

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 13

Harley:

Her cold, wet nose woke me from a deep sleep. Excitement lit in her eyes as I opened mine to see her. Her hot breath wafted in my face making me laugh. Warm grass tickled my back, and as I sat up, I was in awe of the place my mind had created for her. Rolling mountains, clear water streams, wildflowers kissing every inch of the earth.

"Wow." I said out loud, amused when she cocked her head, looking around bored.

I plucked a daisy putting it behind her ear, and cackled when she sneezed, shaking it back out. Two white wolves loomed in the distance, their howls garnering all of her attention. She stood running to them, only turning back to see if I had decided to follow her. I followed her path, letting the tall wildflowers tickle the palms of my hands until I met the three of them at the top, where they sat on either side of her. They nuzzled each other, and my mind fled to the white wolf that saved me from the rogue attack it was Axel.

Am I dead? No. My body still hurts.

I sat with them, watching them play and frolic. I was so at peace with the three of them, so relaxed and content. Kind of how I felt being sandwiched between the twins in Axel's office. I closed my eyes, laying back into the tall grass, enjoying the smell of the earth and flowers surrounding me. I dozed off, warmed by the sun and the sounds of my wolf playing in the streams with her mates. My bliss ended all too quickly a little later.

I woke up with the smell of sanitizers and cheap antibacterial soaps stuck in my nose. Soft snoring from each side bounced around the otherwise silent room. My eyes felt full of sandpaper, and my mouth was too dry to open. My legs felt like they weighed a metric ton, and I couldn't make them move, but I felt good,

considering I was almost torn to shreds. My eyes squinted when I tried to open them to the light streaming overhead. A grunt fell from me as I tried to sit up. Denny's arms wrapped around me, making me realize I wasn't alone.

"Harley, I was so fucking worried about you!" Denny's voice was shaking as he held me tight to him.

"I'm sorry, Denny. I promise I'm okay! Did the rogues get anyone?" I tried to reassure him, but I wasn't sure I was coming out of this one before I woke up.

"HARLEYYYY!" a shriek came as the door opened.

Oh shit. He's going to cry. Denny raised up, Andrew's bloodshot eyes were already pouring the alligator tears, and Byron was standing behind him, looking very unamused. Hell, I was unamused.

"Andrew, honey! This happens every time I have to break out my arrows. This is the third time you have seen me wake up in a hospital bed this year." I grumbled, trying to sit up again.

"It never gets easier!" he snapped at me, blowing his nose into a pocket tissue while Byron and I rolled our eyes.

A low chorus of growls erupted from the corner as Andrew fell onto the bed burying his snot-covered face into my neck, sobbing.

"Don't worry, he's mated-- Oh... and gay." Byron said, leaning on some kind of table full of flowers. "They don't get to worry about men hugging me, Byron. Did the rogues hurt anyone?" I hated that he addressed the twins, who were being extremely pissy from the corner about anything involving me.

My nerves were building at no one answering my question about the attack. Did I miss something? Were there more?

"Don't be so sure about that little bird." Atlas grumbled.

"Break it up, boys. I've got to examine Harley now that she has woken up." A soft female voice came from the door. It was the doctor that Denny called the night I came back into Clearwater.

"For the love of Pete, DID THE ROGUES GET ANYONE?" I screamed, getting the attention of everyone in the room.

"Harley, this pack is in an uproar about you, honey. Everyone took cover in a bunker in the park. They watched everything." Andrew said, sitting up and wiping his nose again.

"Everyone is safe, Harls. You did good." Denny said, squeezing my shoulder.

"Good? She almost got herself killed, and what's with those fucking arrows, Harley? What were you thinking using something that could kill you as a weapon, and how the fuck did you get something like that?" Axel started ripping his ass on me until the doctor said she would return when we were finished.

"She makes them protect herself because she can't shift, another 'gift' from the two of you. The last I checked, you don't get a say in what happens to her, what she does, who she spends her time with, or anything in between. That's what happens when you reject your mate, boys. You fucked up years ago. Don't act like you give a fuck now!" Andrew snapped, popping his hip out, looking as mortifying as a mouse.

I couldn't stop the laughter from erupting, getting the room's attention. I cackled until tears formed in my eyes, and my ribs hurt.

"Oh, great. She finally snapped." Andrew whined, fanning me with the clipboard from the end of my bed.

I swatted the clipboard away in an attempt to end this madness.

"Enough, Drew. I haven't snapped. I am completely clear-minded, if anything. I need to be released from here. I'm going home. I can't do this anymore. I tried Den. I really fucking tried, but I can't do this. I don't know when or how you found out the twins were my mates, but you're not exploding at what Drew just said, so I know you know. We have taken care of mom and dad... I want to go back with Byron and Drew." The room went quiet, and the way Byron's head fell made my stomach twist. Andrew's face was scrunched, trying to hold back tears.

