill them myself and feed them to her... I can't do that again though. It was a mistake the first time giving her that piece of myself.

"Your physical form and your mental form have to be on the same page before you can be strong enough to feed on your own. Every day we will wake up and we will start, and we won't stop until we have to drag each other into the house." I tried to keep the tone of my voice as cool as possible. I didn't want to embarrass her about her bruises, and I think if she knew how angry seeing them made me, I wouldn't get her back out of the house again until they healed.

"Since we are about out of daylight, I figured we could start with a run and then go inside for the rest. You'll need these." I strapped a five-pound ankle weight on each of her ankles and had to bite back my laughter the moment she started walking with them on.

"You look like you're trying to walk through mud." I could tell by the look on her face she knew I was trying not to laugh at her and that made it all the harder to hold it back.

"Wipe that smirk off your face, a*s hat. Once I figure this out, you won't be able to keep up with me." her cocky attitude is what she needs right now. If she can hold onto that, she will be able to dig her mind out of the grave they put her in too.

Lennon:

His ass is running way ahead of me like this is something that is easy to do, and I'm pretty sure his weights are triple mine and he's just leisurely jogging like this is a cakewalk for him. I'm sweating in places I didn't know existed and he is having fun. I couldn't stop the grumbling cuss words that were falling from me with every step I took.

"Pick up the pace, princess. We're almost there!" His mockery fueled me to the top of the fu*k**g bluff he had me running up. He was there waiting for me with a devilish smirk on his face.

"You are a cock sucker. You know that?" I huffed, leaning over on my knees trying to catch my breath.

"Takes one to know one, princess." He laughed, dodging my hit. I would rip his head off right now if I could breathe.

"Come on, don't stop now. This is the fun part." He took off, running back down the hill, pulling me along behind him. The weights on my ankles were the only thing keeping me from toppling over myself. The farther down the hill we ran, the faster I was getting.

My legs were burning as badly as my lungs were and then it happened. My foot caught on a root and I rolled head over heels before skidding to a stop on my stomach.

"f**k, are you okay?" He yelled, turning back to me.

But I'm not okay. I'm pissed. I jumped back to my feet and ran past him. I am tired of falling. I am tired of being weak and feeling helpless. I don't want my power back. I never had any, to begin with. But I will. I will build my walls so high that no one will ever get through them again. When I manage that, I will have the power that I need to keep myself safe.

With my mind made up, I ran harder. My surroundings faded out, leaving only the sounds of my feet hitting the ground. Despite the b***d trickling from my knees, and the scuffs on my stomach. I laughed. There was something freeing in the wind that was cooling the burn on my skin. Something about the gray sky that seemed to never end. I felt like I could do anything, it was like nothing could touch me way up here. Like... nothing would ever hurt me as long as I kept running.

When the house came into view, I slowed down. I'm not ready for this high to end.

"I think I like coming down better than going up." I told Knox when he finally caught up.

"Yeah, but coming down is easy. If everything in life were easy and fun, that rush you got when you stood up after eating dirt wouldn't exist. You wouldn't appreciate good moments if all you had were good moments. You have to live through the ugly and the bad. Otherwise, the good won't feel good. It would just feel... boring." he shrugged me off like what he had just said was common knowledge but it wasn't. I have only experienced a taste of happiness here and there in my lifetime. Did I enjoy that run down so much because it was my first real taste of freedom or my first real taste of joy?