

# Their Warrior Luna Chapter 56

Harley:

Sweat dripped down my brow. My hands and knees were muddy from me falling to the ground after that last attempt at reining in my power in an attempt to lift only one of my very supportive mates.

Every time I try, I only end up slinging them all three around wildly.

“Stand up. You are thinking about this too hard. This is no different than when you were in the forest... let me help.” Alistair took my hands, helping me stand to my feet.

He pulled me against him. My back was to his chest and his icy skin cooled the burning anger rising in me. My cheeks are stained red because of our contact. Everything with him is still so new, so undiscovered that when he pulls me into his arms and does things like bringing me coffee and flowers, it makes me feel like a kid. I couldn't help but shuffle around in his hold. It was everything in me not to turn and kiss him right now.

“Close your eyes, Harley. Take a deep breath.” His fingers trailed up my arms, down my shoulders, and then to my hips. He pushed himself into my a\*s and my eyes shot wide.

“I know you are nervous, kitten. But if you don't stop that little wiggle thing you are doing, I will take you right back inside that house and take you up against the first wall we come to.” Instantly I stilled.

My whole body flushed with heat at his filthy mouth and if this wasn't so important, I would wiggle back into him just to see if he really had the balls to pin me anywhere. His chuckle broke me from my filthy thoughts.

“Now, envision your power manifesting. See the purple glow of your energy, but don't let it run wild like with the pukwudgie. Keep it contained. Always keep it contained unless, for some reason, you need to let the lid off. Keep those beautiful eyes focused and pick one of the twins. See him in your mind. Every detail you can manifest into that version of him. Lift your hand out. See the version of him in your mind doing exactly what you want him to do.” If it wasn't for Alistair's hands being on me, I would feel like I was eating clouds because of the high that his hands were giving me. But I managed to picture Axel anyway. I know every detail and every feature of all three of their faces and seeing any of them is easy now.

“Atta girl, princess. Just like that.” He growled lowly in my ear, kissing my hair.

I opened my eyes to see Axel floating perfectly in front of me just the way I had wanted. The huge smile on his face gave me butterflies.

“That’s my girl.” He clapped from up there.

“Good job, baby!” Alistair said, running up and giving me a forehead peck.

Circe seemed pleased with the progress I had made with that one because she moved on to power number two.

“Aside from your visions and telekinesis, I want you to work on mastering this one. It was awakened when you repaired the fracture in the other realm and can be extremely useful in battle.

“Voluntary shapeshifting.” Rang Alistair.

“I turned into someone else?” I asked him while trying to remember the events leading up to me closing the rip with the sword.

“Voluntary shapeshifting doesn’t let you turn into someone else. It is more... something... gas, smoke. In your case, you manifested a shadow form.” His dimpled grin touched his ears at my confusion.

I thought about it, I remember walking through the dead ones unscathed... what had I done?

“I’ll tell you what you did! You chanted “Please don’t let them see me!” over and over.” My wolf laughed at me.

Honestly, though, she may be on to something...

I backed away from everyone and closed my eyes. I walked through them thinking of myself as a shadow. I thought about being a kid in my room who was still scared of the dark. I always kept a flashlight under my pillow and when I couldn’t sleep I would pull it out and make puppet shadows on the walls. I thought about the way they moved under the light. I thought about when I rolled over in the dark how I knew my shadows were still there, just unseen in the darkness of my room.

A chorus of gasps rang out from my men. Circe only smiled.

“Am I doing it?” I asked quietly.

I was fearful that even the small vibrations of my voice would be enough to break whatever manipulation I had over the darkness. I slowly opened my eyes because no one would answer me, only to be embarrassed. Nothing looked different. I hadn’t done anything but make myself look foolish.

“Damn it.” I stomped my foot.

“Stop. This manipulation is tied to your emotions. Remember? If you aren’t careful you could ignite yourself into flames because of anger and frustration,” Circe said as she made her way over to me.

“Just because you don’t see anything different doesn’t mean it isn’t happening.” My wolf whispered, still fearful that I would break my concentration.

“Harley, you look...” Atlas said, walking in circles around me.

“Como una hermosa Muerte.” Like a beautiful death, Alistair said in a husky tone, making me shiver.

“Like a beautiful death, indeed,” Axel said, unable to take his eyes off of me. I flushed at all three of their attention.

After all, what woman doesn’t dream of three fine-a\*s men drooling over her?

“What’s happening?” Alistair asked Circe.

Immediately I panicked, slowing my heart rate as my wolf’s words replayed in my mind. I can’t see the changes in manipulation but they can.

“Relax, boys. I think Harley is just... what does this generation call it?... Horny?” Circe said, making me choke on my spit and go into a coughing fit.

Atlas and Alistair sandwiched me between them, patting my back and shaking my arms, and in my embarrassment, I swatted them away, backing up.

“I’m good, it’s fine.” I managed to choke out before backing into Axel’s hard body.

“Oh, dear sweet baby Jesus. This is gonna be fun.” My wolf rolled on her stomach, submitting to the testosterone threatening to choke me out.

