

# 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 m\*\*\*s 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 m\*\*\*\*d 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 h\*\*s 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 l\*\*t 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 m\*\*\*\*d. 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 m\*\*n 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 m\*\*\*s 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 g\*\*\*\*\*d, 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.