

Their Warrior Luna Chapter 66

Adoria:

I broke down screaming like I never had in my life, but no sound was made. I could feel the tears running down my face, but this place was so dark that I couldn't even see my hand reaching up to wipe those tears away. My mother went into that battle as a clone of herself but couldn't be bothered to tell me. She didn't care that she left me weaponless like a sitting duck when she shimmered back to her human form, and she didn't shimmer back into battle once her clone was nothing more than a pile of dust at my feet. She had abandoned me.

Had that been her plan all along? Had she used me in her sick twisted schemes in an attempt to gain more power for herself? She got every person with any right to the throne in one place in a battle to the death and then she skipped out like a p***y.

Hot tears pricked my eyes when I tried to create a fireball in my hand, then I tried for a small spark, but I guess magic doesn't work in this place because nothing would happen no matter what I tried. No matter how many times I yelled in frustration or in fear, nothing happened.

My hands roamed the floor under me in search of something, anything. I tried to find a wall thinking this was nothing more than a room with no windows or doors, but maybe there was a light switch and four walls. There must be walls.

I have heard so many legends about this place over my lifetime. I never expected it to be worse than the nightmarish words those people spewed for fun over drinks. They were so ignorant in their descriptions. None of them were remotely close to knowing the hell about this place.

Who would have expected that in the darkest of nights and in complete silence, with a fear you never imagined you were capable of feeling, there would still be warmth here? I don't mean that sweaty humid kind that could make you sick from being exposed to it for too long, but a small warmth that is comforting and kind. I could find myself easily addicted to it. How do those two things exist in a place of damnation like this one?

If I could grab onto that small thread of hope and comfort, I would wrap it tightly around my throat, so I could find a way to hang myself from the rafters of hell feeling more at peace than I ever thought I was capable of feeling. But I knew that I could never be so fortunate as to die peacefully. No, I knew what would happen next and I would give almost anything to avoid it. Everyone has said that the dark ones are created when the ones that are exiled here go insane from being exposed to The Nothing for too long, so they give into the clutches of darkness, becoming one with it. I could understand that. This silence is deafening, and this darkness is impenetrable. Nothing... there is nothing or

no one here. I could see how easy it would be to give yourself over to it to escape from its clutches.

I didn't know that it was possible to be afraid of nothing and of everything at the same time until now, and despite the fear causing my hands and legs to shake uncontrollably, that still small bit of warmth that is comforting me is keeping my mind intact.

I once thought Alistair's kingdom was made of the nightmares that regular people tried so hard to avoid at night, but no... this is it.

This is the real thing that your worst nightmares are made of.

"Can you hear me?" I called out. I was desperately hoping one more poor soul would be down here and call out to me. I thought that maybe, even though I can't hear myself, maybe someone else would hear me if I tried hard enough.

"Can you hear me?" A dark voice answered my question with his own.

"Where are you?" I crawled around patting the floor.

"Everywhere." I stopped patting the floor, squinting my eyes into this damn darkness at his reply.

"Don't f**k with me right now. I need to get out of this... place." I growled, continuing my thorough pat down of the floor.

"What are you?" I whispered, making my way to the last place I heard him.

"It depends." He purred from somewhere behind me, causing me to turn swiftly and head toward his voice.

"On what exactly?" I snarled.

I hunkered over covering my ears wishing I hadn't asked as the screeching sound broke through the silence threatening to burst my eardrums.

My screams rattled my brain as what I could only describe as a burning lash of a whip fell across my back. Over and over and even with my attempts to crawl away, the lashings continued.

"Please!" I cried out. I don't think I can handle another one.

It felt like my clothes had been torn away from my body by whatever had attacked me, but I was in so much pain that moving away from it was only a distant thing to care about. My breathing was the only thing on my mind. With every breath of air that I pulled into my

lungs, it was like inhaling a noxious gas. An unbearable burn shredded my esophagus on the way down.

“Help me. Someone, please! I am not ready to...” this was it. I will become one of them. Dark, mindless, and starving for souls.

