

# Their Warrior Luna

## Chapter 96

“Just like that. Push it.” He grunted while his sweat dripped onto my body, mixing with mine.

“I can’t get it no higher!” I huffed and puffed, but that bar wouldn’t go up no matter how hard I pushed. Finally, he helped me put it back into the things that held it in place, giving me room to roll off the bench to his padded floor with every muscle in my body screaming for relief. My sweat-soaked curls were sticking to the padding, my legs were shaking, and I already knew I would be sore in the morning. After the run, we went into his basement and have been here ever since. He had put me on machines I had never seen before, pushing me to the point where I couldn’t finish the exercise before he would put me onto something else. We have repeated that process for two hours now.

He hovered over me for a second, looking down at me. I knew we weren’t done when his dimpled smirk crossed his face. He poured the rest of the icy bottled water he had been drinking all over my face and chest. Clearly satisfied with his shenanigans, he went to the last machine. When I didn’t willingly get up and follow, he grabbed me by the ankles and pulled me where he wanted me.

“Last one, I promise.” He grinned again and then took his place back beside the machine.

“No. You said that about the last one.” I whined, putting my arms above my head.

“I lied.” His answer came quickly, but the shit-eating grin never left his face.

“I’ll make you a deal. You get your a\*s up and finish this, and I will give you a present. If you don’t, I get to give you the punishment.” My eyes shot wide at the word. That word was like shooting ice into my veins. I crawled to my feet on shaking legs and headed for the machine’s seat.

“Hm. That’s interesting... Did you get up because I offered you a gift or threatened you with a punishment?” How do I answer that without making myself seem weak?

“Neither. I want this to be over so I can have coffee.” I mocked his curious tone.

He put my legs up in a thing and told me to push against the weights. But I could tell by the look on his face that it wouldn’t be that easy, and I was right. I don’t know if my legs were sore or if I was a mere weakling, but those weights came down on my legs, and in that instant, I thought my guts would be squished out of my butt like a ketchup packet.

“Get it off! KNOX. GET. IT. OFF!” he finally focused on me instead of his laughter and helped me. I rolled off of the bench thing, looking at him with daggers in my eyes, but he paid my scowl no mind and dropped to the ground laughing so hard that he was crying.

“Were you trying to f\*\*\*\*\*g kill me again, you d\*\*k?” I grumped.

He couldn’t answer me for laughing, so I just laid on the cold mats that were padding the floor.

“Get up, princess. You’re tapped out for the day.” He grabbed me by the arm and helped me stand to my feet. My legs were quaking with a threat to drop me back to the padding, but with his help, I managed to return to the kitchen.

“Go shower and put on the bathing suit we got you yesterday. I’ll make the coffee.” He was trying so hard not to burst out in laughter at the stance that I

had against the kitchen counter. But I was mortified. I can't swim. No one ever taught me, and I never tried. I was always too scared I might drown. That seems silly now, though. I missed out on so much because of fear.

"I... I don't know how to swim. So... if that's what you had in mind, I hope you have a kiddie pool." I smirked at him before trying to walk down the hallway to my room.

"We aren't swimming. But you will love it, I promise." He called out as the sound of the coffee pot sang to me.

"Yeah, yeah." I waved him off.

Finally, I made it back to the shower, thankful when the hot water started easing my sore muscles. I can't handle doing this every day.

Once the sweat, dirt, and b\*\*\*d from my fall washed away, I stepped out of the shower. Everything still hurts, but something tells me Death doesn't have a bottle of ibuprofen.

"Come on, slowpoke! Your coffee is going to be cold." He knocked at the door, encouraging me to hurry up despite my body screaming at me.

I grabbed a dry towel and wrapped it around my body. I yanked the door open with a scowl that slowly faded with the sweetness of the coffee. I followed him out of a side door onto a patio where a hot tub was bubbling away. I haven't ever been in one, but if that hot water can do anything for me right now, it would be to relax my aching everything. I dropped the towel and sank into the steamy water with a sigh.

"Oh yeah, this is where I'm sleeping tonight." I g\*\*\*\*\*d, relaxing into the pillow thing at my head, but Knox just laughed at me.

"You were incredible today. I still can't believe you got back up and kept running after chewing dirt like that. I hope you can keep that fire." He relaxed into the spot across from me with his own sigh.