“Enough boys. You are breaking her concentration.” Circe said, shooing the smirking men back to their spots.

My trollop of a wolf whined in the absence of body heat, but I felt like I could breathe again despite the heat coursing through my veins. Sweat was beading on my forehead and my limbs were shaky.

“How do I turn it off? I think I’m using too much.” I asked, feeling weak.

“Just think of your normal self.” Circe shrugged like she didn’t know how to make it go away.

I gave it a whirl in hopes that she was right. Relief flooded me when I felt the weight that was slowly pressing me down lift off of my chest. Axel gave me my water bottle, wiping the sweat from my face.

“We are sorry we distracted you, little bird.” Axel pressed his lips softly against mine, making my body ignite like a live wire. I groaned into his mouth as he pulled his soft lips away.

Atlas and Alistair looked at me like they were starving to death, and I was the only meal for miles.

“I am going to zap you three if you don’t leave the girl alone,” Circe growled at my men, making me laugh.

Something tells me when I get alone with the three again... my chest flushed at the overwhelming thought of having all three of them at once.

“Yes, Goddess.” A chorus rang between the three, making me smirk at them.

The three of them are so much more alike than they’ll ever know. I just know they’ll be great friends one day.

Adoria:

Alistair had locked his chamber doors when he left. I can’t get in there at all now. I had truly been removed from his side once again. I was pacing in my chamber again, something I seemed to have taken up since he had been marked. My nerves were shattered and I had no more work to pour myself into and I was all out of sadness and hurt to cry over. Now all that was left was a dark swirling anger that seemed to be ever-growing and all-consuming and it was building rapidly, threatening to swallow me whole.

“Get ahold of yourself, girl. You have eons before you get old and wrinkly. Stop giving that beautiful face worry lines.” Mother rumbled.

She has been in my face consistently since Alistair jumped realms and has been steadily adding kindling to the fire that is burning me alive from the inside out.

“I believe I have the perfect plan to seat that plump little butt of yours on the velvet of that throne.” Her smile stretched around her rotted teeth, making me shiver.

She is a truly wicked and evil woman... something else that I happily took after my mother. I let my own smile stretch across my lips at her words. There is no more room for wishing for things that will never be. Now it is time to think of only myself and show that vile vampire king what I am truly capable of and everything he will miss out on once I rip his unbeating heart from his chest.

# Their Warrior Luna Chapter 57

Alistair:

She lay sleeping in their massive bed with the three of us surrounding her. The glow of the fireplace danced around the room, casting just enough light that you could see in the room. Atlas had an icepack on his shoulder, Axel had one on his head, and I had one on my ankle. The three of us will heal completely within hours, but right now, liquor and ice will have to dull our aches and bruised egos.

“When she figures this magic s\*\*t out, she will be a force to be reckoned with,” Atlas said, downing his third shot.

“She is the most powerful of her kind I have seen,” I grumbled, taking my own shot.

I haven’t been tired in hundreds of years, but after getting my a\*s kicked by Harley today, I hurt in places that I forgot I could feel pain in, and I think I could sleep for a month.

“How many have you seen?” Axel asked.

“Marked ones? Two. Her and my former mate. But being alive as long as I have, I have seen an abundance of power in creatures of all different species. Harley is the most powerful of all of them.” It was true. Cordelia was marked by the goddess as well. But, she was only an earth elemental. Harley seems to have a plethora of different magic running through her little body.

“What happened to your other mate... the other Harley?” Atlas asked, seeming almost bashful to ask such a personal question.

“She... uh... She died of birth complications with our daughter. It wasn’t until later that we discovered her uterus had ruptured. I lost both of them so quickly it is hard to remember sometimes. Medicine wasn’t nearly as advanced back then.” The ghost of that night haunts me frequently. But as time passes, the ache and the grief have dulled until it is something I can swallow when it knots up in my throat.

“Man... I’m so sorry.” I think drunk Atlas and I could be friends.

“Yeah, me too... I couldn’t imagine.” Axel said, turning to look at the little lump in the cover with the same adoration I felt for her.

“Thank you. It took me a long time to feel... okay.” I mumbled, taking my own shot.

“Is that why you turned into a power-hungry evil king?” Atlas asked, slurring his words slightly.

“I’m not power hungry...or evil. It is predicted that Harley will have the power of resurrection. I thought...” my voice trailed off, thinking of what I had truly intended for Harley.

“You thought she could bring your mate and daughter back?” Axel asked.

I could only nod my answer, but once they knew the truth, the darkness in their eyes faded, and they understood. Or at least they think they do.

“I won’t hurt Harley. I understand it is them or her. I have already chosen Harley.” They both nodded at my words. It wasn’t a decision I made lightly but I know Cordy would’ve wanted me to move on and would probably have kicked my a\*s if she knew I intended on causing another harm. Even if it were with the intention of getting her and our child back.

Harley stirred, kicking the covers from her. A thin sheen of sweat kissed her tattooed skin and the t-shirt she fell asleep in rode up around her waist, leaving her little black panties as the only thing covering her. The three of us made eye contact and I think the three of us were hung up on being respectful and letting her rest or taking turns making her scream.

