

# Their Warrior Luna Chapter 46

Alistair:

I sat down at the head of the table waiting for the meeting to start. Normally, I would have had this meeting in my home, but with Harley and Adoria being there, I wanted privacy. The old woman is coming. I need to know if the future has changed since having Harley here.

I need to know why I feel what I feel about her and to know it isn't just my d\*\*k thinking for me.

I sat quietly with my hands folded on the long conference table. My hands were clammy, and the uncertainty of my decisions was catching up with me. Had I made a mistake?

"Hello, my king." The old woman came into the room in a shimmer.

"Did you forget how to use doors?" I snarled.

Her grin widened revealing her rotten smile.

"Shall we begin?" she asked as her smirk faded.

I nodded, ready to receive the answers to the questions that were twisting my guts.

"Has the future changed in my favor?" I asked her as the butterflies in my stomach took flight.

I wanted to ask her if Harley was indeed mine. The reactions our bodies have to each other say she is mine and I would give her myself entirely right now. But I wasn't ready for the answer yet. At least living here in my delusions, I can pretend I still stand a chance with the blue-eyed warrior plaguing my every thought.

The witch sat at my right, extending her wrinkled and pale hands to me. Exhaling the tension from my body, I neatly tucked away the things I didn't want anyone to know before placing my hands in hers.

I could feel the magic rumbling from her fragile hands as she closed her eyes looking into the pool of future possibilities.

"Her eyes shot wide." Did you take the girl?

"I did." I nodded.

"You know she thinks she killed me." She chuckled.

“Ran her hand right through my clone’s chest and pulled its heart out. It really was a sight to behold.” She chuckled, closing her eyes once more.

“Hmmm.” She rumbled, continuing to dig.

“What?” I asked excitedly.

“Your soul... it.” She stopped speaking, turning up one of her unkept brows.

Has she finally lost her mind? I haven’t had a soul in centuries.

“You feel it, don’t you?” she rumbled.

I didn’t answer her, fearful she wasn’t speaking about what I was hoping she was.

A surge of power exploded between us, blowing the woman backward out of her chair where she landed with a thud against the wall.

“What the f\*\*k happened? Are you okay?” I got to my feet, quickly assisting her back to her seat.

“The alphas have been called upon by the goddesses that created the girl’s soul. If they are successful in their journey... the portal will be opened.” I stood knocking the chair back in fury. I will burn that realm to the ground before I let them take her away from me. I will skin them both with my bare hands before they get the chance to lay a finger on her.

“Wait, I am not done!” She grabbed my arm, pulling me to a seated position.

“You feel something for her, don’t you?” I snatched my hand from hers.

“I want her powers. Nothing more.” I growled.

“You can’t lie to me, boy. I have seen the past. You are bonded to the girl. Even without the beating of your heart, you feel the pull for her.” She pointed her bony finger at me. I wanted to rip it from her hand, but I was too distracted by her words.

I sat back down in the chair. Rubbing the short beard that had formed on my chin.

“What did you see?” I shouldn’t have asked. Any form of weakness gives people the wrong impression, but I need to know.

“That soul that once woke you up in the morning was taken by the man who turned you into a vampire. That soul was reincarnated again and again until it was born into one of the twins. Axel to be precise. The first time you had relations with your mate’s sister, you released your mate’s soul. It was reincarnated as the girl so she could continue her mission...” her words trailed off like she was considering her next words carefully.

“The poor girl... three mates... I killed the one who tried to claim me. I couldn’t imagine having three.” She shook her head.

“Three?” I questioned.

“The alpha twins and you, my king,” she said.

Three mates... that’s unheard of. It was rare for one to be mated to two, but it did happen. I have never heard of someone having three mates.

“I will leave you to it.” She said, shimmering back to God knows where.

I left the office and stopped by the café on my way home. I got Harley some breakfast and a large coffee since she was still sleeping the last time. I checked in. We really need to talk and I need her to be caffeinated enough to be willing to listen.

I made my way through the front door to see Adoria standing there with her arms crossed patting her foot.

“Do you want to tell me why that little b\*\*\*h is lying in our bed half naked? Did you f\*\*k her?” her voice sounded like nails grating on a chalkboard.

“Not now, Adoria. We can speak later. I need to talk to Harley first.” I blew her off.

She grabbed my arm, trying to pull me back to her.

“No. If you go up there, I will leave and I won’t come back.” She stomped her heeled foot like a toddler in the middle of a tantrum.

“Go.” I shrugged.

If she left on her own, that would be easier for everyone. Now, that the hag confirmed what I already knew, that Harley is my mate.

Nothing in this realm or any other will keep me from her.

Atlas:

Atropos stood gracefully before us. But even in her grace, she was intimidating as hell.

