

Their Warrior Luna Chapter 12

I returned to Denny's, thankful he was still out, and wrapped myself in bed. For once, just this once. I sobbed, and as the evening fell, the soreness between my legs was aching with a need I had never experienced before... I want more.

f**k this. Weapons training now. Work off the lust.

Andrew had decided to send a messenger from the pack with my stuff instead of shipping it because he loved me. On top of the boxes was my favorite chocolate, and my heart squeezed because I belonged there... not here. I could never belong here or to them.

I changed into shorts and a crop top shoving my feet into my boots since my converse were f****d after this morning. My bow, arrows, and throwing knives called to me.

There is a field right beside a park here on the south side of the territory. It's perfect. It took me thirty minutes on foot to get to the park, and I had to walk around a playground.

On the way around, I saw a line of benches with caretakers and parents watching children playing. I asked them if it would bother them if I practiced out in the field. Once their permission was given, I sat my targets up, occasionally catching the curious eyes of the children and adults behind me.

After shooting all of my arrows off except for the special ones I only used in battle, I decided to switch to my knives.

The thud from the third knife slicing into the target had me feeling slightly better until movement in the tree line caught my attention, an emotion too thick to swallow jammed in my throat. Someone was there watching me.

A cool breeze washed over my skin, bathing me in the stench of decay and rot.

My head whipped to the children and their families as the silhouettes of nine rogues broke the tree line. I turned back to the benches full of talking family members happily enjoying their day with their children, unaware of the pending doom in the trees.

"Get the children and run. Rogues have breached the perimeter." I yelled at them.

I ran back to my bow, tossing my quiver onto my back, heading for the rogues that are now in a full sprint towards me. I grabbed one of my war arrows, wincing at the feeling of the silver burning my fingertips. I opened my mind link, praying it reached him.

"Denny! There is a rogue attack. At least nine, maybe more on the south side of the territory at the park. I love you so much." I kept the shiver out of my voice. I don't want him to know I am scared if this goes south.

The darkness of Axel's voice flooded through me, calming any nerves.

"We're coming, little bird. Get to safety, now!" he sounded angry and with every right. This is the second time rogues have breached their territory in the last few days.

I cut off the mind link to avoid distraction as the arrow I just shot pierced the skull of the rogue in the lead, nailing his head into the ground. Adrenaline consumed me, allowing me to fall into my feral rage. Arrow after arrow, I shot, nailing them until no more arrows sat in the quiver.

Three left. You can fight them... FIGHT!

I dropped the bow and quiver and dived into it, sending a silent prayer that someone gets here before one of them gets by me. I don't have long left before the effects of the wolfsbane. I dip those silver arrows in hits me full force. I dig my feet into the ground as the first rogue reaches me. With my fist tightened around my knife, I threw a punch into the snout of the nasty bastard as his buddy ran by me. I turned to throw my knife at the one who got by me, nailing him in the skull.

The bastard behind me recovered quickly, latching his rotten teeth into my shoulder. The third ran by me as the one I punched shook me violently.

Please catch him.

I forced my body to stay awake as the rogue pinned me down, trying to rip the meat from my shoulder. The wolfsbane now coursing through my bloodstream soaked into the one still latched on me. Unbalanced and consumed in the drug coursing through us, his latch loosened, giving me the leverage I needed to flip him off me.

Get the f**k up, Harley. Help is coming. GET UP!

I stood on shaking legs as the earth swayed around me. A scream erupted from me as the severity of my injury hit me. Today is the day he dies, and we both know it. I dodge his attack by stabbing him in the side of the neck, the silver and wolfsbane eating into both of us. A huge white wolf with the fur of first fallen snow charged the rogue ripping him from my grip as I tumbled, trying to catch my balance.

"Don't bite him. He's poisoned!" I yelled at my savior while drowning in the aftermath of my injuries.

A loud crunch ripped through the air as the neck of the rogue was broken. No longer able to fight the chaos in my body, I collapsed under the weight of blood loss.

The blue sky above me is so clear that I would've admired the beauty before if my life wasn't such s**t right now. I was scooped up from my daydream, groaning at the pain in

my shoulder. Axel's brown eyes were locked on me. He looked like a damn god with the sunlight bouncing off his tanned tattooed chest.

"Those arrows are poisoned, Axel. Silver and wolfsbane. You can't let them touch them." I whispered.

