

# Their Warrior Luna

## Chapter 15

I stood in the rain, watching my parents be lowered into their final resting place. Denny stood beside me with a stony expression that mirrored the feelings raging in my gut. I thought my parents were the only losses of the attack, but as I stand here, I count seven pack members aside from my parents being put to rest today. Axel and Atlas are at the front of the crowd. I can see the pain and anger crossing their beautiful faces at the loss of their pack members.

"It's time to go." Denny's voice was so broken I could tell his demeanor was all a facade. After I was released from the hospital yesterday, we sat in his living room just crying for our loss, drinking expensive whiskey and telling stories of our parents until we passed out on the couch.

"Just a while longer, Den." I'm not ready to leave them yet... I should've been here for them. If I had been here, I could've saved them.

Instead, I have to stand here soaked to the bone, praying that the moon goddess has welcomed them home already. I pictured the place my mind created for my wolf and wondered if my parents were running free through streams playing and nipping at each other's tails.

I let my mind wander to how my wolf was running with her mates, and my thoughts drifted to the kiss Axel, and I shared that night in the hospital. Denny has talked me into staying for a while, but my future here cannot be permanent. Atlas avoided me even after he accepted me as his mate, and Axel followed his lead after we kissed. I don't know what that means, but I know the distance they have created between us is painful.

I wish I had controlled myself better that night at the hospital. I wish we hadn't shared that kiss. It would be easier never to have tasted the fire on Axel's lips if they had changed their minds. I took Denny's hand, pulling him away from the

cemetery. He needs to eat something. I don't think he has eaten anything since the lunch we had the day I was attacked.

"Come on, Den, I'll cook you something." He tugged his hand from mine softly, making me turn with a confused look.

"I'm sorry, Harls, I have a meeting I can't get out of today." Is he kidding me?

"Den, we just buried mom and dad."

I know I sound childish; I know Betas have responsibilities, but I need him now.

"I'm sorry. If it didn't involve the rogue situation we are dealing with..." his words lingered in the air. I can help with this. I have been training, studying, and practicing for years for moments like this.

"I'll come with you. Maybe I can help—" he cut my sentence off without letting me finish.

"NO. Not this time. Things like that have to be cleared. You know how it is." I bit my lip, knowing precisely what he was implying. I don't belong here, and maybe he's starting to see that too.

"Yeah, sure. I get it." we split ways after he walked me back to the pack house.

My arms shook with pent-up emotions, and I needed a release. The Alpha, Beta, and Gamma share a gym between the three floors. Maybe... I could... yeah. I tracked the stairs running into Denny's to change. I grabbed a sports bra, leggings, and the Adidas that Andrew finally found for me and brought with him when they came to see me in the hospital. Changing quickly, I grabbed my ear pods, cell, and water bottle and went to their private gym to mangle myself into exhaustion.

Atlas:

I drove my fist into the bastard's face again.

"I don't like repeating myself." My voice was low and angry.

I've been trying to get this bastard to talk for seven hours now. Adrenaline coursed through me at the sight of his blood gushing from his nose that I just broke.

"Kill me. I ain't talking." Doesn't he sound so brave?

I will give him credit. I thought once I had popped every finger and toenail off, broken his hands, his arms dislocated his shoulders, and beat his ribs in until his torso felt like a bag of hamburger meat, he would have talked. Once I start phase two, he won't be so tough anymore.

"You will tell me what I want to know. You die here today either way. It's your choice whether it hurts a lot or a little." I shrugged, pulling my torch out of my tool drawer. His eyes watched me as I laid my knives out. He is nervous now... good.

"Would you like to know what I like to do with this?" I asked, shaking the torch at him. He never spoke, but his eyes held one thousand questions.

"What happens to the eyeball when a fire hits it? See, I thought it would just shrink up like a fat raisin. What they do is swell until they... well, here, I'll just show you." I grabbed a handful of his hair to hold his head in place and lit the torch, slowly moving towards his eyeball as he screamed and shook.

"FINE. FINE! I'll tell you." what a little bitch. I was having so much fun.

"Who sent your group?" I asked, pulling up a metal chair and flopping down in it.

"I—I... don't know." A sick smirk spread across my lips. He is the leader of the rogue group that attacked our pack, causing ten casualties. He knows exactly who sent him. What's even better is his 'pack' has been decimated. What our pack didn't kill, our little bird killed or set us on the path to find the night she returned to Clearwater. I sucked air into my teeth, wincing.

"That isn't the right answer." I stood lighting the torch again, letting the blistering heat hit his eyeball just enough to give him a taste of the agonizing pain I could cause him.

"Barlow! BARLOW!" he screamed as I pulled the torch back, sitting back down as his body began shivering in shock.

"Clint Barlow sent us to attack the pack... we were supposed to find it, but he didn't know what it was or looked like." I wasn't sure if he was losing it from pain or was really that stupid. I nodded, telling him to continue.

"We weren't supposed to be seen, but once your patrol found us, we had no choice but to fight. He just wanted the marked one." my eyebrows went up as I considered what he had said.

"What is the marked one." I kept flipping the torch around in my hand.

"No one knows. We only know that some vampire rolled in willing to pay big money for the mark, which was tracked back to this pack." His head lulled back as he fit for his consciousness, but I had heard all I needed to. I poured gas on him as he kicked and screamed, begging about how I promised it wouldn't hurt. My laughter erupted from deep in my stomach.

"This is painless compared to what I would've done if you hadn't talked." I lit the match and tossed it at his feet, walking back through the tunnel and into the pack house.