

Their Warrior Luna Chapter 16

I spent the day wallowing in my own emotions. I have been rolled up in this bed so long that I haven't eaten a thing today, and all I can think about is my mama's strawberry cheesecake stuffed cookies. It's almost one in the morning. Denny messaged hours ago, saying it may be a while before he got home, so I couldn't do anything but think about everything. My mind whirled around the twins, this place, my wolf, my parents... those damn cookies. My stomach growled at the thought of their gooey cream cheese filling.

I groaned, unrolling from my burrito and trudging to the elevator, down the stairs, and into the kitchen. I rambled through the fridge, removing the cream cheese and making the centers so they could freeze while I rummaged for the dry ingredients. I pulled my phone out, starting my playlist to escape my funky mood while making mom's cookies.

I laughed at myself as I began to sway to the song playing. There is something ironic about a virgin singing a song about s*x that always makes me laugh or blush. I flipped the wooden spoon up to use as my microphone slinging flour and powdered sugar all over my face. I let my body move to the music while I preheated the oven and cleaned up my mess.

Blessed be by Spiritbox started playing, causing an excited rush to run through me as I danced around the kitchen, singing into the batter spoon as I stole licks of the leftover dough. I cranked up the music feeling happy and airy for the first time today.

Axel:

The pack house was mostly dark when Denny and I returned from our meeting. Atlas just called, telling us he had gotten all the information he could from the rogue leader we took captive the night Little Bird told us which way they had run. We pulled in as he had come out of the tunnel entrance cleaning off the blood spattering his body with his white t-shirt.

"I think we need to head to the office and discuss the information I got. You all wanna grab us some coffee while I shower. It's gonna be a long night." Atlas said, tossing his shirt into the laundry area as we entered the kitchen.

We all three froze seeing Harley up so late. A smile spread across Denny's face watching his sister dancing to metal music with flour all over her face and hair. The sweet smell of strawberries permeated around the kitchen, but the only thing my mouth was watering over was the woman licking the spoon clean and shaking her round a*s in those tiny shorts in my kitchen.

"Harls, what are you doing?" Denny's laugh bounced around the room, scaring her out of her moment. The bowl she had been carrying around hit the floor, shattering.

“Shit.” Atlas left the doorway first as he made his way to her lifting her out of the glass mess and sitting her on the counter.

Her hair was in a giant messy bun with little wisps of hair framing her face, and the blush staining her cheeks made my stomach twist. The oven timer beeping broke me from her trance. I grabbed the pan out of the oven sitting it aside to cool. Denny looked up from the glass he was sweeping to the cookies.

“Are those mom’s cookies?” Harley looked fondly from Atlas with the spoon still in her hand to the cookies.

“Yeah, I’ve thought about them all day.” She said with a soft smile on her face. She looked at the spoon and then at Denny.

“Wanna lick?” Denny dropped the glass into the bin, jogging back to steal Harley’s spoon.

I laughed, watching my best friend be happy for the first time in almost a week. Little bird jumped off the counter, grabbed a cookie from the pan, broke a piece off, and shoved it in my mouth.

“Damn, that’s good.” I groaned around the chewy cookie as she laughed, taking her own bite. Atlas turned with coffee for us, offering Harley some too. She grabbed the coffee, surprised when it was fixed to her liking. She shoved the rest of her cookie into Atlas’s mouth.

“We better get up to the office. We have a lot to discuss.” Denny said, stacking a couple of cookies into his hand.

Harley’s ice-blue eyes shot wide with excitement.

“Is there anything I can help with?” she asked, bouncing on her heels.

“What could you offer?” Atlas asked.

“No, I think it’s better if she sits this one out until we know what we’re dealing with.” Denny snapped, confusing all of us. After she decided to stay, Byron sent his personnel file over on her. We were both shocked that Harley is a decorated warrior who has seen more battles than Atlas and I.

“Dennis Andrew Ashwood. I am a highly-ranked warrior educated in battle strategy and defense techniques. I have fit in three battles over the last six years. I don’t know what you are afraid of, but it shouldn’t be of me getting hurt.” He had a death glare locked on her, and I assumed she stared him down, fearless and pissed off.

“We have spent the last few days interrogating, torturing, and killing rogues from the attack that killed mom and dad. We recently got some intel from them that is imperative

to the safety of this pack. I just got you back, and I don't know what this will lead to, but I don't want it to be another reason for you to want to leave." Sadness laced his voice.

