

Their Warrior Luna Chapter 36

Axel:

Harley's whole body shook from her sleep. I scooped her in closer to me. I relaxed into the electrified tingles working between us.

"Something is here." My wolf's hackles rose.

"Relax, no one can get in here," I mumbled to him.

"I didn't say someONE, I said someTHING, get up NOW!" his roar erupted through my mind making me jump up more alert.

My commotion disrupted Atlas, who jumped up with black eyes.

Shadows melted into the walls all around us and across the ceiling. Harley sat up in bed huffing, her skin glistening with sweat.

"The vampire, he visited me again." She said, trying to catch her breath.

"He was here," I growled, scooping Harley up and dragging her into the closet.

I slung some clothes on and picked her up again.

"I'm taking you to your room to get dressed, then after that, we have to go somewhere," I grumbled around Atlas who was stealing my clothes.

Harley quickly dressed and we rolled out.

Denny was in the living area of the pack house with sweat coating his forehead.

"Did you see it?" he growled, pulling Harley next to him.

"What? Did I see what?" she yelled, shoving away from her brother.

"We need to stop this, he is coming! He showed me visions of the army he would use to attack Clearwater with if I didn't go with

him. Clearwater will be decimated before the damn army gets out of the portal completely." Her eyes were glossy with unshed tears, this is the first time I have seen her rattled so badly.

“No one is taking you away from us again, Harley Grace. No matter what, you aren’t going to a damn place. Not with that bastard, not with anyone.” My wolf fronted, needing to reassure his mate.

I pulled her into me. Both of us relaxing in the comfort of the other.

“Denny, get the pack ready. They need to evacuate into the underground safe house. No one leaves once the door is sealed unless instructed by one of us,” I said.

“You need to go in too, in case something goes wrong and Axel and I... just in case,” Atlas said.

“Like hell, I will. I stand by my Alphas and Luna.” He growled, crossing his arms.

“Denny, I need to show you something. Something bad is about to happen and if the three of us don’t make it out... someone has to be here to pick up the pieces. It has to be you, Den.” She squeezed her brother’s shoulders.

Her hands touched Denny’s face, cupping his cheeks on either side. His eyes glowed brightly like a thousand galaxies. His hands clasped around her wrist and his jaw dropped at whatever she showed him.

A minute passed by and Harley pulled her hands from Denny’s face.

“We need you to be with the pack.” She said again.

Reluctantly he nodded. Leaving the pack house to execute his orders.

“Let’s go.” I took her tiny hand in mine, pulling her from the pack house.

Atlas and I shifted into our wolves, turning in awe of Harley’s beast. Her ice-blue eyes were a stark contrast to her ebony fur

glistening in the sun. Silver strands of fur spread brightly across her back, and her size was unusual even for a Luna. She looked almost... Alpha.

“Gawk later boys, we have work to do.” She snickered through the mind link, and I couldn’t help but smirk.

Our paws gutted the dirt as we headed off in search of the hag. We have approximately eight hours until the vamp attacks. If he sticks to his own threatened schedule.

We gave Harley the same direction as Doris gave us to enter the charm, and we struggled again when Harley blew through the charm with no problem. Again we found ourselves in the kitchen of the old woman.

Harley backed away from her, her teeth snarled, and her hackles raised.

“Calm down, baby. We need her help.” Atlas purred, rubbing into Harley’s side.

“She’s pure evil,” Harley growled.

The witch’s smirk widened into an eerie grin.

“Very intuitive this one.” She laughed loudly.

“What can I do for you boys?” she turned her attention away from Harley, unbothered by the fact that Harley could rip her to shreds.

“I need a charm to cover all of Clearwater from the entry of evil,” I said loudly.

“NO, Axel. She is working with him. I can smell him here.” Harley growled again.

“Hush mutt! You know not what ye say!” The old hag pointed her finger at Harley.

Harley shifted back into her human form. Her long black hair waved down around her waist and she walked towards to old woman in a calculated manner.

