

# Their Warrior Luna

## Chapter 11

Harley:

The arrangements for our parents are set for two days from now. After the plans were set, Den and I had lunch in the diner our parents took us to on weekends. Dad was the beta to Axel and Atlas's father, and even though my dad was an incredible beta, the alpha was a bitter and mean old man.

"Grief is so damn strange," Den said around a bite of his bacon cheeseburger.

He wasn't wrong. The waves it was hitting me in were strange to navigate. This will be easier for me since my family hasn't been in my life in ten years, but I love them despite everything else.

"How do you mean?" I wanted him to get this off his chest, but my heart broke at his words.

"The other night when you were screaming like that, I knew mom would know what to do. Then I remembered they were gone and called the doctor instead. I wanted to call dad after you went through the Devil's mile and tell him how pissed Axel had to be because you beat his and Atlas's time. I got my phone out and everything. It's like I have moments where things are so normal, and I almost feel happy and want to share those moments with them... then I remember that I can't, and the grief consumes me for a minute. You know?" he kept shoveling his food in, but the weight of his words sat heavily on my stomach.

"Den, I can't say this will ever get better. I have so many regrets about my relationship with them, and it has left such a gaping hole in my life. I was such a failure of a daughter, and I would give anything to fix the shit I broke. So, I understand the waves you are experiencing. I only hope in time the sadness lessens and we can look back at the amazing parents we had and cherish our time without it hurting so bad." I hope he feels the love they had for us every day.

Despite my continuous fuck ups and lash outs. Every mishap in between, my dad was so proud of me for how far I had come in my training and everything I was working towards. My mom was ready to risk everything to be with me. They were amazing parents to us.

"They were never disappointed in you for a second, Harls. None of us were. We didn't understand why you left and wouldn't return, but mom always said you would tell us when you were ready, and we had to respect that. But a failure? You were never then and never will be a failure. Dad and I sat sometimes and talked about how skilled and amazing you are. You are dangerous as hell, Harls, but you are also so soft and thoughtful, and mom always talked about how when you met your mate, you would make an incredible mom because of the heart in your chest." My eyes watered at the mention of my mates and the children I would never get.

I will never understand how my family thought so much of me and to know the twins have known me as long as my family and couldn't see my worth. They tossed me away so easily.

"I know you may not be ready. But I am ready anytime to pull that conversation from the back burner. You deserve so much more." His words held a certainty that made me relax.

I want to be defensive in hiding my secrets. Still, I learned long ago I can be careful of those secrets without pushing people who are just trying to care for me away.

"I know, thanks, Den." The smile for my brother was genuine, but the storm raging in me from the day had me ready to jump off a cliff.

As we were leaving the diner, I fell into another confession with Den that I wasn't ready to have to do just yet.

"You want to shift and go for a run tonight? My wolf has been restless as hell today." Denny asked.

Fuck. Fuck. Don't tell him.

"Uh, that sounds fun, but I need to catch up on sleep." I tried to sound casual, hoping he would accept that answer.

"Ah, come on, sis, it could be fun. I won't take no for an answer." He laughed as we climbed into his truck.

I know him well enough to know the seriousness behind that statement. He likely will not take no for an answer. A small piece of truth is not a lie.

"Den... I want to tell you something. But I need your word that what I am telling you, I am telling you in full confidence. If anyone ever found out, I could be in danger. Do you understand that?" I need him to know the seriousness of what I am about to tell him has a bigger picture.

"Harley, you can talk to me about anything, you know that. But I can't promise that if you are in danger, I won't try to do something about it." Super Denny to the rescue, as always.

"No, Denny. When I tell you this, you will want to swoop in and fix everything, and there is no fixing it. You just have to trust that I am handling it the only way I can and that what I say is for the best. Can you do that?" his eyes burned into me; I could clearly see the options he weighed in his head.

"I won't say anything. I promise." He finally mumbled. A sigh of relief rushed from me.

