

# Their Warrior Luna Chapter 14

Restless, I paced the floor, thinking over and over about what my next step should be. Undeniably, I am attracted to the twins, but the hurt they've caused me repeatedly is just too much to pretend it never happened.

"Oh, sweetie. You will wear the tile out if you keep that up." Andrew's voice was calmer now, back to his normal soft tone.

"Is my wolf bond worth exposing myself to the toxicity of the Grimm twins, Drew? I can barely be in the same room with them without the urge to fight one or both. not to mention this damn bond has my thinking so foggy I can't have a single clear and coherent thought around the two of them." my mind was growing more restless the more I paced, but if I sit in that bed much longer, my brain will explode.

"Honey, you are rambling. You need to breathe a minute 'cause you're losing it." I laughed at Andrew's ability to be so nonchalant after he ripped himself on the twins earlier.

"You think?" I asked as we flopped into the bed.

"What do I do, Drew?" I hid my face in my hands, wishing to rub away my frustrations.

"Do you really want my opinion, Harley? Because we both know exactly what I am going to say." I did know.

Andrew covets the mate bond like a hopeless romantic. Even before he met Corbin, he talked about it constantly and dreamed of how he would be a great mate to the man he was fated with. I also know there were countless nights where he soothed me through the pain as I screamed and cried for them while they had s\*x with other women, and because of those nights, he hated the twins.

"I want to hear you say it." I whispered, turning on my side to look him in the face.

"I believe in the mate bond Harley, but I also hate their guts... I know the obstacles and sadness you have had to experience with your wolf being dormant, and we have tried so long to restore your connection to her. what if this is how it has to happen?" Could I expose myself and my heart to the bond just to restore that connection to her? Who is to say it would even work? I snuggled into Drew, letting him hug away my confusion and fears.

I awoke later to whispers but was still buried in Drew's chest.

"If she wasn't sleeping so peacefully, I would get up from here and kick your a\*s! How dare you come in here after the trauma she has experienced today and in the years that you all have thrown her away to suffer the loss of the bond and get pissy because she is

cuddled up to her BEST FRIEND. Not to mention I would come closer to shooting my shot with you than I would with Harley. I am GAY Axel. The moon goddess made my fated a MAN. Who I have found, mated, and marked with, by the way. How f\*\*\*\*\*g dare you?" Drew's whisper screams and the mention of Axel had my heart racing. Why is he here?

"Look, I'm sorry. My wolf has been unbearable since she came back, and seeing you lying there with her... pisses me off so bad. It should be me she looked to for comfort, or Atlas, not you." His voice was full of pain, and I could tell by the grit in his voice he was having a hard time controlling his wolf. A tug in my gut made me want to comfort him. The same tug from earlier when I saw the pain in his eyes over his father.

"Oh, I get it. It is easier to ignore your mistakes when they aren't right in front of you. I think this serves the both of you right." Drew's voice grew darker. He may only be a gamma, but he is skilled and violent. I guess the fact that he loves me helps too.

"Enough, Drew. We are still in Clearwater territory and must respect the Alphas despite our feelings for Harley." Byron's voice spoke lowly from the corner.

Drew's grip tightened on me as he was silenced under the command of his Alpha. It must be getting bad for Byron to have silenced him. He would never use his alpha command on his best friend otherwise.

"The first thing I thought after knowing she would be safe was how to fix the things I ruined. Atlas and I both hate ourselves for the pain we have caused her and intend to make up for our mistakes every day that she allows us to." His sentiment is sweet, but they will have to do more than apologize.

Drew scoffed, and it was one of the hardest things I have ever had to do to swallow the smile on my lips.

"Please, the two of you will have to do so much more than say you are sorry." Drew snarked, taking the words out of my mouth.

"Listen, gamma, your mouth will get you in trouble. Harley is the only reason I haven't torn your throat out." Axel's aura spread around the room, making Drew shrink into the bed and pulled me in close. I could feel his fear radiating from him, which pissed me off.

"Enough, Axel. I stood from the bed, craning my neck to look at him. His eyes were glued on Drew, colored like the darkest of nights. His wolf has fronted. I put myself between Drew and Axel, but my presence wasn't enough to bring him back to reality.

I put my hands on his chest. I wanted to shove him and ask him what he thought he was doing acting this way. But as soon as my hands met his chest, he wrapped his arms around me, pulling me into his side. Fur started sprouting from his arms, and I could feel his bones groaning as he fit the shift.

“Stop this, Axel. If you hurt him, I will never forgive you.” My voice was low, I didn’t want his shift to force, but the tone I carried was deadly and serious.