"Denny, Byron put me in charge of the security of the Evergreen Pack two years ago, and we haven't had a single perimeter breach since. It is impossible to scare me away from you, and the fact that you are worried about that speaks negatively of me. I am not going to leave you when things get hard." She said, wrapping her arms around his torso.

"I think Harley's expertise could be helpful here," I said, surprising myself. I didn't want her in the middle of this s**t, either. I just want an excuse to be close to her without making things awkward. She smiled, nodding at me.

We grabbed the coffee and the rest of her cookies and went to the office for the night.

Their Warrior Luna Chapter 17

Harley:

We made our way to floor one and into the twin's office. I hadn't noticed it when I was there the last time. Until Axel walked up, pulling a book from the shelf that opened the bookcase, revealing a small conference room set up. They spread out, grabbing books, a laptop, and a marker board from the corner. I sat at the head of the table and took in their work.

"I think you all know something I don't, and I didn't come here with intentions of being a shelf ornament, fellas." I said, casually folding my hands on the desk.

They stopped their setup process and linked with each other leaving me out of that too.

"When you came into town and got caught up with those six rogues, we sent men into the woods looking for the ones that ran off. With your direction, we managed to find a base of sorts. The group leader that attacked was captured and brought here for questioning. He ended up disclosing to us that they were hired by a nasty bastard by the name of Clint Barlow." When Axel said that name, chills ran through me. I knew Clint well, unfortunately.

Denny hung his picture on the marker board at the center top. His cold brown eyes stared into me from the seat I had chosen. I forced myself to tune back into Axel talking.

"He mentioned that a vampire offered big money for the first person to get into this pack undetected and steal 'The Mark.' When questioned about that mark, he claimed they weren't told what they were coming for, just that it was a recognizable mark and they would know when they saw it. He also mentioned this mark had been tracked back to Clearwater specifically." The room got quiet. As they kept looking at me from around the table.

I cleared my throat before I began.

“I may be more harmful to you in anything dealing with Barlow than I would be of help. In fact, if Barlow is suddenly targeting this pack, it may be because of me.” The room got quiet as the eyebrows on my brother’s forehead scrunched.

“What do you mean, Harley?” I thought back to my encounters with Barlow, and I shivered.

“When I turned eighteen, I was killing myself training. I was in pain and confused. I thought my wolf would have come back to me, and when she didn’t, I almost went feral. Byron and his dad pulled me aside one day. They recommended I find another outlet besides training because I was running myself down. I was recommended to join a special force of supernaturals who locate and bring down packs who abuse their women and children. We infiltrated Blood River, which at the time, Barlow held the Alpha position. I can’t go into details, but I can say the man would kill me on the spot if he was ever given a chance to. If he knew I was from here...” my words cut off as my emotions started rising.

“Why didn’t you ever tell me?” Denny’s words weren’t angry. He just seemed hurt.

I shrugged in response. What was I supposed to say? My mates didn’t want me, and I almost lost my mind due to their rejection.

“As odd of a coincidence this all is, I honestly don’t think you were the mark,” Atlas said from behind a laptop screen.

“What did you find?” Axel asked.

“I have been digging around on the dark web a bit and a few people are mentioning something that may be relevant, but I don’t know right now.” His fingers moved gracefully across the keys as he continued his search.

I couldn’t help but notice the differences between them. Somehow they are identical and so incredibly different. I never would have thought I could be in the same room with them a few years ago, never mind enjoying it. Their scents coated the room thickly, making me want to clench my thighs in appreciation. Atlas’s voice rang through my head in warning, making it worse.

“Little bird, I advise you to get your thoughts under control. Denny may not be able to smell how turned on you are. But Axel and I do.” His eyes flashed over the screen with a smirk as my cheeks flushed red.

Axel was trying to pay attention to what Den was saying, but I didn’t miss the side eye I got from him. I pulled a dust-covered book from the stack on the table. Its binding was old and fragile. I was weary it would turn to dust when I opened its ancient pages. Beautiful

Greek littered the pages in gold lettering. I gently removed the dust from the withering pages, shocked at the text before me.

“How did you get this?” I asked the room because we all had split into our own thing.

“It was a generational gift. It hasn’t been opened since our great-grandfather was Clearwater’s Alpha. I had hoped I could find something or someone to translate it. Maybe we could find something about what we are looking for there.