“While I typically choose the manner in which one will die, I also work with the fate and destiny of things. Fate has brought the three of you together time and time again to continue to meet the needs of the universe. You two are the first to EVER reject your mate. You blame it on your father and neither of you were sure if it was what you wanted and yet, at that moment, where you sent her into the forest alone and heartbroken, you both felt relieved.” The screen started again as she spoke, showing a disheveled Harley

with a tear-streaked face walking into the forest. Her gaze looked lost and a little dead. My chest clenched remembering that day and Atropos hadn't been wrong. Back then, I felt relieved.

We were stupid kids who thought the world owed us a favor.

"In order for you to move on to the next step, you must kill that part of yourself." She waved her hands at us and a whoosh of wind surrounded us.

Axel and I were coughing as the earth settled, trying to clear our lungs.

In front of you are the weapons that have chosen you. From now on, these are yours and they will follow you back into your realm.

The minute you touch those swords, your task begins. She stepped back, folding her hands in front of her.

There in the dirt behind us stood two hoplite swords. Both were incredible weapons. I stepped over to mine with Axel at my side. We pulled the swords from the dirt, turning to face her again.

"Now what?" Axel asked.

"Turn and face your opponent." She pointed behind us.

We both turned to see ourselves standing in front of us with swords drawn. They charged us while swinging their blades wildly.

I focused in on the other me. I blocked his first swing, and as he applied pressure to his blade, I kicked him in his stomach, sending him falling on his a\*s. I drove my blade downward trying to run it through his chest, only to be blocked. While he was on his back, I tried to use that position to my advantage, but he rolled from my continuing attack and stood to his feet. I thought about why I was here and about everything I could lose.

He swung again and I yelled out as the tip of his blade cut from my left temple diagonally, ending its assault on my chin. I closed my injured eye, running at him. I sliced through his dominant arm and landed a good gash on his ribs. His arm was hanging low, barely attached, with the sword still in his hand gripping it tightly. His shocked expression made me want to stop, but I knew I couldn't. I swung my blade again, landing it on his neck.

My blade's sharp edge sliced through him like butter and his head came off rolling to a stop at the feet of Atropos.

## **Their Warrior Luna Chapter 47**

Harley:

I was heading downstairs when I heard Alistair and the girl I had caught him f\*\*\*\*\*g in the hall fighting. My heart hit my a\*s when he told her to go, that he wanted to talk to me. Even my wolf's ears perked up at that.

“Get control of yourself, we will not be excited that he wants to talk to us. That’s stupid!” I grumbled at my wolf who was sitting on her butt doing happy taps with her front paws.

“Straighten up. If you get the zoomies and give me a headache I will kick your fuzzy a\*s.” I snapped at her, but she wasn’t listening. She was still zoned in on them.

“Alistair, I have spent years at your side since my sister died. How can she come in and within a couple of days have you ready to let me just walk out like this?” the woman was pouting like a child, and I could tell by the way his shoulders were tensing up that he was getting angry with her.

“Do you think that coffee is for me? It smells good.” I said to my wolf.

“Adoria, if you want to leave, then go. Either way, I am going to speak with Harley now.” Alistair was doing well holding his temper with her.

I turned on the stairs and ran back to his room. I jumped into his bed with my heart thudding in my throat. Why does he want to talk to me? That coffee had better be for me. Why is he being mean to his girlfriend?

“You know it is rude to eavesdrop?” He said as he entered the room.

I threw the covers off in a huff. My wild hair covered my face.

“I wasn’t eavesdropping. I went in search of coffee and happened to catch the tail end. I could care less what you and your girlfriend fight about... do you have coffee?” my fingertips were tingling in anticipation of my bittersweet caffeine.

He chuckled, passing me the large hot cup. I popped the lid off, surprised that it had creamer in it. I took a long drink, uncaring that the taste buds on my tongue were burning alive. He stepped into his closet. I could hear him changing his clothes and rattling something around.

“We need to talk and as much as I love seeing you in nothing but my shirt, you may be more comfortable in your own clothes.” He stepped out of his closet handing me a bag.

I flipped it open, getting a bit too excited at the panties inside. f\*\*k yes! CLOTHES!! I snatched the jeans, black tee, bra, and panties from the bag and ran inside with my coffee in hand. After I got the clothes on, I used his deodorant and hairbrush and stole one of the

hair ties on the sink, wadding my messy hair up. Now all I need is a toothbrush and I can feel human again.

“You know if you are going to steal someone you should really accommodate their needs,” I grumbled, stepping out.

“I will have to get Lance to get your things moved in here. You have everything you need in your room, but I find I rather enjoy you being in my chambers instead.” A sly smirk crossed his face.

I flipped him off, settling myself on the floor in front of the massive windows. The moon was still hanging high in the sky. Had I slept through the day?

“Time is weird here.” He said, seemingly able to read my thoughts.

“What did you want to talk about?” I asked, ignoring my thudding heart.

He came over to me. My eyes wandered, taking in his muscled legs, and his v-line peeked from his waistband. I had never noticed the gorgeous ink scattered across his chest but it really is beautiful work. His shaggy hair hung over in his eyes slightly but I could still see his eyes burning through me as I took in his body.

He sat in front of me on the floor leaning back on his hands.

