

# Their Warrior Luna

## Chapter 23

My blood ran cold as the stench of iron filled the air.

"Do you smell it?" I asked the twins through the link. I knew we were about to see a blood bath before the twins even came to a stop.

"Blood." Their voices ran through my mind in unison.

I jumped off of Atlas, making my way to the crowd of men surrounding something. Denny looked up at me with a look I had never seen in his eyes before. I pushed my way through the men to see a young girl about fifteen nailed to a tree. Gashes and claw marks marred her body. Her once blonde hair was stained with her life force, and her mother and father were at her feet, screaming for the loss of their child.

"This was left with the girl," Denny said, handing me a wad of paper.

"I know you have it." was written across the paper in red. Those bastards used her blood to leave us a note. Nathan was comforting her mother; he had found the girl.

"I need an incident report ASAP, Nathan," I said through the mind link. That boy gives me the willies to no end.

I watched as my mates, my brother, and Nathan removed the spikes holding her to the tree. My head throbbed as that all too familiar nagging scratched into my brain again.

My excitement was cut short when I noticed a figure watching this tragedy unfold. In the blink of an eye, I pulled my knife, slinging it into the shadows as the sound of the knife thunking into the tree rang through the night, the

screams of the silver burning the figure's flesh followed. I ran into the trees until I saw the filthy stranger stuck to the tree by his shoulder. Nathan ran past me, his anger and shock from finding the girl too much for him. I grabbed him by his shirt collar before he hurt himself with my knife.

"Let me go!" He screamed, yanking himself from my grasp.

"You are too close to this, Nathan," I growled. He rolled his eyes like a giant manchild before sticking his foot in his mouth, saying,

"You don't know anything about me or anyone else in this pack. How could you possibly know how close I am to anything?" He went to turn and walked away from me. I grabbed his arm, tripping him over my foot and making him eat the dirt.

"That knife jutting from his shoulder that's making him beg for death is my knife." He struggled against my hold, but I had his arm twisted so that if he breathed too hard, I would snap his arm, and I made sure he could feel that tension straining on his bone.

"That particular knife is solid silver, laced in wolfsbane. If I use any weapon in close combat, the smaller the weapon, the higher the concentration. Because YOU ARE too close to this, you didn't listen to that burning in your nose telling you there was wolfsbane on that blade." Denny and the twins were standing there watching me with their gamma. I let his arm loose, walking over to the rogue.

"Who sent you here? Where did you get scent suppressors?" I asked calmly.

"Fuck you-AHHHHHHHH!" he wailed as I twisted the knife in his shoulder, unbothered by the burn of the silver in the small blade.

"Take him to the tunnel. I'll be right behind you." I told Drake, yanking the knife from his shoulder and making him scream again.

"Careful not to get his blood on you." I patted Drake's shoulder as I walked back to Nathan.

"Get up. Take the night and gather yourself. I know I didn't know that little girl, but her loss is felt deeply by everyone in this pack. You are Clearwater's Gamma, though; your pack needs you." I returned to the clearing where the girl's family was still gathered around her body. I stuck my hand out to her father.

"My name is Harley Ashwood. I am deeply sorry for your loss, sir. If there is anything I can do, if you all need someone to talk to or help with your daughter's arrangements, I am here for you." I passed him my cell number, shaking his hand again. I found Axel and asked him to take me back to the tunnel entrance so I could question the rogue.

"Atlas is already at the tunnel, little bird. He wants us to go home and made me promise I would make you sleep." His rough hand skated across my cheek, and his warm lips kissed my forehead, making me realize how exhausted I was.

I climbed on the back of his white wolf and fell asleep curled up in his fur before we even made it to the pack house. I woke up enough to register being tucked into bed and pulled into Axel's arms as the warmth of his skin and the low rumble from his chest had me out like a light in seconds.

Axel:

I almost tore Nathan's hand off when he yanked himself away from Harley. He is way too comfortable disrespecting her. As I was about to rip his head off, Harley slammed him into the ground so fast I almost didn't register the movement. Atlas made me leave before I hurt Nathan while he stood there watching her take charge of things like the Luna she was always meant to be.

Her soft breath tickled against my side, where she had snuggled into me. I ran my fingers through her hair, admiring her beauty and strength. I don't know how we missed it ten years ago.

"We could've had her in our arms this whole time if you and Atlas had just listened to us." My wolf whispered, as if Harley could hear him.

He's right. Our wolves saw her perfection from the start. We were just too blinded to our father to see it. Atlas stepped into the room, closing the door softly behind him. He must have showered already because his hair was dripping, and he was in boxers. He rounded the bed, climbing in behind the little bird, spooning her from behind as he buried his nose into her neck and hair.

"I didn't even have to do much. He was talking before we got back to the tunnel. He was mortified of her coming down there, Axel."

My brother said through the mind link.

Atlas looked at her with such tender fondness that I would almost think he already loved her... I guess I do too. I have spent ten years waiting for her to return to our lives. I never expected either of us to fall so damn hard for her.

"He said her eyes were glowing black when she looked at him. Like no other wolf he had ever seen... do you think her wolf showed herself to him as she did to the doctors in the hospital, or do you think it was the poison?" he asked me.

"It would be hard to know. But Harley never mentioned anything about her wolf," I said.

"He saw something in her that mortified him," Atlas said so quietly through the link, I almost missed it.

We both shot upright in the bed when Harley sat up, gasping for air.

Harley:

I was in the shadows again; the wolves took me into the woods like the last time. Four trees had formed a shimmering portal in the center of the territory gap.

"I have been waiting for you, little one." I turned quickly, unaware that the wolves weren't cloaking me.

In front of me stood the vampire from my vision earlier today.

"What do you want, Alistair?" his brows rose in shock that I knew his name.

"You know what I want, and your pack has only seen a fraction of what I will do to get it," he growled, baring his fangs at me.

"No one knows what the mark is. How are you certain it is even in Clearwater?" He stepped closer to me, and I could feel the chill of his skin even though he couldn't penetrate the barrier the shadows created between us.

"Because I can hear it calling to me." He grumbled as his hand flew up into the air, releasing something that looked like embers from a campfire.

The embers broke through the shadow barrier, settling at my feet. When they burned out, a piece of black paper lay before me with that same mark that I scribbled in the twin's office. Just like then, the familiarity of the damn thing settles into me. I know what that is. I have seen it a hundred times and can't remember where it was.

"Tell your mates I want it, or more than one little girl will perish at my hands." Then, at the flick of his wrist, the wolves carried me away.

My breath hitched in my chest as I was flung back into my body, where I sat up in the bed, gulping for the air my lungs were starving for.