“Axel, I can read this.” I said excitedly, carefully turning the pages and admiring the book. I don’t know how their family came across this or where they bought it, but it seems like an ancient text of magic and prophecy. I gently laid the book down, grabbing a notepad and pen from the table.

“May I take this with me?” I asked, pointing at the book. My heart was thudding in fear of them saying no. I need to see what is in that book, regardless of whether it is helpful in this or not.

“Of course, little bird. You are our mate. Anything that is ours is yours now. You are welcome to any of it.” Atlas said, leaving his computer to pick the book up and place it gently in my arms.

I couldn’t stop the smile itching on my lips as the tingles from his knuckles grazing my skin erupted between us. I grabbed his shirt collar, pulling him down to me and placing a gentle kiss on his cheek. His stubble tickled my lips, and the taste of his skin sprouted that unique need in me again. I turned to walk back to my room with the book and my fire-engine red cheeks when Atlas stopped me and grabbed my elbow, pulling me into him. His rough hand cupped my cheek, and as he leaned in to kiss me, my whole body trembled with anticipation.

“Ah, no! Come on, not in front of me!” Denny grumbled, acting like a child.

Instead of my lips that were waiting for his, my forehead received the sentiment instead. Making a growl erupt from me that not even I had expected. Atlas chuckled as he scooped me up bridal style, making me shriek as he walked into their office.

“I would prefer you close to me, little bird.” He said, skating his nose the length of my neck and inhaling me deeply. He sat me on the leather couch and left me there with the ghost of his touch tingling on my skin. I wanted to open that book and begin, and eventually, I did.

But first, I had to acknowledge the deep stir in my mind that I hadn’t felt in so many years. It was so fleeting I think I may have imagined it, but the thought alone made excitement rush me like a tidal wave.

Their Warrior Luna Chapter 18

I have spent the last several hours in the twin's office. Denny, Axel, and Atlas retired hours ago, but I am knee-deep in deciphering this ancient book. It would take an army to pull me away from it now. I was squatted amongst the stack of papers I had strewn across the office floor, trying to figure out why the familiarity of this symbol meant something to me. I had made it through the first half of the book.

The middle and end have been more used in their day. The pages were already withered with the love of time, but the middle and ending pages were... otherworldly.

The papyrus that had been used, even though it's thicker than the paper, had been worn to a paper-like consistency. It felt like the hands, and the minds that took part in its creation were in the room with me as I studied and broke down its contents. I am relatively confident that I found the information we had been looking for hours ago, and even as the surety of that fact continues growing, I dig deeper into the rabbit hole of this book.

A prophecy near the back of the book has held my attention for a while now. Between the scuffs on the page and the sweet kisses of time, the blemishes scattering the pages make it hard to read. But the moment my fingers touched the page, my body went haywire. From what I have gathered, it mentions the mark and the start of a great war. Translated into English from what I can read of the page, it said.

“Among the shifters, exists ___ ee. One will ____ of the magic and the mark of Selene. ___ of the same ___ will serve as ___ se_ for which the power will proceed. Until the marked ___ is bonded, chaos ___ re_. If ___ year of ___ Moon reaches its ____, without the _____ of the bond in stone, devourers will ___n the power to se_k. The mark will be bonded, on the night of Agonalia, before the earth bleeds.”

The blanks I couldn't seem to fill in clouded my mind with an uncertainty that weighed me to the ground. I managed to begin a sketch from the book of the mark, or at least what I think is the mark, and crouched in that stack, scribbling it down. That is how the twins found me.

“Little bird, have you slept yet, love?” Axel sounded tired, or at least I thought he did. My focus was still elsewhere.

“No, could I have some coffee, please? You may want to get Den. We need to have a meeting stat.

” I rambled as I crawled around the floor like someone a little too out there on the booger sugar or something. Silence fell over the room, but I knew one of them was still there. Axel touched my arm tenderly; the spark of the bond between us pulled me entirely from my organized chaos.

“You need rest, Harley.” No, I need a damn seer or a witch. Even the f*****g norms would work at this point. Anyone with the power of premonition.

“I found something, Axel, and I don’t know why, but my body is screaming this is important.” I grabbed his shoulders, pulling myself from the floor.

“Please, trust me. I need you to get Denny and Axel... and coffee because you are right; I need a shower and a year of sleep, but not until we talk. His eyes softened at my plea. Twenty minutes later, a groggy Denny and an irritable Atlas came through the door with my cup of bittersweet salvation. We gathered back in the room, where they took seats, giving me the floor. I hang the sketch and the prophecy I deciphered on the marker board.