“You work for him, don’t you?” Harley’s voice sent chills down my spine. She sounded demonic.

The hag’s eyes widened for a split second before returning to her uncaring stare.

“What of it, kitten?” she asked Harley, chuckling.

Harley grabbed the old woman’s face similar to how she had Denny, but this time, Harley’s eyes lit up and her head fell back.

The old woman acted like Harley was draining the life from her, falling back into her chair trying to catch her breath. Surprise fled across her face as her eyes met Harleys.

“You called him my king.” Harley leaned down, getting eye level with the old woman.

“What are you doing to me?” the old woman’s voice shook with fear.

“I know what you showed him... I will burn the world down before I let it happen.” Harley drew back, her claws extended as she shoved her fist through the woman’s chest, pulling her heart out and crumbling it in her hand as it turned to dust.

“Let’s go.” Harley turned to face us. Her eyes glowed brightly before dimming down to her normal ice blue.

“We have big problems.” She grumbled. With a snap of her fingers, we were standing in the forest again.

“Harley, we need to know what you know and how, all of a sudden you can do everything you can,” Atlas said, shifting and running his fingers through her long black hair.

“We are here to help, and I know the Goddess doesn’t want us to know everything and that’s fine. But how can we help if we are lost?” I asked her.

She pulled her lips between her teeth. I could see the wheels turning in her head contemplating her next words very carefully.

“I don’t think I am just a wolf. I don’t know what I am... my wolf doesn’t know either, the only thing I know for sure is that I have the mark.” her eyes met mine as she spoke her next words carefully.

“The witch’s mind was full of things that hadn’t happened yet. Doris told me once the wind blowing in a different direction could change the outcome of her visions, and the witch has seen several of me... of us... and of the vampire. The vampire wants me because of the power in me. I don’t know what power that is, but according to her mind, it is vast.” She rubbed her hands together, thinking again.

“One thing about all of those visions is the same... he takes me... we need to decide if him taking me includes Clearwater burning to the ground.” Her voice was quiet, but there was no indication of fear or apprehension.

“If Clearwater falls. We will build it from the ground up with you at our side. I don’t give a f**k what that old crone’s visions say. No one is taking you away from us. I will kill the devil himself if it means keeping you safe at our side. Do you understand, little bird? I will unleash the fury of ten thousand f*****g hells before I let anything happen to you.” Atlas growled, kissing her with every ounce of certainty in his body.

I pulled my little mate into my arms, hugging her close.

“This is where you belong. It is where you have always belonged,” I said while my little mate snuggled into my chest, wrapping her arms tightly around me.

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Atlas:

The rest of the day was chaotic, leading up to what we knew would be inevitable.

No one person or thing was taking our mate away from us, and our pack was desperate to protect their Luna.

The moon goddess blesses us with mates, the other pieces of our souls. Harley is that for us. She is the best part of both of us.

After the safe house was secure, another team was working on securing as many structures as possible in hopes of at least making fire one less concern. We helped out there while Harley took the afternoon to figure out the battle strategies for tonight.

After we were left in a waiting game, Axel and I went in search of our little bird. She was standing in the forest line. Her sword hung at her side, her quiver and bow at her back.

“Why are you still using those now that you can shift, sweetheart?” Axel asked, mirroring my own curiosity.

“Everything I have learned over the years about weaponry is still there. In those visions, I saw so many different species of supernatural that it would be suicide for any of us to believe our wolf form would be enough.” She shrugged.

Her gaze was stuck in the forest. Probably much further than even she knew.

“My wolf is losing it.” She murmured, scratching her head.

“Your wolf will rarely lead you astray. If her wolf is sensing something, we need to know.” My wolf puffed out his chest, standing on edge at the warning of our mate.

“Why do you think she’s losing it? What’s she telling you?” I walked up behind her, wrapping my arms around her.

Her head fell against me, her eyes never leaving the forest.

“We smell something unusual... its faint but it is there.” Her fingers traced soft circles around my knuckles while she closed her eyes, inhaling deeply.

