

Their Warrior Luna Chapter 41

Harley:

My eyes fluttered open, settling on the shadows of the fireplace dancing around the room.

“As bright as the stars, and as vast as the sky. Life would be nothing without you by my side.” Alistair sang softly, followed by humming a tune that I had heard somewhere before.

I lay there quietly thinking about earlier when he saved me from the man I later learned was an incubus. His song was slowly luring me into a deep sleep where he would take the most important thing from me.

But this song... warms me with familiarity, wrapping around me like the perfect pair of fuzzy socks.

I snuggled deeper into the covers, letting his song wash over me. I watched the flames dance across the room to the words he sang.

“A woman with a mighty hand, the keeper of the moon, swept in and took my love entirely too soon.” His humming picked up again.

My eyes drifted up the stone fireplace to the painting above the mantle. Green eyes looked back at me. Strikingly familiar eyes... olive skin and dark brown hair that cascaded down her shoulders in waves, she had a beautiful pattern painted between her eyes in a deep shade of forest green. She is stunning.

“That is my mate, Cordelia.” I melted into the bed as he spoke, fearful he knew I was awake.

“She was an incredible wolf too. Very powerful. Though, your powers seem different. She was an earth elemental.” he said, rubbing the stubble on his chin.

“Why did you take me? Why is the mark so important to you?” My voice sounded like a forced whisper; my tongue felt like sandpaper.

“It is less about the mark and more about the power behind the mark. The things it is capable of. When Cordelia died, I turned over every realm so I could look for ways to bring her back to me, and always came up short. Somewhere in the human realm was a book that held a prophecy about the survival of the realms outside of the human one, more specifically, the supernatural realms that would perish if not for the mark of the moon being inside of one of those realms.” He told his story never taking his eyes from the fire, but I couldn’t stop looking at her... the woman in the painting.

“I continued researching this mark, only learning that this bloodline descended from the goddess herself. Each female born to the bloodline would receive the mark or the family may be given an object bearing the mark if no female was born to keep the realms intact.” He continued talking.

“I woke up one night almost eleven years ago knowing that either the mark had been reborn or the object had surfaced. It called to me with the same thrum of life that existed between Cordy and me. It allowed me to easily track it to your pack. I just never expected... you.” His crimson eyes met mine with disgust.

“Look, I don’t want to be here. You don’t want me here. So just do the right thing and let me go back to my mates.” I tried holding my tone to a softer, more understanding one, instead of the rage-filled one I wanted to use.

“You misunderstand. I wasn’t expecting a grown woman... especially not one that looked identical to my beautiful mate...

regardless of that, you will not be leaving.” His eyes were drawn back to the fire.

“I know what the witch showed you... you wanted my firstborn. My son.” My fists clenched.

“There has been a change in plans for that as well. Why would I need your powerful heir, when I have the woman who had been destined to create such a child?” he is f*****g delusional if he thinks he is keeping me here.

“You can’t keep me here, Alistair. I am not Cordelia. I have my mates. Whatever powers you think my birthmark gives me... you are wrong. I am not powerful. I damn sure am not an elemental wolf. I am ordinary and I want to go home.” My wolf’s chuckle almost startled me.

I had begged her to help me stay awake when the incubus came, but we hadn’t spoken for a while since our fight after I woke up captured in another realm and a deranged vampire king’s house.

“We are not ordinary, that is an insult.” She purred.

I ignored her inflated ego, attempting to see where he thought this would lead for him. In my mind, this leads to his death and me crossing that portal in twenty-nine days. I just have to play this smart until then.

His dark chuckle vibrated through the otherwise silent room.

“Go back to sleep, kitten. It is very late,” his smile spread just far enough that I was able to see his fangs pressing down.

My heart jumped into my neck but I figured I had better listen. The more he trusts me, the more freedom he will give me and that will be how I plan my escape.

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Alistair:

I stepped out of the room once she fell asleep. I couldn't bare seeing her anymore. I sat on the floor leaning against my chamber door listening to the thudding of her heart. Out here, the urge to touch isn't as strong.

"Who do you think you are fooling Alistair?" Adoria's tone dripped with a distaste for the situation.

Before I got Harley here, Adoria and I slept together nightly, now I cannot even offer a second glance to her.

"Not now, Adoria," I said, running my fingers through my hair.

"I think now is a perfect time," she said, swaying her hips as she made her way over to me.