“Did you know I used to be human?” he grinned.

“I did not,” I said, sipping my coffee.

“I was. I spent that entire life concerned with money and status. I had barely lived at all when I was murdered by the vampire who turned me... I learned today that my soul was reincarnated. Would you like to know who my soul was reincarnated into?” my thoughts trailed slightly unsure of if I did or not. For the sake of peace, I decided to nod my head.

“Axel Grimm.” He murmured.

My coffee lodged in my throat like gravel, and I choked coughing up a lung. He reached around patting my back and when I was somewhat able to breathe again, I choked out the only word in my mind.

“Bullshit.”

“Honestly, that was my same reaction. But it is true. I was shown the vision.” He laughed, settling back into his relaxed position.

“So, what are you saying exactly?” I asked, finally getting control of the ache in my chest at the mention of my mate.

“You were also my Cordelia. Her spirit reincarnated as you and that is why I am so... drawn to you.” My body flushed at the way his eyes trailed across me. He took in every inch of me before his eyes settled back on mine.

“You are drawn to my powers, Alistair. Granted, you may want to f\*\*k me too, but you and I both know you want my power and that’s it. And to come in here trying to say you and I are mates, pisses me off. I have mates. You had a mate, and I am sorry she died, but enough is enough now. Enough mind games, enough of the polite handsome captor s\*\*t. Either kill me and take my power or let me go home. Please note if you choose the first one, I will do you the same way I did the pukwudgie and I will fry your a\*s.” I growled.

“You think I am handsome?” His boyish grin went wide, showing me the deep dimples kissing his cheeks.

“Really? That was all you took from that?” I rolled my eyes.

“Harley, the twins are on a journey as we speak with the goddess that created you. If they succeed, the portal will be opened and they will come in and, as pissed off as that will make me, I will let them take you home. I no longer have an interest in your powers. All I want is the opportunity to make you see that I am your mate too. I don’t want to hurt you, or the twins anymore... I just want a chance.” His eyes were trained on the floor, and it made my heart clench in an all too familiar way.

My hand moved on its own, settling on his cheek. His icy skin felt like putting your hand in freshly fallen snow, but instead of that aching pain that you get from snow, it was more like working outside in one-hundred-degree weather with humidity so high that you can barely breathe the air and then finally getting to step inside of a cold shower. His face relaxed into my hand and my thumb rubbed soft circles on his stubbled face.

“He is telling the truth, Harley. I feel the mate pull for him.” My wolf howled in excitement.

Her truth slammed into me as I settled back into my spot. I felt something for him too. I was just too scared to admit it. But now that it is out there, what am I supposed to do?

Axel:

I watched as the life faded from my eyes before turning back to my brother, who was standing in front of Atropos. He nodded at me in

approval as I walked forward to join him.

“You have killed the piece of you that makes you act with uncertainty. Good job boys, and good luck.” Atropos said as she faded out, disappearing completely.

Atlas and I made eye contact. Both of us looked around at the empty forest and behind us, seeing that the versions of ourselves we killed were no longer there.

“Now what?” I asked into the emptiness.

“You two are certainly impatient.” Athena had appeared out of nowhere, taking in Atlas’s cut-up face and the bleeding wound on my abdomen.

“You two look worse for wear.” She chuckled, waving her hand over us. I hissed as the wound on my abdomen closed and Atlas sighed in relief as he opened the eye that had been gashed open.

“Thank you, Goddess,” we said in unison.

She nodded her response, and I pulled my blood-soaked shirt over my head that was now threatening to dry and stick to me.

I pulled my sword from the dirt where I had stuck it.

“What’s next, Goddess? I am ready to get my mate home.” I said, popping my neck to release the tension that had settled there since Harley had been taken.

“Aren’t you an eager beaver?” She chuckled.

“Let us get to it then. You both acted without regard for anyone but yourselves when you rejected Harley. Your father gave you an out and you took it without even talking to her about where she stood or how she felt. Despite the fact that you are both good Alphas to your pack, you could be better. In war, acting without regard for others can have everyone around you killed. Good luck.” She stepped back, and with a wave of her hands, our lungs were filling with gas.

“What the f\*\*k?” Atlas said around his coughing, trying to use his shirt to cover his mouth.

He took his shirt off, tearing it in two, handing me half and we both tied our pieces over our noses and mouths. It didn’t stop the burn of the noxious gas, but it helped some.

“What are we supposed to do?” I scooted my feet, noting that the ground we were stepping on was dirt and no longer grass.

“Get low, let’s see if we can get a clearer view of where in the hell we are,” Atlas yelled around his makeshift mask.

We got low on our stomachs and the view did clear some. It looked like we were in a dead-end valley of dirt, but the walls were lined with wooden spikes and spears. At the end of the valley against the wall was a group of people. Three children, two women, and



a senior man. The earth beneath us rumbled and rolled and the walls inched closer together, stopping in a cloud of dust.

“The walls are going to close on them. We have to get them up there.” Atlas screamed, pointing upward where I could see a small entryway of light beaming through the gas cloud.