I smelled the air whipping around us... but nothing came to me other than the normal smells in Clearwater. I can smell the streams, the wildlife that always lurks in the forest, and the vegetation that grows wild this time of year.

“You can’t smell it... can you?” she whispered to me.

“No, little bird. I can’t. But, if I have learned anything from having you back, it is to never underestimate your abilities or the reach of your powers. I believe it is there if you smell it. Now we just need to know if it’s within the pack perimeter or something lurking deeper in the gap. It may be time.” I rubbed her shoulders as I spoke to her.

“Focus baby. Close your eyes and focus on that one smell. See if you can pinpoint its location. You may even be able to figure out what it is.” Axel said, stepping to her side.

He tucked a strand of hair behind her ear as she raised her head from me. She closed her eyes, focusing while she took deep breaths searching for the smell that had bothered her.

“It... it smells like...” her eyes shot wide.

“It’s time. Get everyone in place!” she said as we ran closer to the pack house.

We all took our places preparing to fight. Harley was calling out orders right beside us. This is it.

“No matter what, protect your Luna,” I yelled out.

“Yes, Alpha!” came a unison reply.

Even before Harley came home, our warriors were skilled. Now that she has been here and taken over security, they work twice as hard to be the best they can be.

The earth rattled as the troops of the damned came closer. Trees fell in their path, and I knew between Harley’s reaction to her visions and what I was hearing now, there were creatures in that mix that we had only been told stories about.

I closed my eyes, praying that the goddess would protect my mate, my pack, and my brother and me. I opened my eyes to a deafening silence that rang through the forest.

The full moon shone brightly against the trees, casting lines and shadows.

“What’s happening?” Axel called out over the mind link.

Harley turned away from us, stepping into the beams of moonlight that were coating the land.

“I will tell you what is happening, Wolf. YOU LOSE!” her shrill laughter broke the silence.

Her smile widened. Wider and wider as cracks formed in her face like shattering glass.

Anger and fear consumed me as my mate turned into a pile of cracked mud and branches.

He tricked us.

“Golem... it was a f*****g Golem. He took Harley!” I roared.

“SCOUR THE PERIMETER, THEY CAN’T BE FAR WITH HER!” Axel yelled out.

We all shifted into our wolves, as more than two hundred and fifty of us ran through the night in search of our Luna.

Alistair:

I had watched her closely all day. I wish I could put my finger on what it is about her that has me so deeply entranced with her.

I watched her as she sat on the floor marking on a large roll of paper. I floated above her looking at the creation that held her captivated... it is a battle plan for tonight.

She exhaled, leaning against the side of a leather couch, popping the pen cap into her mouth. Her fingers gathered her long waves into a bunch as she twisted her hair up, and secured it in place with the pen from her mouth.

“What am I missing?” she whispered.

“There is really no way to be sure.” She spoke aloud but I assume her conversation was with her wolf.

“Take a look, tell me what you think I am missing.” I almost gasped aloud when one of her eyes glowed brightly like the heavens and the other was still as blue as always.

I have never seen a shifter that could share their form with both of their beings at once.

“WHERE?” she screamed, looking around her.

Her voice made the hair on my arms stand. She sounds like no creature I have ever heard before.

I knew her wolf had sensed me. So I let myself evaporate back into my form in my chambers.

“Lance!” I yelled out to my assistant.

His goblin form came crashing through my chambers with him looking as full of hatred as usual.

“You called, my king?” he asked, bowing.

“I need a golem in the form of the girl. I have an idea that may save us all a trip into the other realm.” I rubbed the stubble on my jaw.

“Yes, my king. Right away.” He said, bowing again as he left my chambers.

I lay there awhile longer thinking of the perfect way to get the golem in and the girl out when Adoria knocked at the door.

“I wanted to let you know the girl’s room is ready, my king. But... I need to ask... a—and I know it isn’t my b—business... but... is this about Cordelia, my liege?” She asked timidly.

At the mention of my love, fire consumed me. I pinned the girl against the wall as my eyes lit with a blood-red glow.