"I think you are falling for her. It is obvious she looks just like Cordy. Why wouldn't you want to slip your d**k into the first real thing that looks like her? But what about me and all the promises you made me, Alistair?" She sat down in my lap, grinding her hips against me.

"Nothing has changed," I grumbled, resting my hands on her hips.

That was a lie though and I felt it the moment my hands rested on her skin and wasn't greeted with the warmth I had grown to look forward to when Harley is around. I look for reasons to reach out and touch her... pray her skin casually grazes against mine.

"You are not even listening, are you?" she crossed her arms like a pouting child.

I hadn't been listening, but now my d**k was rock hard thinking about Harley's skin against mine. Maybe Adoria could serve a purpose tonight after all.

I grabbed her by her throat, pulling her lips against mine. Behind my closed eyes though, it was Harley I was kissing.

My hands roamed over Adoria's body, and again, disappointment settled in me when no warmth spread through my icy skin.

I tore the fabric from her skin piece by piece until all that was left between us was heaving chests and the thin fabric of my joggers.

She lifted her hips, giving me room to pull my d**k from my pants. I sank myself deep inside her soaked p***y with a groan. I was hit with an intense urge to keep my eyes closed, so I leaned my head against the wall as Adoria rolled her hips just the way I liked, but in my mind, it was still Harley I was buried inside of.

When those blue eyes had fully formed in my mind's eye, I stood up with Adoria still wrapped around my hard shaft pinning her to the wall. I pulled out, thrusting into her deeper... harder.

“Oh GOD!” she moaned.

I grasped her throat tightly, not wanting her to speak another word, in hopes of finishing with those blue eyes of Harley's looking back at me.

“What the f**k?” Harley's sweet voice penetrated the vision in my mind.

I dropped Adoria to her feet with a smirk on her face.

A flash of hurt danced across Harley's eyes that I almost missed because of the anger that replaced it so quickly. She started backing her way out into the hallway.

“Think twice about what you are about to do, kitten.” I could tell by the look in her eyes that she only wanted to run. So, she did.

I don't know how she did it, but I couldn't catch her. Even with me using my power of speed over her, it was like she evaporated. Leaving me with only a slamming door in my face. I slipped my running shoes on and sprinted out the door after her.

Every realm in existence is the same. Hills, cities, forests... the setup never changes. The one thing that is undeniably different about this one, is that those things you run from in your nightmares are all right here. They are real and you won't wake up from their chase right as their hand is reaching out to snatch you up.

I have to find her before one of them does.

Harley:

What am I doing? What am I doing?

“RUN GIRL, RUN!” My wolf's chaotic words bounced off the walls of my mind as my panic mixed with her laughter.

“RUN WHERE?” I asked as my lungs started burning.

Everything around me was a blur. I don't think I have ever run this fast in my life.

"You are habitually running from the men in our lives when you find them balls deep in someone else." She keeps chuckling like she is loving the thought of him chasing after us.

"King Asshat is not a man in our lives!" I growled at her finding a second wind.

I am in the darkest forest I think I have ever seen. The trees look like they have black bark. I stopped leaning over with my hands on my knees trying to catch my breath. I lost his pants, hell and ever ago, because they fit so loose. I just kept running when they fell.

Dark little chuckles erupted all around me by the hundreds. While I can see clearly in the darkness, the only thing I could see in this forest are little beady eyes from all around me.

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"f**k! You need to back us out slowly. NOW!" my wolf whispered with urgency.

I didn't ask questions, I just did what she said. Backing slowly in the direction I came from.

As I was slowly stepping back out, their beady eyes were coming towards me.

"They are following us. What are they? What do I do?" I asked her. I cannot believe this, but I was praying Alistair would come.

"Pukwudgies. Nasty little bastards." She said as an arrow came flying out of the trees, piercing my foot with a burning pain I can't

describe.

"We have to fight. They just keep coming." I said as my fists clenched.

"Harley, a Pukwudgie doesn't fight. They play mind games and tricks until you kill yourself, or they poison you. In our case, we have been poisoned. Lucky for us that s**t doesn't affect us, it just hurts like hell." She whined.

I had wondered why it hurts so damn badly. I had taken plenty of arrows before. Hell, my silver arrows hurt less than this and they all have wolfsbane on them.

"I guess we could do a crash course in one of your powers. But I had really hoped not to use them in this realm." She mumbled.

Ugly little men that looked like goblins had babies with porcupines started coming out of the forest in groups.