“Pathetic little girl. Here I thought I had my vessel and yet you crumble under a lashing.” A low voice rang out sounding far away. I opened my mouth to return a snarky reply, but I couldn’t form words around the burning in my chest. Instead of speaking, I spat blood in the direction the voice came from.

A small laugh came as a reply and the sound alone was pure evil. Nothing has ever given me chills like that laugh and I don’t want to find out what else he could be capable of doing to me. I dug my nails into the ground. I need to get up. If this thing is here, other things are here too. I swayed on my feet, fighting the urge to gag at the sound of my blood splatting on the floor. I could feel his hot breath blowing on my neck and my now exposed vertebrae.

“Who...are...you?” I grumbled, knowing if I took that first step the blood coating my bare feet would be a disaster for me, even though it was tempting to run like hell.

“Your worst nightmare, little one.” He chuckled again.

A shiver wracked me as a sharp claw skated up my arm, over my shoulder, and down my back, dodging every open area. He chuckled when the goosebumps coated my skin like he was enjoying the taste of my fear.

“What... are... you?” it was getting harder to breathe and while I was sure I was standing still, I felt like the darkness in this room had started circling me.

“Since you will likely die for me today, I’ll tell you. I am a demon or Oni or whatever you see fit to call me.” He growled as inky blank tendrils wrapped tightly around my every wound. Divining in and out of my body as more of my blood fell to the floor.

I could feel him stealing everything from me. He was the still small warmth that I had felt in the middle of my mental breakdown. Even with the pain rushing through me, the tender comfort of his touch was dumbfounding. A paralyzing realization washed over me as I relaxed into him instead of fighting for my life. This... thing is my mate, and he has no other intention for me than to kill me. My heart is shattered... I am not even good enough for my mate. He is bleeding me dry happily with a smile on his face and I want to let him do whatever he would like with me for one more second of his touch.

I gave myself over to his comfort. If I become a dark one or I meet my final end at his hands, no matter what comes after that moment, at least this peace will be the last thing I feel before I become one of them or I become nothing at all.

“What a good little slut you are.” He purred caressing my cheek as his shadowed form pulled me into him consuming every part of me until nothing was left but the warmth of his tender touch.

Their Warrior Luna Chapter 67

Alistair:

I was leaning against the wall while my brave little mate had her leg worked on. Despite the gnarly gash running from her hip to her knee, all she could talk about was the way we were deceived by the old crone and her b***h daughter.

The twins seemed to think it was her blood loss because Atlas had watched the old woman die too, but I know Harley is right. She told me once that Harley was sure she was dead because she tore her heart out and crumbled it in her hands. She had fooled her once and I know that if Harley says she isn't dead this time either, then she isn't. That old b***h is sneaky and conniving, and Adoria is the same way. What does that mean for us now though? What will her next move be?

“Back me up here, Alistair. You know her, you know them both... I am sure about this. She fooled me once using a clone and that heart that I tore out turned to dust the same way her body did this time.” Her blue eyes were pleading with me.

“I agree with Harley.” They are both wicked women and Adoria has clearly gone to great lengths over the years to hide her abilities from me. I have no idea what she is truly capable of and, because of that, I don't even know where we stand in this great war their goddesses have warned us about.

“This isn't the end of the war. Hell... this wasn't even the f*****g war. There is a nagging in my gut that is telling me that this s**t is far from over.” I knew by the urgency in her voice that we would be at war again.

Harley fell backward against the cot she was being treated on and her eyes rolled back in her head. Her body jerked violently like she was having a seizure, and her arms shot straight upward like they were reaching for the heavens and then, right before her pale body went limp entirely, she cried out for the three of us. It all happened so quickly that the doctor didn't even have time to come into the room before the episode she was having was over. She looked like she was sleeping but we couldn't wake her up.

My blood ran cold as my past meshed with my future and I couldn't tell the difference between Harley and Cordelia. My chest twisted tightly, strangling me with the fear of losing her, and it wasn't until Atlas grabbed my shoulders, shaking me so hard, that I was forced to focus on reality and that painful part of my past had to go back into the box that I kept it locked away in.