“F\*\*k.” Atlas groaned, biting his knuckle.

Axel’s fingertips grazed her leg and across her thigh. She spread her legs wider at his contact, making him smirk.

“Such a greedy little thing,” I murmured.

The three of us were entranced by the reactions the little creature kept having at just the mere touch of fingertips.

“If you three are done teasing me...” Harley grumbled sleepily as she lifted her a\*s, pulling her panties off.

Her fingers traced the same pattern up her thigh as Axel’s had. Gently she pushed two fingers inside of herself, arching her back with a soft moan. She pulled her fingers from her entrance and circled her clit with her wet fingers. My c\*\*k was so hard it was aching from the pressure against my zipper.

“Alistair?” Atlas nodded towards her dripping core.

I hadn’t expected my stomach to knot up the way it did at his offer. But it made something in me snap. My eyes glowed deep crimson red, casting a glow into the otherwise darkened room.

“Hold her arms down.” My voice was graveled with the weight of my demons trying to break free. I felt like if I didn’t get a taste of her soon, I would become feral.

To my surprise, they did as I asked. Each one with a smirk on their face pinned an arm behind them, using their weight to pin her onto the mattress for me. Her legs spread wider, giving the monster in front of her an invitation to come in.

Slowly, I crawled up the bed, laying myself between her legs. I kissed her thigh, nibbling and sucking as I went. She was raising her hips trying to get any type of friction against her throbbing clit that she could.

“So needy,” Atlas smirked, taking her n\*\*\*\*e into his mouth. Axel leaned down, capturing her mouth in a heated kiss.

I ran my tongue across her a\*s, making her shiver and wiggle against the twin’s hold. Axel swallowed the moans that fell from her as my tongue slid deeply into her for a taste, making me growl as her sweetness exploded on my tongue. I took her piercing into my lips, sucking on her clit until her legs jerked and tried to wrap around my head. The twins saw her attempt to come as quickly as I did. They pinned her legs to the mattress as I pulled back, making her whine as her high dwindled down at the loss of my mouth against her.

“Why would you? No! I was so close.” She whimpered, raising her p\*\*\*y to meet my tongue again. I happily teased her as Axel spoke the words in my mind.

“Don’t worry, little bird. We will make sure you get what you need. But first... we get to play.” He took her lips again. Something about the way he kissed her made the need in me grow.

I dipped two fingers in her, quickly finding her sweet spot. She was a whimpering mess between the three of us working against her.

“P-Please.” She whined, fighting the hold of the twins.

“What do you need, kitten?” I asked, softly kissing her thighs. I knew exactly what she wanted but I wanted her to say it.

“You!” was the only thing she had to say.

I unbuckled my pants with my right hand while working her clit with my left.

Atlas stood up undoing his pants, roughly gripping a fistful of her hair as he sank himself deeply into her throat. I lined myself up at her entrance, slowly inching into her.

Harley:

My arms were still pinned tightly under the twins. Atlas had used his leg to keep me in place even after sinking into my throat. Axel was teasing my clit to distract me as Alistair

slid into me. The twins were longer than him, but he was thicker and I winced at the blissful intrusion. He bottomed out in me stopping completely.

“So f\*\*\*\*\*g tight.” Alistair moaned as he slowly started thrusting inside of me.

Every inch of my skin was burning for them, burning for more.

Axel was still playing with my clit while Alistair and Atlas were inside of me. I want him to take me the way he and Atlas took me.

I shifted away from Atlas and Alister. I hated how empty I felt as they slid from me. I straddled Axel, but before I sat down on him, I pulled Atlas by the hip to where I could take him back into my mouth when I was ready. I turned back, looking expectantly at Alister, who smiled, understanding exactly what I wanted.

“Are you sure, kitten?” he asked as he lined himself at my a\*s.

“I want all three of you.” My voice came out sounding needy, almost like I was begging them to rip me to shreds. I guess in a way, I kind of was.

Axel lined himself up and I slowly sank back, easing both of them inside of me. The heat that threatened to consume me at being stretched so far spurred me on. I didn't need to adjust this time. I want it now and I want it rough. I took Atlas in my mouth, bobbing wildly while Alistair and Axel found their rhythm. I was so close to coming I could see stars. I let Atlas sink roughly into me, needing as much of it as I could get. I moaned as he found his release deep in my throat. He pulled it out of my mouth, letting me fall against Alistair as the other two had their way with me.

Alister nibbled and kissed my neck. His fangs raked against the mark that Axel had left on my neck and my whole body tightened with need.

“Mark me.” I moaned.

Atlas's fingers found my clit and I almost screamed as my body shook. I was going to come soon and when I did I wanted his fangs in my skin.

“Please, Alistair.” I cried out as the pleasure got too much to handle.

He sank his fangs deeply into me, right above Axel's mark. Ecstasy rocked me, exploding me into the stars that had been clouding my vision.

“f\*\*k, baby.” Axel moaned, coming deep inside of me as I rode out the pure unrelenting pleasure that was wracking my body.