I took a stance, ready to do the damn thing. I am not dying here without my mates. I will get back to them no matter what and we will spend the rest of our lives making up for the years we missed out on because of stupidity and stubbornness.

I want to be marked by them and take my position at their side as Clearwater's Luna. I want to have their little babies and I want to watch them grow and turn into awesome people.

This place... will not be the end for me.

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Harley:

I pulled the arrow from my foot, grunting as the burn worsened.

“Do you know what telekinesis is?” my wolf stretched, looking more relaxed than I felt.

As the creatures kept closing in on us, I panicked!

“I swear if you tell me they have telekinesis I will vomit.” I whimpered, as I calculated who was close enough to me to attack first.

“No, girl. You do!” Her tongue flopped out while her tail wagged happily.

“Listen, I can only tell you once how to do this right now. If you f**k it up, get ready to fight because they will be pissed if it doesn't work. I need you to picture our magic flowing through you. Think about it like lavender tendrils of chaotic static consuming your body.” she said with golden retriever energy.

I kept my eyes circling the creatures. The pukwudgies were way too close for my comfort and I don't think I have enough time for her crash course. But I did as she said anyway. I thought of lavender-colored electricity manifesting across my skin.

Every hair on me stood on end and my hair started whipping around me violently.

“Alright now, relax! Rein it back in. Control the amount of power you are seeing, contain it.” She said, jumping around in excitement.

I inhaled deeply, focusing on making the chaos around me shrink into a vibrant glow. I looked at my fingers and my pale tattooed skin looked translucent under the power surging through my fingertips.

“Focus on the pukwudgies. Slowly extend your hands in their direction, and see in your mind what you want them to do.” Drool was falling from her maw as she shook her fur out.

I couldn't see into the forest past them, so I did the only thing I could think of.

Extending my hands in their direction, I envisioned the magic in me wrapping them in a giant bubble and when the magic left me wrapping around them like purple snakes, I got so excited that I almost broke focus.

I lifted my arms into the air, shocked as the critters came off the ground hissing and squealing like I had tossed them into a frying pan of hot oil.

“Am I killing them?” I asked fearfully.

“Yes. I was thinking you would just throw them far away, but don't feel bad about it. This is just another of our powers. I am impressed you are using two at once. But it is you or them. They don't stop until you die or you kill yourself. I want to go home to my mates, Harley. And we will at whatever cost.” She was right. Those things were going to hurt us.

“HARLEY!” Alistair's voice rang behind me.

My focus broke and the now silent pukwudgies dropped to the ground lifeless with smoke coming from their corpses.

I turned with a cocky glare, knowing damn well I was going back to this psycho man's house with him because there was no way in hell that I was going back into that forest with no pants on.

“Ohhhh... we are in trouble.” My wolf flopped down much too content in his presence for my comfort.

Alistair:

I will bust her f*****g a*s when I get my hands on her. She had run straight into the forest of illusion. A death trap for anyone, especially for someone who has no idea what they have walked into.

The moment my feet hit the tree line I had to force myself to continue. A buzz resonated through the forest like a downed power line, and the energy emanating from whatever was causing the sound was like stepping outside into a very hot and humid day after you had been relaxing in an air-conditioned room. Sweat broke out on my forehead and, for the second time in my life, I was scared. What if I was already too late?

A whoosh of air wrapped around me, and I almost fell. I know exactly what is happening. She found her magic. I ran faster, wanting to see what hell she was raising on some

unexpected creature. I never expected to find her in anything but my t-shirt, frying over two hundred pukwudgie with her power.

I almost gasped at her magnificence!

Her arms were raised high, and the forest was lit in a purple glow. Her hair whipped wildly around her waist as the nasty little creatures screeched in pain.

“HARLEY!” I yelled at her.

They were all clearly dead, but she still held them in the air scorching their lifeless bodies until I yelled for her. She must have lost her focus because they all fell from the sky with a smokey thud.

She turned to face me with an arrogant little gleam in her eye.

“I thought I made it perfectly clear when I said you wouldn’t create problems like this for me.” Her arrogance faded at my words, but she still stood unphased by me.

“You should have told me you had a girlfriend. It was inappropriate for you to make me stay in your room. Not to mention you f*****g her in the hallway was...” she faked a gag in my direction and a smirk crossed my lips. What a dramatic little thing she is.

“Are you jealous, kitten?” I stepped closer, letting my eyes roam her body.