“I don’t want to, but you smell like him and... my wolf.” I thought back to this morning when I smelled those girls on them and what I wanted to do but wouldn’t even admit to myself.

“Byron, I need you and Drew to leave. Drew, before you open your mouth, just this once, listen to me.” I couldn’t take my eyes off Axel. A part of me was worried if I took my eyes off him for a second, the shift would happen, and I wouldn’t be able to do anything about it.

Byron and Drew slid out of the room, leaving Axel’s big black orbs trained on me. I stepped back from his grasp, looking him up and down. His tanned arms were flexing as he fit for control. My eyes drifted lower despite my efforts not to go any lower than his chest. He is as gorgeous as I remember, but now with an aura of danger and power that wasn’t there in high school. This version of him made my mouth water.

I untied the back of my gown, letting the waist be free, and then the ties at my neck. I slid the gown off, baring myself to him, and stepped back up to him, running my fingers under the hem of his shirt, slowly pulling it up. I let my knuckles rake across his rock-hard abs. My hands were shaking from the sparks firing between our skin, and my lungs were burning from holding my breath as I pulled it over his head and put it on over mine.

His shirt was so big it fit me like a dress. I sighed, finally able to breathe as his scent wrapped around me like a warm hug. I stepped back into him, rubbing my exposed skin all over him. Now that his smell is on me, it is only fair I mark him with my scent too. I took his face in my hands, pulling him down to me. His eyes were normal again, and he looked as scared as I felt.

If this moment is interrupted, I am not sure we could get it back out of stubbornness and rage.

I trailed my nose up his neck inhaling him deeply while fighting my urge to lick his neck. His body tensed against me, his hands gripped my waist, and he said...

“This is where you belong, little bird. This is where you have always belonged.” The swarm of butterflies threatening to fly me away turned into a burning inferno of need.

He picked me up by my thighs, wrapping my legs around his waist and crushing me against his rock-hard body. I crashed my lips into his taking a little piece of him that I had needed from him for so long. He sat us on the bed, not breaking our kiss. His hands ran up the back of my shirt as his rough fingertips skated across my skin, erupting me in goosebumps. He tied his hand in my hair, gripping it just tightly enough to make my p\*\*\*y throb with need.

His tongue skated across my lips, asking for entry, and my tongue danced across him as we tried to get more of the other. His mouth worked down my neck, tenderly sucking the spot his mark should be. My head fell back, giving him more access to me. I couldn't stop the moan from my lips when his teeth grazed his marking spot. I ground into him, making my whole-body shiver at the delicious friction from his jean-clad member.

A knock on the door broke our mouths from each other as I jumped to my feet. My fingertips danced across my kiss-bruised lips, and my cheeks were flushed. Axel looked irritated, but his eyes were full of life, and a smirk tickled his perfect lips while we tried to catch our breath.

"I apologize for interrupting you, Ms. Ashwood. We have some of the blood work back that we drew today. We would like to redraw those samples. If I am being honest, you have silver levels in your system that could kill several alpha males. I have never seen anything like it." the doctor from earlier finally looked up from her clipboard, noticing the awkward air in the room.

"Should I—" I cut her off before she could leave.

"No, it's okay. We were finished. Alpha Axel was just leaving." I turned, smiling at him. He cleared his throat standing.

"Right, I was. Thank you for seeing Harley." His smile made me weak in the knees, and as he left, I had the urge to squeak in girl and swoon over what felt like my first real kiss.

## Their Warrior Luna Chapter 15

I stood in the rain, watching my parents be lowered into their final resting place. Denny stood beside me with a stony expression that mirrored the feelings raging in my gut. I thought my parents were the only losses of the attack, but as I stand here, I count seven pack members aside from my parents being put to rest today. Axel and Atlas are at the front of the crowd. I can see the pain and anger crossing their beautiful faces at the loss of their pack members.

"It's time to go." Denny's voice was so broken I could tell his demeanor was all a facade. After I was released from the hospital yesterday, we sat in his living room just crying for our loss, drinking expensive whiskey and telling stories of our parents until we passed out on the couch.

"Just a while longer, Den." I'm not ready to leave them yet... I should've been here for them. If I had been here, I could've saved them.

Instead, I have to stand here soaked to the bone, praying that the moon goddess has welcomed them home already. I pictured the place my mind created for my wolf and

wondered if my parents were running free through streams playing and nipping at each other's tails.

