

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 97

Lennon:

I was chasing a silver wolf in my dreams. It had run through the forest, and I stopped at the tree line debating whether I should go into it. This felt like a trap, and despite my twisting gut, I followed him. I found him sitting beside a pile of disrupted dirt, and I knew why my body didn't want me to go into this forest. I am buried here... or I was. The wolf was howling loudly because my body had been dug up, and the carnivorous creatures of the forest that I had often heard yipping when I sat beside myself those few days had finally gotten to me.

I picked up a stick and started swatting at the wolf, blaming him for disrupting my grave, but he just c****d his head at me.

“Shoo! Get away from there.” I yelled.

I was quickly ripped from my dream by Knox laughing at me. In my dream, I had been chasing the silver wolf, but in reality, the stick I had was the broom, and the only thing I was shooing away was the shoes in Knox's closet. I dropped the broom the moment I realized the embarrassing situation I was in.

“Shut up, anal worm. Don't act like you never have stupid dreams.” My usual scowl had returned.

“I don't. But seeing as though you broke in here swinging a broom at my shoes, interrupted my beauty sleep, and called me an anal worm, we can

start training early. Go put some clothes on, princess. It's going to be a long day." He laughed heartily at my expense, heading towards the kitchen.

I stomped off, fighting the raging embarrassment that was telling me never to show my face anywhere ever again, and put the training clothes on. Today, I chose black shorts and a black bra because I may have ruined the green one when I fell. I wadded my hair up in a messy bun and stomped towards the kitchen with my sneakers squeaking on the wood floors.

I snatched the cup of coffee from his hand and sucked it down angrily.

"You're grouchy in the mornings." He smiled, and I noticed his lips were pink from the heat of the coffee, and I thought about the heat that spread through my body when his lips kissed my skin.

"I'm always grouchy." I murmured, taking my eyes off his lips.

He rounded the counter with the ankle weights in his hand and a fiery look in those orange eyes, and if his earlier threat hadn't been enough, that look in his eyes told me I would be crawling into that hot tub tonight.

He got on one knee and started latching the weights around my ankles. I continued my scowling until I felt that familiar ache in my stomach.

"When will I get to eat again?" It embarrassed me to ask that question, but I didn't want to feel that pain again. I can still feel that chainsaw in my abdomen feeling from the first time if I think about it.

"Whenever you're hungry. You don't have to ask. But what I gave you should do you a few weeks. Why?" He finished on the second foot and stood.

"Is it normal for the hunger to hurt?" My voice was barely above a whisper, and I couldn't look at him. This is so damn embarrassing, and I don't know why.

"Uh... So much is still unknown about your kind... you are a rare species, Lennon. So, I can't really answer that. I can tell you my hunger doesn't hurt..."

are you hungry?" He was peering at me through the dark brown hair hanging over his eyes. Right now... right now I would eat anything.

"Yes." I admitted.

He ran his hand through his hair and let out a long breath.

"What?" I asked, noting the irritation in his body language.

"It's nothing. I'm not sure you are ready to feed on your own yet." He was tapping the counter in front of his coffee cup.

"I could try. I don't want that pain again... I'm not weak... it just hurts really bad." I couldn't look at him, so I just drank my coffee. The thought of not being able to eat had that gnawing feeling worse. Sweat started coating my forehead, but I maintained my casual demeanor.

He rounded the corner and cupped my face. I could tell the moment he began feeding me. The sweating stopped, the ache in my stomach stopped, and my energy went up. It made me feel... stronger. I latched onto his wrists, not wanting it to stop.

He pulled away from me. His face was stained red, and with everything swirling in those orange eyes, I couldn't read him. I didn't know what to say, so I only said what I could think of.

"Thank you," I whispered.

I was trying to control my breathing. A buzz under my skin made me want to run through a wall. I took my coffee in my shaking hands and finished it quickly before making my way on wobbling legs to rinse it and put it away.

He never took his eyes off of me; something about how he watched me made me feel high. I brushed off that ignorance, and I turned to him. If these damn weights weren't keeping me anchored here, I am pretty sure I would float away, but thankful I stood steady.