“How dare you let her name cross your filthy f*****g mouth, Adoria?” my fangs extended while I fought myself to get control before, I ripped out the throat of my beloved mate’s sister.

“LEAVE!” I roared, slinging her towards the door. I know now what I need to do.

I left this realm toting the golem behind me.

We found Harley pacing in the trees. I knew this would be my perfect opportunity to switch them out. The Golem now has an accurate form to imitate, morphing its earthen clay and wood into a more accurate representation of the little kitten.

She turned on me, eyes wide with that delicious swirl of fear I had grown to look forward to. She can sense my power as much as I can sense her and the two of us are now in a fun little game of cat and mouse.

I extended my hand, stopping her in her tracks.

“Let me go you dirty bastard!” her fist connected with my nose.

I love being the cat in this little game. I knew she would hit me and I let her. Something about the way she can make me bleed knowing who I am turns me into even more of an animal than I already am.

“Sleep,” I commanded softly.

I figured with her learning that she was the mark, she would have explored her abilities more. But... I was wrong. She fell into me limp and unbothered. The warmth of her skin ignited a need in me I had long forgotten existed.

I picked up her tight little body, cradling her against me. The smell of her vanilla skin mixed with the power of the blood rushing through her veins had my mouth watering.

I left Clearwater with the mark of the moon snuggled into my chest.

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Harley:

Panic consumed me before I even had the chance to take in my surroundings. Flashes of Alistair grabbing me in the woods while I stood beside him smiling. He left that version of me there... with my mates... with my pack.

“It was a damn golem.” My wolf grumbled, stretching lazily.

“Let’s get the f**k out of here,” I growled, sitting up in a bedroom decked out in blacks and reds.

“Can’t toots. No one is coming for us, and we are stuck here for twenty-nine days.” She crossed her front paws, laying her head down again.

“Explain what you mean quickly before I have a f*****g heart attack,” I said through gritted teeth.

“We were dragged into the realm of the forgotten at the peak of the full moon. That portal won’t open again until the king of the damned opens it. Or the moon is full again. Alistair can come and go as he pleases. He is the king of the damned. This is his realm... the moon will open the door again in twenty-nine days. We need to be ready then. Because something tells me he isn’t letting us out.” Her tongue fell from her mouth, seemingly unbothered by this information.

I am speechless.

I am... pissed!

“Why aren’t you more bothered by this?” I growled at her.

Her head tilted to the side like she didn’t understand my question. She isn’t sharing with me, and it is really getting old.

“Spit it out.” I snapped.

“Keep grinding our teeth like that, and they’re gonna shatter... I don’t know how to tell you I am used to this. I have been your wolf... well... always. It is always the same thing.” She stretched again, walking into the darkness of my mind to ignore me and my questions.

“What does that mean? Of course, you have always been my wolf. Bring your fuzzy a*s back now!” My eyes lit up as my anger took hold of me.

I screamed until I lost my voice, and when it did, I rampaged. I tore the silk sheets, clawed the mattress to shreds, broke the bed frame, and busted the chandelier. I was so swallowed in rage that the presence of someone else hadn’t registered to me. I took a bed slat and started on the walls busting long holes in the drywall.

“Enough.” His voice was so calm but crashed through my brain, numbing my anger.

No. Not again. I fit the effect that his husky voice had on the otherwise jagged areas of my brain.

“f**k you!” I snarled.

I went at him with the slat drawing it back. If I can’t leave for twenty-nine days, then I will wreak as much f*****g havoc here as I can until this realm spits me out to save itself.

Before the wood met his chiseled jaw, his massive hand wrapped around it, splintering the wood in his knuckles.

I am going to enjoy killing this bastard.

With a smirk, I kicked him in the stomach as hard as I could, then backed away to give myself room for my next attack.

His head slowly raised from the crouched position my kick to his abdomen left him in. The black hair that he normally keeps slicked back in a bun was hanging shaggy over his crimson eyes.

I ran, I ran as fast as my legs could pack me, tearing into him with everything I had. Hit after hit, he dodged everything I was throwing at him.