"Hush, little bird, let's get you looked at." Was he worried about me?

"I can walk." I tried to remove myself from his strong arms but snuggled deeper into his skin's warmth.

"Don't be ridiculous, Harley. Your arm is hanging by a f*****g thread. Why didn't you shift?" he sounded angry now.

"I can't." I snarled. He has no f*****g right to be angry with me.

"What do you mean you can't?" my eyes are getting so heavy, and my body is numb. I need a nap.

"Stay with me, little bird. We are almost there. Stay with me." His voice sounded like it was in a tunnel, but the warmth of his skin against me was erupting my whole being into a soft tingle. I couldn't fight the darkness anymore. I fell into it, letting it swallow me up entirely.

Axel:

Harley jumped from Atlas's lap, wide-eyed and angry. She stood there in shock as we sucked her release from our fingers. Her juicy round a*s was still cherry red, her eyes glossy with unshed tears, and her o*****m running down her thighs. She looked so f*****g beautiful surrendering herself to us.

"f**k you both!" she growled as she ran from my office.

Atlas laughed at her tantrum; it was cute how her tiny form demanded such a big presence.

"That went in a direction I hadn't expected," I said, cleaning the blood from my arm where the little brat had cut me.

"That went so much better than I expected." Atlas chuckled, leaning back into the leather couch, readjusting his hard-on.

Harley Ashwood, what are you doing to us?

I settled behind my desk to finish the paperwork he had started before she came in. Atlas was drifting in and out after drinking so much, and no matter what I did, I couldn't get

her off my mind. How can you be so enthralled and hate someone fiercely simultaneously? I don't hate her. The realization slammed me. Jesus.

"What is it? I can hear your heartbeat all the way over here." Atlas and I being twins, have these moments where we sync physically and mentally.

"I don't hate her." His eyes shot to me, but I couldn't decipher the look on his face. What does this mean for the three of us? He wanted to keep her, and I just wanted to honor the promises we made to her, and right now, I just want to say promises be damned.

Denny linked, letting me know he was coming in. I haven't seen much of him since the murder of his parents, but I know having Harley here has helped him in more ways than one. He walked through the door, looking like hell.

"Damn, Den, are you okay? Atlas asked, still feeling the whiskey.

"I need Harley to be willing to stay here with me. I want your permission to ask her to move in with me." f**k yeah. I shot a questioning look at Atlas, relieved when he nodded his approval.

"Whatever you need, Denny. You got it." I nodded at my friend.

He sighed, flopping beside Atlas and taking a shot of the whiskey still on the table.

"Thank you both. I know the past is rocky, and neither of you likes her, but... she is my sister, and I need her here." he leaned back against the couch next to my brother, looking more relaxed.

"Denny, we don't hate Harley. She is a lot sometimes, but she is... We don't hate her." Atlas said.

Denny jumped to his feet, his eyes glazed over in a mind link.

"There is a rogue attack on the south side of the territory at Donley Park. She is alone with nine of them." He ran from the office with Atlas and me on his heels.

"We are coming, little bird. Get to safety, NOW!" She probably won't listen to me. She is a f****g warrior through and through, and no matter what, a warrior never runs. I shot out of the pack house, shifting into my white wolf before my feet even hit the yard. I blacked out, drowning out everything but her.

What if she dies before I can try to right things between us?

I can't think like that, I have to get to little bird. I dug my paws into the earth, passing Denny and Atlas. The park came into view, and as I ran past the play-place, my heart

almost exploded when I saw the c*****e my little mate had created. Bodies lay everywhere, one clean shot through the head with arrows.

Denny launched at a rogue that had gotten past Harley, and I followed the sounds of her screams and gnashing teeth. I topped the hill to see her fighting the only one left. She was moving gracefully with precision, nailing the rogue in the neck with an arrow. She turned, and her arm was against her chest, battered and bloody. Her already pale skin was sheet white, making me run with everything I had, tackling the rogue to the ground.

“Don’t bite him. He’s poisoned.” Harley’s mind linked me. Her voice sounded so fragile. I shifted back into human form and snapped the neck of the rogue. I picked her up running towards the pack hospital. She needs blood. Her little voice rang through my mind again as Denny and Atlas caught up.

“I contacted the hospital. They are going to have a team waiting for her.

” Denny said, reaching for his sister. I ignored his pass for her and kept going.