“Let’s get the torcher over with, cunt cake. Maybe I’ll get lucky and won’t car kill myself today.” I smirked at him.

“Doubtful. You have two left feet.” he chuckled when I looked at my feet. I punched him in his chest and went to the front door, still feeling the buzz from the feeding.

Knox:

She walked away from me, she was heading out for our run, but I felt like I had been glued to this spot. I thought I had more time until her next feed, but I didn’t. I had to feed her again, and I was thankful when she was full. She hadn’t felt the imprint snapping to life between us. I imprinted on someone with a mate bond in this realm... the goddess will have my a*s if she finds out. But she won’t find out because Lennon doesn’t feel it, and I can control myself. I think.

I followed behind her for a moment, but when it came time to run, I flew around her just as I had yesterday. I left her in a cloud of my dust and laughter.

“Show off!” She yelled, flipping me off.

If she knew that her weights were heavier than mine, she would be pissed, but I have no idea what a soul eater can do, so I’m training her on the fly. Today she is doing hand-to-hand combat, and I can’t wait to see what she can do. I will make sure that if she isn’t with me, she can protect herself.

I waited for her at the top. I can’t wipe the smile off my face right now. She is taking the hill much better than yesterday, but that isn’t why I can’t stop smiling. I know she’s gonna slug me when I make a smart-a*s remark, and I can’t wait for it.

“You run like a grandma.” I tried to keep a neutral expression but grinned the minute she scowled at me like a pissed-off mouse.

“You smell like a grandma, b***h. I’m amazing.” She slugged my shoulder just as I had predicted.

“Whatever, princess. No slacking. Try not to bust your face again.” I took off down the hill listening to her grumbling cuss words after me.

I slowed down to let her pass me like I had yesterday. She is competitive, and when she thinks she can win, a fire ignites in her and burns as brightly as her red curls. “Suck on that!” She laughed when she got around me, and then it happened. The rush hit her. Her focus sharpened, and her movements became more graceful.

She didn’t have to catch her breath at the bottom of the hill, and something tells me it involved her feeding this morning. Does that mean she is stronger full? One soul can last me weeks, and because of that, my hoard stays full. But with Lennon, her hunger returns quickly and causes her pain.

I could make a call and get Ace to come by. He is a whiz with s**t like this and trains packs daily. He may even be able to help me with her training.

“Who’s the grandma now?” She stuck her tongue out at me, making me laugh.

“Still you, shorty... What would you think about me calling a friend to help us with your training? He is the head warrior of the king’s army, and I think he could help in your training and let us know more about your feeding needs.” I watched the red drain from her cheeks. Her excitement fell. I think I moved too quickly.

“I trust you for some reason, Knox... If you think that would be best, then I believe you. But if I agree you have to promise me, you will be there the whole time. I don’t want to be left alone with him... or anyone else. Okay?” I was aware of the way her voice had changed. She is fighting so hard to swallow the fear in her throat.

I pulled her into a hug without thinking. Her whole body stiffened, but I didn’t want to let her go. I leaned down so I could whisper in her ear.

“No one will ever hurt you again, Lennon.” Her whole body relaxed, and her arms wrapped tightly around my waist in a hug I thought we both needed. I try to keep things lighthearted and fun so she doesn’t have time to think about everything that happened to her, and I sometimes forget that it is still there beneath her bright smile and sparkling green eyes, like a parasite sucking her dry.

She pulled away from the hug and shifted on her feet for a second before answering.

“Make the call.” Her hands were balled in little fists at her side. Just now, she took a piece of her life back. I saw her stand a little taller, knowing she was safe, and those shattered pieces they left her with were slowly coming back together.

“You got it, princess. Now... To the basement!” I trotted off like a knight on a white horse with her groaning behind me. Making her laugh is slowly becoming my favorite hobby, and when the goddess finds out what I’ve done, she may choke me out or try to kill me. It was an accident that I hadn’t intended to happen, and at the end of the day, I just promised Lennon her safety, and no matter what anyone has to say about it, no one can fight Death’s wishes.