My fury wrapped around me like a vine strangling everything that didn’t resemble that rage.

I ran again, unwilling to be the lesser of the two of us. I leaped, wrapping my legs around him. I laughed the minute his hands touched my thighs, I had him. I wrapped my hand in his shaggy curls, and I drew my fist back, hitting him in the nose.

My joy was short-lived when my feet hit the ground. He moved so quickly that I couldn’t track him. His icy hand wrapped around my wrist yanking me, and his foot came out tripping me on my face. My hands were pinned at the dip of my back, and his knees were on either side of me.

“Enough.” He whispered in my ear.

His breath fanned against my neck and his frigid skin felt like ice against me.

“Let me go!” I yelled, trying to roll from his grip.

He pulled my arms tighter, stilling my attempt.

“You are mine now, kitten. You will not cause any more problems like this for me, understand? If you do, I will punish you any way I see fit.” He pushed against me as his hardened length made his point for him.

“Are we clear?” he growled.

“If you attempt to take me, I will spend every day of the rest of my life making sure you have to piss out of a catheter bag. Do you understand?” I thrashed against him, still hyperaware of his hard d**k between us.

His laughter bounced around the room so bubbly and loud that, in other circumstances, it would’ve sounded nice.

I don’t know what he finds so funny, but he is f*****g up not taking me seriously.

His weight pressed against my back, and his breath tickled my ear.

“I don’t have to take the women that I bed, kitten. They beg me for it. ” I could hear the smile even behind the smoke in his voice.

His weight lifted from me, but he never left the room. I stood on my feet with the same burning question that had plagued me from the moment he pulled me into the vision the first time.

“I will have Adoria and Lance fix this for you. Get dressed. Dinner is in thirty minutes.” He left before I could ask.

“That was interesting.” My wolf hummed.

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Alistair:

The dome portal had closed the minute I walked through it with Harley in my arms.

Her mates and their troops were closing in on us, topping the hill as soon as we stepped in.

I did it. I got her here... but now I don’t know what to do with her. I placed her in the bedroom Adoria and Lance had prepared for her.

I paced the hallway for a while before I settled on taking a shower to get the scents of her mates off of me.

I was disappointed when the hot water didn't warm my skin as she did... I hadn't realized I missed feeling warmth until I touched her for the first time.

The water pelting into my chest made her sweet vanilla scent mix into the steam encasing the bathroom. Reminding me she was here.

I dried off and pulled on my favorite black jogger pants, thinking about how I should call on the mystics to help me solve this problem. She can't stay here, not in the home Cordelia and I built together. I want the girl's powers, not her. Maybe the old hag was right. Maybe I should have waited for the child.

A scream rattled the walls surrounding me, pulling me from my thoughts. She is awake.

I walked out of my room and to the door right next to mine. I could see her losing it inside there.

The little thing was on a rampage. Destroying her mattress, the bedding, and even the light fixtures and walls.

I wanted to bust her little a*s so badly for this mess, but then a fleeting thought of Cordelia hit me. I need to control myself. But right now, I need to control her first. I tried calming her with my trance again. It worked the last time... though I hate using it. It doesn't belong to her. That ability belongs to my mate and my mate is long gone.

We fit until we both had exhausted ourselves, and when it was over I was rock-hard for her. The same way I end up every time I am around her. The way I slid across her tight jeans' fabric perfectly, like it was meant for me.

After I told her I would have her room fixed and to get ready for dinner, I walked back to my room trying to collect myself. No matter what I did, I could smell her on me again, I could still feel her warmth that had settled in my bones.

I closed my eyes thinking of my sweet mate's green eyes looking up at me. Those green eyes quickly morphed to a beautiful blue and I growled, throwing a chair against the wall from the sitting area.

I ran my fingers through my hair and poured myself a shot, hoping that the alcohol would numb me to the hold she had somehow gotten on me, but it only made me think of her juicy a*s in those jeans.