"Since my rejection, my wolf has been dormant. That is why I didn't shift in that fight with those rogues. I can't. It is also why I can't run with you... Remember, Den, no one can know. I have trained for years in human form to make myself strong enough to fight the biggest wolf. I am working on everything else. But if anyone knew, they might see me as vulnerable and try to hurt me. The only people that know are Byron, and Andrew, and now you and I need it to stay that way. Got it?" His shoulders were tight, his knuckles white from gripping the steering wheel.

"Yeah. Got it." We returned to the pack house and split ways without talking anymore. I went to his floor and flopped into the bed with the day weighing on my heart. I was falling into that weird state of half-asleep half-awake when I heard my name being called. I sat up yelling at Denny to see if he was home, and when no one answered, I laid back down, thinking I had dreamed it.

"Harley Grace, we need you to come to the Alpha floor and have a meeting with us. We are willing to let you finish what you started." Atlas's dark voice rang through my mind sparking my body with a flame that had my thighs clenching.

What the fuck was that?

"Now, little bird. Don't make one of us drag you up here." I could tell by his tone of voice Axel was pissed.

I stood from my bed, stomping like a child to the elevator. How dare he demand anything from me? The elevator opened to their floor. It was like stepping into a gothic dream. Everything was done in blacks and deep shades of greens and creams, with multiple windows letting plenty of light in. I would've admired their color pallet choices in other circumstances, but I am just pissed right now.

"Where in the fuck are you grouchy bastards? Who do you think you are talking to me like that?" I found a hallway door cracked and shoved it open.

Axel was sitting behind his desk looking pissy, and Atlas was sitting on a black leather couch with an amber-colored liquid in his hand. His foot was resting on his knee, and for a minute, he looked the most relaxed I had ever seen him. Both looked equally dangerous and beautiful simultaneously, and how my heart fluttered for them made me even angrier. Their brown eyes started roaming over me, making my skin buzz. I had to force my thighs from trying to clench under their roaming gazes. I had almost forgotten I had worn a dress. Still, considering this dress fits me like a glove and is one of the only things I own that make me feel dark and sexy, I think it is still pretty fitting.

"I shouldn't have taken your voice earlier. You have every right to accept our rejection regardless of how badly I don't want you to." Atlas sounded almost drunk, which is impressive considering the amount of alcohol it takes to inebriate a wolf.

"Don't want me to? Please. Who the fuck are you trying to kid here, Atlas?" My voice didn't even sound familiar to my ears, and being shut up in this room with them had every part of me shaking in both anger and excitement.

Damn this mate bond.

"Watch that pretty mouth, little bird." Axel's voice was low and threatening, but his warning didn't affect me.

"Or what, Axel?" all the anger I had in me was running through me like the blood in my veins.

Axel jumped from his chair. The force of him standing slammed the chair into the wall behind him as he made his way to me with fury in his eyes. His huge hand wrapped around my throat, squeezing tighter as he forced me against the wall so hard I hissed as the air rushed from my lungs.

"Don't fuck with me, Harley Ashwood." My whole body lit up at the sensation his calloused hand left on my skin.

I felt like I could stay here, wrapped in his roughness and fire, like I could just roll in his scent and let it consume me. I decided to be a bitch instead.

"Axel Grim, not a single fiber of my being is threatened by you." I pulled my little blade from the thigh holster I had strapped to my leg under my dress, cutting the arm he was holding me against the wall with. Shock covered both their faces, and I used that surprise to my advantage. That anger that makes me so fucking bitter had unleashed.

I kicked him in the chest, causing him to stumble back onto the couch next to a half-drunk Atlas, who quickly stopped my tirade by grabbing both of my wrists and jamming my hands until I dropped the blade. He slammed me down on my stomach across his lap. The flames of anger consuming me turned into fear and excitement when he pinned me there, leaving me immobile. I can't fight him or bite or anything, and I can't shift because of their rejection.

I'm stuck.

Axel rounded the table dabbing at the cut I gave him with a tissue stopping in front of his brother, leaving me sandwiched between them.

"You have always been a thorn in my side, little bird." Axel said through gritted teeth, and before I could formulate a snarky reply, he yanked my dress up around my waist.