Alistar was still latched to my neck, feeding from me, marking me as his own in the same way the twins had when Axel pulled from me, for Alistar to shove roughly inside of me f\*\*\*\*\*g me into oblivion as he came inside of me with a grunt.

Slowly he pulled his fangs from my now tender skin, licking the wound closed. He lowered me onto Axel, pulling out of me softly with a sigh.

“Poor thing is tuckered out,” Atlas said, chuckling as I slipped into a s\*x-induced coma across Axel’s chest.

I woke up as Axel lowered me into a steaming bubble bath. The three were gathered around me tying my hair up and washing my skin clean while I fought to stay awake. I smiled at the three of them. My three men. I would lay down my life for each of them in a second.

“I love you three so much.” I grinned a stupid girlish grin, sinking down into the hot soapy water with a sigh as the soreness they left on me washed away in the warmth of the bath.

## Their Warrior Luna Chapter 58

Harley:

I haven’t ended up on my a\*s as a sweaty, exhausted mess with today’s magic training yet. I woke up feeling more powerful than I ever had. Everything seems easier today. I feel more in control of my movements and my magic seems to be doing what I need it to without the effort it took yesterday. I came out before everyone woke up. Circe hadn’t even shown up yet. But I was having coffee and something about last night with the boys had me energized and ready. Not to mention, I really wanted to see if I could use my powers to make myself fly. I stretched well remembering how sore I had made my guys yesterday.

“How should I do this?” I asked my still groggy wolfie girl.

“I don’t know. I have never had a human with telekinesis.” I could visibly see her shrugging at my insanity, but I was determined to try it anyway.

I tried running and jumping into the air, envisioning that same purple bubble I had seen surrounding everyone else surrounding myself. I hit the ground with a hard thud while the grass and dirt scraped my arms.

I jumped off of high areas trying to do it. That almost worked, but I only managed to slow myself down.

As the sun was rising and I was about to give up, I thought about the way I would surf during our family vacations. I thought about letting the waves graze against my fingertips while I rode the board on the wall of water.

Wracked with anger, I flopped back against the ground with a scream. My whole body ignited in a flame and my first instinct was to stop, drop, and roll. That didn't put the flame out, but it did make my wolf laugh at me.

"You awakened the fire!" My wolf chuckled happily under the heat of my flesh. My bones cracked and crunched, shifting and reshifting until I opened my eyes to see her massive black paws engulfed in fire. She ran like hell around the yard until a swoosh of air was funneling above us.

"b\*\*\*h, did you just make a firenado?" I asked, confused at her zoomies.

"Maybe." Was her only reply through her laughter.

Abruptly, her zoomies stopped and so did the wind. She sat panting in front of Circe, who stroked her massive head with a smile. I take it that you four completed the marking process. She looked to my men standing behind her. If I weren't covered in fur right now, my whole body would be flushed at her comment.

"How could you tell?" Axel asked with a satisfied smirk.

"Fire has awakened. I'm sure the others have as well. She just hasn't tapped into it yet." Circe turned back to my wolf, sniffing the air around us.

"Do we stink?!" I screeched at my wolf.

"No, she is smelling for our heat to see if that was what triggered the awakening of the fire. She would laugh if she knew it was actually a hissy fit." She threw her head back, letting her tongue flop to the side.

I shifted, standing in front of the four butt-naked. Alistair tore his shirt off of him, walking up to me in a huff, and pulling it over my head.

"Wolves are patrolling over there and I will rip each of their heads off if they even so much as look at the little dimples on your lower back." I couldn't help but want to laugh at his overprotectiveness. I had never had a man interested in me so much that the thought of someone seeing me naked bothered them. But I took the shirt knowing how serious those words were. He would rip their heads off with a smile on his face.

"What are we doing today, Circe?" I wrapped my arms around his torso, burying my head in his bare chest.

He smells so f\*\*\*\*\*g good. All three of them smell delicious and with just one bit of their scents, I couldn't help but imagine how perfect all three of them would look on their knees for me right now.

"I guess it is a fire day." Circe grinned, pulling me from my brain porno.

Axel:

Harley's face was blood red, she had strained for the last ten minutes trying to reignite the flames that Circe's presence had extinguished.

"Can't you give her a little more help, Circe? Is that not why you are here in the first place?" Alistair spoke rudely to the goddess, making a growl rip from my chest.

"Enough you two!" Harley said with her eyes still scrunched shut and her little hands in fists.

I know Alistair and I are supposed to be playing house for Harley's sake and seeing his tongue running through her and his d\*\*k in her a\*s last night wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. But I am still an Alpha in this pack and he will not come into my territory and disrespect someone my Goddess has sent to help my mate learn and grow. Harley's hand can't be held through this, otherwise, she will be using Circe's way instead of hers.

"All I am saying is that if Selene sent you to teach Harley how to use her magic shouldn't you offer some type of instruction or something?" He snarked with that shit-eating grin of his.

My fist crashed into his jaw before I caught myself. He looked back at me with eyes of crimson and a snarl that showed his fangs clearly. f\*\*k it. No turning back. I shifted into my white wolf, charging the hissing bastard. I leaped into the air ready to rip him to shreds, but mid-leap, both of us were sucked into the air. Without warning or a word, we were floating in the air higher than yesterday.

