

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 108

Cassius:

I woke up with a heavy weight across my legs. Lennon's scent was already all over the room, and I realized she must have put me to sleep on her couch. I took a deep breath enjoying the smell of her honey and amber. I let my fingers find her hair and ran through it until I realized it was much longer than this. I opened my eyes to see Knox looking up at me with his usual f**k headed smirk.

"I always knew you wanted me." he purred through hooded eyes.

"f*****g hell, get off, you prick." We both laughed. Knox and I have been friends for a long time. Hell, he watched me grow up. That's the funny thing about him. He's like my father, Alistair. He doesn't remember his past, he has no idea how old he is, and like my father, he doesn't even remember his last name. But regardless of how old he is, he will be forever twenty-three despite his childish nature.

"Where is Lennon?" I hated the instant fear that strangled me when I didn't see her in the room.

"She's fine. Listen." Knox said.

THUD

THUD

THUD

“YOU’RE AMAZING!” That was my mom’s voice.

THUD

THUD

“Look, honey! She doesn’t miss!” That was my mom again.

“What is that?” I asked Knox.

“That is your mother and at least one of your dads, and Lennon outside drunk off their asses playing with bows and arrows.” He roughed his dark hair up on his hand and stood from the couch.

“Let’s go see what the hype is about.” He said, heading for the door.

I followed him into the backyard, and Lennon and my mother had tied bandanas around their heads and were shooting targets. Two bottles of wine were lying on the deck empty, and it looked like they had started on a bottle of champagne. Knox walked up and was standing next to my other father, Atlas. They both were watching them with smiles, and when Lennon hit her mark again, my mom ran over, high-fived, and chest bumped like two dudes watching a football game. I couldn’t help but smile at the two of them. My mother has dedicated her life to everyone but herself and this part of the castle is her safe space. She works out, plays with her weapons, and practices her powers here in privacy. I am surprised she invited Lennon out here.

“She never misses.” My mother turned, grinning with a slur in her speech.

“I haven’t gotten to do this in years!” Lennon slapped her knee and staggered around as she pulled another arrow from the quiver on her back.

“They’ve been at this for hours.” My father chuckled.

Fallon and Barrett came out onto the deck dressed to the nines. I could see the shock on both of their faces that Lennon was out here with our mother.

“Are they drunk?” Barrett asked with a quirked brow.

“Very.” My father answered.

The door opened again, and my Uncle Denny stepped out with two bottles in his hands.

“Harls, the wine is gone. All that’s left is the hard stuff.” He yelled out into the yard.

“Hey, Lennon. Do you want a shot? POUR THE SHOTS!” She yelled at Denny, who laughed happily and sat the bottles on the table, pouring the drinks for them.

“So, we’re gonna leave now. Cass... congrats... you’re mated to the human equivalent of our mother.” Fallon smacked me before she and Barrett left for their night on the town.

She was right. I just didn’t know it. Lennon fits in just fine with my mother. Which is odd considering the only friend I ever remember her having is my aunt Ferra. They were both sitting on the ground now, taking their shots and just talking, and it was everything in me not to walk over to get closer to Lennon.

“When are you going to tell her?” My uncle asked, stepping up next to me. His question got my father’s and Knox’s attention, who turned to hear my answer. The truth is, I don’t have one.

“I don’t know that I will. I want her to want me the way that I want her. I know she is attracted to me. Her body reacts to my touch, and she eye f***s me whenever my shirt is off. I don’t want her to feel pressured into accepting me if she doesn’t feel the bond the way that I do. The physical stuff is there, but I don’t want our bond to be based on s*x. I just... I don’t have the nerve to

ask her on a date, and if she says no... I don't know how my wolf will react. He has already pressured me to mate and mark her, and I have to fight him for control whenever she is around. He loves her. He has been visiting her in her dreams and already knows so much more than I do about her. She is imprinted with Knox, and I know you want her as badly as I do." I told them.