“It was just a vision. Sometimes it takes a while to come out of it. She is okay, Al. I promise.” He patted my shoulder, turning back to the doctor who was telling us how her vitals were stable and that they had done everything they could do. She said the only thing left to do was to give her time to wake up, but my dead heart almost started beating from the fear still coursing through my veins.

I sat in the chair closest to me trying to catch my breath. If something were to happen to her again, I would rip the universe apart before I could be stopped this time. I can not and I will not go through the pain of losing the love of my life again. I would do anything, I would kill anyone, to keep her next to me. I will not lose her again.

Harley:

“Wake up my friend! Yoo-Hoo! Open those eyes, princess!” I heard the words clearly, but my tired eyes wouldn’t dare budge. A hot tongue slid across my face, forcing me to rise to whatever occasion I was being called to.

“Ahh, slobbers. Gross!” I sat up wiping my face off with a smile.

My muscles were aching from the fight that had happened just hours before and my injured leg felt stiff. It wasn’t until I realized the slobbers had come from my own wolf and then I took in the place I was sitting in. The goddess’s realm.

“Why am I here?” I asked the unearthly women that were standing before me.

“Something unlike anything we have ever seen is coming, Harley, and it is coming fast. You are the first of your kind to have to deal with this and it is uncharted territory even for us. When you kicked Adoria into The Nothing something sensed her presence and found her. Her... mate... sort of.” Selene spoke softly to me, easing the ache behind my eyes, but something in the way she looked at me sparked my attention.

“What is it?” I asked, letting my gaze touch each of them.

“Once upon a time, he was known as Eros. He was the god of s****l desire and was the most handsome man to walk the realms. With wings as beautiful as the sun and a face to match, he was untouchable. He used his arrows to help gods and humans fall in love, but one day he fell for a mortal in the human realm. She was a divine creature indeed.” Aphrodite was telling the story of the God with sadness in her eyes.

“What happened?” I asked when her pause continued.

“She was fated for another and already with child. He couldn’t tolerate the heartbreak or understand why everyone he had helped was happy and in love, but he couldn’t have that love for himself. He did something he was never supposed to do. He tried to ruin her marriage by using his good looks and sticky sweet charm to lure her to him. When the other gods heard of his wrong doings, they created a place for him to be alone forever.”

Selene had taken over for Aphrodite and slowly my groggy mind was putting the pieces together.

“The Nothing.” I whispered.

Aphrodite nodded, confirming what I had thought. And for some reason, my heart went haywire.

“When Adoria entered that realm, he was awakened,” Selene told me.

“What does this mean and what does it have to do with me?” I asked them.

“It means, sweet child, that things are about to get a whole lot harder. If Eros decides to use her as a consort, he will feed on her power until he is able to surface from The Nothing.” Circe said.

“What happens when he surfaces?” my hands got clammy waiting for her answer.

“When he was thrown into The Nothing he swore to the gods that he would get out and when he did, he would rain hell on all of the realms that shunned him for his mistakes and once they stood in lava and ash, he would move on to the heavens above.” But does Adoria have the power to fuel such a being?

“Alistair did say she hid her true powers from him.” My wolf said, hearing my thoughts as clearly as her own.

I took in each of them standing before me. I know they have me here for a reason and I don’t know if I want to even hear it.

“Why have you all pulled me here?” I asked, knowing the knot in my stomach had already told me their answers would not be good.

“You must be the one to stop him, Harley. We need you to go into The Nothing and ensure he never has the opportunity to surface again.” My jaw dropped at their words until I realized it was a joke.

I laughed until my already sore ribs ached and then I laughed some more. My wolf’s head c****d to the side watching me have a meltdown.

“You’re serious?” I asked the women who were still looking at me like I was crazy.

“I’m sorry, Harley. It has to be this way.” They shot me back into my body with enough force to shatter bone.

“There you are.” I heard their silky sweet voices.

My eyes opened to see all three of my mates looking scared for their lives. They took turns kissing me softly and the only thing I wanted to do was tell them this was over, that it was time for the four of us to move on and make babies and be happy. I just wanted to kiss them until my lungs burned. I opened my mouth to tell them how much I loved each of them and the only thing that came out was...