I let my mind wander to how my wolf was running with her mates, and my thoughts drifted to the kiss Axel, and I shared that night in the hospital. Denny has talked me into staying for a while, but my future here cannot be permanent. Atlas avoided me even after he accepted me as his mate, and Axel followed his lead after we kissed. I don't know what that means, but I know the distance they have created between us is painful.

I wish I had controlled myself better that night at the hospital. I wish we hadn't shared that kiss. It would be easier never to have tasted the fire on Axel's lips if they had changed their minds. I took Denny's hand, pulling him away from the cemetery. He needs to eat something. I don't think he has eaten anything since the lunch we had the day I was attacked.

"Come on, Den, I'll cook you something." He tugged his hand from mine softly, making me turn with a confused look.

"I'm sorry, Harls, I have a meeting I can't get out of today." Is he kidding me?

"Den, we just buried mom and dad."

I know I sound childish; I know Betas have responsibilities, but I need him now.

"I'm sorry. If it didn't involve the rogue situation we are dealing with..." his words lingered in the air. I can help with this. I have been training, studying, and practicing for years for moments like this.

"I'll come with you. Maybe I can help—" he cut my sentence off without letting me finish.

"NO. Not this time. Things like that have to be cleared. You know how it is." I bit my lip, knowing precisely what he was implying. I don't belong here, and maybe he's starting to see that too.

"Yeah, sure. I get it." we split ways after he walked me back to the pack house.

My arms shook with pent-up emotions, and I needed a release. The Alpha, Beta, and Gamma share a gym between the three floors. Maybe... I could... yeah. I tracked the stairs running into Denny's to change. I grabbed a sports bra, leggings, and the Adidas that Andrew finally found for me and brought with him when they came to see me in the hospital. Changing quickly, I grabbed my ear pods, cell, and water bottle and went to their private gym to mangle myself into exhaustion.

Atlas:

I drove my fist into the bastard's face again.

“I don’t like repeating myself.” My voice was low and angry.

I’ve been trying to get this bastard to talk for seven hours now. Adrenaline coursed through me at the sight of his blood gushing from his nose that I just broke.

“Kill me. I ain’t talking.” Doesn’t he sound so brave?

I will give him credit. I thought once I had popped every finger and toenail off, broken his hands, his arms dislocated his shoulders, and beat his ribs in until his torso felt like a bag of hamburger meat, he would have talked. Once I start phase two, he won’t be so tough anymore.

“You will tell me what I want to know. You die here today either way. It’s your choice whether it hurts a lot or a little.” I shrugged, pulling my torch out of my tool drawer. His eyes watched me as I laid my knives out. He is nervous now... good.

“Would you like to know what I like to do with this?” I asked, shaking the torch at him. He never spoke, but his eyes held one thousand questions.

“What happens to the eyeball when a fire hits it? See, I thought it would just shrink up like a fat raisin. What they do is swell until they... well, here, I’ll just show you.” I grabbed a handful of his hair to hold his head in place and lit the torch, slowly moving towards his eyeball as he screamed and shook.

“FINE. FINE! I’ll tell you.” what a little b\*\*\*h. I was having so much fun.

“Who sent your group?” I asked, pulling up a metal chair and flopping down in it.

“I—I... don’t know.” A sick smirk spread across my lips. He is the leader of the rogue group that attacked our pack, causing ten casualties. He knows exactly who sent him. What’s even better is his ‘pack’ has been decimated. What our pack didn’t kill, our little bird killed or set us on the path to find the night she returned to Clearwater. I sucked air into my teeth, wincing.

“That isn’t the right answer.” I stood lighting the torch again, letting the blistering heat hit his eyeball just enough to give him a taste of the agonizing pain I could cause him.

“Barlow! BARLOW!” he screamed as I pulled the torch back, sitting back down as his body began shivering in shock.

“Clint Barlow sent us to attack the pack... we were supposed to find it, but he didn’t know what it was or looked like.” I wasn’t sure if he was losing it from pain or was really that stupid. I nodded, telling him to continue.

“We weren’t supposed to be seen, but once your patrol found us, we had no choice but to fight. He just wanted the marked one.” my eyebrows went up as I considered what he had said.

“What is the marked one.” I kept flipping the torch around in my hand.

“No one knows. We only know that some vampire rolled in willing to pay big money for the mark, which was tracked back to this pack.” His head lulled back as he fit for his consciousness, but I had heard all I needed to. I poured gas on him as he kicked and screamed, begging about how I promised it wouldn’t hurt. My laughter erupted from deep in my stomach.

“This is painless compared to what I would’ve done if you hadn’t talked.” I lit the match and tossed it at his feet, walking back through the tunnel and into the pack house.