I splashed my face with water and made my way to the kitchen where I waited at the table for her. Anger grew in me every minute that passed without her being in that chair next to me eating. I don't even eat food, but she does, and I asked my kitchen staff to prepare food for her.

I shoved back from the table in a huff with the bottle of wine. I wanted to retire to my chambers with my wine and a blood pack from my reserves and instead I found Ty, an Incubus I had employed at the request of his father in exchange for something I had been dying to get my hands on, standing in the girl's room.

Her shirt was torn, and her lip had been busted. She was fighting him much harder than she had me, and something tells me the reason she is putting up this fight had something to do with his filthy hands trying to pry into her pants while he attempted to lull her to sleep with his song.

I couldn't make myself walk away as badly as I wanted to. My feet had already started into the room and my fist was already beating into his face one sickening crunch after the other. I managed to stop myself from killing the boy so I could figure out what the hell had happened.

Even though I already knew her answer.

"Did he touch you?" My voice was so full of gravel I barely recognized my own words. Her eyes were wet with unshed tears. My brave little kitten would never let us see her cry. But her shaking form and the blood trickling from the scratches on her shoulders and abdomen told me what I needed to know.

I cupped her face, making her look into my eyes, as my own bloodied knuckles dripped onto her cut-up shoulders.

"Did he touch you kitten? Use your words, Harley."

"Yes," was all she had time to stammer.

The fear shaking in her voice tipped me over the edge of no return.

"Lance. I need a hammer." I yelled out.

If I kill the boy, the deal between his father and myself will be over. But after tonight, his father would have wished I had killed him.

I stormed her, making her breath hitch in her throat.

"Come here, Harley. Let me show you what happens when people touch what belongs to me." I picked her up and sat her on the accent chair, giving her a better view.

I took the hammer from Lance, propping a disoriented Ty on his knees in front of her. He put his hands on the table that had once been set neatly in the sitting area.

I pulled the hammer back, watching as her little body trembled with the first contact of the hammer on his fingers. I didn't stop hammering his hands until both were broken and bloodied. I crushed every bone I could while he begged me to stop.

"Apologize," I growled in his face.

"I— My king, I." I didn't like that he addressed me instead of her, so I hit the hand closest to me again.

"Apologize to her, Ty, before my grace wears out and I send you home to your daddy in a body bag." His eyes widened at my threat.

"I'm s-sorry, I shouldn't h-have t-touched you." He blubbered.

I drug him by the collar of his shirt along the floor, throwing him out of her room before I went back to her. I walked slowly, fearful I would spook her, but she was already standing with her fists clenched at her sides.

"I want to go home now, Alistair." She sniffled.

"This is your home now, Harley," I said, reaching to rub the single tear that was sliding down her cheek.

"Don't touch me, I am not yours. I don't belong here, and this is not my home. I don't know what kind of twisted s**t you are on

here. But you need to wake up and realize I have a home and mates and nothing you can do or say will change that." She was yelling now but I was slowly becoming entranced with the smell of her blood wafting around me.

"If that is the case, why did they reject you? Why are they good enough to wear your mark, but you don't get theirs?" I asked, calmly watching the blood run down her exposed cleavage.

I could tell I struck a nerve when her palms started bleeding from digging her nails into her skin.

"Come now, we both need to shower." I stuck my hand out to her hoping she wouldn't fight me anymore.

"I am not going anywhere with you," she growled.

"Yes, you are. Your little tantrum has clearly made your sleeping arrangements unsafe for you. For tonight you will sleep in my chambers. Whether you go the easy way or the hard way is your choice." I said, coolly leaning against the door.

She looked around the room, taking in everything she had done. Slowly, the awareness that the reason Ty could get in here, in the first place, was because the door was broken in our fight.

She crossed her arms and walked towards me in a huff, stomping like a child. I couldn't stop the grin on my face after she passed me.

She is such a f*****g brat, but it really is cute.

We walked into my chamber. Her eyes widened as the thought of sleeping in bed with me crossed her mind.