“We have another problem.”

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Harley:

“I have to go into The Nothing and fight a god gone bad because I kicked Adoria in there and woke his pissy a*s up. If I don’t, he will rise from nothing and take everyone and their mother out.” I had been arguing with them for hours and wasn’t getting anywhere. This is my final attempt to give them the same spiel the goddesses had given me. At this point, Alistair was the only one entertaining me.

“No. NO.” Alistair growled. His crimson eyes were glowing brightly. I couldn’t tell if he was hungry or if he was angry because I told him I had to go into the nothing and fight Eros.

“I know, I don’t like it any more than the three of you, but how can I tell a group of goddesses, my goddess, no when they say I have to do something?” I held my temper, which was choking me out because I understood. I don’t like the idea of it either.

“Harley Grace, NO.” Alistair’s voice growled out again.

“Come here,” I whispered to him.

The twins had busted up the hospital room and were sitting in the corners of the room sulking. Alistair made his way toward me. His aura swallowed the room. Chills erupted all over me the moment he dropped his gaze on me. The crimson in his eyes deepened, I don’t even have to ask. He’s pissed at me... but he is also hungry and too stubborn to ask me to feed him.

“On your knees.” I purred, causing him to slightly c**k his head. Like any good mate, he listened.

Slowly he dropped to his knees, making him eye level with me. I ran my fingers through his hair softly. I kissed his forehead the way they all do for me. His rigid body relaxed into my attention with a sigh. He wrapped me tightly in a hug and my mouth watered when his scent surrounded me. Updated by Jobnib.com and visit us for more free novels.

I extended the claws on my left hand, making that familiar slit across my mark. Those once tender chills that had been dancing across my skin were now an array of goosebumps giving away my body's desires.

"Feed," I growled, as the anticipation of pleasure his fangs in my skin always gave me threatened to burn me alive.

"Now isn't the time." He murmured, watching the blood run down the valley between my breasts with hunger in his glowing eyes.

"Please?" my thighs were aching at the way he was looking at me.

His tongue caught the drip that had run between my breasts. He slowly slid upward, sucking and nibbling at me with a moan at my taste coming from his lips. My clit throbbed when his grip on my hips tightened, pulling me in closer. He undid my hospital gown, bearing me to the three of them before crawling between my thighs and pinning me to the hospital bed with his hands.

The minute I turned my head, giving him more access to the slit I made, he latched onto me without arguing, and f**k it felt good.

My body was desperate to cling to him in anyway it could, as the hot tingles erupted through me, making every part of me ignite with need.

"F**k." Atlas groaned, having just walked back over to watch Alister feed. I realized it the last time. He likes watching him cause me pain, edging me to the point of coming and never letting me.

The only thing separating me from what I wanted was his pants. I wanted them gone and I wanted to be in control this time. I let my wolf surface so they would all hear my command clearly. I need this just this once. They always take me. But this time... I want to be in control.

"Atlas, I want you to pull Alister's pants down and free him for me." my voice is almost demonic like this. But when the hair on Atlas's arms stood up and goosebumps erupted on Alister's back, I knew it had the effect I had wanted.

Atlas did as I asked without hesitation, removing himself from the position he had taken leaning on the wall. He reached around Alister, and I shivered hearing Atlas unbutton and unzip another man's pants for me. He hooked his fingers on Alister's waistband letting his thick c**k spring free between us.

Raising my hips, I lined him at my entrance and sank him into me deeply, riding him from underneath.

“Needy little thing.” I heard the deep rumble from Axel, spurring me on knowing all three were involved now.

For right now, the goddesses and war and anything in between can wait. This moment is theirs and I plan on taking it excruciatingly slow.

Alister sealed his bite off with a moan while I rode him painfully slow. I was already so close to coming I could barely relax my body trying to hold it in and I knew he could tell because the moment he sensed my struggle he flipped us over, putting me on top.

“If you want to take it, take it. But you better not come or the three of us will take control the second those thighs start shaking and f**k you into oblivion.”

