

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 18

I have spent the last several hours in the twin's office. Denny, Axel, and Atlas retired hours ago, but I am knee-deep in deciphering this ancient book. It would take an army to pull me away from it now. I was squatted amongst the stack of papers I had strewn across the office floor, trying to figure out why the familiarity of this symbol meant something to me. I had made it through the first half of the book.

The middle and end have been more used in their day. The pages were already withered with the love of time, but the middle and ending pages were... otherworldly.

The papyrus that had been used, even though it's thicker than the paper, had been worn to a paper-like consistency. It felt like the hands, and the minds that took part in its creation were in the room with me as I studied and broke down its contents. I am relatively confident that I found the information we had been looking for hours ago, and even as the surety of that fact continues growing, I dig deeper into the rabbit hole of this book.

A prophecy near the back of the book has held my attention for a while now. Between the scuffs on the page and the sweet kisses of time, the blemishes scattering the pages make it hard to read. But the moment my fingers touched the page, my body went haywire. From what I have gathered, it mentions the mark and the start of a great war. Translated into English from what I can read of the page, it said.

"Among the shifters, exists ___ ee. One will _____ of the magic and the mark of Selene. ___ of the same ___ will serve as ___ se__ for which the power will proceed. Until the marked ___ is bonded, chaos ___ re__. If ___ year of ___ Moon reaches its _____, without the _____ of the bond in stone, devourers will ___n the power to se_k. The mark will be bonded, on the night of Agonalia, before the earth bleeds."

The blanks I couldn't seem to fill in clouded my mind with an uncertainty that weighed me to the ground. I managed to begin a sketch from the book of the mark, or at least what I think is the mark, and crouched in that stack, scribbling it down. That is how the twins found me.

"Little bird, have you slept yet, love?" Axel sounded tired, or at least I thought he did. My focus was still elsewhere.

"No, could I have some coffee, please? You may want to get Den. We need to have a meeting stat.

" I rambled as I crawled around the floor like someone a little too out there on the booger sugar or something. Silence fell over the room, but I knew one of them was still there. Axel touched my arm tenderly; the spark of the bond between us pulled me entirely from my organized chaos.

"You need rest, Harley." No, I need a damn seer or a witch. Even the fucking norms would work at this point. Anyone with the power of premonition.

"I found something, Axel, and I don't know why, but my body is screaming this is important." I grabbed his shoulders, pulling myself from the floor.

"Please, trust me. I need you to get Denny and Axel... and coffee because you are right; I need a shower and a year of sleep, but not until we talk. His eyes softened at my plea. Twenty minutes later, a groggy Denny and an irritable Atlas came through the door with my cup of bittersweet salvation. We gathered back in the room, where they took seats, giving me the floor. I hang the sketch and the prophecy I deciphered on the marker board.

"I don't even know where to begin at this point." I sighed, sitting criss-cross apple sauce on the tabletop and rubbing my face.

"If this book holds a shred of truth, this is so much bigger than Barlow being pissy because of my mission as I had originally thought. I am just now tipping the iceberg on the mark. Still, whatever it is, it is extremely powerful and highly coveted. We need someone who can see past, present, and future that you trust to come into this huddle. If I am right... and I usually am. All hell is about to break loose." Their eyes were fixated on me in the middle of my rant. But I could see they knew the truth I was speaking was real and not a sleep deprivation-induced hallucination.

"I have someone I can call, but it will be at least six hours before she could be here if she is available," Atlas said, scratching the stubble dancing across his handsome face.

"Until then, you need sleep. We will study your work and catch ourselves up while you rest." He scooped me up bridal style, taking me to the elevator and hitting floor two. I must have dozed off in the comfort of his touch because the next thing I knew, I was being gently laid down and tucked in by one of the men I had labeled a monster for so long. A spike of fear shook me from my sleepy daze, and I took Atlas's hand as he turned to leave me in the room's darkness.

"Stay." The word tasted like a cold drink of water after a mile run in the desert.

"Please? I don't want to be alone." Without another word and without question, the bear of a man was pulling my covers back, making the bed dip as he scooted into me. He wrapped me up in his muscled arms, laying my head on his chest. His heartbeat was like the sweetest lullaby I had ever heard.

I fit my sleep, trying to enjoy how his fingers felt as they ran through my hair and how the heat of his body felt like it penetrated my soul, putting my being at ease. I sighed, snuggling into him.

"Rest, little bird. I will be here when you wake up." Before falling into the darkness of exhaustion, my last thought was how badly I wished this feeling could be permanently engraved into me, like the tattoos on my skin.