Her magic forced me to shift back into my human form and suddenly I felt like I was on an episode of naked and afraid. I thought she would stop at ten feet, then at fifteen feet, then again at thirty feet. She didn't stop until around forty-five feet. Abruptly, she dropped us both. Alistair and I fell through the air with so much force I couldn't even scream because of the wind pushing against my rib cage.

I covered my face as the ground was coming closer and closer... she was killing us. This was it and I don't even get to apologize for acting like a d\*\*k. But at least she was killing us both and not just me.

I hit so hard that the wind left my lungs, but I didn't feel the grass beneath me. I just couldn't breathe.

“Both of you a\*s holes open your eyes. Atlas, will you please get your d\*\*k head brother some clothes?” I opened my eyes only a few feet from the ground.

She got out of earshot of a smirking Circe whispering to the two of us suspended in the air still trying to find our air.

“If the two of you don’t learn to behave, you will be sucking each other’s d\*\*\*s instead of having me do it for you. Alistair, I don’t want Circe to do this for me. Back off! Axel, get your temper under control. I mean it. Atlas and I are sleeping in my room tonight. You two can bunk up and learn to live together. I mean it!” she walked away, dropping us both to the ground hard. Atlas threw some shorts at me with a smirk on his face.

“Glad it wasn’t me who hit his smart-a\*s mouth first.” he laughed, walking back to our mate.

“Fucker.” We called out in unison. Maybe he and I aren’t very different, but damn it, I can’t make myself like him.

Circe canceled the training after the fight and Harley went in to shower. In an attempt to apologize, I made her a lunch of hot ham and cheeses on toasted brioche, apple slices with peanut butter, and the tall fountain fizzy drink that she likes with every meal. I made my way upstairs where I found her soaking in the same tub the three of us cleaned her up in last night.

“Hey, little bird.” I could tell by her puffy red eyes that she had been crying and my heart twisted, knowing it was partially my fault.

“I made you lunch. Do you want to talk about everything before or after you eat?” I know this needs to be gotten out of the way even though I know she is going to hand my a\*s to me.

“I’m not upset at you two, Axel. My face looks like this because I got another stupid riddle vision.” She held up a notepad I hadn’t seen yet. I sat our food on the bed tray table, handing her a gooey ham and cheese, and taking the notepad from her hand.

Carried warmly in the womb of the marked, he is created by the mix of three.

The divine ruler of all things, the king of creatures he will be.

As The Nothing is starving; it is all of life that it will seek.

Until the war of wars comes to an end, fractures in the fabric will make waves.

It will be in the hands of the marked one, to bring the life of day.

That is what was written neatly on the paper. It is talking about our child. The one the goddesses spoke of. The eternal charger that they continuously reincarnate as Harley will exist in him forever. My mind flashed back to the images of his birth and how easily the three of us got along with each other for her and the words the goddess threatened us with if we were unable to accept Alister replayed like an echo from hell. I love Harley more than my pride. I just need to figure out how to navigate tolerating his smart-a\*s mouth.

“Penny for your thoughts handsome?” She smirked, grabbing a peanut butter apple slice.

“I am sorry for today, Harley. I reacted carelessly. It won’t happen again... I promise.

“That’s sweet of you, stud muffin. But I’m still sleeping in my room tonight with Atlas while the two of you learn to live together.” Her smirk was wicked, she knew she was twisting me up inside and she thought it was funny. I frowned at her but nodded, accepting her decision. We ate together as the words of the vision replayed in my mind like the chorus of my favorite song.

## Their Warrior Luna Chapter 59

Atlas:

I found Harley and Axel in the bathroom. She was relaxing in the tub while they had lunch. She had another vision that talked about the war and our child. Alistair came in behind me and apologized to Harley the same way I’m sure Axel already had.

The two of them are having hell getting along with each other, but after talking with Alistair over drinks last night, I understood he was just trying to get his family back. If something were to happen to Harley and our kid, the gates of the underworld wouldn’t be strong enough to keep me from getting to them. Then seeing him inside of Harley right after, and how content my wolf was with it all, I knew it was right. The three of us are meant for her. If that wasn’t initiative enough for me to get along, seeing her sling them in the air and letting them drop over forty feet only to stop them before they smacked the ground was plenty of initiative for me.

“I think tomorrow, I will have to go back to the kingdom. It may not be for the night, but I would like to check in on things. The two of you may want to get into contact with other alphas and see if they are having issues with The Nothing breaking through. Most people don’t even know The Nothing is more than a story told over time. Most packs, even most humans, still think that all that exists is heaven and hell and that is far from the truth. Harley is the only one in existence right now that can close and open portals to The Nothing.” Alistair said, looking at the notepad in my hands.

“Why do you think it’s causing an issue and how can Harley be the only one who can close those portals?” Axel asked.