We got on our feet, running to the end of the valley as the earth rumbled once more, closing the walls in another foot. When we got to the end, the women were consoling the screaming children while the old man tried to find them a way to climb up. The wooden spikes and spears were also sticking out of the walls of the smaller space leading up and out into the light above us. If we could raise them ten feet, they could use the wood protruding from the walls of the earth like the rungs of a ladder.

“Atlas, if we can lift them, they can climb.” I grabbed his arm, pulling him forward.

I grabbed the old man by his shoulders, yanking his attention from the holes he was trying to dig into the walls for them to climb.

“We are going to lift you first. You make sure the children we send up get pulled out at the top.” He shook his head yes so hard I thought he would hurt his neck.

Atlas and I stood facing each other against the wall. We locked arms, giving the man a base to stand firm on. Once he found his balance, we raised him high, holding him steady as he started climbing the wooden pieces. Next was a girl of about age nine. She squealed as we raised her high on the wall. She just barely had enough height on her to reach the wood but she used her upper body strength and managed to pull herself up onto the first wooden piece.

“I’m scared!” she cried, gripping the wood tightly enough to give herself splinters in her little hands.

“You can do this, sweetie. I can tell by the blue in your eyes you’re a brave little girl. The strongest woman I have ever met has blue eyes just like you. You are a warrior princess, kid. You can do this!” I yelled back at her.

She wiped the snot from her face, nodding. Finally finding her courage, she stood and grabbed the next wooden rung, beginning her journey upward.

The other two were too small to climb on their own, so Atlas and I found some rope that had been used to tie some of the spears on and we used a bunch of that to tie the little ones tightly to their mother’s backs. Finally, both women and children were climbing upward and I lifted Atlas up as the walls started moving again, leaving only about 12 feet before they closed completely. He reached down, grabbing my hand as I jumped, helping to pull me to the first rung. Both of us grunted in exhaustion as we climbed up.

I could see the older man struggling to continue, but the little girl was out. I smiled because I knew she was a tough little thing. My chest swelled in pride thinking of the strength she mustered because of little bird, and the thought of little bird gave me the strength I needed to forget the burning ache in my arms.

“I can’t do it. Go around me, I will catch up.” The senior yelled at the first woman who was now trying to make her way around the man.

“Keep going, you can do it. There isn’t much further dad. Please!” The woman under him wailed in fear.

“I’m just resting, sweetheart. Get that baby out of here!” he yelled to his daughter, who reluctantly did as he had said.

We made our way to the man. You could tell by the sweat coating him and his ragged breathing that his remaining strength was waning quickly.

“Come on, we can help,” Atlas said, helping to brace his back while I braced his foot, taking the other and lifting it in my hand.

The rumbling earth kept shaking us, making it harder for us all to hold on.

“You two get out of here. You are going to get killed trying to get an old man out of here. Get my daughters and the kids to safety.

“No, f\*\*k that! We aren’t leaving you here. Climb!” I yelled using my alpha command.

Adrenaline coursed through me when the man started climbing the rungs with everything he had left.

We finally made it, the light was streaming onto us and in just three more feet, he would be out and we would have passed this step too.

The earth rattled closing in on us more. Only about six feet is left surrounding us now.

The old man grabbed the next rung as it creaked, breaking under his weight. We grabbed him as he tumbled, pulling him the rest of the way up. The wood under Atlas and I were both ready to snap from the pressure of the excess weight and it started slowly pulling its way from the earth.

We both looked at each other nodding, knowing what the other was thinking. We used our remaining strength to throw the man out of the hole, reuniting him with his family as the wood gave way.

We plummeted to our deaths together with one last thought in our minds.

We failed her again...

## Their Warrior Luna Chapter 48

Atlas:

“Wake up, princesses!” Athena’s voice busted through the silence of my mind like a bulldozer.

I struggled to get my eyes open, and I felt like my whole body was broken.

“OUCH!” Axel yelped.

I looked over to see his right arm twisted and broken. I winced for him because I knew it hurt. I tried to sit up and help him but I couldn’t... I couldn’t feel my legs. Panic swelled in me, clenching tightly around my already thudding heart.

“Calm down boys, I can fix it.” Athena chuckled as she waved her hand.

I yelled as my spine reconnected and Axel looked like he would puke when his arm started snapping back in place.

“Alright, now that you are together again. I’ll turn you over to the next step. Good job, boys. I am so proud of you.” Her smile was warm and kind and that only made my confusion grow.

“But we died!” Axel snapped.

“You did!” She laughed, clapping her hands as if our failure amused her.

“But you said you were letting us go on?” I said, still trying to get used to the blood flowing back into my legs.

“Yep, you learned your lesson. Harley would be so proud.” Her eyes lit up at the mention of our little mate and a wave of sadness consumed me. I miss her so much.

“I don’t understand,” Axel said, rubbing his no longer broken arm.

