

# Their Warrior Luna

## Chapter 10

Atlas started walking in circles around me, boxing me between them. I stepped to the side so I could face them both.

"No games." My voice was strong, and the fire lacing my veins was slowly returning. Axel had the nerve to tsk at me like a child.

"You know we don't play games, little bird." I scoffed at the nickname they gave me when we were children. Back when Denny and I played with the Grimm twins daily.

"Sure... business then," I said through gritted teeth. I dug my feet into the ground, preparing to feel that consuming pain that wrecked my life at sixteen.

"I, Harley Ashwood, acc—" his warm, calloused hand cut off my words. Sending a delicious buzz through me. Atlas had wrapped his hand in my hair and covered my mouth with the other, so quickly I barely saw him move. My skin erupted into a warm inferno, relaxing every muscle that had been screaming minutes before.

"Don't you dare finish that sentence, Harley Grace?" My stomach was lodged in my throat, and my heart was in my ass. I couldn't breathe in his proximity. The only thing clearing my mind of the fog swarming my brain is that I can smell a woman on his hands. My stomach flipped when I realized I could smell her lust on his breath.

Son of a bitch.

"Fuck you, Atlas Grimm. The next time you put your hands on me, I will cut every finger you have off and force-feed them to Axel." I spat at his feet and ran in the direction Drake and Denny went; I was hoping they hadn't gotten too far away since I could still hear them. But, instead, my mind got so muddled by his touch that I was furious.

I changed direction and ran back to the pack house. I called Andrew on the way, and I exploded as soon as I entered the elevator. I beat the walls until my knuckles broke back open from last night's damage. Andrew's calming voice brought me back to reality and to my phone, which was now on the elevator floor. I sat down, pulling my knees to my chest and spilling my guts entirely to my best friend. Once calm, I asked him to ship me some of my weaponry and more clothes and shoes. Denny needs me, and despite hell or high water, I will be here for him.

I sat there sometime after the call ended, just fuming. Finally, I let myself off the lift allowing the shower to call my name. I drowned myself in soap and steam, removing the blood, dirt, and Atlas Grimm's smell from my skin.

When Denny returned, I was working on some pack stuff for Andrew.

"Get cleaned up. We'll go take care of mom and dad." I couldn't look him in the eye, but I caught the subtle nod of his head before he stepped into his room.

I put my work away, forcing myself to get dressed. I couldn't decide what to wear earlier, but a dress could be suitable. I pulled my little black midi dress and some fishnets from my bag. My black boots and some eyeliner and black lipstick. War paint always makes me feel better. My hair fell into thick loose curls, and after the devil's mile today, I didn't have the energy to do anything with it. I returned to the living room, where Denny was waiting with coffee in to-go cups. Silence surrounded us. We had yet to prepare for this. Neither of us was ready or willing to face this. So we left with the reality of the situation pressing us closer to the earth we planned to bury our parents.

Atlas:

"What the fuck was that?" Axel growled. I couldn't tear my eyes away from Harley as she walked away after threatening me. My hands still hummed at the feel of her smooth skin.

"I don't fucking know," I snapped. Axel ran his fingers through his shaggy brown hair, his jaw clenched tight, trying to formulate the words he wanted to yell.

"We wanted her to reject us, Atlas. That was the whole point in coming out here in the first place." The whole point in coming out here is that we must attend any training considered a test.

Other than that, he isn't telling me anything I didn't already know.

I don't know why I stopped her from accepting the rejection. Watching her barrel through the course with a speed and skill unmatched by our entire pack made me wonder what happened to the little bird hiding in a tree after we rejected her. This scrawny small girl left here weak and came crashing back into my house a fucking force of determination, skill, and knowledge. She came back fucking dangerous and gorgeous, and when those words started falling from her sweet mouth, panic consumed me. I couldn't think of anything worse than the finality those words created.

I shifted into my wolf, ignoring my brother, and followed her, hanging back just enough to watch her be consumed in anger. She turned entirely away from her brother's direction and went back home. She was talking to a man on video chat, and the amount of fury I felt bubble through me was unbearable. She entered the lift, and with the doors closing came screaming and thuds. I got the head of security to pull up that footage. I was surprised to see her in there beating the walls down, desperate for a release from what I believe is the same storm raging in Axel and me too.

She fell to the ground, pulled her legs up, grabbed her phone, and sat on the second floor with the door closed. My heart ached at the look on her face as she talked a mile a minute to the man on the phone. I turned away, leaving to find my own release. It wouldn't be in the form of another woman. After Nathan said what he said last night, I can't stop thinking about the women I have slept with since the rejection. I went into the gym on our floor and lost myself.

Axel:

I was shocked when Atlas reached out, wrapping her thick black curls in his fist, cutting off her rejection. What the fuck was he thinking?

Don't act like you didn't want to stop those words from coming from her too.

My bones started straining under my own realization. She isn't the girl our father forced us to reject because 'she could never be an acceptable Luna' anymore. She was never weak or powerless. She is a fucking goddess of war. We were stupid to listen in the first place, but we did.

Back then, Harley Ashwood was a fucking thorn in my side. She was only sixteen when we found out she was fated to us, and neither of us could look past how she was just an obnoxious, nerdy kid.

We always played with Denny when we were kids; she always had to be there and be in my face. Even as children, I couldn't stand her, and now, we needed to move on. This is the bed we made, and Atlas fucking stopping her just delayed the inevitable.

People started coming out of the obstacle course, falling over and panting for air. I backtracked through the mile, with my mind wandering back to how Harley dominated every inch of this course with speed and agility. She beat my time. I huffed out an air of frustration, growling into the wide-open nowhere. I don't know what to do. She already wants to accept the rejection. I need to find Atlas; we need to prepare ourselves and call her into the office to let her finish what we started.