“The line in this that talks about fractures making waves and The Nothing starving for life, tells me there are more fractures than we know. For us, it can come in the form of a waterfall of the dead ones leaking into the realm. Essentially, they are what humans romanticize as zombies, and in a way, they are the walking dead, but they are a far greater threat than a zombie. Harley is the only one that can close the fractures because Harley is the only one who can wield La Espada de la Muerte.” Alistair seems to know what he is talking about but, I am iffy on anything involving Harley and, because of that, I wish I could talk to our goddess.

“What is that exactly?” I asked. Axel learned Spanish and Russian, and I learned French and German so we could better communicate across the pack lands. But the only word I know in that sentence is that Muerte means death and I do NOT like that word in a sentence involving her.

“The sword of Death.” Axel rumbled, looking at a sheepishly smiling, red-faced Harley.

“That was the sword you used in the realm of the damned before we finished our journey?” I asked her since the three of us were standing around talking about everything like she wasn’t there.

“Before Alistair kidnapped me, love you, honey.” She smiled forgivingly at him.

“I had a vision or a visit from the goddess where she put a giant orb inside of my chest. Once I woke up, I had my wolf back and I thought that was what the orb was... my wolf said it was not though. She said it was a gift from the goddess, something to help us on our journey.” One of her eyes stayed an icy blue but the other lit like a black pearl in white light. Both of their voices rang through sharing her form.

“Neither of us knows what that orb was, but I don’t think it involved the sword. That seems to have been a happy accident. Our goddess has no control over death or the sword. That much I know.” She blinked, letting both of her eyes return to their normal blue.

I helped Harley dry off after her bath, admiring her tattoos as she dressed. I had never noticed, even with her legs wrapped around my head, how many she truly had. Each one depicts a different thing, the story of her life was written on her skin like a map of ups and downs. I kissed her shoulder before sliding her shirt over her head.

“So, let’s go to the office and start then. You two start calling people in this realm and see what you can find.” She pointed to me and Axel.

“Something tells me you know someone in the human realm, so you call them and see what it is looking like there.” she pointed at Alistair.

“Once we know humans aren’t at risk of being hurt, and the supernatural realms aren’t at risk of being exposed, we will get to work on the pack duties for the next day or so in the event we are in the damned realm longer than expected. After both of you stay together

tonight and learn to love each other as much as I love both of you, we will go into the realm of the damned in the morning.” She smiled, sauntering off to the office while we all stood dumbstruck at our Luna taking control of the situation.

“We really need to have her Luna ceremony,” I said, sparking my own side project. They both nodded in agreement while we took after our little badass to get to work on her demands.

We spent hours making calls. Denny and Ferra joined us by contacting the people they knew as well. So far, we know humans haven’t been affected and no one in our realm has anything going on other than the usual rogue issues. I had pulled the four of them aside when Harley went to order some dinner so we could continue making calls. We set a plan that while we were gone, Denny and Ferra would make calls and do the needed things to have a Luna ceremony waiting for her on our return from Alistair’s realm.

We settled at the dining table feeling more at ease with the situation. So far, the only realm that hasn’t been checked on is Alistair’s, but we know that none of his people have died. He said he would have felt it. I guess the same way Axel and I experienced the loss of our pack members. Harley ordered Mexican and we were all drunk on the queso and sizzling meats and vegetables.

“Full as a tick is an understatement.” Harley sighed happily, leaning against her chair.

I laughed at her phrasing as she yawned. Poor thing, she is wearing herself out. She never complains about any of it though, she just takes the curves and bumps with a smile.

“Come on, little bird. We’ll tuck you in.” Axel stood scooping her out of her chair with me and Alistair right behind them.

Denny laughed casually at how whipped we were for her, but Ferra shut it down quickly, causing the four of us to laugh while he got chewed out for calling us whipped. He is right though. We are whipped. The three of us range from Alistair’s six foot two to our six foot four and her little five-foot a\*s has each of us wrapped around her finger.

True to her word, Axel was directed into the bedroom she had stayed in when she first got back into Clearwater. They both pouted at her for putting them in the doghouse, but I sat by idly, knowing that if I made fun, she would punish me with the same damnation as them. This may be the only time I have her to myself and I want it. I want her. Don’t get me wrong, s\*x is phenomenal even if it involves all three of us together with her. But if I can have her to myself just this once, I want to make use of it and play the way I truly like to play.

Alistair and Axel helped her get into a baggy t-shirt and they continued their pouting while she brushed her teeth and washed her face. Finally, they agreed to leave and I knew by the end of the night she would cave or they would be at the door one.

I locked the door behind the two, knowing that if they wanted in, they could still get in. I dropped my stuff in her room before dinner, knowing exactly what my plans were. I turned to see her pouting at her own choices, and I wanted to laugh, but I swallowed it.

“Wanna play a game?” I made my way to her on the bed waiting for her answer.

“Sure.” She smiled, still thinking of them.

I leaned over, pulling her shirt over her head.

“Lay on your stomach,” I smirked as she rolled over doing as I asked.

I squirted coconut oil on her back and started working the stress knots on her body. Her little moans and grunts as my hands worked into her skin, were almost as satisfying as what I knew would come next. I worked her from her neck down to her tiny feet and back up again before having her roll on her back. These sheets will be ruined by morning and damn it, I’m gonna have fun ruining them.