"I don't sleep. You can take the bed." I mumbled, grabbing another pair of pants and some underwear out of the closet for myself and a pair of joggers and a t-shirt for her.

"Here you can shower first." I held out the clothes for her.

I was amused by her little nose scrunching up at them. They are clean. I don't know what her problem is.

"Fine, sleep naked then." I shrugged.

She snatched the clothes from me quickly after that. I laughed again as her little bare feet padded to the bathroom, slamming and locking the door behind her.

I had Adoria bring her some food while she showered. As I was setting it up for her, the smell of her vanilla and my soap filled the room, settling inside my chest in some kind of proud comfort.

The thought of her smelling like me instead of those wretched bastards made me feel... happy.

She stepped out of the bathroom in a billow of steam, her long hair hanging wet around her back and my clothes had never looked so f*****g good.

"I had Adoria bring you some dinner." I pulled the cover from the plate.

"Not hungry." She mumbled, still mad at me for stealing her.

She crawled into my bed, rolling up into a little ball facing away from me. She quickly drifted off into my sheets and the sounds of her soft breathing and the beat of her heart relaxed the monster inside of me for the first time in 300 years.

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Axel:

The wizard's blood dripped from my hands as life fled from his eyes.

He's the third one we have killed in the last few hours in our attempt to get Harley home safely.

They all keep telling us the same thing and it isn't getting any easier to hear.

If what they say is true, then it will be another twenty-nine days before the portal opens for anyone other than Alistair.

I was sitting at the old man's kitchen table drinking his expensive bourbon while Atlas washed his hands.

"What the f**k do we do? This is the second time now that this mother fucker has got to her." Atlas was drying his hands off while I fit the urge to tell him the truth.

"We shouldn't have let her mark us. She's too f*****g good for us and we can't even protect her in her own home." My eyes had been blacked out by my wolf since I saw him cross that threshold with her and it closed up behind them.

"You don't mean that. You love her as much as I do. You're just upset that she was taken by the same bastard that let her be beaten to death. I'm upset too, but we can't mope about it. That isn't getting anything done. Let's go. Someone in this f*****g realm has to be able to open that portal." He tossed his wet cloth at me and then left through the same door that I just kicked off the hinges.

I left the table with the bourbon in hand. I'll get her back if that's the last thing I do. And when she's back safe where she's supposed to be, that filthy bloodsucking b***h dies.

Atlas:

Axel can't have a rational thought right now and as badly as I want to join in his chaos, one of us has to remain level-headed to get our girl back.

"You boys need to get home now. You aren't going to believe this." Doris had texted ten minutes ago but I hadn't had the chance to read it.

"Not now, Nana. Not until we find someone to open that damn thing." I replied.

"Now, Atlas. All of your answers are sitting in your office chair." Her reply was quick but it had my interest.

We're only about forty-five minutes from home. Twenty if we shift and run it.

“Let’s go, brother. Nana found something.” I grumbled, throwing my cell and wallet into the car.

I shifted into my wolf, my brother was already running. If we don’t get her back soon, he is going to go feral.

Axel shifted before strolling through the front door of the pack house and into the elevator, barely giving me time to come through the elevator doors before hitting one.

We both stopped in our tracks as Doris stood in the living area with her face flushed like a giddy schoolgirl.

“What did you find Nana?” I asked, kissing the top of her head.

“I didn’t find anything. It was sent to you by the goddess.” She said with an excited smirk.

“Well, where is it,” Axel grumbled.

“HE is in your office.” Doris pointed out,

“He?” Axel and I asked in unison.

“Go! Don’t keep him waiting,” She murmured in a hushed whisper.

Axel and I walked into our office to find a monster of a dude tucked into the office chair swiveling back and forth.

“What can we do for you?” Axel asked calmly.

“More like what can I do for you boys.” His voice was graveled like it was an inconvenience that he was in OUR office.

“What the f**k is this?” Axel turned, asking Doris, who now had wide eyes and rosier cheeks.

“Boys... that... he... is... The Nemean Lion.” She whispered.