“You sacrificed yourselves for strangers. Without a second thought, you both made sure that man made it out of that hole and back to his family, even if it meant giving up your chance to get back to Harley... like how she stopped those rogues and almost died to save those women and children. You never run when someone needs you the most, you stay and you fight... regardless of the outcome. Your choices were honorable, and the sacrifices you were willing to make showed you learned your lesson. Until next time boys.” She waved her hand, evaporating into a smoke that sucked through the ground.

Axel and I both flopped back on the ground sighing in exhaustion.

“Come on, fellas. It hasn’t been that bad, has it?” I sat up to see who was here to kick our asses this time.

Clementia stood over us taking in our muddied and bloodied states with a smile on her face. You know, for them to be goddesses, they all seem to have twisted minds or just really enjoy watching us get hurt.

“Nah, it has been a cakewalk.” Axel stood reaching his hand out to me, helping me get to my feet.

“What’s next?” I asked, stretching my limbs.

“You all changed as time went on. You realized your mistake of making the rejection, but you failed to do one very important thing.

You never gave yourselves the grace of forgiveness, even though Harley forgave you. She even marked you as hers and you still held on so tightly to your regret. It takes up so much room in your heart that there is little room for the important things,” She said, backing up.

“I don’t know if I will ever be able to forgive myself for rejecting her. I have regretted it every day since and I don’t know what you

plan on having us do but I think I will die with this rock in my stomach. Even if we leave here in one piece, successful in this journey, and have her back in our arms, I don’t know if we will ever be able to make up for all of the stupid and careless ways, we have hurt her and hindered her trust in us.” Axel said, dropping his gaze to the grass.

“It isn’t just about rejection, child. So many things start with your inability to forgive and move forward. Harley was just the last piece in that muddled chaos. Your last thought when you thought you were dying was how you had failed her again, nothing more. Just the ways you failed her.” She said with sad eyes.

He looked at me and I knew he felt it too. We both know we f\*\*\*\*d up and ruined Harley on so many different levels, and how can we just let that go? We can’t. That kind of regret doesn’t just go away.

“But it does, Atlas. It can just go away.” I looked up, searching for a familiar voice. I think I may be losing my mind being here.

“MOM!” Axel blurted.

He ran to her, picking her up and squeezing her tightly into him as big tears fell from his eyes. I wrapped my arms around them both, letting my tears fall silently. She died when

we were just kids and dad had turned into a bitter bastard. The same bitter bastard he died as.

“Okay, okay. I know.” She said, rubbing our hair out of our faces.

“I miss you both so much.” She let her tears fall too as she cupped our cheeks.

“What are you doing here?” Axel asked, still unwilling to turn her loose.

“I am where your inability to forgive started. You both blamed yourselves for my death and then you blamed yourselves for your father changing after I was gone. That was such a big burden for two little boys to carry. I was brought here to let you know it wasn’t your fault and that there is nothing you need to forgive yourselves for when it comes to my death, boys. It was a freak thing that no one could have predicted. I was pregnant, and I lost the baby. My body was unwilling to let her go and the infection just spread much too quickly... I love you boys so much and I would have given anything to change the past for you. If I had been there, none of this would have ever happened. But sometimes these things happen for a reason. Everything happens for a reason. But you boys didn’t do anything wrong.” her eyes trailed over our tear-soaked faces. Neither of us even knew she was pregnant. We just thought she had gotten sick somehow, despite how rare it is for a wolf to pass away because of an illness.

“I was the awful thing that fostered your inability to forgive. I was granted access here to apologize for my behaviors and hopefully help you let go of all the things I made you lock away so tightly. This is all my fault boys; I am so sorry.” I whipped my head around to see our father standing behind us looking very sheepish.

I tore from my mother’s embrace ready to rip his head off a second time when my mother snatched my arm with a strength that shocked me, pulling me back to her side.

“Listen to your father boys, both of you need to hear what he has to say.” She growled, pulling us into her little arms.

“When I lost my mate, I lost so much of me. Your mom was always everything that was good and right about me. I forgot how to be

myself, I forgot how to be an alpha, but most importantly, I forgot how to be a good father to you boys. I made you reject Harley and I told you it was because she was weak and unsuitable to be your Luna. But the truth is, I just never wanted you to experience the pain of losing her to death.” His eyes misted over as he took in the three of us.

“I am so sorry. I am so f\*\*\*\*\*g sorry boys. You deserved so much more from me, and I hate that I lost sight of what was important.

You did the right thing by taking me away from the world. I deserved every single hit you gave me, Axel.” I have never seen our father seem so honest and vulnerable. He wasn’t even angry, and I don’t ever remember a time seeing him happy.

The screen behind the goddess started flashing again and this time it showed a time when Axel and I were just kids. We had gone to get Denny so we could all go to the fort we built as kids. Harley was sitting there on the ground crying; her little knee was busted up bleeding down her leg and her cheeks were red from the tears streaking her pale cheeks. Even then, she was so tiny. She was probably about seven here and she looked to be about five.

