

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 17

Harley:

We made our way to floor one and into the twin's office. I hadn't noticed it when I was there the last time. Until Axel walked up, pulling a book from the shelf that opened the bookcase, revealing a small conference room set up. They spread out, grabbing books, a laptop, and a marker board from the corner. I sat at the head of the table and took in their work.

"I think you all know something I don't, and I didn't come here with intentions of being a shelf ornament, fellas." I said, casually folding my hands on the desk.

They stopped their setup process and linked with each other leaving me out of that too.

"When you came into town and got caught up with those six rogues, we sent men into the woods looking for the ones that ran off. With your direction, we managed to find a base of sorts. The group leader that attacked was captured and brought here for questioning. He ended up disclosing to us that they were hired by a nasty bastard by the name of Clint Barlow." When Axel said that name, chills ran through me. I knew Clint well, unfortunately.

Denny hung his picture on the marker board at the center top. His cold brown eyes stared into me from the seat I had chosen. I forced myself to tune back into Axel talking.

"He mentioned that a vampire offered big money for the first person to get into this pack undetected and steal 'The Mark.' When questioned about that mark, he claimed they weren't told what they were coming for, just that it was a recognizable mark and they would know when they saw it. He also mentioned this mark had been tracked back to Clearwater specifically." The room got quiet. As they kept looking at me from around the table.

I cleared my throat before I began.

“I may be more harmful to you in anything dealing with Barlow than I would be of help. In fact, if Barlow is suddenly targeting this pack, it may be because of me.” The room got quiet as the eyebrows on my brother’s forehead scrunched.

“What do you mean, Harley?” I thought back to my encounters with Barlow, and I shivered.

“When I turned eighteen, I was killing myself training. I was in pain and confused. I thought my wolf would have come back to me, and when she didn’t, I almost went feral. Byron and his dad pulled me aside one day. They recommended I find another outlet besides training because I was running myself down. I was recommended to join a special force of supernaturals who locate and bring down packs who abuse their women and children. We infiltrated Blood River, which at the time, Barlow held the Alpha position. I can’t go into details, but I can say the man would kill me on the spot if he was ever given a chance to. If he knew I was from here...” my words cut off as my emotions started rising.

“Why didn’t you ever tell me?” Denny’s words weren’t angry. He just seemed hurt.

I shrugged in response. What was I supposed to say? My mates didn’t want me, and I almost lost my mind due to their rejection.

“As odd of a coincidence this all is, I honestly don’t think you were the mark,” Atlas said from behind a laptop screen.

“What did you find?” Axel asked.

“I have been digging around on the dark web a bit and a few people are mentioning something that may be relevant, but I don’t know right now.” His fingers moved gracefully across the keys as he continued his search.

I couldn’t help but notice the differences between them. Somehow they are identical and so incredibly different. I never would have thought I could be in the same room with them a few years ago, never mind enjoying it. Their scents coated the room thickly, making me want to clench my thighs in appreciation. Atlas’s voice rang through my head in warning, making it worse.

“Little bird, I advise you to get your thoughts under control. Denny may not be able to smell how turned on you are. But Axel and I do.” His eyes flashed over the screen with a smirk as my cheeks flushed red.

Axel was trying to pay attention to what Den was saying, but I didn’t miss the side eye I got from him. I pulled a dust-covered book from the stack on the table. Its binding was old and fragile. I was weary it would turn to dust when I opened its ancient pages. Beautiful Greek littered the pages in gold lettering. I gently removed the dust from the withering pages, shocked at the text before me.

“How did you get this?” I asked the room because we all had split into our own thing.

“It was a generational gift. It hasn’t been opened since our great-grandfather was Clearwater’s Alpha. I had hoped I could find something or someone to translate it. Maybe we could find something about what we are looking for there.

“Axel, I can read this.” I said excitedly, carefully turning the pages and admiring the book. I don’t know how their family came across this or where they bought it, but it seems like an ancient text of magic and prophecy. I gently laid the book down, grabbing a notepad and pen from the table.

“May I take this with me?” I asked, pointing at the book. My heart was thudding in fear of them saying no. I need to see what is in that book, regardless of whether it is helpful in this or not.

“Of course, little bird. You are our mate. Anything that is ours is yours now. You are welcome to any of it.” Atlas said, leaving his computer to pick the book up and place it gently in my arms.

I couldn’t stop the smile itching on my lips as the tingles from his knuckles grazing my skin erupted between us. I grabbed his shirt collar, pulling him down to me and placing a gentle kiss on his cheek. His stubble tickled my lips, and the taste of his skin sprouted that unique need in me again. I turned to walk back to my room with the book and my fire-engine red cheeks when Atlas stopped me and grabbed my elbow, pulling me into him. His rough hand cupped my cheek, and as he leaned in to kiss me, my whole body trembled with anticipation.

“Ah, no! Come on, not in front of me!” Denny grumbled, acting like a child.

Instead of my lips that were waiting for his, my forehead received the sentiment instead. Making a growl erupt from me that not even I had expected. Atlas chuckled as he scooped me up bridal style, making me shriek as he walked into their office.

“I would prefer you close to me, little bird.” He said, skating his nose the length of my neck and inhaling me deeply. He sat me on the leather couch and left me there with the ghost of his touch tingling on my skin. I wanted to open that book and begin, and eventually, I did.

But first, I had to acknowledge the deep stir in my mind that I hadn't felt in so many years. It was so fleeting I think I may have imagined it, but the thought alone made excitement rush me like a tidal wave.