Alister’s dark chocolate and whiskey voice alone was enough to make a girl come, but the minute he put his hands behind his head, he was enjoying the show from underneath me. I smirked.

Challenge accepted.

I started slowly riding him, letting my head fall back, twisting my n****s. Putting on a show for them with a smile on my face. The twins had made their way to either side of the head of the bed, taking in every movement I made with hunger in their eyes. My fingers worked my clit as my pace quickened. I was determined to make him come first. I could feel his o****m building with every stroke I made on him and holding my own release was killing me. I was slowly turning into a needy mess the same way I always do when they refuse my o****m.

“Look how beautiful she looks torturing herself without even being told,” Axel said, smirking at me.

“Kiss me.” Axel didn’t need any other invitation. He took his shirt off and wrapped my thick curls in his fist, kissing me deeply.

My movements were growing sporadic as the pressure inside of me kept growing. I was getting desperate to come and Alister still seemed so relaxed.

Atlas took my n****e in his mouth, sucking me so tenderly that I almost let go.

Swallowed in their gazes, cheered on by their rough hands, I gave up.

I rode Alister hard and fast, chasing the release that had my body shivering. His fingers dug into my hips, helping me slam into him. I shattered around him like the whimpering little b***h they turned me into.

“Nice try, little bird.” Atlas chuckled, grabbing me by the hair of my head, and shoving me into Alister’s face, who was still f****g me from underneath.

His hand came down on my a*s with a crack and between those precious bites of pain and Alister being balls-deep in me, I almost screamed before he yanked me back up by my hair, swallowing any sound I would've made with his soft lips.

Atlas lifted me upward and Alistair scooted up, accommodating Atlas's broad frame on the hospital cot. He reached between my legs fisting Atlas and put his c**k against his lining both at my entrance. I wiggled trying to get out of Atlas's hold. I could barely take one of them, there is no way two will fit.

Atlas extended his fangs, sinking deeply into his mark, making me still in my panic. They thrust in tandem, inching into me so deliciously slowly that the stretch around them had me ready to come again.

"Take it for us, kitten. We know you can." Alister groaned, rubbing my clit with his thumb.

Axel moaned, fisting his throbbing c**k in his hand, pumping hungrily, watching the two of them f*****g me into the oblivion they had promised me.

In just a short moment, the thickening of their oncoming o****m was too much, the second the two of them found their release inside of me, I came and I came hard, turning into a quivering and pathetic mess of muffled screams around the two of them.

They stilled inside of me as hot spurts of their come coated me. Axel leaned forward, thrusting into my throat, pumping roughly until he too found his release. I collapsed against Alistair the moment the three of them pulled out of me.

"She is so f*****g perfect," Axel said, reaching down to push my hair behind my ear.

Just as they always do, the three of them packed my limp and sleepy body into the bathroom of my hospital room to clean me up while I fought the warm bliss lulling me into a deep sleep.

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Harley:

I woke up with a twin on each side of me, and Alister with his head in my lap and a very angry goddess glaring daggers at us.

"Selene." I tried to sit up, but my mates wrapped their arms around me, pulling me back into them.

“Harley. It is too late. Eros has surfaced.” Her tired eyes blazed with disappointment. I have tried multiple times to go fight Eros tonight. But it always ended with the four of us fighting and then having hot makeup s*x.

“I must go, Harley. We will not be seeing each other again until this is over. I’m afraid the universe depends on the holy ones being around as much as the holy ones depend on you. I know this isn’t fair, we know far too much has been put on your shoulders, but just look at how far you have come. We are all so proud of you, Harley.” Her smile was softer now.

Before I go, I need you to know something. This is the war that was prophesied and it will be much worse than what was originally predicted, but I know if anyone can come out of this on top, it will be the four of you.” She smiled, trying to reassure me. But the only thing her words had done for me was strangle me. My blood ran cold at the thought of the many deaths that would occur in the face of this war.

Prophecy be damned. I have to do this alone. I will not drag my mates or the people that I have sworn to protect into a war that I could have prevented from happening.