Little Axel ran up, pushing her curly hair from her blue eyes. I squatted down in front of her too, gripping her chin softly and making her look up at us.

“I fell.” She sniffled hard, still holding her leg.

Axel pulled out the bandana he used when we played cops and robbers and gently cleaned all the blood off of her leg.

“Go get Denny and ask Mrs. Ashwood for a band-aid.” Little Axel said as calmly as he still is today.

I took off running to get Denny and the bandage, but the video kept playing on Axel and Harley.

Axel pulled her into his arms, letting her snuggle into him the same way she still does, and my heart busted open. We have always loved her. Even when we had a shitty way of showing her how much we loved her. Axel’s next words to her clenched my heart and made tears of sorrow and anger and regret pour from both of us like a fountain of renewal.

“It’s going to be alright. You’ll learn to fly one day, little bird.” He shushed her, rubbing small circles on her back and rocking her little body as her crying turned to small hiccups.

## **Their Warrior Luna Chapter 49**

Harley:

Alistair and I had sat looking at each other for some time now. Neither of us had spoken and the silence was getting awkward. Something just feels so off about this. How can I have a third mate? Axel and Atlas Grimm were all I had ever dreamt about and somehow I ended up with both. This though... is weird.

I opened my mouth to voice those feelings when his bedroom door slammed open, and his girlfriend came in with mascara and eyeliner running down her pale face. I’m not sure

why she had been crying but I assume it had something to do with him telling her she could leave.

“How could you pick this mutt over me?” She whined her frustration.

“Whoa, leave me out of your s\*\*t lady.” I sipped my coffee, scooting back for a better view to watch the drama.

Alistair looked at me like I had offended him, but the reality is. He f\*\*\*\*d up. There is no telling what promises he has made to her and this is his problem. I won't be a part of it. My feelings are still for my twins. The love I have is theirs, even though there is something between Alistair and me too. It is still new and very undiscovered.

“Adoria, you are crossing the line. You have no right to come in here like this and you know nothing about Harley or our situation,” Alistair growled.

“Situation? You mean how she looks just like Cordy and every time you look at her your d\*\*k gets hard because of that.” She screeched.

I took another drink of my coffee, enjoying the drama unfolding. There is something about a man getting his a\*s handed to him that amuses me.

“ENOUGH!” he shouted, making her shrink into herself.

“Alistair, what have you told her was going to happen between the two of you and how long has it been happening?” I asked softly.

If he has made a life with her, whatever is between us can never be. I'm not that girl.

“Whatever you are thinking, Harley. Don't do it.” My wolf whined in my head.

Before anyone else could answer, Lance came in panicking.

“Sire, there has been a leak from nothing! The dark ones are spilling into this realm like a waterfall. There are thousands, my king.” He panted.

“What is nothing? Who are the Dark ones?” I asked.

“I need you to stay here. Both of you stay here. I will handle this. Lance, prepare the army.” Alistair snarled.

f\*\*k that, I need to release some of the pent-up chaos in me.

“I'm coming.” I stood up, looking for shoes.

“Absolutely not.” Alistair grabbed my shoulders with a look of fear in his eyes.

“If you think being my mate means you get to tell me what to do, then you would do well to learn as my other mates have and let me make my own decisions. Either I walk out of here at your side, or I sneak out killing anyone who tries to stop me and fight anyway. Got it?” I chugged the rest of my coffee, eyeing Adoria’s feet.

She was wearing some kind of boot but there wasn’t a heel on it and the size looked right.

“Give me your shoes.” I stuck my hand out to her.

“Excuse me? No.” she scoffed, crossing her arms.

There is no time for her childish games and I am not the man who put her in her feelings this morning. I walked closer to her noting how she looked down at me. I hit her in her jaw so hard I heard it crack as she fell to the ground knocked out. I pulled her shoes off lacing them onto my own feet.

“Let’s go.” I grabbed Alistair’s hand, pulling him out of his room.

“You have to take their heads, that is the only way to kill them. Once their heads are gone, burning them is the only way to ensure they stay dead. The Nothing is a shadow realm of black death. Nothing is there, but anything can end up there. If someone or something ends up there, they turn into a dark one.” He gave me the run down as we ran outside to an armory-type thing. I grabbed an emerald and black hoplite sword from the corner. Gasps rang around the brick walls, but I just walked around their gazes and whispers.

“How the f\*\*k did you get that?” Alistair growled like I had pissed him off.

“It was sitting in there and it was pretty. Is it yours?” I offered him the sword as my wolf whined, also not wanting to let him have it. It is very pretty but it fits perfectly in my hand and the hum of its cool medal is tantalizing.

He stepped back as if the sword would hurt him if he took it.

“No one has been able to wield that sword in ten thousand years, Harley. It kills anyone who tries to touch it.” His shocked expression lingered on the sword in my hand.

“Well, I’m not dead, so... let’s get to it then,” I grumbled, walking down a path by the building. Another vampire stepped in front of me but was careful not to get too close.

“I—It... It is that way, my queen.” He too kept his eyes on the sword.

