

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 16

I spent the day wallowing in my own emotions. I have been rolled up in this bed so long that I haven't eaten a thing today, and all I can think about is my mama's strawberry cheesecake stuffed cookies. It's almost one in the morning. Denny messaged hours ago, saying it may be a while before he got home, so I couldn't do anything but think about everything. My mind whirled around the twins, this place, my wolf, my parents... those damn cookies. My stomach growled at the thought of their gooey cream cheese filling.

I groaned, unrolling from my burrito and trudging to the elevator, down the stairs, and into the kitchen. I rambled through the fridge, removing the cream cheese and making the centers so they could freeze while I rummaged for the dry ingredients. I pulled my phone out, starting my playlist to escape my funky mood while making mom's cookies.

I laughed at myself as I began to sway to the song playing. There is something ironic about a virgin singing a song about sex that always makes me laugh or blush. I flipped the wooden spoon up to use as my microphone slinging flour and powdered sugar all over my face. I let my body move to the music while I preheated the oven and cleaned up my mess.

Blessed be by Spiritbox started playing, causing an excited rush to run through me as I danced around the kitchen, singing into the batter spoon as I stole licks of the leftover dough. I cranked up the music feeling happy and airy for the first time today.

Axel:

The pack house was mostly dark when Denny and I returned from our meeting. Atlas just called, telling us he had gotten all the information he could from the

rogue leader we took captive the night Little Bird told us which way they had run. We pulled in as he had come out of the tunnel entrance cleaning off the blood spattering his body with his white t-shirt.

“I think we need to head to the office and discuss the information I got. You all wanna grab us some coffee while I shower. It’s gonna be a long night.” Atlas said, tossing his shirt into the laundry area as we entered the kitchen.

We all three froze seeing Harley up so late. A smile spread across Denny’s face watching his sister dancing to metal music with flour all over her face and hair. The sweet smell of strawberries permeated around the kitchen, but the only thing my mouth was watering over was the woman licking the spoon clean and shaking her round ass in those tiny shorts in my kitchen.

“Harls, what are you doing?” Denny’s laugh bounced around the room, scaring her out of her moment. The bowl she had been carrying around hit the floor, shattering.

“Shit.” Atlas left the doorway first as he made his way to her lifting her out of the glass mess and sitting her on the counter.

Her hair was in a giant messy bun with little wisps of hair framing her face, and the blush staining her cheeks made my stomach twist. The oven timer beeping broke me from her trance. I grabbed the pan out of the oven sitting it aside to cool. Denny looked up from the glass he was sweeping to the cookies.

“Are those mom’s cookies?” Harley looked fondly from Atlas with the spoon still in her hand to the cookies.

“Yeah, I’ve thought about them all day.” She said with a soft smile on her face. She looked at the spoon and then at Denny.

“Wanna lick?” Denny dropped the glass into the bin, jogging back to steal Harley’s spoon.

I laughed, watching my best friend be happy for the first time in almost a week. Little bird jumped off the counter, grabbed a cookie from the pan, broke a piece off, and shoved it in my mouth.

“Damn, that’s good.” I groaned around the chewy cookie as she laughed, taking her own bite. Atlas turned with coffee for us, offering Harley some too. She

grabbed the coffee, surprised when it was fixed to her liking. She shoved the rest of her cookie into Atlas's mouth.

"We better get up to the office. We have a lot to discuss." Denny said, stacking a couple of cookies into his hand.

Harley's ice-blue eyes shot wide with excitement.

"Is there anything I can help with?" she asked, bouncing on her heels.

"What could you offer?" Atlas asked.

"No, I think it's better if she sits this one out until we know what we're dealing with." Denny snapped, confusing all of us. After she decided to stay, Byron sent his personnel file over on her. We were both shocked that Harley is a decorated warrior who has seen more battles than Atlas and I.

"Dennis Andrew Ashwood. I am a highly-ranked warrior educated in battle strategy and defense techniques. I have fit in three battles over the last six years. I don't know what you are afraid of, but it shouldn't be of me getting hurt." He had a death glare locked on her, and I assumed she stared him down, fearless and pissed off.

"We have spent the last few days interrogating, torturing, and killing rogues from the attack that killed mom and dad. We recently got some intel from them that is imperative to the safety of this pack. I just got you back, and I don't know what this will lead to, but I don't want it to be another reason for you to want to leave." Sadness laced his voice.

"Denny, Byron put me in charge of the security of the Evergreen Pack two years ago, and we haven't had a single perimeter breach since. It is impossible to scare me away from you, and the fact that you are worried about that speaks negatively of me. I am not going to leave you when things get hard." She said, wrapping her arms around his torso.

"I think Harley's expertise could be helpful here," I said, surprising myself. I didn't want her in the middle of this shit, either. I just want an excuse to be close to her without making things awkward. She smiled, nodding at me.

We grabbed the coffee and the rest of her cookies and went to the office for the night.