“The holy realm must be made impenetrable because of Eros, and it will take all of us to be there to ensure that it stays that way. Please be safe, my child. If Eros is successful in his endeavors...” Her voice broke away and she shook her head clear of the last thought that had crossed her mind. She left me with no directions on where to find this man, or how to kill him when I did find him and then she just left without another word.

I shoved the massive arms pinning me to the bed and sat up despite every muscle in me screaming for rest. I limped over to the bag that Denny had brought me for when I was released. I quickly got dressed in skinny jeans and a tee shirt. The jeans were rubbing the stitches, making walking unbearable.

I tore the denim that covered the stitches, holding my breath as the three of them stirred. I was taking in every feature of their handsome sleeping faces and the tune of their soft snores while I laced up my boots, and I couldn’t help but feel guilty about leaving them like this. What if I never come back to them? At least, if I don’t, the last memory that they will have of me is the three of them falling asleep lying wrapped around me while I told them how much I love them.

I took one final look at the three of them. I wonder if they know that I have forgiven them. The love that has consumed my heart and my mind is theirs completely. The rejections, the ten years I ran from them, and the f****d up Stockholm Syndrome situation that Alistair and I had before we discovered the bond that we share is minuscule in comparison to that love.

I snuck into the bathroom so I could pee before I ran off and all hell breaks loose. I heard them stirring and grunting as the three massive men fought for space on the small hospital bed.

“How do we get out of here?” my wolf had been silent since I hadn’t left when the Goddesses told me to. I never meant to defy the goddess, but I couldn’t leave my mates on bad terms either.

“Call the sword to you. It will know exactly where we need to be.” I could tell by the way she kept her back to me that she was mad at me.

I finished my business, and I closed my eyes. I thought about the way the metal of the sword came to life in my hands. The hum of its power seems to flow through me freely when I wield it.

“Come to me,” I whispered, calling out for the blade.

Just like my wolf said, the sword appeared in my hands, shimmering in its magnificence, humming to life the way it always does.

“What now?” I asked her. She scoffed, lying down and covering her face over with her tail.

“Look, I know you are mad, but we need to get out of here before they wake up,” I growled at her.

“No, Harley. It was prophesied that the marked one, meaning us, would lead an army to fight. And honey, as huge as your ego is, it is no army. I am not on board with this, and you should think twice before trying to rewrite what has already been written in the stars.

She closed herself off to me, leaving me with more bile rising in my throat. I know this is the wrong choice. I know it is. But... I have put them through so much. Not just the boys, but my pack and the kingdom’s people too. This is all because of some divine bullshit that says things must go one way.

But this... this will be done my way. I focused on the sword humming in my hands. It knows me as well as I know myself and the blood fueling its fire is mine. I closed my eyes again, becoming one with the blade.

“Eros,” I whispered, cutting into the fabric of time and space, reluctantly stepping through the portal that I had created.

When the blinding lights calmed down, I almost gasped. The earth was charred black and the only thing floating in the air was dying embers and smoke. What the f**k did he do?

“He busted through the gates of hell, Harley. Eros is no joke. You should have never taken this so lightly.” My wolf grumbled still curled around herself.

The sword in my hands started to weigh a metric ton, telling me that I was going the wrong way. I turned and turned until the weight on the blade lifted. Of course, the path it had taken me on was mostly engulfed in flames. I hadn't even realized that I knew where I was until I stumbled upon the twelve twisted trees. He had headed in the direction of the portal Alistair had taken me through the first time I was in the kingdom. Since I had merged realms, I wasn't sure if this place was even still here or not, and here it is as naturally beautiful as always. What had he wanted here though?

The crunching of branches under heavy feet startled me. I turned with the sword drawn, ready to slice through whatever was sneaking up on me. Time stopped, the beating of my heart slowed down to almost nothing, and my lungs collapsed under the weight of the thickening air.

Bare feet caught my eye before anything else. Those bare feet led upward to blue jeans that were straining against chiseled legs, a six-pack that was glistening in whatever light was left in this dark place, and massive white pearly wings were tucked neatly at his back and, even though everything from those, broad shoulders down was cut from a stone of clean-cut perfection. His shaggy blonde hair sat tussled on his head and his blue eyes were trained on me in a deathly stare. If he wanted anything right now, it was to kill me.