“Those arrows are poisoned, Axel. Silver and wolfsbane. You can’t let them touch them.” Her voice was trembling again, but I told them what she said.

“Hush, little bird, let’s get you looked at.” I wanted my voice to sound strong, but even as a mind link, my tone was pure fear and concern.

“I can walk.” She rumbled, making herself comfortable in my arms. Even in her life-threatening situation, she is being stubborn as hell.

“Don’t be ridiculous, Harley. Your arm is hanging by a f*****g thread. Why didn’t you shift?” why did she try fighting them in human form? She didn’t stand a chance doing it all alone, but she was a sitting duck in human form.

“I can’t.” She growled. Her answer washed through my mind like ice water.

“What do you mean you can’t?” Her eyes rolled back in her head, and I shook her slightly. Our mind link was closing, and I couldn’t force it open.

“Stay with me, little bird. We are almost there. Stay with me.” I spoke aloud for the first time since I picked her up as I ran through the hospital entrance, where a medical team was waiting for us, like Denny said.

I laid her limp little body on the gurney watching as they took my brave little bird away. Atlas chucked me some clothes and shoes, telling me to get cleaned up in the bathroom. She is going to be okay. She has to.

I found Denny and Atlas pacing the floor in the waiting area. Someone had brought us water, and I grabbed one, drinking eagerly. The smell of Harley clung to my skin, and if it

wasn't for that little piece of her keeping me calm, I would rip every wall in this hospital down to get to her. Lorrie, a nurse, came out to address us.

"How is she?" Denny asked first.

"She is stable, but she is still in surgery. Her arm is going to be fine. The wounds are deep, but her wolf is healing her quicker than Doc can sew her back together. Considering the amount of wolfsbane and silver in her system, it's remarkable." She turned, leaving us confused but calmer.

"Harley told me she couldn't shift." I said to neither of them in particular. Denny scoffed.

"That's another thing on my to-do list. I am going to figure out who rejected her and kill him. Her wolf has been dormant since her mate rejected her." His words were like stepping into a thunderstorm and getting battered by rain and hail.

"What?" Atlas was feeling the same thing. His emotions leaked over our bond, intensifying my own storm.

We left her vulnerable, unprotected... shattered. She should never have to look at us again, and we are both so f*****g selfish we were just finger f*****g her in my office earlier.

A little while passed, my mind reeling with our f**k up. Doc tapped Denny on the shoulder and told him she was in recovery and doing well.

"She is still asleep, but you can see her now." The three of us whipped past the small woman, practically running over the top of each other to get to her room. Our steps stuttered at the door.

Her long black hair had been washed and braided, her tattooed skin cleaned of the blood painting her earlier, her face flushed pink, and her little lips parted slightly as she slept.

Her arm had almost been completely detached, and I was so worried she might lose it or not work right anymore. I was so happy when they said it would be completely normal in hours at the rate she was healing, and now I can see why. A raised and jagged pink scar wound around her shoulder, and it had healed so well it looked older.

We settled in, waiting to be greeted by her icy blue eyes, when a soft knock at the door turned our heads. Two people came in, pushing carts full of balloons, flowers, cards, and bears.

"What's all this?" Denny asked with a smile tugging on his face. The older lady spoke first.

“I’ll tell you what this is, handsome. This pack has gone crazy over the little stranger who saved fourteen kids, seven mothers, and two nannies today. This isn’t nearly all of it. I just only have two carts in the gift shop.” She chuckled softly.

“One of the mothers that came in to help order all this said she told them to take their children to safety. Instead of getting in the bunker with them just a few feet away, she fit them tirelessly until you all came. She was ready to sacrifice herself to save many people she didn’t know.” The young girl with her said, looking at Harley with such adoration. She acted like a true Luna laying her life down for the protection of her pack.

“I have to step out for some air.” Denny said with tears in his eyes. We’ve all been overwhelmed by her presence today but hearing my people talk about the woman that should have been their Luna and seeing her in action today made me realize how f*****g foolish Atlas and I was to reject her in the first place. My eyes roamed her delicate features, her chest rising and falling softly, her tiny body wrapped in those itchy damn hospital blankets. She looks so unbothered and peaceful, like she wasn’t just almost mauled to death. I sat back, taking every inch of her in committing her to memory.

“I think it’s time we tell Denny everything.” Atlas mind linked me. I slowly exhaled, taking in my brother and best friend. I nodded to Atlas catching Den before he left for some air.