“What? NO! Are you delusional, Alistair?” she yelled.

“God, my name sounds so good coming from your lips,” I spoke softly, stepping closer to her.

She started to back away from me, stopping with a hiss. I let my eyes follow in the direction hers was now looking and if my heart were still beating it would have jumped into my throat at the sight of her swollen and bloody foot.

“Damn, I forgot about that.” She grumbled, lifting it up as her blood trickled down her foot dripping from her toes.

“f**k, come here.” I rushed her, scooping her up against her protesting.

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I cradled her little body in my arms while she tried to fight me. I sighed as my body erupted in her warmth and, for the first time, I could tell my touch had elicited a similar feeling in her, even though she kept attempting to wiggle free.

“Harley, either you stop wiggling right now, or I will throw you over my shoulder and bust that naked little a*s of yours.” She stilled instantly, making me chuckle.

“Good girl. Now tell me what caused your foot to be hurt like that.” I said, pulling her closer to me, since she was too fearful, I would follow through with my threat. She didn’t fight me anymore.

“A pukwudgie arrow.” She scowled, crossing her arms in a pout.

I tried to hide my concern, I didn’t want her to panic. I kept the fact that their arrows are laced with a potent poison to myself. Choosing to just get her home quicker so I could fix it. I ran faster, making the forest blur around us, her arms stretched out wrapping tightly around me and her nails dug into my back like she was trying to hold on for her life.

I stopped at the mansion’s front door, kicking the door open, unable to hide my fear. I sat her on the large island in the kitchen and grabbed her a bottle of water. The little brat has been too stubborn to even drink since getting here.

“Drink that,” I murmured before starting to look through the cabinets for the first aid kit I hadn’t had to use since moving in here.

“No,” she snapped.

I am so sick of her bratty f*****g attitude and now is not the time to push me.

I grabbed a fist full of her hair, jerking her head back roughly. Her pink lips parted slightly and her hands pushed against my chest in an attempt to create distance between us.

“Either you drink it, or I make you,” I growled, holding the bottled water up again.

She snatched it quickly, taking a long drink. I gently released her hair and continued my search for the kit.

“f**k IT!” I roared, slamming my fists into the marbled countertop on either side of her.

“I can’t find the first aid kit. I need to suck the poison from your foot before it spreads into your blood any further.” The crimson glow of my eyes bounced off her pale skin.

“W—What? No way in hell! Nope, not happening. I am immune to the poison and can handle the pain. Your mouth is not coming near me.” She shook her head and scooted herself further back on the countertop.

That’s it. I have had enough of her f*****g attitude.

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Harley:

I scooted myself back onto the island. There was no way in hell he was putting his mouth anywhere on me.

“He isn’t wrong, Harley. You may be immune to the poison, and the pain may be tolerable for you. But our foot may fall off and we don’t need that now, do we?” she snickered at me.

“No. You can’t possibly be okay with a man who isn’t our mate putting his lips on us.” I narrowed my eyes at her.

I had been so caught up in our bickering that I had been unconcerned with Alister until his icy sparks shot through my legs.

His calloused hands gripped my knees, pulling me forward on the counter. His fingers tightened, pinning me in place. My ears rang and I licked my lips praying I could find my voice.

“What—What are you doing?” my voice was barely above a whisper.

My whole body was lit with goosebumps from the chill of his undead hands gripping my thighs.

“I am so f*****g sick of your bratty attitude,” he said through gritted teeth.

His hands slowly made their way up my thighs.

“Stop... You should stop.” I could barely think straight, and I scolded myself for even entertaining the thought of liking the way his hands felt on me. He never offered to go any higher after I told him to stop, but he didn’t remove the vice he had on my thighs either.

“I am going to fix your foot, and you are going to be a good girl and sit still while I do so. Are we clear, kitten?” his grip tightened on my thighs, and I rolled my bottom lip between my teeth, nodding reluctantly.

The air between us felt unbreathable. He smelled like dark whiskey and honey and the cold from his hands on my thighs had settled between my legs like little frosty kisses. My face was flushed, and my wolf seemed as worked up as I was. After he fixes my foot, whatever mind fuckery he is playing on me stops. I would never betray my mates for him and I am sick of myself having these feelings when his hands are on me.

He scooped me back up, taking me to his room. Being against him makes my stomach erupt in the same butterflies my mates give me... and that can't be right.