I ran my fingers through my hair. My frustration with the situation is growing. I have never wanted to be slow with a woman. I don't know if I can control myself around her, and if I ever bed her, I know I would make her cry because that is what I like. Then if she gave me that power over her, I would f**k her until she couldn't walk because of the soreness between her thick thighs. I don't want to ruin her wanting to be around me; if I rush, I will destroy everything.

"You two just share her. It works well for your parents." My uncle shrugged like it was no big deal, but Knox jumped in quickly.

"Whoa, Whoa. I am not taking my best friend's mate. I am feeding her. What I feel for her is because of the imprint. When I first met her, I couldn't stand her, and she couldn't me either, and when she learns to feed, those feelings will fade." Knox told us.

But I could see the uncertainty in his orange eyes. He was either unsure of his feelings for her fading or didn't want them to. So where does that leave all of this? Do we wait? Do we date her? I shook my head, realizing that I had said 'we.' Was I willing to share Lennon with Knox? I thought about the two of them together, and the first thought that came to mind was his orange eyes looking up at us from between her thighs. I had her leaned against me teasing her n****s and clit, kissing circles on the mark on her neck, and then I heard precious little whimpers and that first m**n from him slipping his fingers inside of her. I quickly shook the images before I needed a cold shower.

Damn... Maybe... No... We couldn't possibly.

Lennon:

Harley and I were goofing around in her little slice of heaven, and I don't think either of us realized how drunk we were until we sat down to drink the shots her brother had brought us. Neither of us could get back up, and now we were rolling around on the ground, trying to help each other to our feet.

Laughter took us over at the impossible task of standing that neither of us could seem to do. We fell back to the ground, wrapped around each other, laughing with tears on our faces. We had lost our breath, and neither of us could stop. I love this feeling. I don't know if it is the feeling of a real friendship, the alcohol, or the sky here that seems never-ending but gives me some comforting sense of freedom, but I pray it never ends.

"You look like you could use some help." Knox laughed.

Cassius's father, Atlas, had scooped Harley up from the ground, and she immediately took him into a feverish k**s that made my face explode in shades of red.

"Maybe." I giggled as Knox helped me to my feet. The world tipped and swayed as the alcohol settled itself into my body. Knox picked me up, and at his contact, I laid my still-spinning head against his broad chest and wrapped my arms tightly around his neck, thinking that using him as an anchor could hold my still-swaying mind steady.

"It would seem you made a friend." He purred. The gravel in his voice racked over me like hot coals and settled straight between my legs with a throb.

"Mmhmm." I hummed, enjoying the smell of his minty breath and cologne.

"Here, Cass. Hold this little princess." Knox passed me off to Cass, and just like with Knox, I settled quickly against his broad chest.

"Come on, Red. I'll take you back upstairs. He said, snuggling me closer to him.

I know I can't have these feelings for my friends... my only friends, and I am pretty sure that it is the alcohol talking, but... the images of Knox's rough hands touching me and then grabbing Cass by the face the same way he had mine when he fed me earlier. The two of them leaning in so close their noses were touching, their lips only centimeters from making contact, had my thighs clenching in Cassius's hold.

He laid me on the bed, pulled my shoes off, flung the cover over me, and then walked out hurriedly without another word. I sat up and took in every inch of the room that I could. It was empty. I rolled my bottom l*ip between my teeth and laid back down, throwing the covers over my head. I let my hands wander my body. My lips parted when my fingers grazed over my hardened n*****s. Now I know this is the alcohol talking. I have never touched myself before. I have never even had an o****m yet... but I think I'm about to.

I unbuttoned my pants and let my hand slide into my panties. Slowly, I let my fingers graze between my lips, parting myself. A soft m**n came when my fingertips discovered my clit. I rubbed it soft and slow at first. I g*****d, arching against my hand's assault when I started speeding up, rubbing myself in tight, fast circles. When the pressure started building inside of me, I let my hand go lower, pushing my middle finger inside of my aching p***y. I exploded like lightning, touching the earth, then I rode out my o****m with the images of Cass's tongue dancing softly with Knox's. I slumped against the soft mattress letting the comfort of the alcohol mingling closely with my first o****m like an old friend lull me into a deep happy sleep.