"Eros," I grumbled, readying myself to end this for good.

His dark pink lips pulled over his teeth in a mesmerizing smile before his wings spread wide, lifting him off of the ground, stirring the ash and soot under our feet into a cloud meant to blind me.

I readied myself for an attack that never happened. He blinded me with soot and ash and he left with nothing more than a smile on his godly face.

I jumped realm after realm, relying on the weight of my blade to lead me. It was the lightest in my realm and yet the weight of it was still much heavier than it should have been.

He got away from me...

"Go home to our mates you i***t. He is clearly not here, and you missed your chance to kill him AGAIN. Go home and let them help us before you get us killed." My wolf snapped at me.

I wondered for a bit longer in search of the winged god before giving up and taking her advice. I stepped through the portal covered in soot and anger. Knowing that when those portal lights dimmed down, three sets of eyes would be looking at me with the same anger I was feeling. Only theirs would be directed at me.

Their Warrior Luna Chapter 70

Harley:

“What the f**k were you thinking?” Denny had been yelling at me for the last thirty minutes.

I don't blame him. I would be yelling at myself too. Now that I have seen Eros, I don't know what we will do. This all seems like too much and my nerves have my stomach twisting in knots.

“I'll tell you what she was thinking, Denny. Not a damn thing.” Axel joined in on the fun, but his words hurt worse than Denny's. I knew they would be angry with me, but I hadn't expected them to act like I was an i**t for trying to protect them.

“I was just trying to keep you safe.” I hated how my voice sounded like a broken little girl's. I have spent years building myself into something that no one can touch and here I am just wishing they wouldn't be upset with me.

Axel gripped my chin, forcing me to look into his flaming eyes.

“Harley, it is not your job to protect us from something we were meant to do together. Don't you get it? You aren't alone anymore, and it is time you started acting like you have mates to help you with the weird s**t you keep getting sucked into.” He released my jaw and started pacing in front of me. Alistair still hadn't left the wall and Atlas was looking at Denny and Axel like he could kill them.

“They were going to send me into The Nothing alone to fight him. Why is it so wrong that I tried fighting him alone here? I don't want you or our people involved in a war that could have been prevented by me. That is so much unnecessary death.” I made my voice stronger even though the tears in my eyes were dying to flow free.

“Harley, honey... they wanted you to go into The Nothing alone because no one else can exist in that realm. You can control the dark ones because of the sword. That sword would also allow you to navigate that realm in a way we couldn't. It would be completely different for you than it would be for us. It would swallow us whole until it drove us insane, but there is no way of knowing what it would look like for you, but I promise it would be vastly different.” Alistair finally spoke.

That shut me up. It made me think. Then... my blood boiled.

“Are you telling me that if the three of you kept your mouths shut and your d**s in your pants that I could have gone into that realm before the bird man from hell busted through the ground with the intention of destroying everything and killed him without endangering anyone? I thought you said I wasn't like the normal Luna and that you were all okay with that.” I had grabbed a magazine from the table and had it rolled up, smacking my mates and brother with it before I realized I had done it.

“Now a bunch of wolves will have to figure out how to f*****g fly to even fight his damn a*s or they will have to fight him from the ground being plucked off like mice!” I have seen Eros. He is as terrifying as he is beautiful, and his wings are as much a weapon as my sword is.

“I may have an idea about that...” Ferra spoke softly from the doorway where she had been trying to give us space to argue about my stupidity.

“Ferra baby, I don’t think they are ready for that just yet. I thought we were going to wait until things had calmed down to ask them about keeping it?” Denny’s demeanor changed the moment he spoke to her. His anger faded and his voice became feather soft when speaking to her. If I wasn’t so damn mad, I might have thought it was precious.

“Denny, enough is enough. This could be helpful, and it would solve Harley’s problem. Don’t you want to be helpful?” she pulled away from his touch. That single movement hurt even me.