I started at her collarbones, massaging the oil into her. Slowly, I worked my way down to her t\*\*s where her n\*\*\*\*\*s had already pebbled in response to my touch. Softly I pinched them, twisting them until a soft bite of pain made her arch into my hands.

“You are so f\*\*\*\*\*g perfect, Harley Grace.” She moaned when I pinched her n\*\*\*\*\*s just a little tighter as if her body knew exactly what was yet to come.

I am a brutal f\*\*k and having her to myself tonight has those demons inside of me clawing to get free.

I worked the oil into her stomach with flashes of a pregnant version of her body dancing in my mind. My hands found her hips and her lips parted with a satisfied sigh as I rubbed down her pelvis. Instead of letting my fingers graze her sweet little p\*\*\*y like she wanted, I continued my path down her legs. Her lust filled the air as I made my way back up her thighs and I knew she was already wet and ready for me. What she doesn’t know yet, is tonight, my sweet little Harley will be made to come over and over again until she is a whimpering little mess.

Axel mind linked to me as I was about to dip my fingers into her begging p\*\*\*y to ask if she was asleep yet. I only laughed as a reply before cutting him off from the link entirely.

I dipped my fingers into her soaked entrance, groaning when she spread her legs wider for me.

“Ready for the game, beautiful?” my voice was low as my demons threatened to spill over, consuming us both. She nodded her reply making me shake my head. Done teasing, I curled my fingers upward, hitting her sweet spot, making her head drop back as the pressure built inside of her.



“Use your words, Harley.” I need to hear her.

“Yes!” she moaned. Her lips parted as I added my thumb to her clit. She is already a writhing little mess, and the fun hasn’t even started yet.

I gripped her by her thighs, yanking her into the center of the bed. I walked over to the chair that was still holding my things. She sat up as I grabbed the ties and the toys.

“Lay down,” I growled, pulling her arms over her head, and tying them tightly together.

The softest moan came from her mouth as the ties got snug against her skin. The little thing is so innocent and beautiful. Yet here she is surrendering herself to me completely. My c\*\*k throbbed in my pants watching her enjoy the small bites of pain I’d granted her.

I tied her hands to the bed frame, making sure the tension on her arms was just tight enough for fun, but not tight enough to hurt her before moving on to tying her legs spread wide for me. My fingers sank deep inside again while I took her n\*\*\*\*e into my teeth.

I pulled my fingers from her when her walls started clenching against them. Her o\*\*\*\*m faded from her body while she growled at me.

I opened the box containing a wand I had been dying to use, it roared to life in my hand when I plugged it in, and her eyes widened as I turned it to max power, placing it perfectly against her needy clit.

“Atlas.” She growled as I stood from the bed so I could watch her being consumed in ecstasy.

In seconds she was trying to scoot herself away from the violent little toy’s wrath. Her soft moans had turned to screams. Her come coated her thighs after the second wave of o\*\*\*\*m shook her. I couldn’t stand it any longer. We have our whole lives for me to torture her.

I extended my claws, cutting her legs free so I could sink balls deep into her dripping entrance.

“f\*\*k!” She groaned, being stretched around me.

I cut her hands free, leaving her wrists tied together, and with her legs wrapped tightly around me, I picked her up, slamming her against the headboard of the sleigh bed with a hiss. Propped just the way I needed her, I took her against the headboard hard and fast, searching for the one thing to satiate the need consuming me.

“I-I’m... Gonna.” She couldn’t even form her words.

“Not yet, baby. I want you to hold on to this one for me.” I drove deeper into her; she screamed, laying her head back while I f\*\*\*\*d her tirelessly.

“At-Atlas—I need it,” She screamed.

“Not yet, princess.” I gripped her a\*s, swallowing her screams as our tongues tangled.

When the grip her dripping little cunt had on my c\*\*k was almost too tight to continue, I pulled away from her lips.

“Come, baby.” She shattered around me, soaking us both in her release. With her release, the demons loosened their grip on me, letting me come too.

I laid her softly on the bed, going to the bathroom to grab a warm wet washcloth. I cleaned her up as she fell in and out of sleep, and when we were both clean, I pulled her into my arms happily sighing as we both drifted into a deep sleep.

## Their Warrior Luna Chapter 60

Adoria:

“The charm is out. I am confident the king cannot get back through the portal.” My mother is confident in her abilities, but I worry she underestimates the power that Alistair possesses.

“Thank you, mother.” I bowed to her.

“It is the least I could do, Adoria. After all, when you are queen, you can repay me for all of my hard work.” I knew by the glint in her eye that whatever plan she had once I took the throne wasn’t anything good.

“Yes, mother.” I walked out of my chamber, leaving her there.

I still hadn’t convinced Lance that Alistair wouldn’t return, but now that the charm is up and blocking the portals, he has no choice but to take the throne as the king and I made sure they would figure it out soon too. I gave my mother specific directions before she closed the portal off. I wanted her to leave Harley a little gift.