“The Nemean Lion?” Axel asked with a raised brow and a shit-eating grin.

The man stood making his way to us. He only stood taller by a few inches but his aura was godly.

“Mother cannot interfere, despite her great anger at the way this is going this time around.” He said with his orange eyes glowing brightly.

“So what? What are we doing here and how does it relate to getting Harley back?” Axel asked.”

“Do you know the meaning behind me boy?” the man growled, inching closer.

“You were created by the goddess for Hera... slain by Hercules.” Doris chimed in, star-struck.

“That’s the story humans tell. This is true. My sole meaning of creation was to overcome selfishness... and you both are disgustingly selfish.” He spoke to both of us.

Axel and I both growled at the stranger, claiming to be something no one had seen before.

He chuckled smugly, seeming unthreatened by us. He clearly has no idea who we are or the reputations we have earned for ourselves.

“Enough you two.” Came the voice of a woman from inside the conference area that hadn’t been closed since Harley had taken over the bookshelves inside.

Doris’s whole body shifted pin straight and her breathing grew ragged.

“Oh, Goddess.” She mumbled.

From inside the room, a brightly glowing woman stepped out. I rubbed my eyes doing a double take at her gown. It looked like she tore the fabric of the night sky and sewn it into a long flowing gown.

“As Leo said, I cannot interfere in these matters. Nothing says I cannot put things in motion. Here is the thing... the year the two of you turned eighteen was the year of the moon. Because of the poor leadership and the choices you made, Harley wasn’t marked the night that was written in history. The two of you threw a literal boulder through history that was written long before your births and you just... never mind, I am getting off track. Major things are happening right now that are detrimental to the supernatural worlds.” My wolf stood in attention in front of the goddess, but me... I was struggling.

“Harley has been mated to your souls in every past life. You three always make your way back to each other. The last time... her soul did not make its way to you... it made it to someone else instead.” That had all my attention.

“The last time Harley’s soul walked this earth it was still as a powerful wolf, the same as always, but her wolf never encountered her mates. Eventually, her father fell into hardship and courted her away for his payment to a vampire. They loved each other dearly... endlessly even. I felt I had made a mistake, but I couldn’t change what was written. She fell pregnant by some miracle, and died in the birth of her daughter who still carried out the purpose that was intended.” Her voice trailed off like she was seeing the past play on the walls.

“The vampire had such a hard time letting her go that her soul stayed stuck there with him. She could not reincarnate. It wasn’t until the vampire made love to her sister, that he was able to release her. Thus, Harley was born. It has been three hundred years since your souls were forced to exist without hers. But because Harley was mated to Alistair in a past life, I am fearful the past may repeat itself.” My blood boiled with the thoughts of that bastard trying to touch Harley.

Axel yelled, throwing the coffee table against the wall.

The goddess reached out, touching him lightly on the forehead.

“I know your pain, my child, just know I am determined to keep this from happening twice. The supernatural deserves peace just as much as the three of you do.” She said, rubbing his shaggy hair from his eyes.

“What’s with the lion?” Axel grumbled as she removed her hand.

“It was your mistake this time that gave the vampire the ability to seek her out. As Leo said, he stands for overcoming selfishness and ego, something you two still struggle with. Leo is going to lead you on the quest that will result in that portal being opened for you without waiting twenty-nine days.” Her grace was abundant, but her eyes glowed with the anger she held for us.

“Do not cross over without the moon to lead.” Doris recited a line from Harley’s vision.

“She can open the portal boys!” Doris giggled, patting our arms.

The goddess nodded sweetly at Doris.

“I can, but only if they are successful in their journey.” She said, looking back at us.

“Whatever we need to do to get our mate back, we will do it,” Axel said, puffing his chest out.

“I am glad you feel that way, boy. Because this is never an easy journey.” The man’s smirk stretched wide like he knew we f****d up by agreeing without asking what it was first.

Not that it mattered. What it is, or how hard it will be... None of that matters. Harley is all that matters to us now and we will both do whatever it takes to get her back to us.