Sensing his pain, she stepped into him, making him look her in the eye.

“Let me just try. If it blows up in my face, I will figure it out. Okay?” she told him.

“What is it?” I rounded my brooding men giving her all of my attention. I am at square one right now and if there is anything I can do to give myself an advantage, I will do it.

“Come with me.” She grabbed my hand with a huge smile on her face. We walked out the backdoor and into the forest line where she turned, looking at me a bit nervous.

She whistled a little tune and a screech busted through the night air. The trees swayed and the earth rumbled under our feet, and I damn near pissed myself when it stepped from the tree line.

“It’s a...a...” I couldn’t make my words form under the piercing gaze of the creature.

“A dragon,” Alistair said unphased.

“This is chomp. He saved me when I was stuck in the kingdom. When you merged the two, he found me. I would like to keep him. I also think this could solve your wolves needing to fly issue.” She held her chin up in preparation for me to tell her she couldn’t keep him, but keeping him was the best idea I had ever heard.

I stepped up to the purple-eyed creature, dumbfounded by its beauty. Fiery scales framed those enchanting eyes in hues of reds and oranges. My hand reached for the snout of the creature before I realized I had even stepped up to it. It pulled away from me, looking at me like I was foolish.

“May I?” I spoke the words only for him to hear. Those purple eyes looked at me with understanding and I gasped when the face of a dragon met my hand.

“I’m touching a dragon.” I turned giddily to my mates.

“Chomp is a good boy.” Ferra giggled, patting the side of the massive creature.

“You are a genius, Ferra. Can you ride him?” I asked, unable to take my eyes off the enchanting creature.

“I haven’t tried.” She said, laughing at the beast who was rolling over for belly rubs.

Smokey soot blew from the nose of the beast who was rolling in the grass while Ferra scratched his side. Something tells me we just found our upper hand in the war.

“Chomp, do you have any friends, darling?” He rolled back to his feet, taking me in again. He’s either sizing me up to eat me, or he’s trying to decide if I am worthy of his attention. Smoke fell from his mouth circling at my feet.

“Harley, back up,” Alistair spoke urgently.

I turned with a confused look on my face, noting the fear painting the handsome face of my mate. Only then did I understand exactly why Alistair wanted me to back away from Chomp.

The teeth of the dragon took hold of my shirt and I watched the people on the ground get smaller and smaller. When Chomp’s massive wings started working against gravity, taking me up and up, I could only focus on one little thing. There was no way my ratty shirt would hold up to this kind of tension and I knew if that fabric gave way... I pushed the fear aside and let my ridged body relax. My arms picked up on the waves of wind blowing me around. Spreading my arms out wide like wings, I flew through the air with closed eyes as bubbles of laughter made their way into the whooshing air. This feeling could be intoxicating. If I could let the fear at the back of my mind go completely.

But, I guess this is the reason that our bodies tell us when things are unnatural.

The moment my heart rate slowed, and my mind tried letting go of the fear freezing over my bones, the tattered tee shirt ripped through the teeth of the dragon, tearing away from my body the way I had feared from the beginning. I fell through the clouds that I had just been running my fingers through.

A seventy thousand feet free fall. That will be what kills me. Not a winged god with a jealousy-driven agenda. Not childbirth. Not even old age. But a free fall from as close to heaven as I will ever be is what takes me from the mates that I had fought with for two days.

I closed my eyes diving into the fall. I shivered as the wind sliced at my exposed skin. How did I go from a rejected warrior fueled by rage to free-falling from the mouth of a dragon?

Chomp's screech pulled me from my pity party. I landed on the back of the scaly beast with a thud, grabbing onto the spikes in front of me, trying to hold on for dear life while chomp nosedived like we were on a mission that I didn't know I was a part of. With one more ear-splitting screech, the heat from the ground came into view.

Dragons of every size, shape, and color were flying around or soaking in the fire-filled holes in the earth. He had brought me to their nest and, quite possibly, he had brought me to the salvation of this realm.

I climbed from the back of my new friend with a smile on my face. There is no feeling greater than when a plan falls into place.