

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 103

Lennon:

“I’m gonna die.” I g****d, pushing the weight bar that I know will fall and cut my head off.

“I’m right here, Red. You got this. Just push. I won’t let it fall. Just trust me.” Cassius put his hands under the bar to ensure it didn’t fall despite my shaking arms. Knowing his hands were there made me more confident. I fit through the burning in my muscles and the shaking in my arms, and I pushed and pushed and pushed.

I did my usual dramatic fallout when he pulled the bar back on the thing that held it. I rolled onto the cold mats with a soft thud and lay there with sweat dripping off every inch of my body.

“You’re very impressive, red. Very impressive.” Cassius said, sitting down next to me.

He leaned back with his bare chest on display. Knox flopped down next to him, leaning similarly. Seeing both of them sitting there with their tattooed chests made me curious.

“What is with the tattoos that run into the waistband of your shorts?” I grumbled with my face still against the mats.

They eyed each other before their handsome faces broke out in their boyish grins.

“It’s just a tattoo. We both got drunk one night, and I did Cass’s, and he did mine.” Knox said, acting like it wasn’t no big deal that they tattooed each other... down there.

“Will you give me one?” I always wanted one, but I never could afford to. Instead, I would just get piercings when I could.

“f**k yeah! Let’s get done training and while you shower, I will run home and get my gun.” Cass said, biting his lower l*p.

My heart leaped with excitement.

“Can I pick what I get?” I sat up. The ache in my muscles had been replaced with the excitement of having a needle in my skin.

“Whatever you want, my girl.” Cassius’s words exploded across my skin like he had shot fire through my veins.

Knox rolled his eyes and scoffed at his friend.

“What? I can do whatever she wants. My skills have improved tremendously.” He was trying to protect whatever reputation he thought he had in the tattoo industry. Still, some small part of me wondered if he had rolled his eyes because Cassius had called me his.

“I don’t doubt your skills, Cas. But you shouldn’t flirt with Lennon. She has a lot of work she needs to focus on.” He had rolled them because of me but not for the reason I had thought.

“I’m not flirting with Red. I know she has s**t to do.” He grumbled at Knox like a little boy, but storms flashed in his eyes, making the hair on my arms stand upright.

“Well, if you two are done measuring your manhood. I’m ready to keep going because I am getting my first tattoo after.” I stood up with a giddy grin. Having excitement in your heart instead of dread is a different feeling for me. But damn it, it’s nice!

I was sitting on the machine, waiting for one of them to come, but both just sat there looking at me.

“You aren’t doing that right now. You are done with machines for the day. Today we spar.” Knox stood up, running his fingers through his thick sweaty hair.

I looked around and realized it would be one of them I would be sparring with, and my mouth got so dry I couldn’t swallow.

“Yeah. Sure.” I got up and walked over to the large part of the floor that was the most clear of equipment and shook my hands. My fists were up like I had seen in the movies, and neither had approached me.

“Come on, I’m trying here.” I deflated at their attempt to hide their laughter.

Both of them walked over, surrounding me. I felt like a kid on a trampoline when the static electricity made every hair on you stand up. My heart was jumping wildly, and when Knox squatted and grabbed my ankles, I thought it would jump out of my shirt.

“Hold your feet like this. It will help keep your balance.” He said.

Cassius came close and softly touched my h**s, turning them into a proper angle.

“Keep your h**s here,” Cassius said before letting his fingers run up the curves of my sides. He adjusted my body while Knox worked on my feet and legs, and when they were done, every bone in my body had turned to jello, and my face was scorching all the way up my forehead.

“Give me your hands,” Knox said, holding his hand out for mine.

I did as he asked and gave him my shaking hand. He started wrapping tape around my wrists, then when he did the second hand, his orange-eyed gaze looked down to my still blazing face. He took in my forehead, then my cheeks, and then my chest. His stern gaze turned softer when they looked into my eyes, and how he looked through me made me feel like their hands were still on me.

“You don’t have to worry, Lennon. We aren’t going to hurt you.” I nodded at him trying to lick my lips that felt like I had stuffed cotton behind them.

The reality isn’t that I am fearful that they would hurt me. I am more scared that they won’t. I am desperate to learn to protect myself. Despite how I had enjoyed their hands on me or how my body reacted to their touch, it was nothing more than material for me to lock away into my spank bank. I forced my mind to be clear, and I focused on the task and not on the two hot men who were giving me instructions on how to stand or where to be.

“Do you wanna learn defense or offense first?” Cassius asked.

“Defense.” Knox and I said at the same time. We just looked at each other for a millisecond in understanding. Only Knox and the moon know what happened to me the night I died, and I would really like to keep it that way.

“Defense it is,” Cas smirked, taking his own stance. I was ready to freeze up. He makes three of me. Instead, I forced my feet to stay planted in place and kept the stance they had put me in.

I can do this.

Cassius came at me in full force. I didn’t know what to do. He gave me no instructions.

“Block him, Lennon,” Knox yelled as Cassius drew his fist back. I scrunched down and squealed. That helplessness choked me out.

“Stop!” A female’s voice came from the doorway. I turned to see a woman standing there. Her icy blue eyes looked just like Cassius’s.

“Mom, what are you doing here?” Cassius had stopped dead in his tracks.

