

“Nothing I haven’t seen before”

Josephine wiped her forehead for the eighth time in what felt like two seconds. Jabari was working them hard, making them train every day for hours on end. Josephine was training by herself, with her stone weights. She was up to a hundred and ninety pounds and was proud of herself. She sat to give her arm muscles a chance to stop aching.

As she sat on a rock, she saw Jonathan walking over, his cotton shirt wet and clinging to his skin. He was rubbing his neck as he went. She watched him walk past her and stop, sighing then ripping his shirt off. Josephine had to bite her lip to stop from laughing. From behind, she could see his tight and large shoulder muscles, and how his skin was slightly red from the sun’s heat. She guessed he had just come off from training with Eve or Indie, because his sword was at his hip. He sighed again and turned around, stretching his sore muscles, giving Josephine a chance to admire his chest and abs. She watched sweat rolling down his muscles, caressing each one slowly. She bit her tongue trying not to giggle like a silly girl.

Jonathan glanced around and finally noticed Josephine sitting on her rock, and in his opinion, admiring him. He raised an eye brow at her.

“Enjoying the view?” he teased.

Josephine looked thoughtfully at him, and decided to mess with the prince a little. She shrugged, trying to look indifferent.

“Nothing I haven’t seen before.”

Jonathan’s eyebrows disappeared under his bangs.

“Come again? What do you mean by that exactly?”

She pulled a smug look on her face in triumph.

“You forget, I grew up with three brothers. I saw boys running around all the time without their shirts on. Nothing special.”

Jonathan snorted in disbelief.

“Really? Not from what I saw on your face.”

She giggled, “You can’t possibly be that insecure or vain, Prince Jonathan, when a girl doesn’t go all crazy about your muscles,” She teased, standing up and walking over to stand in front of him. He smirked back.

“Normally, when it’s a princess with too much rogue and too little dress, no. But I take your opinion very highly, and I feel though I am not meeting my new leader’s standards.”

Josephine laughed, shaking her head.

“Oh truly? If you want to know my standards, then you’ll have to prove it like all the other boys did back in Windsage.”

Jonathan smiled back.

“Oh and how exactly does a boy prove himself to Josephine Drageon in Windsage?”

She grinned wide and wicked.

“In a fight of course. No one could best me in a good fight.”

As she said this, she started to circle Jonathan, like a cat circling its prey. Jonathan watched her, sizing her up.

“All right then, if that is what it takes...”

Jonathan swung around to kick Josephine, not using all his weight, which was a big mistake. Josephine knew he would take it easy on her, so she ducked and grabbed his leg, and took his momentum to send him to the ground. Jonathan coughed in surprise, and jumped up, fists ready, Josephine was two steps ahead of him.

“Have to do better than that, even my brothers know better than to take it easy with me in a fight,” she snarled playfully at him.

“Noted,” he laughed lunging at her. She dodged him again, and landed a good punch on his arm. Jonathan hissed in surprise and pain, and tried again to grab Josephine but she was quicker, and pinned him to the ground. The two took a moment to slow their breathing, and looked back into ice and earth colored eyes.

“I guess I misspoke earlier,” smiled Josephine, standing up and fixing her hair. Jonathan looked at her with curiosity, and stood up as well. As she walked back to the sanctuary, she glanced back at Jonathan, the spring sun glistening on his skin, the wind cooling and fixing his dark hair.

“To prove yourself to me, you have to *survive* a fight with me.”

She shrugged her shoulder in a flirty sort of way, and walked off, smiling wide, feeling the admiring smile on Jonathan’s face behind her.