“I don’t even know where to begin at this point.” I sighed, sitting criss-cross apple sauce on the tabletop and rubbing my face.

“If this book holds a shred of truth, this is so much bigger than Barlow being pissy because of my mission as I had originally thought. I am just now tipping the iceberg on the mark. Still, whatever it is, it is extremely powerful and highly coveted. We need someone who can see past, present, and future that you trust to come into this huddle. If I am right... and I usually am. All hell is about to break loose.” Their eyes were fixated on me in the middle of my rant. But I could see they knew the truth I was speaking was real and not a sleep deprivation-induced hallucination.

“I have someone I can call, but it will be at least six hours before she could be here if she is available,” Atlas said, scratching the stubble dancing across his handsome face.

“Until then, you need sleep. We will study your work and catch ourselves up while you rest.” He scooped me up bridal style, taking me to the elevator and hitting floor two. I must have dozed off in the comfort of his touch because the next thing I knew, I was being gently laid down and tucked in by one of the men I had labeled a monster for so long. A spike of fear shook me from my sleepy daze, and I took Atlas’s hand as he turned to leave me in the room’s darkness.

“Stay.” The word tasted like a cold drink of water after a mile run in the desert.

“Please? I don’t want to be alone.” Without another word and without question, the bear of a man was pulling my covers back, making the bed dip as he scooted into me. He wrapped me up in his muscled arms, laying my head on his chest. His heartbeat was like the sweetest lullaby I had ever heard.

I fit my sleep, trying to enjoy how his fingers felt as they ran through my hair and how the heat of his body felt like it penetrated my soul, putting my being at ease. I sighed, snuggling into him.

“Rest, little bird. I will be here when you wake up.” Before falling into the darkness of exhaustion, my last thought was how badly I wished this feeling could be permanently engraved into me, like the tattoos on my skin.

Their Warrior Luna Chapter 19

I was on my back when I felt Atlas’s hand slip under my shirt, roaming my body.

“What are you—? My words were cut off by his soft lips against mine. So slow and tender. Not a trace of the starving need Axel, and I shared. But this slow-burning need had my insides twisting just the same. I moaned into his mouth as the taste of his tongue stoked the growing fire between us.

His hand continued its discovery across my ignited flesh, gripping and pulling me closer. His fingers laced through a band of my panties. I deepened the kiss as the sensation on my skin hit deep into my core, awakening that unfamiliar hunger. He rolled over me, grinding himself against my wet panties.

“Ever since I tasted your sweet little p***y on my fingers, I have wanted more.” He purred into my ear as his tongue tasted the flesh of my neck. Making a trail of sweet kisses and nips down to my collarbone as he pulled my tank top over my head.

He kissed down the valley between my breasts, kneading and licking. When I thought the sensation was too overwhelming, he flicked across my pebbled n****e, making me arch into him with a low moan. My skin shivered as my mate took what he wanted from me, and even though I hadn’t forgiven or accepted them, I let him.

I wanted more, so much more from them both. His tongue skated down, tracing the path of my sternum tattoo. His hands made a quick succession of ripping my underwear off. As the fabric nipping my skin registered, any resolve I had left crumbled. At this moment, he could have all of me. I spread my legs, opening myself for him as he kissed a blazing trail of eager anticipation up my thigh. I couldn’t stop my fingers from tangling into his thick hair. His tongue reached out, tasting my most sensitive area, making me pull him in closer, raising my hips to meet his starvation.

“f**k, you taste incredible.” He groaned against me as he licked me from my entrance to my pierced clit, sucking it into his mouth.

“Atlas. I—” I couldn’t formulate words as his assault continued threatening to make me come undone.

“What a pretty little bird.” Axel’s voice rang from in front of us, his voice so thick with lust I was sure he had seen this unfolding from the start.

“How does she taste, brother?” Atlas dipped to fingers in me, causing me to see stars,

“Like f*****g heaven.” He said, continuing his assault on my swelled clit and dipping his fingers into my dripping channel.

I fisted the bed sheets, arching against him as my soft moans became uncontrollable whimpers. My eyes had shut against the overwhelming pleasure vibrating through me until the bed by my head dipped. My eyes shot wide to find Axel staring at me with a smirk.

“Don’t close your eyes, little bird. If you close your eyes, I will make Atlas stop. We want you to see every second of what we will do to you.” My body trembled at the promise he laid before me. I kept my eyes glued to them, unwilling to test his threat.