I turned to look at the men walking into the forest. I turned to walk that way too, but the sword got heavier, making me stop to look at it. The emerald stone in the center of the handle grew hot in my hand. Maybe it was a delayed effect?

I wanted to let it go but my fingers weren’t working.



“Let it guide you.” My wolf whispered.

“I think I would prefer this way. Please don’t call me queen again, it sounds weird. Harley is fine.” I said, sidestepping the weary vamp.

I let the sword guide me in a completely different direction than what the vampire had said. I trusted that the sword feeling feather lite meant that I was going where it wanted me to. What I didn’t expect was for the forest that I had stepped into to get swallowed by a tar-like substance that was killing the vegetation entirely. The sword glowed brightly in my hands. It shook in my hands, overwhelming me with a power I had never felt before.

Energy surged through me like I had been plugged into a wall socket. Black waves ebbed and flowed between me and the blade like the waves of the ocean.

“It’s time, Harley. Wake up!” my wolf howled loudly in my mind, and I hunched over clutching my head as a ripping pain circulated through my entire body.

Axel:

Clementia disappeared, as Atlas and I cried. I didn’t even know why I was crying now, I just couldn’t stop. Mom hugged us goodbye, kissing our cheeks one last time until we meet again. Dad stepped up to us and every ounce of anger and hatred I had for him was gone. Before me was the same man I had looked up to as a child and I hugged him tightly, letting all of the hurt in me that I held so tightly towards him out through tears.

“I shouldn’t have killed you.” My voice was so strained it hurt to speak.

“Shh. You did the right thing, my boy. No need to be sorry or hurt. It was the right thing. I am so proud of you both. Just know mom and I check in on you all, all the time. I can’t wait to see my first grandchild. We will be there for that too. Okay?” I nodded at his words as he took Atlas into his arms too.

“I love you, boys.” He whispered as he disappeared in our arms.

“That was so sweet!” Atlas and I both turned to see a crying Circe.

She cleared her throat and straightened her spine, jutting her chin out.

“Let’s keep going, I have received word that we are running low on time,” she said, dusting her dress off.

“What do you mean we are running low on time?” fear spiked at her words.

“My boy, it is January the second. Time works weirdly here.” She shrugged.

“What? That’s two weeks!! We have been doing this for two weeks? Are we even alive anymore?” Atlas snapped.

Circe snapped her fingers, shutting Atlas’s rant up.

“Enough boy. Agonalia is soon and you must have Harley marked by then. The vampire too, otherwise...” her voice trailed off as the weight of her words settled into us.

“That blood-sucking bastard is not marking our mate!” I roared.

“Hush! This is a topic for another time. For now, you must do your part to understand the awakening that Harley will go through. Small magic will happen as her powers awaken. It is when she takes her true form that you may be fearful of her. But the universe needs to be charged and she is the only one that can do it. The realms are slowly dying, boys. Slowly being swallowed by The Nothing and if it happens in full... there will be nothing we can do to stop it.” Her eyes pierced us with a certainty that sent shivers down my spine.

## Their Warrior Luna Chapter 50

Axel:

Circe circled Atlas and me as we both gripped the grass beneath us, trying to recover from her attack.

“This is the best way for you to understand and appreciate what Harley is going to do and everything she is capable of.” Her hand came out again as purple tendrils tazed as.

We both cried out as the magic our sweet little mate would possess one day painfully coursed through us. We both collapsed next to each other, heaving for air as our bodies were lifted off of the ground.

“Telekinesis is one of her many powers and one that will awaken first. It is a handy power, but it is hard to control at first and because of that, accidents will happen and mistakes will be made. It is on you as two of her mates to teach her third mate how to deal with the power surges and accidents as they come and for all of you to be able to comfort and calm her when the fear consumes her. She will have to relearn her movements, hone in her energy, and train mentally the same way she trains physically.” Circe said as she flipped and flopped Atlas and me in the sky. We hit the ground with a thud knocking the wind from both of our lungs.

Her wild eyes turned white, and her lips parted slightly as her form began shaking. Atlas and I both waited for another attack until we realized this wasn’t an attack against us at all. We braced the goddess as her body shook violently. We tried lowering her to the ground but her body was so stiff and ridged it was like she was planted firmly on the

ground. Her eyes finally returned to normal, and she grabbed her throat, coughing like she couldn't breathe.

"What can we do?" Atlas asked, panicking.

"It's Harley, she has awakened. She is fighting The Nothing in the realm of the damned." Her coughing eased but I could feel her heart thudding in her pulse point that was under my thumb. At the mention of Harley fighting the thing that can supposedly swallow existence entirely, my heart stopped.

"We need to get to her. All of you come down here and beat our asses if need be. But we need that portal open now!" I screamed into the sky.

"It isn't possible, I'm afraid," Selene said, appearing out of nowhere.

"Bullshit, you all are the most powerful goddesses in existence. You can do whatever you want." Atlas growled the same words that had fled through my mind.