He sat with me on the side of the huge tub in his bathroom. Once he got the water to the temperature he wanted, he twirled his finger in a circle signaling me to turn and put my foot in.

I hang my mangled foot over the tub nervously... what if it hurts?

"Oh, it's gonna." My wolf rumbled.

I clenched my teeth, closing my eyes tightly. I stuck my foot into the steaming water hissing when it felt like I had stuck my foot in a garbage disposal.

"That really burns," I whined, blinking back the tears.

"You are doing incredible, kitten. It will feel much better once I get the poison out." He rubbed the top of my head.

I wanted to swat his hand away, but I had gripped the tub tightly to keep from screaming and I was fearful if I let it go, I would scream.

He took a washcloth and gently cleaned around my wound. He patted it dry and took me back into his bed.

"You may want to lay back. I hear the first bite is overwhelming for werewolves." He grinned at me, taking a kneeling position in front of me.

"For once, listen to him, Harley. I will be pissed at you if our foot falls off." she wiggled around finding a lying position like it was her foot that was going to be gnawed on like a bloody steak.

I leaned back, gripping the sheets. My eyes were shut tightly, and I was trying to get control of my heart rate, which was beating painfully.

"F**k... that may have been a bad idea." He groaned.

I opened my eyes wide at him thinking something was wrong. His eyes were locked between my legs and his bottom lip was between his teeth. I had completely forgotten I was only wearing his shirt. My blush consumed my face entirely and I tried to close my legs. His hands grasped my thighs again, more painfully this time. I sat up whimpering.

"I'm sorry, I can control myself. Lay back." He said, releasing the grip on my thigh.

I retook my position, gripping the sheets, eyes shut tightly, panting anxiously. His breath fanned my foot and his icy tingles erupted up my leg as he sat between my legs.

“Tell me before you do it, okay?” I screeched.

He laughed softly, making chills erupt up my spine.

“Please—Please warn me. I am freaking out!” I exclaimed as my whole body shook.

His fingers started making soft strokes on my leg.

“Stop panicking, kitten. Let me take care of you.” He spoke softly but the words rattled my brain. No one has ever offered to take care of me, and it left me feeling unsettled.

“Just do it,” I whined.

“As you wish my queen.” He chuckled.

His fangs sank into my foot and my back arched on the bed. The pain I was feeling instantly melted away and was replaced with indescribable pleasure. It wasn't the same kind of pleasure I felt from making love to my mates, but it was just as deliciously

incredible.

A moan rolled from me as his grip tightened. He sucked and spat the poison from my foot into the trash bin beside him. Each time he sank his fangs into my skin, I got closer and closer to the edge until...

He spat the last bit of poison out right before I...

My wolf was lying on her back wagging her tail.

Hussies. We are both big, nasty hussies!

Alistair:

Even coupled with the bitter taste of the poison, her blood exploded in my mouth, igniting every atom in my body like a livewire. Her head fell back, and a soft moan fell from her perfect lips. Her grip on the bed sheets tightened and her back arched against the silk beneath her.

The third time my fangs sank into her, her little black-painted toes curled into my hand.

Is she?...

A vampire's bite is supposed to be extremely painful for werewolves. My little Cordelia was my chosen consort and I was her chosen mate. I could make her come just by feeding on her.

In the past, though, I killed werewolves for survival. It isn't my preferred meal nowadays. But those wolves died in excruciating pain.

My mate was the only one I had bitten into that found pleasure in my bite instead of pain.

With the poison removed from her foot, I tried to pull my mouth away from her explosive force. I spat it in the bin. But before I could stop myself, my eye caught the gleaming metal piercing through her clit.

She was so wet from a bite on her foot, I couldn't stop wondering what one bite close to her sensitive area would do. Would she squirm away from me like a helpless little mouse?

I bit into her foot one last time, able to appreciate her sweetness as it burned a hot trail down my throat.

Her life force tastes so f*****g sweet. I bet her come would taste even better on my lips.

I released her sealing to wound off without letting her come. Her first time coming for me will not be like this. It will be a slow-burning torture that leaves her a broken and begging mess.

She collapsed against the bed, her perky chest heaved from her attempt to hide her pleasure from me.

"Is it over? Can I keep my foot?" She asked breathlessly.

"It is. I must apologize. I didn't mean to make you think you would lose your foot. At worse you may develop an infection; you would have had a hard time walking for a few days. But losing your foot would never have happened. It is already healing." I watched the blush run from her chest, up and up until her forehead was even hued in red and pink.