“Unbuckle my belt.” Axel growled as his eyes shifted to midnight black.

I did as he said as his brother added another finger to me, making my stomach clench. My breathing was ragged as I took it a step further, undoing Axel’s pants and making his thick c**k spring free. A bead of pre c*m was leaking from the tip, and as he softly gathered my hair, locking my head into a vice, my tongue traced his slit, making him hiss.

I took him into my mouth, deeply fighting the urge to gag as I found the rhythm of this strange thing. The closer I got to exploding from Atlas lapping at me, the deeper I took Axel into my mouth. I moaned around his thickness so close to my own release that I rode Atlas’s face until the pure ecstasy shattered, making my body tremble in pleasure.

Atlas pulled back as Axel f****d my mouth. Surprise flew through me when Atlas lined himself up at my entrance. Axel used his fist in my hair to pull my mouth from him.

“Slow down, little bird. This will only hurt for a second.” Atlas inched into me, bottoming out as tears fell from my eyes and fire laced my veins. I woke up panting for air. My thighs were slick with my release, and a thin sweat coated my body.

“That was f*****g beautiful!” Atlas said from beside me on the bed.

Was it a dream?

“It really was an amazing show,” Axel said from the corner where he stood hard in his jeans, his muscled arms crossed.

Embarrassment flooded me. I jumped from the bed and ran into the ensuite. I started the shower by running the water cold in hopes the cold water would cool my heated skin just a fraction. I stood under the stream praying to the goddess. I could forget how they felt inside me before I left this bathroom and made a huge mistake.

I scrubbed my skin and washed my hair. I even shaved my everything in hopes they had left by now. I stepped out, wrapping myself in a thick towel, irritated that my skin was

still buzzing from the dream. An irritation that grew when I left the bathroom to find the twins hadn't taken the hint.

"Denny went to the airport to pick up an old friend of our mothers. She has the power you asked for. With her being our godmother, we trust her and her abilities over others." Axel said with a knowing smirk on his face.

"Good." I mumbled as I stepped into the closet.

"Care to share your dream, little bird?" I didn't answer, only biting my lip. s**t, I really wanted them to let this go.

"You know, you have a filthy mouth for a virgin." Atlas followed up on his brother's question.

"Can we please let this go?" I asked, feeling so tired.

"After hearing how my name sounds on your pretty little lips when I make you come for me? Not a chance." Atlas pulled the closet door open as I buttoned my shorts.

I was still topless when they opened the closet, and I didn't miss how their eyes roamed my body, making my n*****s pebble again. Déjà vu hit me, remembering the way his tongue felt on my body and the way his brother had tasted on my tongue.

"Jesus, little bird, you smell good enough to eat." He stepped into the closet, pinning me to the wall as his nose skated the length of my neck, making my wet p***y clench and throb. Axel, right behind him, pushed some hair out of my face, tucking it behind my ear.

"You are so beautiful, Harley." Axel purred, admiring my body.

"T—Thank you." I stammered.

A knock at the door broke us from our moment. I sighed in relief hoping that maybe I could salvage what was left of my dignity and get back to work on the issues at hand.

Their Warrior Luna Chapter 20

I quickly put on my ratty rock band crop top saying to hell with the boobie holster. Bolting from the closet as the twin's soft chuckles reddened my already heated cheeks. Denny was at the door with a judging face, like he knew exactly what had transpired moments earlier between us.

"Doris is waiting in the office for us. I got you a coffee." He said, smirking as my shaking hand reached for the cup.

“Thanks, Den. Let’s go.” I couldn’t get to the elevator fast enough.

I stared at the black nail polish on my toes the whole time, trying to avoid how their presence had my heart rate rising. I left the elevator gasping when Atlas entwined his fingers in mine and Atlas rested his hand on my lower back. His rough thumb rubbed tight circles on the skin exposed by the crop top making goosebumps erupt everywhere.

“Such a responsive little mate.” Atlas’s praise rang through my mind.

“There you areeeee!!” a graying woman slightly taller than I rushed towards us with her arms out wide. I couldn’t help but laugh when the twins grinned, opening their arms to accept her hug only to be pushed away.

“Not you two. You are in trouble! How could you reject this?!” She said, wrapping me in her arms. I hugged her tightly, realizing how much she reminded me of my grandma.

