

# Their Warrior Luna

## Chapter 28

"Wake UP, Wake UPPPPP. Let's go, pretty boys. We have work to dooooo!" I groaned. I know that voice.

Axel and Atlas sat up in bed, growling. I grabbed their arms, yanking them down to me and wrapping them back into our warm cocoon.

"Go away, Drew. I'm tired." I mumbled against Axel's chest.

"Not a chance, princess. It's ball day. Get your ass up. I found you the perfect dress!" he is too excited about this. It is too damn early.

"I brought you coffeEEEE." Clayton sang from behind his mate.

"Now you have my attention." I groaned, sitting up and stretching my sore muscles.

My face flushed when the twinge of soreness between my legs reminded me of what happened last night. I blushed, taking in the faces of the men who clearly knew exactly what I was thinking.

Both sat up, kissing me tenderly before getting out of bed.

"I don't know how these two got in here, but they're right. We need to get at it too. There is lots to be done today." Atlas said, kissing my forehead again before they strolled into their closets to dress for the day.

Clayton and Drew were drooling as my mates walked away in nothing but their underwear.

"If you two are done perving over my mates, I would love to see this perfect dress." I laughed, drinking my coffee.

"Oh, fuck the dress. Did you? Ya know?" Clayton asked, giving his shoulders a cute little shimmy shake.

My face flushed brighter as images of last night flashed back to me. I grinned, shrugging my response.

"SHE DID!! Was it both?" Drew flopped in bed, thirsting for the tea.

I smiled, still unable to reply about it. I wasn't sure I could find the words to describe the perfection of my first time.

I thought about how tender they had been with me until I challenged them. Then, their demeanors changed, consuming my body like a forest fire being spurred on by a raging wind.

"It WAS both! HARLEY!!" Colton laughed, taking his slack-jawed mate's hand in his.

I laughed, climbing from the bed with my coffee still in hand and going to the bathroom. I peed and brushed my teeth. Then stepped into the same raging waters that washed over the three of us last night.

After washing my hair, I started on my body, smiling again as my fingertips found sore spots kissing every inch of my skin.

"May I join you?" Atlas's honey, sweet voice broke me from my thoughts with a shiver.

"Y-Yes. Of course." My skin erupted in goosebumps when he opened the shower door. The cold breeze from the bathroom washed into my steamy oasis, clearing my field of vision.

His muscled arms wrapped around me, pulling me flush against his chest. My hands skated his hardened muscles appreciatively.

"I want you to mark me. I haven't seen Axel's yet, but I want to worship you for the rest of my goddess-given days. Aside from that, I may be a little jealous that you marked him first." He grinned.

"Fuck off. You took her virginity." Axel said playfully as he, too, stepped into the steam.

"I thought you all were getting dressed and leaving me in the clutches of those two?" I laughed, letting my fingertips run across Axel's abdomen.

"How could we refuse the opportunity to shower with our beautiful mate?" Axel asked, kissing my forehead.

"Axel, your mark!" I took in Atlas's shocked expression.

"She will mark you to brother, have patience," Axel said smugly.

"No, you ass. Look!" Atlas said, opening the shower door, shoving him to the mirror, and grabbing the hand towel to clean it off.

Beautiful black swirls surrounded my mark, spreading down around his neck and swirling upward under his jawline.

"Woah... I've never seen anything like this." Axel said, gently tracing the intricate swirls.

I stepped out, wrapping myself in a towel and inspecting it.

"Did I... do it wrong?" I asked quietly, feeling ignorant that I couldn't even mark my mates right.

"This isn't wrong, Harley. It's the most beautiful mark I have ever seen, and I feel stronger than ever." Axel said, rubbing across my knuckles with his thumb.

Hot tears pricked my eyes, still fearful I messed up despite his sweet words.

Atlas took my face kissing away other lasting feelings besides need. I wrapped my legs around him as he took the towel from my body, tossed it to the floor, and stepped back into the shower with me.

I turned to see Axel dressing. He reached in, sensing my sadness.

"As much as I would like to join you two, some of the Alphas are arriving. I have to go greet them. I'll make it up to you tonight, beautiful." He said, smacking my ass.

Atlas regained my attention when his throbbing hard-on poked into my ass. He recaptured my lips, letting his body melt against me in a feverish hunger that quickly spread to me. He lined himself against me, neither of us able to wait any longer, he pushed his thick length in me, groaning, the soreness from last night long forgotten.

"Fuck Atlas." I moaned as he stretched me.

Slowly he pulled out until the tip was all left before thrusting into me deeply.

"Ah—so fucking tight." He groaned against my neck.

The lust in his voice made my walls clench tighter against him, throbbing with the beat of my heart.

He stepped out of the shower, setting me to my feet. He shoved my face towards the mirror with his fist wound tightly in my dripping hair, burying his hard cock deep inside of me.

"I want you to watch your face when you come for me." His voice graveled with his wolf.

His eyes flashed from black to gorgeous brown while he rough fucked me against the bathroom vanity with his eyes locked on my face in the mirror.

"Atlas—I'm gonna—Fuck!" I screamed as my orgasm flooded me. He flipped me, sitting me up on the sink.

"Mark me, Harley." He said, gripping my hips and slamming into me with such force I almost came again.

I felt a part of me I wasn't sure existed anymore bubbling to the surface. Atlas had a dark smirk on his face as my teeth elongated. He drove into me again, making me scream out his name.

"Come for me, little bird." He growled, his wolf fronting completely.

My nails dug into his back when my orgasm washed through me. I latched onto his neck in that sweet spot over his pulse point, feeling his heart jump against my tongue as I sealed our bond with my mark.

"Oh fuck." He moaned, stilling in me at his release. Once his body relaxed, I pulled my teeth from him, licking it over.

I gasped, taking in the mark on my mate.

"Atlas, it's... why are they so big?" I whined.

Flashes of my friend's marks danced in my head. All of theirs are normal sized, and mine are bigger than a football, for Pete's sake.

What am I doing wrong?

"It's perfect because it's yours. I can make some phone calls and see if I can't figure out what it means that our marks are different."

He said, getting a hot washcloth and gently cleaning between my legs.

"I love you so much, little bird." He whispered, kissing me again before turning to leave me on the sink, a confused mess.