"But—But, my wolf said..." she stumbled on her words as her eyes showed the telltale signs of speaking with her beast.

Had her beast told her she would lose her foot if she didn't let me suck the poison from her?

"She said what?" I grinned so hard my dimples felt sore.

Her blue eyes studied my face. She seemed to be in shock still. I bet those bastard twins of hers never made her feel that close to coming without having their d***s in her tight little cunt.

"Nothing. Can I go back to my room now? I need to lie down. I don't feel well." She pushed her hair out of her still-flushed face and licked her lips.

“No. But I have a business thing today, so stay here. I won’t be here to bother.” I wanted to push that strand of hair behind her ear so badly my fingertips itched. But I wouldn’t let myself. This moment between us isn’t resentful or angry. I would like to keep it that way.

“Before you sleep though, I will have Val prepare you something to eat and I will bring it to you before I go. You need to eat something.” I dropped my pants, leaving myself only in boxers without thinking. I need to shower for the day, and I am not bashful.

Her eyes lingered over my body for a short moment before she screeched when she caught herself appreciating my body.

“Jesus, what are you doing?!” she squeaked, covering her eyes.

“Don’t be bashful, kitten.” I chuckled as I stepped into the bathroom, closing the door behind me.

I could hear her racing heart beating in her throat. She was trying to control her breathing and that still small bloom of hope in my chest grew a little more.

Could she ever love the monster that took her away from the life she loved so dearly?

Their Warrior Luna Chapter 45

Axel:

“This is the only way, boys.” The lion stood with his arms crossed like a smug bastard.

“You have to cross over, you can’t die. But you have to die. Get it? Think of it as controlled chaos. I slice and dice you with my claws, f**k you up a bit. You cross over where the goddesses will absolutely kick your asses into shape, and while you are there, I am here cutting you as your wolves heal you.” Atlas and I looked at each other like he had six heads.

“This is stupid,” Denny said, running his hands through his hair.

“Stupid, sure. But it is effective, beta. You want your sister back, yeah?” he asked Denny.

“We all want her back. Let’s get on with it.” Atlas said, shaking the nerves from his hands.

Atlas and I sat in chairs where the lion tied our hands behind our backs.

His fingers extended to the claws of his lion. His first gash went through Atlas from his chest to his navel. Atlas’s scream reverberated off the walls like a reminder of all of our mistakes. I shifted in my chair, wanting to rip from the ropes and be with him. I hate this. I want my mate, and I want my brother to not feel pain.

“f**k. I’m okay Axel.” He wailed as sweat began beading on his forehead.

My struggle lessened at his words. He met my gaze, nodding as the lion clawed him again. This time he just shook violently in pain.

“Your turn, pretty boy.” He grinned, stepping in front of me.

His first gash ran across my collarbone down to the bottom of my right rib. I bit my lip as the metallic taste of my blood danced on my tongue. My body shook like I had been standing in an arctic storm butt-a*s naked as the shock settled into my bones painfully.

Gash after gash, our skin was flayed from our bones.

Unconsciousness swallowed me. I was still very aware of my body being mangled, even as my surroundings changed from our office, which was now painted in our blood, to a night sky more vibrant and beautiful than I had ever seen before.

My fingers grazed the dewed grass I was lying on. I shot upright with my head swimming.

“Atlas!” I looked around sighing in relief that my brother was next to me.

I grabbed his hand, pulling him to a sitting position as he groaned, probably feeling as stiff and sore as I did. Here our chests were marked with the scars the lion had created to get us here. I wonder if those will be there once we have healed.

“Get up ladies. You have a lot to learn if you plan on getting your girl back this century.” A woman’s voice rang behind us.

Atlas and I turned with our jaws dropping.

Before us was Selene, our moon goddess. At her side was Artemis, the goddess of the hunt and femininity. Clementia, the goddess of forgiveness. Aphrodite, the goddess of love. Athena is the goddess of war. Hera is the goddess of marriage. Circe, the goddess of magic. Atropos, the goddess of fate and destiny. Lastly, Harmonia, the goddess of harmony.

“We are in trouble,” Atlas whispered through our mind link.

“Smart and handsome.” Aphrodite chuckled.

Atlas and I took a knee for the goddesses, bowing our heads and bearing our necks in respect of the mighty women in front of us.