He pulled down my fishnets and panties, leaving my ass and pussy on display for them. Atlas's chest rumbled, and I knew he was seeing how wet fighting with them had left me. Anger surged again, and I started kicking. Axel's massive hand came down on my ass like a crack of thunder. I moaned as the stinging pain became a pleasure that settled in my core. Embarrassment flooded me when I realized I was being spanked for defying them.

What I hate even more is that one smack had my stomach in a swarm and my thighs slick with lust. The sound of his hand slapping my ass a second time echoed across the walls, and a soft moan fell from my lips. My thighs clenched on their own.

"Look how fucking wet you are for us, little bird." Axel growled as Atlas's grip on me tightened.

I pushed my feet off the floor, trying to get some leverage to get out of his grip. Still, the only thing I managed to do was to bare my ass to him more.

As his hand came down to smack my ass, I wiggled enough that the slap landed across my pussy, making me cry out in ecstasy. Delicious tingles erupted across my aching skin, making my core throb. My thighs grew wetter, and my humiliation grew with it.

"I hate you both so fucking much. Let me go, Atlas. NOW!" I roared.

"Hate, huh?" Axel purred.

His hand landed on my ass again, making me wiggle and moan against his brother. His hand never left my ass as he lowered his hand, rubbing the sting better. His fingers fell lower, running through my dripping center and circling my pierced clit. A shiver rattled through my body at the contact on my sensitive bud.

Another breathy moan fell from me when his fingers came back up, hovering over my entrance. The tip of his finger slid into me, making me arch on Atlas's lap to give him better access.

Fuck that feels good.

"What do we have here?" Axel asked, working me slowly.

"Her clit is pierced, but our little bird is still a virgin, brother." He was talking to Atlas about me, making Atlas groan in appreciation.

He thrust his hips, letting his thick cock stab into my stomach.

"Fuck you both." I growled, rocking back slightly on Axel's finger.

My whole body shivered at the intrusion of his thick finger in my tight channel. He slipped the tip of a second finger into me, and my whole body lit up. Atlas ran the hand that held my legs pinned slowly up between my thighs, forcing them open while putting more pressure on the arm, holding me down at my back so I couldn't get up, not that I was trying to.

His rough hand ran from my knee up my thigh making my body break out in goosebumps. The feeling of both of their hands on me, working me like a finely tuned instrument, had my orgasm building steadily. Atlas's fingers quickly found my clit and started working me in tight circles.

"I hate you both." I moaned, pushing my pussy into Atlas's hand, wanting more friction.

"Such a greedy little mate." Atlas's voice was dark.

Axel pulled his fingers from me, rubbing my juice upwards until his fingers pushed into my ass. Electricity shot through me at the new sensation, and my body rocked back, wanting more.

"Fuck." The desire lacing that one word as it slipped from his mouth had me willing to give them everything just to get the orgasm about to erupt through me.

Axel took my ass cheeks into a vice, spreading me open for them. The vulnerability alone made me squirm. He smacked me so hard this time it felt bruised until his mouth found the sting licking and kissing it better. The moans were pouring from me now as I rocked into Atlas. Axel dipped his fingers in my dripping pussy again, curling them to perfection and working me into a wiggling mess in seconds.

"Do you want us to make you come, little bird?" his words were so full of promise that it was consuming. I whimpered, nodding my head.

"Use your words, baby." Atlas growled into my ear, pinching down hard on my pierced clit. I want it so bad!

"Please!" I screamed out, no longer fighting the pleasure coursing through me.

"Good girl." Axel purred.

They both started working me hard and fast. I was a fucking mess bent over this man's lap.

"Come for us, little bird." My orgasm shot through me like an earthquake at axels command.

Their pace slowed, letting me ride my high out until I crashed to the earth with humiliation and anger. I hated it so badly that they could consume me like that.

Nothing I have ever experienced felt so fucking good, and I felt whole between them, and I despised the strength the bond had over me at this moment.

What the fuck did I just do?

I jumped from Atlas's lap. Their faces wore an evil smirk of satisfaction as they sucked their fingers clean of my orgasm. That one gesture alone had my stomach swarming with want again. Yet I feel like I am choking on the vulnerability of all of this.

"Fuck you both!" I growled, running from the office.