“You are needed back at the pack house for an urgent meeting. Your fathers are there waiting for you with Ashley.” She seemed so cold and angry. Her aura surrounded the room, making me feel strong and confident. I stood up a little straighter than before. I could hear the b***d running through my veins. I could hear it roaring in my ears.

“Are you feeding off of me?” She asked, snapping me out of my trance.

“Lennon? Are you okay?” Knox asked. Cassius stood behind him. The woman’s icy blue eyes were the last thing I saw before hitting the floor. I was very awake. I could see everything and everyone, but I couldn’t speak. That grumbling hunger latched hold of me. I didn’t even feel the cramps this time. It just hit me like a dozer.

“She needs to feed.” The woman’s calm tone relaxed me but it didn’t touch the pain rolling through my abdomen.

“She isn’t ready to go into The Nothing,” Knox said, gripping my face and feeding me like he had every time before.

“You’ve been feeding her?” Cassius sounded different. His voice sounded like a demon from hell.

“Don’t get pissed at Knox until you deal with your mess, Cassius. Now go.” The woman said.

The pain was gone now, and I sat up with a grunt.

“Feel better?” Knox rubbed the hair from my face and helped me stand to my feet.

“I’m taking her home with me and taking over her training. Men aren’t capable of teaching such a powerful woman. You and Cassius are powerful, talented beings, but I think this is a job for a woman.” My jaw dropped. I am not going anywhere.

I opened my mouth to protest when Knox did it for me.

“The moon goddess wants her here, Harley.” Her eyes snapped to him and then back to me.

“Fine. I’ll be here at five in the morning. Be ready, okay?” She reached out and put her hand on my shoulder. Her touch didn’t ignite my skin like theirs did, but it did take the fear away from me.

Her long black hair swayed over her shoulder, and I noticed her whole body seemed covered in tattoos. That’s what I want. I want to be covered. I wonder if, now that Cassius has business, I won’t get my first tattoo after all.

“I guess it’s just us, then?” Knox chuckled, walking in front of me on the sparring mats.

“Yeah,” I grumbled.

“Why are you pouting? My company isn’t that bad, is it?” he was wrapping his wrists like mine, but I thought I had gotten out of this for the day.

“I’m not pouting,” I mumbled, taking the same stance they put me into.

“You are.” He countered.

“I’m not. I may be... I just wanted a tattoo.” I held my fists up, trying to not act like a child because he was right. I was pouting.

“Lennon, I tattoo too. I did all of these.” He pointed to his legs, and I have to admit the work was incredible.

“Well. Hurry and kick my a*s so you can do my tattoo!” I did a happy dance and retook the stance. He wasn’t done wrapping his wrists yet, so I went for a sneak attack. I ran and jumped, wrapping around him like a spider monkey. I tried to get him in one of those fancy headlocks you see people on tv do, but he held me so tightly that I couldn’t move. I tried to pry away from him and wiggle free, but I couldn’t.

“Hit me,” he said, fighting against my wiggling.

I balled my fist up and started tearing into him. He was punching in my ribs, and I was pounding his face. He lost his balance, and we went down hard. We both laughed the whole way to the ground. He landed on me in the fall with my legs tightly wrapped around him. His elbows landed on either side of my head, pinning me under him. My mouth went dry again when I realized our position. His breath was fanning my face while we both fought to catch our breath. His lips were so close to mine that I could almost taste the mint rolling from his tongue.

“Let’s go again.” He whispered but never moved. With all of his weight on me, I had to admit I could have stayed there. But instead, I wiggled, trying to sit up, breaking him away from wherever his mind had wandered.

He stood reaching out to help me up, which I gladly accepted. I am getting tired of these boys making me feel like jelly.

We sparred until I finally got better at blocking his attacks. Hours had passed, but so much adrenaline was pumping through me that I couldn’t stop. With every hit that I blocked or every hit I threw, that power surge would get stronger.

“Is it tattoo time yet?” Cassius said, coming back downstairs with a duffle bag on his shoulder. Knox’s focus broke, and I ran my fist into his ribs as hard as possible. Of course, he turned to look at me unphased.

“That was a cheap shot, princess.” He grinned.

“Go get showered red. I’ll set up.” He seemed normal, but that storm that clouded his blue eyes seemed to have gotten darker and more violent. His eyes couldn’t hide how he felt inside, but when I mentioned that Knox had offered, he wouldn’t have it.

“I got this, Red. Just go shower.” He let a wicked smile cross his lips, making me feel like I was in trouble. But I did as he said anyway and went upstairs to shower.

The nerves are settling in now, and the closer I get to being under Cassius’s needle, the stronger the urge to vomit gets. I dried off and slipped into the olive green panties and a loose t-shirt with a robe around me. I want my rib, h*pp, and thigh to be the first thing done, and now that I am ready to go out there, those nerves have turned into that excitement from earlier that made me so happy.

I stepped out of the bathroom and went over to the couch where Cassius had set up his equipment on the coffee table.

“Ready, red?” he made the gun buzz in my direction, and the sound alone made my stomach flip.

“Let’s do it.” I slipped the robe off and went over to the couch, flopping down while both stared at me with an odd look on their handsome faces.

I told Cassius what I wanted and where I wanted it. He started freehanding the intricate pattern I had pictured across my pale skin with a marker. The second the needle bit into my skin, I drifted off into a sleep brought on by the release of all of the crap that I didn’t know I had pent up.