“Thank you, boys. You may stand. The time we have is precious and must be used wisely.” Selene said with a soft smile.

“You can say that again,” Athena said, stepping forward and scowling at us.

Atlas:

“Childish... disrespectful... immature... irresponsible... inconsiderate,” she grumbled like she was scolding us.

I looked at Axel, his eyes were dark orbs of chaos. Neither of us is used to being spoken to like that, but he clearly did not realize who was standing in front of us right now.

I jabbed him in the arm when he let a low husky growl out.

“Enough!” Selene’s serene expression faded, showing us the goddess behind those kind silver orbs.

“These women are here to help me show the two of you the very reasons the realms are being jeopardized the way they are right now. You will show them nothing but respect and appreciation. If you step out of line again, I will send you back to your bodies and strip you of your mate bonds completely and allow Harley a second chance mate.” Her voice was calm... collected even. But her words struck fear into us both.

“Yes, Goddess,” we said in unison.

Axel turned to apologize to Athena for his behavior.

“I understand your beast is at war with you. But you need to understand that the reason you are struggling so badly with keeping your mate safe and happy is because of your past mistakes and the mistakes you continue to unconsciously make.” Her aura pressed down on us, dropping us to our knees.

“It will be my job to show you where you lack discipline and show you how to fix it.” She said.

“We get to show you how to love her by teaching you to love and forgive yourselves.” Aphrodite chimed in, pulling Clementia upfront with her.

Atropos stepped forward to speak next.

“We all have a role to play here. But first, you have to see for yourselves why you are here.”

She waved her arm into the sky and, as if a projector were hanging high in the sky, flashes of the past started playing in front of all of us like a movie.

“Long before humans and supernaturals were separated by realms, everyone lived peacefully in one realm, coexisting happily. It wasn’t until war broke out that the other

realms were created to have safety for everyone. Unfortunately, having many realms coexist requires a lot of magic. Because of that, we each took small pieces of ourselves and created a supernatural thing that could act as a battery pack to keep that magic stable and charged. Harley is that battery pack.” Selene said.

“In this life and many before this one, her soul has existed with the purpose of keeping the realms from self-destructing. Her soul wandered lonely for many eons unsatisfied with her existence. So... we helped Selene create your souls to join hers. Your souls hold no power to continue the existence of everything, but Harley could not fulfill her purpose without you, and the battery pack could not exist without the heir you all created.” Artemis said.

The screen flashed many versions of Harley through the sky. But I knew they were all hers. Her big blue eyes changed from different hues of blues, browns, and greens. Her long black hair took many colors and lengths, and even her porcelain skin changed. But there was no mistaking it was her.

As time passed, you could see the sadness in her grow. The next time her life ended and was reincarnated, that soul split into three.

Time kept going as we all stood watching.

“This reincarnation occurred before yours,” Selene spoke softly.

The screen kept flashing and my heart jammed in my throat. Harley was born sleeping. Never having the chance to grow and learn, not getting to love or be loved. The boys grew into men, never finding each other. One died of pneumonia and the other was murdered by a vampire. No, he wasn’t murdered... he was changed.

The corpse rose from the dirt and fire laced my veins. It was Alistair.

“When the man was turned, he lost his soul. Hundreds of years passed without the reincarnation of your spirits because of this incident. Harley’s soul searched far and wide for the two of you, unable to find you and be happy, many things took place over that time. She died giving birth once. She grew old with a man she never truly loved and was unable to have children. She was abused and beaten and sold to Alistair as compensation for her father’s debt. But being with Alistair, they were able to fall in love and be one because, in a past life, they were also meant to be.” Selene was telling the story of the pieces I had managed to put together myself.

“Does he think Harley is his mate?” Axel growled.

“He IS her mate, boy. Just as much as the two of you. But he has rotten intentions towards her and her powers and those intentions can never be allowed to manifest.” Hera spoke this time.

“How do we stop him? Even if we get her back, he has stolen her twice now.” I asked, growing more anxious knowing he has had her in his realm this long.

The goddess took turns sharing a questioning glance.

“Before everything that is still in the dark has a light on it, you must learn the things required of you.” Selene’s voice roared over the crowd and I hadn’t noticed until now, but everyone but Atropos was evaporating into thin air.

“Well, let’s get started then, shall we?” kindness radiated from her but my nerves had me shaking. What if this isn’t enough to get her back, and what if, when we do get her back, she wants nothing to do with us?