“Yeah, well. Don’t get your hopes up. I’m not sure I will be able to walk tomorrow, let alone run.” I chuckled, grabbing my coffee.

“Bologna. You’ll be fine after you sleep. Soul eaters heal quickly.” He laid his head back with his eyes closed, and I took a moment to look at him.

He had taken his shirt off when he got in, and his muscled torso was littered with scars that made his attractiveness seem that much more. He had clearly survived something, too... Or maybe not. I filed that question away for later and traced his tattoos with my eyes instead. From underneath the bubbling water, I couldn’t tell what the pattern was. Still, I could tell it ran into his swimming trunks, and catching myself checking him out made me choke on my coffee.

He had dozed off, though, so thankfully, he hadn’t noticed my ogling.

I sat there enjoying the silence and the night’s music until his breathing turned to soft snores. When I decided to get out, I crossed the water until I was in front of him.

“Knox...” I shook his shoulder, but he didn’t respond with anything more than a grunt.

“Knox. We need to get out. You fell asleep.” I shook his shoulder again.

I yelped when his muscled arms reached out to snatch me. He pulled me into his lap, settling me in his clutches. My stomach fluttered at the feeling of his skin against mine. He laid his head against my chest, inhaling me deeply. I froze when he placed a soft k\*\*s on my collarbone.

“Just a few more minutes, Lily. I don’t want to get out yet.” He called me a different name, and then I realized he hadn’t pulled me in. He had pulled Lily in. Whoever the hell that is. I shook him again, harder this time.

“Knox, it’s Lennon. Not Lily. Let me go.” I pushed him away when he finally woke up.

My skin was on fire from everywhere his skin had been, and I could still feel his soft lips on my collarbone, erasing any trace of pain from my skin.

“s\*\*t, I’m sorry, Lennon. I guess I fell asleep.” His face was as red as mine, and when we both made it out of the water, I finally found my voice.

“Who’s Lily?” I murmured, wrapping the towel around me.

“You’ll meet her on Sunday. She comes by, and we... you know.” He couldn’t look at me when he said that last part, but the thought made my skin prickle.

“Is she a reaper too?” I asked as we made our way back inside.

“No.” He laughed.

“I’m the only reaper. Other people can help me collect souls, but I am the only Death. She is a... Demon... You probably know her as Lilith.” He cleared his throat.

“Wait... THE Lilith? As in the first woman ever to say no to a man? OH, my GOD! She is coming on Sunday. Like this Sunday?? What should I wear? Should I make her cookies or dinner?” I couldn’t stop fangirling until Knox grabbed my shoulders and forced me to listen to what he had been saying in the middle of my rambling.

“Lennon, breathe. It doesn’t matter what you wear. She is coming so I can f\*\*k her. You can say hi, but that will probably be the last you see of her until the Sunday after.” His voice was stern, but his eyes were soft.

“Oh... Right...” My face flushed at his words. I turned quickly on my heel and headed for the bedroom.

“Lennon.” He called out after me, but I just casually threw my hand up and waved him off.

“I’m going to bed, princess. Wake me up with coffee so I can get my fuel before you murder my muscles tomorrow.” I laughed around the rock on my

chest, hoping that by calling him the nickname that he calls me, I had made light of the awkward situation.

I could care less who he has s\*x with. That is nothing to me, but... the way he said it... I grabbed my chest, confused at how his words and his touch affected me. I never want to be close to another man again, and yet, if he hadn't called me Lily, I might have sat there for a minute before waking him up, which makes me creepy and gross.

I tossed a baggy shirt thing over my head. I flopped down onto the bed that was slowly becoming my best friend. I stayed awake only briefly before sleep consumed my exhausted mind and body.

### **Knox:**

“What the f\*\*k just happened?” I grumbled quietly while washing our coffee cups out.

I can't believe I grabbed ahold of her like that. I can still smell her on my skin, and she didn't punch me in the face for kissing her, but I can taste or on my lips. I can't believe I had shut her down when she had gotten so excited about Lily. She is far too innocent for me to be saying things like that to her and I regretted them the minute the blush on her cheeks ran down her chest.

I stomped off to my room kicking my own a\*s. It's going to take some getting used to having her here. I let very few people into my bubble, and she is by far the most innocent of them. I stayed awake just lying in bed for some time waiting for her nightmares to consume her again, but when those screams never came, I drifted off into the nothingness of my own mind.