Harley:

I woke up wrapped tightly in Atlas’s arms. My whole body was littered with soft aches from last night, but I smiled at the soreness kissing my skin. Images of his massive hands gripping the headboard and f\*\*\*\*\*g me against it made me blush and I covered my head, smiling into his bare chest.

“I can hear your heartbeat, kitten. We know you are awake.” Alistair said from outside the door.

At least he said we. I guess that means they didn’t kill each other last night.

“Coming!” I yelled, almost tripping over myself.

I yanked the door open with an innocent smile on my face like Atlas hadn’t made me scream his name for four hours straight last night.

“Oh, we know you did kitten. We drooled all night over the sweet sounds you were making.” Alistair was leaning on the door frame eyeing me hungrily and Axel was right beside him looking me up and down.

The smile faded from my face when I saw the bruises on my wrists. s\*\*t, I was busted. I don’t know how the rules work though. Is it okay for me to just have s\*x with one or do I have to have s\*x with all three all the time?

“So, I will be ready to go into the other realm in a sec... I gotta... shower first.” I stepped into the bathroom, locking the door behind me.

I showered quickly. I have that suffocating feeling in my chest like I have another vision coming, but this time it’s different. I can’t quite put my finger on it. I decided after last time nothing frilly would be worn in Alistair’s realm.

I came out in a towel surprised that they had cleared the room. I grabbed skinny jeans, combat boots, and a black tank top. I braided my hair in one strand, letting it fall behind my back. But no matter how many breathing exercises I had done, there was nothing that lifted the weight in my chest like the way I dug my nails into my palms until blood coated my fingertips. It was always my go-to maneuver, and it wasn’t working. Just like usual, I sat waiting to be swept into a blinding vision, and for the first time since I started seeing the blinding images and blurred words, it never came. What the f\*\*k is happening right now?

I rubbed my eyes until those glittering colors coated my vision and still nothing I had expected came.

“Something is wrong.” I linked the twins but was surprised when Alistair came through the door first. He wrapped his arms around my waist, picked me up, and rushed into the territory in a blur. He seemed paler than usual, and his crimson eyes were trained ahead.

“I need to know what’s going on!” I yelled around the whoosh of his speed.

“It’s Denny.” He wouldn’t look at me when he said his name...

I knew it was bad and my chest caved in on me. I felt like I had grabbed a live wire and my bones would turn to dust under the heat flooding my system. I exploded in a burst of flames that would not dare burn my mate.

“Is he dead?!” he wouldn’t answer my question. He just ran with everything in him.

I wailed; overcome with grief that I wasn’t sure was necessary yet... but I did. I did know. My brother was dead and that weight in my chest was the weight of his loss.

The flames sizzled as my tears slid down my cheeks. Alistair stopped sitting me down beside Denny. A scream tore through me, seeing my brave big brother with his lifeless eyes that were turned to the sky. His chest had gaping holes in it, and his once-pink cheeks were now pale. His skin was still warm, to the touch and something about that was wrong. He can’t be dead and warm can... can he? The flames surrounding me died out completely.

“What happened?” I asked them.

“We don’t know. That isn’t a wolf attack though,” one of them said.

“Bring him back.” My wolf’s howls in my head were deafening.

“How?” my voice was broken, almost nonexistent from screaming even in my head.

“Put your hands on him, Harley. Hurry!” My fists tangled in his shirt. His limp head swayed from my tugging on him.

“Cover his heart. Think of it like an AED. See the magic you have been using and send it to him, see it sewing him back together entirely... just like new.” she said.

“It isn’t working! It isn’t working. Please goddess, no!” I screamed until my voice cracked under the weight of Denny’s loss.

I lost her completely. Her howls dulled into a low whimper, it swirled in my head like water going down a drain. No other voices would register either. Laying my hands on him didn’t work and I lost it completely. My body vibrated like an earthquake that only I could feel. The lid came off the figurative container that Alister told me to cap off and only use if I had to. I used everything in me, every ounce of swirling magic that I could feel running through me. My world ignited in a purple glow, but I couldn’t see anything but Denny. My big brother was always supposed to meet his mate, have pups, and be that incredible dad that our dad was for us. He was supposed to sit with his kids in the yard tossing around each other sparring. Kissing Ferra sweetly while my nieces and nephews yelled something about how gross they were. It was never meant to be this way. He wasn’t supposed to leave me either.

I couldn't hear anything but Ferra screaming at the loss of her mate, and somewhere in that mix of her screams and of my wolf's howls. The world went quiet, and all I heard was them pleading with me. I could hear them. The only three reasons that I kept myself tethered to reality when the deliciousness of a power I never could have imagined swallowed me whole.

"Come back, kitten. Come back to us." Alistair's voice was low, but it was there.

"Come on, little bird." Axel's voice was coming in a little clearer, but still, it was low.

"We need you baby." Atlas's voice came in the same way as the others. It was low, and I knew they were pleading with me, but I didn't understand why.

"I'm still here," I called out, but I don't think they could hear me.

"We love you so much, Harley Grace." Their voices came through like a foghorn making waves in my focus. Darkness was swallowing me entirely, and while I was slipping into the abyss of my grief, Denny's lifeless eyes were all I could see.