

# Their Warrior Luna

## Chapter 122

**Lennon:**

As amazing as the hot water felt against my skin, my heart was still a mess, and I hated myself for being so obvious in my feelings towards Cass that Knox could tell what my thoughts were just from looking at me. At least he doesn't know I have a crush on him too.

He called that girl, Ashley, a w\*\*\*e just for having s\*x with Cass. Imagine what he would think of me if he knew that since I had that dream about the two of them having their way with me, the thought of just having one of them didn't satisfy the hunger that had been raging inside me for a tiny taste of them.

Once my skin was clean and my hair had been unmatted, I put the bathing suit on, feeling more than ready to sink into the hot tub out back despite the nibbling exhaustion in the back of my mind.

I left the bathroom with droopy eyes and thoughts of my warm bed. Until I saw that Knox was waiting at the back door with a chilled bottle of wine and two glasses. I couldn't stop the smile that busted out on my face.

"Aren't you just a proper gentleman?" I joked, trying to force myself to feel more lighthearted than I did now.

"You have no idea how chivalrous I can be, princess." He poured me a glass of wine and held the door open. I took it, sipping the sweet glass of up-to-

no-good. I sank into the hot tub with a sigh. Trying to ignore how his words made my stomach flutter again.

“Alright then, girlfriend. Give me the gossip.” He pretended to flip his hair like women often do, earning a chuckle from my depressed a\*s.

“Right. Well... I met Penny at this entrance that led into the sanctuary of the most impressive women I have ever met. They taught me how to fight and use my powers, and then I met a faith healer that helped me love myself. OHHH, I fought a Harpy as my final test, and I won. That’s why my face was painted, and OHHH! You are looking at the guardian of light. The Nothing, that’s mine now. Your girl is moving up in this supernatural biz.” I laughed.

I kept telling him about all of it. I couldn’t help but blush at how he seemed so intrigued by my story. Laughing and looking at me in shock when I told him about the training schedule I was on and the new things I had learned. I sat back and looked around, trying to avoid the orange eyes looking through me.

“What did you guys do while I was out?” My fingertip rubbed circles around the rim of my glass; I hated that I even thought of Cass right now when the way Knox had been looking at me set my soul ablaze.

“We both almost went crazy being so worried about you.” He took a sip from his glass. The way his Adam’s apple bobbed up and down had my mouth dry, the flashes of him kissing me in my dream came to mind, and my heart rate increased.

“What else did you do?” he asked me. I was thankful he had missed how I stared while he drank his wine.

“I thought of the two of you. It was the only reason I had the strength to fight and get back. I realized something in the darkness when Adoria captured me ... You and Cassius... are the only good things in my life. Dying was the best thing to ever happen to me.” I closed my eyes during my confession and casually leaned against the pillow behind my head.

“Look at me.” His voice had gone dark, shaking me so profoundly that every muscle in my body vibrated to life. I did as he said, submitting to the trance that those orange eyes seemed to put me in every time. Not to mention that the same starvation I once had has returned. The same hunger that led to my death. Only this time, the starvation couldn't be sated by the attention of a boy pretending to be a man. No, this starvation was driven by the feral l\*\*t brewing inside of me. This starvation is downright animalistic, and one of the only balms for those burns is sitting right before me. This man is the remedy for my ache and the urge to move closer, to touch, to taste... it is so overwhelming that it is painful.

I crossed the waters, closing the distance between us. My body relaxed the minute his skin met mine, giving me the urge to push forward. I straddled him, I hated how awkward and unsexy my inexperienced movements were, but the second his hands gripped my h\*\*s and pulled me flush against him, those insecurities disappeared entirely.

His right hand moved up my body, tracing fire in the wake of its movements. His hand grazed my n\*\*\*\*e so tenderly, making my p\*\*\*y clench, and it just kept going until it rested against my jaw. His thumb grazed my bottom l\*p, and I had to fight the urge to take it into my mouth. Does he know that he is just stoking the fire that is raging inside of me?

“I have so many things that I want to say to you. So many things that I want to do to you.” He thrust upward, grinding his hard d\*\*k over my clit.

“But right now, I'm going to k\*\*s you. Okay?” I couldn't speak; I couldn't nod. I just leaned in. Taking the first step in getting the taste of him that my tongue is begging me for.

His fists bunched into my hair. My hands clenched onto his waist, and the second my h\*\*s ground against his throbbing hard-on, he released my curls, wrapping one arm around my waist and pulling me so closely against him that the two of us could've melted into one. His tongue danced playfully against mine, and as the taste of him exploded on my lips, the clothes between our thighs felt like they separated us by miles. I reached back to pull

the string around my neck that held my bathing suit top in place. But instead, he grabbed my wrists seconds before I made an absolute fool of myself.

“Stop, princess.” My face lit in a blaze. I pulled away, standing to my feet. My eyes burned with the tears of my shame, and my thighs were slick with my ignorance. I started backing away from the sexy god of a man with a heaving chest and eyes so full of fire that they could burn the world.

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“I’m so f\*\*\*\*\*g sorry, Knox. I don’t know what came over me; I—” My words hang in my throat as the situation’s weight strains my vocal cords. I cleared my throat, trying to seem like I didn’t give a s\*\*t that he didn’t want me the way I wanted him. The same shame I carry over Cassius being a father to the child Ashley is carrying. His child. This is too f\*\*\*\*\*g much.

“Don’t you dare apologize, Lennon!” He crossed the water so quickly that I almost busted my a\*s in response to his movement.

“I want you so f\*\*\*\*\*g bad. I want to bury my c\*\*k so deep in your dripping cunt that you can’t breathe. But you have been drinking. You have had two glasses of wine, and I know that may not seem like much, but I don’t want you to wake up regretting anything the morning after I make you mine.” His hands reached out to take my hand, and I damn near whimpered when I pulled away.

“Is that what you think? That I threw myself at you because I am drunk?” I couldn’t stop my eyes from rolling back in my head. He is more in tune with the fact that I want Cass than he is with the fact that I want him just as badly. I stepped out of the hot tub and went to the back door as quickly as my still-shaking legs would take me.

“Lennon, stop!” The way his voice sounded made me turn to face him. I can’t believe he thought the aura bullshit would work on me. I straightened my spine with urgency to prove my worth and my capability. I let my own magic slip out. The wind carried my hair in wild wisps of red, and my embarrassment had turned into anger.

“Put your aura away, or so help me, I will leave. I will jump realms and chase time forward or backward or whichever way I have to so that I will never see you again. Or you can reel it back in, and I will go to bed, and in the morning, we can pretend this never happened. We can just go back to being best friends. Okay?” He nodded, deflating as his aura shrank.

“Thank you... good night, Knox.” I walked away with the most ignorant of plans in mind. But I guess only time can tell if it is a wrong decision. The only thing fueling my thoughts is the need to clear my mind. Besides... it wouldn’t hurt to see if my body had been discovered or not... right?