"What's going on?" I asked, addressing Byron only.

"You can come home whenever you want, and I will come and get you with an army behind me if I have to. You know you are my sister, and I love you." I could hear the but coming, and my stomach twisted.

"But, you have only been out for three hours, Harley. You are normally out for a week when you have to use the arrows. I think being close to them... it's good for you. More than that, though, your wolf made herself known to the doctors while you were out, and the doctors think that if your bond is severed, you may lose her forever." He said, looking between myself and the twins.

"The doctors think she can return with more exposure to the bond, sweetie," Drew said, taking me into his arms in one of the comforting hugs I have grown used to having when I need it.

I feel numb trying to decide if getting her back is worth being around them. I thought of my dream while I was out... the two wolves she was with. The three of us could never be happy together.

"Please, you two can't possibly agree with this, can you? Axel, you said I have always been a thorn in your side." Don't cry. Don't cry. Breathe. Just breathe.

"I think it's a great idea." His dark eyes held a fondness in them I hadn't seen since high school. That small look made me think of the day they called me nothing. They rejected me and sent me into the wilderness alone and shattered with nothing or no one.

"No, you have really topped yourself, Axel. You rejected me days after calling me a child with a stupid crush and telling your fuck toy that I was a nothing—a no one." I growled.

Byron, Andrew, and Denny excused themselves to get us all coffee. Still, they were obviously giving us the space we needed to fight.

"We were stupid kids back then who listened to their father about what would be best for this pack. We didn't use our own minds or judgments, and we have regretted it since." Atlas stepped forward, towering over me like a piss ant cornered by a dragon.

"What would stop you from listening to your father now, huh? The minute he tells the two of you that you're making a mistake, I will be shoved out of my pack, out

of Denny's life, and possibly for good this time." Even if it means losing her for good... this will not end well.

Atlas took my hands, letting the warmth of his calloused hands spread through me in sharp tingles that almost made me gasp. They were right. The bond has changed since I got back.

"He won't be an issue. No one will." Even with him sounding so sure, I wasn't convinced. How can I put my heart back out there and risk the pain of being rejected a second time?

"How can you be sure?" my voice sounded strained from the emotion welling in me.

"Because I killed him." Axel grumbled from the corner. His eyes were locked on me. I could see the pain and anger in his eyes, swirling like a warm pool of honey.

"W—Why would you... what do you mean, Axel?" I stammered, the only reply my brain could piece together.

"You, little bird. He killed him because of you. Two weeks after we forced you out, the mistakes we made when it came to you weighed us down. Axel and I packed to come for you and beg for your forgiveness, and father made it abundantly clear that if we chose you, we wouldn't have the alpha position when we returned. We didn't care, though. We left anyways. We tried to get access to Byron's pack, but his father met us at the gates and informed us that you were not settling well. He told us of the constant nightmares where you would wake up screaming for us. He said you weren't eating. He told us it would be best to leave and not return, or the treaty between our packs would end." Atlas told me the story, but the look on Axel's face was twisting my heart painfully. I just wanted to reach out and comfort him.

"We came home... Axel lost control of his wolf, and he snapped in the hurt of losing you and the guilt of our actions. I didn't stop him. As soon as he latched into our father, I realized if he hadn't done it, it would've been only a matter of time before I did it." His warm hands were still in mine.

The pad of his rough thumb rubbed over my knuckles gently as I let the weight of their words wash over me. They were remorseful for the clear rejection, but I spent years wondering if they even remembered me or cared about the pain they caused me when they slept with other women. Did it matter that I never let myself get

close enough to anyone to want sex because I couldn't dream of causing them that same pain? Their remorse doesn't change the anger in me. It doesn't just make things magically change. The rejection happened; their infidelity happened. Nothing has changed.

"I think I need to be alone for a bit." I held my head high and kept my voice steady. Even though I was dying to give in to the growing need for them raging in me.

Be strong.

"We will give you the space you need, Harley. We understand the space you may need to process everything. Just know now that you're back where you belong. Neither of us has any intentions of letting you leave us again." Atlas's words rang in my mind as Axel stepped into me. A rush of adrenaline and lust ran through me as he pulled me into him, pressing me against his hard chest in a needy hug.

"I, Alpha Axel Grimm of Clearwater pack, accept you, Harley Grace Ashwood, as my mate and Luna." His lips were pressed into my hair as he spoke, but the moment the words left his mouth, my skin broke out in goosebumps, fully consumed in Axel and his warmth. All too soon, he pulled away, making disappointment hit me like a mac. Atlas was next, wrapping me in his arms as he accepted me. I could feel something in me changing as they walked away from me. Tethers that had never meant to be broken had snapped back into place at their words, making me feel more whole than I ever had. What am I supposed to do now?

I fell to the hospital bed alone with thoughts that were waging war against me.