"Free will must exist, Atlas. Without the completion of the journey, I can not open the portal. Fear not though, I gave Harley something before she was taken. Her wolf will help her tap into it. She has also awakened her powers. She will be fine. This is not the end for her and you are close to the end. For your own comfort though... I can provide you a window into that realm to watch her." And with a snap, she did just that.

The screen we had seen since this started was shimmering brightly and as the light dimmed down my heart thudded seeing her. She looked gorgeous and lethal fighting against beings that looked more like ink and shadow than anything. She wielded a sword, effortlessly cutting their heads away and moving on to the next.

"Why is she alone?" Atlas growled as his fists clenched at his sides.

"The sword guided her to the point of The Nothing. If she can get to the tear in the realm, she can close it, killing the rest of the dark ones immediately. The king's troops have gone to a group of dark ones on the other side of the forest because they don't possess the same ability to know where the dark ones originated from." Athena said, appearing behind us.

"She can do this. We must continue doing our part." Hera spoke confidently from beside Athena.

We turned to face her. She reminded me of a summertime field of wildflowers with a soft breeze blowing in the distance. She is the goddess of women, marriage, and childbirth. But even with her soft features, I knew she could be as deadly as the others.

"My only goal is to show you the heir which will be created by a combination of the three of you and grown snugly in the womb. It will be a very important piece for the four of you and will be the end of this maddening need for a battery-pack soul. Because of this

journey, you all will be immortal, as well as Harley, because her powers are more abundant than any of her other past lives. The four of you will have the opportunity to live together forever. Because of that, you must also learn the importance of the commitments you will make to her. Loving someone long-term is accepting and loving every version of them. Loving someone for eternity is no different. It starts now with you accepting that Alistair is also her mate.” Hera said, folding her hands in her robe.

I had lost my train of thought entirely at the part where our child would be part of him. That means he has to have s\*x with her and that makes my f\*\*\*\*\*g blood boil.

“How? How can we be okay with that? How do we accept him as a part of us?” Atlas asked, as his jaw flexed against his clenched teeth.

“Simple really. Axel, your soul was once his. He is a part of you both.” She said it as if that made it any easier to swallow.

Our eyes went back to the screen that Hera had pointed to. Alistair had joined Harley, now asking her if she was alright. He tried to check her body for injury as she killed the dark one that had snuck up on him.

“I am fine you big lug! Let’s finish this s\*\*t!” she laughed, socking him on the shoulder with a smile.

“She is drawn to him in the same way he is drawn to her. Their past lives have been tied together the same way that the three of you are tied together now. She can’t be without him no more than she can be without you.” She seemed so carefree but my jealousy was eating me alive. She is ours. How can we possibly share her?

“No one is expecting you two to invite him into your home or to eat at your table on the first night. But at some point... the four of you must coexist peacefully or the heir will never be born the way it needs to be.

“So, what you are saying is that we have to share our mate so the four of us can create a being powerful enough to change the existence of the universe forever and this child will be more powerful than our Harley AND we have to let him have a piece of her in order to do that?” Atlas asked in the same jealous manner that I was struggling with.

“Yes,” Hera said simply.

“And if we don’t accept him?” I asked, crossing my arms to protect myself from the ache in my chest.

“Then you fail and will be stripped of the bond entirely.” She shrugged.

I exhaled, rubbing my face in frustration. Atlas was running his fingers through his already messy hair.

“Fine.” We said in unison.

“Having her to share with him is better than not having her at all,” Atlas said, looking into my eyes. I couldn’t speak so I just nodded my agreement.

“Good. You are making the right decision.” She bowed to us before disappearing entirely.

I squeezed Atlas’s shoulder, knowing he had the same ache in his chest.

Our eyes drifted to the screen watching Harley skillfully kill one dark one after the other with the vampire at her back protecting her from everything she couldn’t see. He was vigilant and fierce in ensuring her safety and, if anything, I have to give him thanks for that.

“She is truly incredible,” Harmonia said in adoration, appearing beside us.

“Truly,” Aphrodite agreed, appearing on the other side of us.

“Are you all going to hurt our feelings too?” I asked, still watching the screen.

“No, sweet boy. We are literally love and harmony. The last step of this journey is to show you two exactly what happens when you both are able to accept Alistair and Harley gains control of her abilities.” Aphrodite smiled at us. She nodded to Harmonia, who snapped her fingers, changing the screen from Harley to... Harley.

She was sitting in a hospital bed at the pack hospital. Her hair was glued to her forehead with sweat and her cheeks were flushed bright red. Her arms were cradling a crying baby and on either side of her bed were Atlas and me. But no Alistair. My heart swelled with excitement until the hospital room door opened gently and he stepped in with a cup of coffee in his hands.

“Here you are, kitten. Just the way you like it, my queen.” Harley passed the baby to Atlas as she greedily drank the coffee Alistair handed her.

The three of us gathered around each other taking in the sweet baby boy with the eyes of swirling galaxies while our precious little bird enjoyed her coffee. All five of us are healthy, happy, and together.