“Come now, honey. We have work to do.” Her kind smile and rosy cheeks eased the tornado in me caused by the twins and my dream of them. I let her take my hand as she pulled us into the office, stopping the three boys from coming in.

“You three can get lunch for us. I only need to speak to Harley for now.” She said politely before slamming the door in their face with enough force to surprise me.

“I am too old for that office set up in there. Is the couch okay with you, dear?” her green eyes sparkled in contrast to her gray locks. She truly looked mystical in her own way.

“Sure.” I shrugged, sipping on the coffee Den had given me.

“Where would you like to start?” I asked, taking another long drink before placing it on the coffee table before me.

“My gift lets me see only what the goddess needs me to see. To say it is always accurate would be a lie. Whatever she shows me could be something set in stone long before now or something that could happen due to the wind blowing in the east instead of the west. How about you show me what you have discovered, and then we can go from there.” I nodded, jumping up to gather my papers and the book from the conference room behind the bookcase.

I spread that out in front of us on the coffee table and got to work telling her how I had translated this much, but this is what seemed important so far. She reviewed what I had put together for a few minutes as I drank my coffee, settling back into the couch. She hummed and tapped her fingers as she analyzed each page carefully.

“They will be back soon, and I have questions. Would that be alright?” I didn’t mind answering questions. I was getting used to disclosing just enough to make people understand without hurting my feelings. I shrugged, bringing my coffee to my lips again.

“Sure, whatever you need.” I held my head high in preparation for their godmother to piss me off or hurt my feelings over her boys.

“Why did they reject you?” I was taken aback by her first question. It was normally what I did to make them reject me like it was somehow my fault.

“Their father told them I was an unsuitable luna. In all fairness, he was right. I don’t plan parties or fantasize about dresses. I have trained hard to be a warrior and perfect my skills.” I spoke.

“A Luna who can protect her pack will always be more valuable than one who plans the perfect party.” Her words surprised me. I remember the twin’s mom. She was soft and kind, very much like Doris. We sat some time talking about the rejection and my findings from the book. I found it easy to get lost in her company as we settled in close, looking over the prophecy, trying to decode the missing pieces. Until the guys came in with tons of take-out boxes from Denny’s favorite Chinese spot.

“Well, it is about time. I thought you would let Harley and I starve in here.” Her smile was wide as she grabbed a couple of containers, passing them to me, and a fountain drink.

“Eat up, sugar. We have work to do!” I wasted no time in doing as she said. My stomach hurt from being so empty. I tore into the food as Doris and I continued the conversation about the prophecy. We hadn’t gotten any closer to deciphering the riddle before us, and it was really irking me.

“What is Agonalia?” asked Denny, reviewing the prophecy again.

“According to legend, Agonalia was celebrated on January ninth to celebrate and honor Janus, the God of the beginning and the end.” I said, flipping through papers. I looked up to find all four staring at me.

“Such a smart, beautiful girl.” Doris grinned, cupping my face and making me blush. The twins were eyeing me like they had this morning in the closet, making my thighs clench.

“So, we know the mark gets bonded to something before January ninth,” Den asked.

“That is the only thing I know for sure other than that I believe the earth bleeding refers to a battle or war.” I shrugged.

“Why do you think that, child?” Doris’s brows dipped as she listened to me like I was the most interesting thing in the world.

“Well, in every battle I have been in because I can’t shift and use weaponry, I have always left a trail of blood behind me, and as the soil soaks the blood into the earth, it looks like the earth is bleeding,” I said, looking into her saddened eyes.

“You two should be ashamed. If your mother had been alive when you turned eighteen, she would have worshiped Harley.” She shook her head at her godsons in disappointment. They both opened their mouths to say something and were quickly cut off by Doris, who continued her rant.

My mind wandered elsewhere, looking into the pictures. Devourer... devourer...

“VAMPIRES DEVOUR!” I jumped up screaming, interrupting Doris and her scolding of the twins. I think the prophecy is talking about vampires being devourers.

I ran to the books on the shelf, searching for one I had seen last night. Finally, I pulled a black book from the shelf. Its bindings were done in shimmering silver threads; the only thing on the cover was the goddess herself.

Coming up short on a date for the year of the moon, I closed it in frustration. Laying flat on my back on the floor, staring at the ceiling, my anxiety rattled my rib cage as my heart pounded rapidly.

Inhaling a deep breath, I held it. One. Two. Three.

“You boys go now; we have lots to do.” Doris said trying to push the boys from the office.